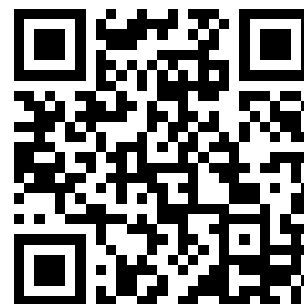

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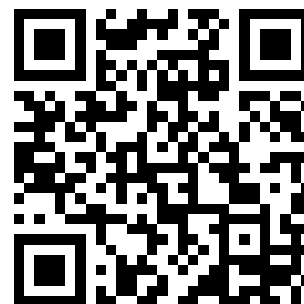
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The Academy and Literature

JANUARY—JUNE
1904

VOLUME LXVI

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 9, EAST HARDING STREET, E.C.
1904

32872

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Literary Notes

AN announcement is made this week with regard to "Academy" Questions and Answers of a plan which it is hoped will give pleasure to the many who have already shown their appreciation of that feature. Prize Competitions as a rule are only interesting by reason of the prizes offered, but I hope that apart from the prizes the competition will in this instance be interesting in itself.

Now that Christmas is a thing of the past bookmen and booksellers are eagerly turning their thoughts to the promise of spring. That we shall have many books there is no shadow of doubt, but on the whole it appears very doubtful if the next few months will give birth to as many interesting volumes as came forth during the past autumn. If Mr. Herbert Spencer's autobiography is granted to us we may count on at any rate one intellectual treat.

MISS EMILY LAWLESS' volume on Maria Edgeworth for the "English Men of Letters" series, which should prove very good reading, has been delayed owing to the ill-health of the writer. No one knows Irish history and literature better than the author of "Hurrish," from whose pen we have received only too little work. Miss Edgeworth is one of the most interesting figures in the literary history of Ireland, her letters providing most charming reading. She is too often looked upon as the author of old-fashioned books for the young, whereas in truth she owned a splendid gift of humour and was the first to write of Irish life with truth and insight. We do not read sufficient in this country of Irish fiction of the right kind. Carleton, Miss Edgeworth, the Banims, and one or two others—not Lover or Lever—help far more to a better understanding of Irish history than do all the historians.

THERE are two remarkable points in the recently closed sale of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" by The Times to which remarkably little attention has been paid. It is often a matter of complaint that the reading public has been so debauched by cheap and often trashy publications that its literary palate craves for stimulants rather than for nourishment; yet more than forty thousand purchasers have been found for an expensive and even to the serious-minded a hardly appetising work. I do not know what proportion of these thousands purchased the "Britannica" for cash, but of those who bought it on the instalment system it is a striking testimony to British business integrity that an inappreciable percentage only have failed to meet their engagements and that more often through inability than lack of honesty.

THE TIMES sale has been carried on purely by means of advertisement, but in the United States the "Britannica" has been most freely sold through the medium of canvassers, there called "book agents," a persistent, pushing class.



Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD

[Photo. Booker and Sulltean, Chancery Lane.]

This system of sale, which has seldom succeeded in this country, is the mainstay of many publishing houses in America: big books of all kinds, magazines and journals are all pushed by its aid, and the book agent is a feature of American life.

ARE the Americans more interested than we are in literary news and criticism? It would almost seem so, judging by the large number of admirable literary monthlies published in the United States. Many of them of course are issued by publishing houses in their own interest, but are none the less literary, well written, and excellently illustrated. Over here literary monthlies are

practically non-existent, though the "Bookman" and the "Book Monthly" are brilliant exceptions. Is there not room for a well-edited, well-written, and well-illustrated magazine of literature?

"THACKERAY AS AN ARTIST" in the January "Connoisseur," by Mr. Lewis Melville, is rather disappointing, being merely a record and not a criticism. There is room for a serious discussion of Thackeray's merits and demerits as an artist. Should we be the poorer if he had never drawn a line? Possibly no page would have been missing from the history of art, but certainly we should have missed much innocent entertainment and should have lacked a most interesting pictorial comment on Thackeray's works. To me the novelist's drawings for his novels seem not only to help us grasp fully the meaning of the letterpress, but also afford the best guide for the use of future illustrators. Of Thackeray as an art critic it is difficult, if not wrong, to speak highly; if there was heart in a picture it pleased Thackeray and there was an end on't; though he owned also a certain eye for colour and execution. The drawings of the "Bandit's Revenge" reproduced in Mr. Melville's paper are merely funniments.

MR. ANDREW LANG is making fun of Literary Intelligence, and were all literary notes and news such as he describes them to be, then no one but would laugh with him. But Mr. Lang of all people should remember that with the majority of writers authorship is a means of livelihood, and that therefore news as to the work upon which writers are engaged is valued news to those working in the same or similar fields. For example, were Mr. A. L. announced to be at work upon a monograph on the Log-rolling myth, this fact would deter others from writing upon the same subject, and of course induce them to hand over to him whatever material they might have collected. Jestings aside, literary news may save infinite pains being wasted by duplication of books upon the same subject, and is also useful to publishers to prevent them issuing like books at the same moment. Even such a note as "Mr. Edward Jones hopes to have his new novel finished by the end of the month" is not without interest to friends or admirers of Mr. Jones. I for one should be delighted to read that Mr. A. L. had nearly completed a new volume of essays or that Mr. — had a new story nearly completed.

MR. ANDREW LANG also gives us, at that justly popular house "The Sign of the Ship," capital entertainment in the form of an examination paper "Humour Up-to-date," provided him by an intimate friend, whose name it would be wicked to divulge. The following is one of the questions: who shall say that the new humourists are not first-class joking men?

1. John Banyan, author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," took his name from the circumstance that his father's smithy was under a spreading banyan tree (p. 82).

Would it not be equally funny to say that "The Pilgrim's Progress" was by Bunyon, an ally of Mr. Richard Cobden in his crusade against the Corn Laws? Would either remark be worthy of Corne Tooke?

Who shall say that our humour is not light and instructive?

I HOLD no brief either for Miss Marie Corelli or Mr. Flower, but it does appear that the amenities of literature are dead. Miss Corelli is either wrong or right, but her case is not disproved by heaping abuse upon her; she may be as genuinely convinced that she is right as her opponents are convinced that she is wrong, but she is not put out of court by being sneered at and abused. Is it altogether manly to write of a woman as some have

permitted themselves to do? Whether Miss Corelli has or has not provoked these attacks upon her I do not pretend to judge, but however bitterly opposed I might be to her views on any subject I think it would be better for the cause I supported if argument were used and not abuse. Whether she be right or wrong the case against her is made no stronger by throwing mud.

"CORNHILL" of this month contains an interesting paper by the late Sir John Robinson on "Charles Dickens and The Guild of Literature and Art." It is quite in keeping to be told of Dickens that "as chairman he was as precise and accurate as possible." The article is only too short. From the article on Theodore Hook, by Lord St. Cyres, I quote, as affording food for commentators:—

Damsels of Marybone, decked out in articles
Borrowed of brokers for shillings and pence;
The eye of vulgarity anything smart tickles,
Sluts love a ride at another's expense.
So swarming like loaches
In ten hackney coaches
They make their approaches
And pull at the bell;
And then they flaunt brave in,
Preceded by Craven
And smart and new-shaven
Topographical Gell.

Verdant green-grocers, all mounted on jackasses
(Lately named Guildfords, in honour of Fred),
Sweet nymphs of Billingsgate, tipsy as Bacchuses,
Rolled in like porpoises hand over head.
A rout of sham sailors
Escaped from their gaolers,
And sea-bred as tailors
From Shropshire or Wilts;
Mark Oldi's smile and Hers
Greeting, as Highlanders,
Half a score Mile-Enders
Shivering in kilts.

Mr. Andrew Lang, master of mysteries, writes upon Kaspar Hauser in the same magazine.

In the "Pall Mall" Brontë enthusiasts will read with interest Mr. William Sharp's "The Brontë Country"; the illustrations are of exceeding interest.

In his introduction to the selection from Browning's poems in the "National Library" (Cassell) Mr. Arthur D. Innes writes very sanely of the poet's occasional obscurity:—

For, though real obscurities exist—sometimes because the thought is unexpected, and it takes time to adjust the mind to it; sometimes because the meaning turns on an allusion which the poet never suspected of being recondite; sometimes because the connecting step between two notions has been jumped as superfluous or obvious; sometimes from sheer compression of phraseology—it is quite an error to suppose that the obscurity is either habitual or wilful.

This sums up the situation exactly, though it does not touch upon the arguable point—whether Browning was a born poet or merely impelled by his tastes to adopt poetry as the medium in which he should say his say. Whatever may be the case as to this, it remains almost certain that Browning will always appeal but to the few; he did not sing for the many, who look to the poet to say well what they have often thought but could not utter.

THE death of Mr. George Gissing on Monday, the 28th December, means a great personal loss to his friends and a great literary loss to lovers of serious fiction. Mr. Gissing made no bid for popularity, but set himself sternly to work to paint life as he saw it, producing studies in grey and black, for the world was to him a sad, rather hopeless dwelling-place. "Demos," "The Nether World," "New

Grub Street" and the other tales are all in the same key, dislike almost and distrust of men, women and their ways. In strange contrast, Mr. Gissing wrote by far the best criticism upon the works of Charles Dickens, prince of optimists. "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" if not avowedly, were surely in essence autobiographical. Mr. Gissing was born in 1857, educated at Owen's College, Manchester, and published his first work, "The Unclassed," in 1884.

If unfortunately there is war between Japan and Russia, British publishers will be directly affected in two ways. Doubtless the export of books from this country to Japan would be seriously checked, while on the other hand there would be a greatly increased demand at home for works dealing with Japan. Of such there are many, in fact few countries have been written of so well and so much, at any rate in recent years. Japan apparently has the gift of inspiring not only admiration, but the ability to convey by means of pen and ink her "atmosphere" to those who have never visited her shores.

AN edition of "The Swiss Family Robinson" in words of one syllable is promised! Well, that work is not a classic as literature, long years as it has been a nursery favourite. But why words of one syllable? Youngsters unable to understand the book as it is will hardly comprehend its incidents even when narrated in the smallest possible words. The task of translation into words of one syllable cannot have been easy—in fact, I should say impossible if the story has not been reduced as well.

THE letter "A New Field," printed in this week's issue, certainly draws attention to an interesting subject. Incidentally it raises the question whether literary work can be stimulated from the outside? If South Africa and the other colonies are to produce a literature entirely their own it must grow from within, and will, judging from history, grow slowly. America has not shaken off the impress of English letters, our Colonies have hardly endeavoured to do so, and only the future can prove whether there will be a general English Literature of English speaking people, or whether there will be various literatures, homogeneous, living, home-grown and home-centred, belonging to various races but written in one speech.

A DECISION of practical importance to the publishing world has recently been pronounced by the United States Treasury Department. The American Copyright Act provides that "books," which in America is an even more comprehensive word than it is with us, must be printed from type set within the limits of the United States, or from plates made therefrom. It is, however, not stated that they must be actually printed in the United States, and the Treasury Department has now ruled that, although printed abroad, they may be imported into the United States if the type was originally set up there. The conditions of actual manufacture in America are very onerous in many cases, and the fact that it is not absolutely essential is important. It is certainly curious that the point has never been taken before.

THE Harleian Society has just issued to its Members of the Register Section for 1903 the second volume of "The Registers of St. Vedast and St. Michael le Quern, London," edited by Willoughby A. Littledale, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. Those now issued consist of the Marriages and Burials from 1558 to 1837, and they form a substantial volume of 440 pages, including an ample Index. The second volume of the "Lincolnshire Pedigrees," G to O, making nearly 400 pages, has also been recently issued to Members.

IN view of the possible contingency of a war between Japan and Russia the "Sphere" newspaper has already despatched an artist to Japan. This is Mr. I. Sheldon Williams, who has previously won considerable distinction as an artist abroad and made a series of admirable drawings for the "Sphere" of the Indian Durbar.

"KELLY'S POST OFFICE LONDON DIRECTORY, 1904," is with us, imposing, big, and useful as ever. Had one time how many curious and interesting facts might be culled from its pages. Charles Lamb would not count it a book, but it certainly is a "human document." What a boon would be a Kelly of the year—say—1600!

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

CANON LESTER'S "The Destiny of Man," the outcome of many years mission work in this country and India, will be published by Messrs. Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co. this month.—Mr. John Long will also publish this month the following new six shilling novels: "Remembrance," by Mrs. Lovett Cameron; "Sly Boots," by John Strange Winter; "Devastation," by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan; "Nurse Charlotte," by L. T. Meade; "Four Red Roses," by Sarah Tytler; "The Iron Hand," by James Maclaren Cobban; "Delphine," by Curtis Yorke; "In Steel and Leather," by R. H. Forster; "A Canadian Girl," by Lieut.-Col. Andrew Haggard; "Toy Gods," by Percival Pickering; "Slaves of Passion," by Helen Bayliss; "Entrapped," by Alice M. Diehl; "Countess Ida," by Fred Whishaw; "A Criminal Cræsus," by George Griffith; and in five shilling form, Guy Boothby's latest "The Lady of the Island" with twelve illustrations by A. T. Smith.—A new volume of verse entitled "Poems and Idylls," by J. Cullen, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.—An illustrated Life of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is to be issued immediately by the Caxton Publishing Company. The author is Mr. Louis Creswicke. The Life will contain a valuable collection of political portraits of Mr. Chamberlain's contemporaries.—Mrs. R. C. Witt, whose article in the "Nineteenth Century" on the Flemish pictures exhibited in the spring at Bruges attracted attention, has been continuing her study of this much-neglected School of Art; and will publish immediately with Messrs. Bell and Sons a handbook on the German and Flemish pictures in the National Gallery. Some years ago we remember Dr. Cosmo Monkhouse did a similar work for some of the Italian pictures, and there have been several books dealing with the English paintings; but the development of the German and Flemish schools has hitherto awaited an exponent. As a handbook to the Flemish rooms in the Gallery it should prove acceptable; it will be well illustrated, and will contain the latest investigation and the most authoritative attributions.—Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna* and a volume of essays by the same writer are to be published by Mr. George Allen.—The entire edition of the late Sir William Allan's "Songs of Love and Labour" was destroyed in the fire at Messrs. Leighton, Son, and Hodge; it is now being reprinted and will be issued very shortly.

Bibliographical

IN "Reminiscences and Table Talk of Samuel Rogers," Messrs. Brimley Johnson and G. H. Powell, as publisher and compiler, have turned out an interesting volume. This could hardly fail to be the case, seeing that they have herein given us much of the cream of two notable books—the "Table Talk" of Rogers

published in 1856, and his "Recollections," issued in 1859. We have here much excellent anecdote, many bright jeux d'esprit, and also some suggestive statement and comment, which can be recommended to the persons of literary taste to whom they are not known already. The case of the literary student is different. Him I would exhort to go, not to Mr. Powell's compilation, but to the two original books. In these Mr. Powell found, he says, "a good deal which, though possibly welcomed by the friends and contemporaries of Rogers, would be," he thinks, "of little interest to the reader of to-day." That is a matter of opinion. Personally, I think Mr. Powell has made much too free with his editorial pencil. It seems to me, too, that, if the material in the two books was to be re-cast, it should have been arranged on some intelligible system. As it is, it is by no means easy, in perusing this volume, to make out when it is Rogers, or somebody else, who is speaking. Who is the "me" in the top line of page 262? It is Alexander Dyce, but Mr. Powell does not say so. The "Porsoniana" (which, by the way, have nothing whatever to do with Rogers) are, in fact, introduced without any editorial explanation whatever. The same thing occurs in regard to the reported talk of Wellington (page 229). Mr. Powell cannot, in truth, be congratulated upon his skill or tact as editor.

Much, of course, has been said during the last few days about the Ode on Burns which gave the late Mrs. Isa Craig Knox her vogue, and is likely to secure for her a niche in the Temple of Fame. The ode belongs to the year 1859; but three years before that she had published her first volume of poems. Her second, "Duchess Agnes: Odes and Idylls," came out in 1864; her third, "Songs of Consolation," in 1874. She had edited, in 1863, a book of "Poems: an Offering to Lancashire." "Duchess Agnes" was a three-act drama in verse, and had its merits, which were not, however, sufficiently striking to make it live. Mrs. Knox did something in the way of prose fiction, her "Esther West" appearing in 1870, and being reprinted so recently as 1884. Her "Tales on the Parables" (1872 and 1877) were also very popular. Her "Little Folks' History of England," first published in 1872, went into its thirtieth thousand in 1899. Perhaps the best of her lyric pieces is that entitled "Thames."

Many, no doubt, will be glad to hear that Mr. Kipling's "Departmental Ballads and Other Verses" are to be issued in a size and style uniform with that of his other verse-volumes, as published by Methuens. The first edition of the "Ballads" came out at Lahore, and it was, I fancy, in the third edition, published by Thacker & Co. at Calcutta, that they were first introduced to the English public. This was in 1888, and in 1890 came the fourth edition, "with additional poems," which was printed in London, though still bearing the name of Thacker on the title-page. The sixth came out in the following year; the ninth and tenth (both illustrated) in 1897 and 1898 respectively. The edition of 1899 bore the imprint of Messrs. Newnes. In the same year New York distinguished itself by bringing forth a facsimile of the first (Lahore) edition. Here was hero-worship indeed.

In THE ACADEMY of December 19, 1903, I gave a list of ten English editions of Frederick Locker's "London Lyrics," copied from a list made by the author himself. A well-known bibliographer, writing to me on the subject, will have it that the editions of the "Lyrics" issued between 1857 and 1885 were not ten, but eleven, in number. There were editions, he says (and he possesses a copy of each of them), in 1857, 1862, 1865, 1868, 1870, 1872, 1874, 1876, 1878, 1881, and 1885. Now the edition of 1881 does not figure in Mr. Locker's list; and it does not do so, I suspect, for the reason that (as my correspondent himself admits) the 1881 edition was only a cheap reprint of its predecessor. A reprint, I think, should not be described as an edition, which, to be worthy of that name, ought to have something distinctive about it. A

reprint should rank as an "impression." A "new edition" should differ in some way from its predecessors.



CANON H. C. BEECHING

[Photo. Booker and Sullivan, Chancery Lane.]

There were three other issues of the "Lyrics" (than those mentioned) in Mr. Locker's life-time—in 1889, 1891 and 1893—making thirteen in all. Of the "Lyrics" its author appears to have made at least six private distributions, in forms differing from the public issues in some way—in 1868, 1872, 1874, 1876, 1881 and 1882. In the case of the 1868 distribution, twenty copies were on large paper, with Cruikshank's etching, "The Pixies were the Wags"; of the remainder, some had the etching, some had not; while in a very few the etching was coloured. In the 1874 distribution Doyle's illustrations of the 1865 volume were separately inserted—which was also done in the case of the distribution of 1876. With regard to that of 1881, my correspondent says that it contained Caldecott's frontispiece in two states—in one the girl has a feather in her hat, in the other she has not. In my own copy the frontispiece is in one state only—that with the feather.

The novel, "Green Mansions: a Romance of the Tropical Forest," which Messrs. Duckworth will publish at the end of this month, is, it would seem, the work of the Mr. W. H. Hudson who wrote "El Ombu," "Nature in Downland," and so forth—not of the other Mr. W. H. Hudson, of whom I wrote the other day. So the publishers say, and they ought to know. "For intense poetical feeling and haunting charm," a paragraph tells us, "Green Mansions" is "perhaps the most original and spiritual of all Mr. Hudson's writings." By quoting that, I hope to propitiate Mr. Samuel Waddington, who writes to say that my reference to this Mr. Hudson's "books on natural history, and birds in particular" "seems inadequate." Mr. Waddington thinks that "No one who has read 'Idle Days in Patagonia' or 'The Naturalist in La Plata' can doubt that, as a master of prose style, Mr. Hudson is almost, if not altogether, worthy to rank with the late Robert Louis Stevenson."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

The Dominion

CANADA IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By A. G. Bradley.
(Constable. 16s. net.)

A STUDY of Canada done by an impartial hand was greatly needed, and it has been done at last, and well done. Years ago, when I first read in "Macmillan's" Mr. Bradley's articles on the first colonisation of Canada, I was convinced by the thoroughness of his method, by the sincerity of his mind, by the sound scholarship upon which his comments were founded. These first impressions have been justified by prolonged experience, and here we have a book on a land which I know well, worthy of a permanent place in the social history of a young nation. It is more than a diary of travel, or a series of impressions; very subtly, and without preachment, it shows the relations between the things that are and the things that were. It links cause and effect, it sees behind the unfinished and the crude the eloquence and the dignity of the noble history of two suffering peoples; for the hurt to the French *amour propre* by conquest, and the hurt to British pride by that defeat which sent sixty thousand of them exiles into Upper Canada from the American colonies, their homes and property confiscated, lie beneath the passionate devotion which Canadians of both races feel towards the great Dominion; accounts for the steady and somewhat grim force with which they have persevered towards this prosperous day. It is because Mr. Bradley knows completely that he writes completely, that his judgments are weighty, and that he convinces those who have travelled the same path. There is no attempt in the long description and analysis to startle or to charm, there are no purple patches, and yet the book commands the attention as surely as it satisfies the mind which likes colour and form as well as fact. The book has appeared at an opportune time, and it cannot fail of political effect, though there are no politics in its pages. But so much is said by those who should know better, sometimes by those high in authority, which is injuriously inaccurate, that this record cannot fail to be a corrective of serious errors in statement and opinion. If I could I would put this volume in the hands of every public man in the Empire, of every merchant and manufacturer, of every intending settler. This seems high praise, but it is no more than justice, and because it is good that the peoples of the Empire should understand each other better, it is good also that such careful work as this should be valued according to its real place in Imperial literature.

The book covers a wide field, and the observations it contains are minute without being wearisome or redundant. Accurate analysis of the great eastern cities, Toronto and Montreal, and of the conditions under which the people live is set forth in language at once simple and distinguished, and no Canadian could so effectively have used the golden measure of judgment. Mr. Bradley has the independence of thought to present the truth as it appears to him, and the people of the Dominion can take no exception to his facts or to his manner of presenting them. Truths of vital character are given in terms calculated to impress and not to irritate. How better could the case of French Canadians be put than in the following sentences?—

One does not expect from so self-centred a people any enthusiasm for our Imperial ventures. At the same time many French Canadians have said to me, and hundreds have said it elsewhere and written it over and over again, that if Canada were attacked by the United States the Province of Quebec would be the last to yield.

Thrusts he gives too, but with so urbane a manner that the truth gets home and leaves no hurt behind, and the

thrust is accompanied generally by a dig at the Old Land, which achieves a contrast flattering to the Canadian and easily convincing. Solid, informing and genuine, every page exhibits a wide knowledge of Canada. A great service would have been done the Empire if the book had been written years ago. As it is, here is a reliable compendium, an illuminating study, written by a distinguished historical student in a distinguished manner and worthy of wide consideration.

GILBERT PARKER.

Fynes Moryson

SHAKESPEARE'S EUROPE: UNPUBLISHED CHAPTERS OF FYNES MORYSON'S ITINERARY. Being a survey of the condition of Europe at the end of the Sixteenth Century. Edited by C. Hughes. (Sherratt and Hughes. 15s. net.)

MR. HUGHES has placed students under no small obligations to him by printing for the first time this interesting narrative of travel by an adventurous contemporary of Shakespeare. Fynes Moryson, a fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, devoted the six years, 1591-1597, to an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, travelling as far as Jerusalem. On the outward journey he spent a winter at Leipsic, a summer at Heidelberg, some weeks in Copenhagen and Cracow, and many months in Padua, Venice, Florence, Denmark and France. Before he finally returned home, the islands of the Greek Archipelago came within the scope of his survey, and he made a long sojourn in Constantinople.

In later life Moryson spent three years on a record of his observations, but his manuscript grew to such bulky dimensions, that with a consideration very rare in authors he destroyed it and engaged on a briefer narrative of his experiences. But even the epitome was designed on a generous scale, and Moryson was not encouraged to publish more than a portion of it in his lifetime. Three of the four completed parts of his Itinerary appeared in 1617; a fourth part was ready for the press nine years later; but it remained in manuscript until Mr. Hughes took it in hand in the past year.

The newly published contribution to Moryson's Itinerary mainly deals with the political constitutions of European states. But Moryson writes with a vivacity, bred of personal knowledge, on themes which are not always in themselves of first-rate interest. More attractive is the light that he throws on the affairs of his own country. His notes on English life and society were, he tells us, intended to form part of an exhaustive "treatise of England," with which he went no further. The fragments which survive in the newly printed "Itinerary" are of great value to the Elizabethan scholar. His account of what he calls "the singularities" of his countrymen is admirable reading.

After defending Englishmen from the imputation of being inhospitable and insolent in their treatment of foreign visitors, he points out that they are more addicted to pleasure than any other nation in the world. The love of the theatre was developed to a like extent nowhere else, and English actors "excel all others in the world." His testimony to the popularity of travelling companies of English actors on the continent of Europe is of peculiar importance. Actors passed, Moryson says, into the Netherlands, and into Germany, and their performances there were attended by vast crowds. The foreign auditors were quite ignorant of the English language, but were attracted by the English players' action or gesticulation. Merchants at fairs, Moryson says, "bragged more to have seen the English actors than of the good markets they made." The sports of hunting

and hawking were also pursued in England with an enthusiasm that was unknown to the continent. In fact, there was no kind of amusement, from rope dancing to morris dancing, nor any species of rustic merriment, such as maypoles or harvest homes, which enjoyed more favour than in England. At the same time gambling was practised at home to a perilous extent which was not endured elsewhere.

Mr. Hughes' mode of editing is adequate, though in some points it is capable of improvement. He has supplied in his introduction some new and useful information about Moryson, which is a valuable supplement to my own article in the Dictionary of National Biography. But it is to be regretted that Mr. Hughes has failed to supply a full and detailed list of contents or a general index. These defects diminish the utility of his book as a work of reference.

SIDNEY LEE.

The Valley of the Shadow of Ugliness

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. Illustrated with 25 drawings on wood by George Cruikshank. (Oxford University Press. 25s. net.)

ALTHOUGH, so far as printing and format are concerned, this edition of the ever new allegory is all that can be desired, I, as a good Cruikshankian, must own to a feeling of profound disappointment. Emphatically these illustrations are not, as the preliminary announcements led us to suppose, "fine examples of the artist's work," except in one instance, that of "Vanity Fair," nor are they "thoroughly appropriate to Bunyan's text." It is stultifying to Cruikshank to make the first statement, it is insulting to Bunyan to make the second. To take the last point first. Wherein does a good illustration consist? A good illustration elucidates—in other words, throws light upon—the text, adding nothing to it that is incongruous but bringing out points which more essentially appeal to the sense of vision. And wherein do these illustrations satisfy or fall short of these requirements? Surely a glance will show us. Look at Apollyon on the frontispiece. He is as forcible-feeble as his prototype is forcible-strong. He is surely out of a pantomime. He is as incongruous with the text as we find him incongruous with himself as delineated opposite page 57. And here is a point which surely must have weighed with those who were well advised forty years ago not to publish these illustrations. Cruikshank has not only failed to assimilate or get into sympathy with his text, but he has in more than one instance actually committed the unforgivable sin of contradicting himself. We need only draw attention to the designs already mentioned and the two of Christian and Mercy at the Wicket Gate opposite pages 26 and 177 to emphasise the fact. In these latter the contradictions are almost beyond belief. But it is not only, indeed not chiefly, the carelessness of the work that renders it valueless, but the total absence of concord with the grandeur and tenderness of Bunyan's great conception. Where the author thunders, the artist pops off some very poor fireworks. Where the author makes his characters sublime, the artist has only succeeded in making them ridiculous. So this publication is unfair to Bunyan and not less unfair to Cruikshank if, as may be hoped, his better judgment concurred with those who originally decided not to publish his designs. For he could be, and was when the mood was on him, a great illustrator. Look at his "Grimm," his "Jack Sheppard," his unsurpassable "Lord Bateman," his hundred delightful etched plates. Had these wood-engravings—indeed, had half of their number—been of the quality of that entitled "Vanity Fair" there would have been some excuse for enshrining them in what is a really beautiful casket, but since the most ardent Cruikshankian would not accord even to *that* illustration first-rate honours, and would consign twenty

out of the twenty-five to his very worst period, the venture cannot be looked upon as anything but a work of supererogation.

I am conscious that I have spoken somewhat strongly of a publication which, apart from the illustrations, does the publisher the greatest credit, but this plain speaking is the outcome of very keen disappointment and a jealous regard for the reputation of a great and original artist. I know there are many who decry Cruikshank as trivial and vulgar, but these are of that unhappy class which always looks for the worst in great men, not the best. Judge a man by his failures and who shall hold up his head? And I cannot but record my protest against the practice which is abroad of resurrecting that which the past has rightly done its best to consign to deserved oblivion. We have had it in the case of a great philosopher who was indiscreet enough to leave behind him the manuscript of a callow novel. We have had it lately in the case of a great poet who had taken every reasonable precaution to purge his poems of their dross. And we have it now in the case of a great original artist who, whatever his limitations, whatever his foolish foibles and weaknesses, yet deserves so far as his finest achievement is concerned, to be ranked little short of the best of English book-illustrators. And who, with these designs (barring the "Vanity Fair" and perhaps two others) before him, and with no previous knowledge of the "great George's" work, would believe that such could conceivably be the case?

GEORGE SOMES LAYARD.

"Pol. Econ."

ELEMENTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By J. Shield Nicholson, M.A., D.Sc. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

A NEW handbook to economics was greatly needed. Fawcett's Manual suffers in more ways than one: it is at best a summary, a *réchauffé* of another man's book, it is wanting in logical closeness, it has never been brought down to date. Walker's "Political Economy" leapt into popularity, but scarcely stands the test of usage. It is no disparagement of it to say that it is throughout American in its atmosphere and in its perspective, its style is faulty, and the additions which the writer claimed to have made to economic theory, in the chapters on Profits and Wages, have hardly survived criticism. Professor Marshall's "Economics of Industry," ideal as it is in many ways, is limited to a part of the subject. The way then lay clear for Professor Nicholson, and teachers have been anxiously awaiting the publication of his "Elements" to supply the handbook they needed. It were idle to say that he has wholly succeeded in doing so, and, in truth, the writer of an "Elements" has formidable difficulties to face. It requires a great nicety of judgment to hit the mean between a condescension in imparting knowledge which offends ignorance and an assumption of familiarity which baffles the beginner. Readers of Professor Nicholson's "Principles" do not need to be told how lucid is his statement, how clear his judgment, and how well balanced, and every student of economics must be grateful to him for combining these qualities with so much practical knowledge and analytical power. But the "Elements" lacks that sense of proportion which is always a teacher's aim; but which so often eludes him. The exact perception of what a pupil knows and what he does not know, the instinctive power of measuring how much he can profitably absorb, or of realising the point at which instruction will cease to strengthen his faculties and weaken or confuse him: all this, which it is the life-work of most of us teachers to acquire, must be the stock-in-trade of the writer of a handbook. And so the question suggests itself whether it is easier to write the small work before the large, or *vice versa*. Each course has difficulties of its own, and Professor Nicholson

seems sometimes to assume a familiarity on the part of the readers of the "Elements" with the processes of the "Principles," and to give results which are hardly intelligible without the steps by which they are attained. Take the following passage as an example, on the harmonies of labour and capital:—

Lastly, there is the method of coöperation, in which, in its full development, the workers provide both the capital and the business management. Coöperation has had an immense success in trade as distinguished from production in the narrow sense. But although recently there has been some increase of coöperative production, the aggregate amount in the industrial world is of little importance. The great difficulty seems to be in the management. There is a natural reluctance to give either sufficient powers or sufficient wages to the manager (page 197).

Surely a beginner would be dreadfully puzzled by the above, although to one who is familiar with the subject it would be difficult to put the point more concisely or more plainly. Professor Nicholson has already used the word coöperation in a simpler sense when speaking of the division of labour, and there is nothing to show that there is a change of meaning. To assume that coöperative production is the provision by the workers of capital and business management is hardly fair after Walker's convincing analysis. To do no more than hint at the existence of the vast system of coöperative distribution is to lose all hold upon proportion, and to neglect an admirable example of the working of certain forces. No doubt the Rochdale Pioneers have been the *enfants gâtes* of previous economists, but still coöperators deserve something more than a word in passing. It is one thing to impress a result by a well-framed epigram, it is quite another to train the mind by the exhibition of a carefully considered and well-ordered logical process, and Professor Nicholson does not always distinguish between the two. It is the primary duty of the author of a "Principles" to convince, but the writer of an "Elements" may be content if he has awakened and stimulated interest. Nor does the order and arrangement of the "Elements" enlist our sympathy. Surely it is far better to abandon Mills's plan of beginning with production and working on to exchange. Archbishop Whately was right, and Professor Marshall follows him in beginning with the actual concrete phenomena of value, the price of bread, the wages of labour, the rent of land, and working outwards. Such an arrangement appeals at once to the practical and (within certain limits) scientific mind of the ordinary student.

A review of the "Elements" is no place for a criticism of the views put forward in the "Principles." The economic world—and of late it has seen a vast alien immigration—owes a debt to Professor Nicholson on many points. His revival of the Wages Fund in an intelligible and reasonable form, his views on socialism, his sturdy orthodoxy as to foreign trade, all these and much more compelled our admiration, nor do we give it grudgingly. But is it one thing to write a "Principles," and another to write an "Elements," *non omnia possumus omnes*. An ideal handbook is yet to seek, though Professor Nicholson has given us much that must figure in it.

L. R. PHELPS.

The Great Impressionist

THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS OF J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY. With descriptive text by Theodore A. Cook. (Cassell. 63s. net.)

ONE of the handsomest of sumptuous books is this reproduction in colours of some fifty-eight of Turner's masterpieces. To be able to scan at leisure in one's own room reproductions that repeat, as nearly as it seems possible for human skill to do it, the mystery and glory of colouring that was this man's sublime achievement, is next best

to possessing the precious things themselves. The three-colour process is, I take it, the means employed; and the makers of the blocks and Mr. Edwin Bale, R.I., are to be congratulated on their work. The colour and the large handling and purity of tone in the fine "Dartmouth" are marvellously caught—its liquid atmosphere beautifully rendered. The subtle tenderness of the tones in "Okehampton Castle," conveying the rich sense of colour that makes this water-colour drawing the superb thing it is, is translated with astounding effect. The "Kirkstall Abbey" is a particularly beautiful piece of colour-reproduction. And the superb "Norham Castle," one of Turner's most exquisite masterpieces, is rendered with surprising verisimilitude. And with the French series the engravers have been equally successful, the "The Tower of Francis I. at Havre" is given with a perfection that makes the very paper seem toned. The tender greys of the "Tidal Wave" drawing, and its dainty touch are absolutely true as far as memory serves one, as are the rich harmonies of the "Steam-tug coming down from Villequier." The atmosphere and beauty of technique in "Pont de l'Arche" and of "The Post Road from Vernon to Mantes" are a severe test on colour-printing; but the resulting blocks are as fine as any in the series. The glorious purple-blue "Mantes" is wonderfully rendered. To possess this book is to possess three or four dozen pictures that are well worth framing; they bring repute to everyone concerned in their making. The effect of water-colour throughout is wholly successful.

Mr. Theodore Cook contributes the letterpress which, instead of being the dull affair that we usually associate with that word in most artistic books, is vastly interesting, at any rate in its first half, as showing considerable dissatisfaction with accepted definitions of the word art. Indeed, Mr. Cook comes very near to discovering the meaning of the word, but he cannot shake off its confusion with beauty.

He starts with the necessity to define the word art—remarking, be it noted, that "we can to-day approach the enquiry with less excuse for prejudice than many of our greater predecessors"; and proceeds to the very sane decision that a definition of art must apply to all art and every branch of art. He makes one hope that he has seized the truth when he, almost at the beginning, quotes Durer's saying from "The Banquet for Young Painters," that "the art of Painting is made for the eyes, for the sight is the noblest sense of man." The italics are mine. Indeed, he goes so near realising that *art is the expression of emotion*, that it is a pity he confuses his view by surrendering to, or fearing to break from, the old patter about beauty. The moment he confuses art and beauty he is lost, or, at least, "fobbed." Landscape, he says, "is necessarily an attempt to create beauty. That attempt is the aim of all art." Well, it is nothing of the kind. Indeed, that is the serious drawback to the statement. Landscape is an attempt to transmit a mood of nature. Our author realises this a little later on when he forgets about beauty: "the landscape painter is powerless if he does not evoke sympathy with his own mood." That is very nearly the truth. But this beauty fallacy dogs his feet: "Art has invariably aimed at the revelation of beauty." Well, it has not. Shakespeare is the greatest artist of the world, but he did not aim at beauty as the ultimate thing—he aimed at creating emotion. Indeed, the great failures in art are due to the painter's mistaking beauty for art. The fact is, of course, that beauty is only one of the emotions. Ugliness is quite as legitimate an emotion in art, as Velasquez and Rembrandt well knew—and as every writer of tragedy, or death, or tears, or violence well knows. And in his heart, he occasionally has the courage to throw the incubus of this Greek fallacy off his back; for we find him saying later on that art is "the appeal to the senses." Yet he fears to prove it. "Art is rather spiritual than material,"

he says. Certainly it is, but it is not quite the full statement—what he should say is that it is *emotional*. There is nothing naughty or immoral in the recognition. It is so—there is an end of it. And it is abundantly clear that Mr. Cook has only to rid himself of the beauty obsession to find out what is art; for he recognises even now the fact that art is not nature, but selects from nature—that art does not record the facts of nature, but uses them only as symbols and tools to express moods and emotions. It is all in that: not a copy of a place, but “the mood of nature.” His sneer at anecdote is stupid. Anecdote may be expressed in art if turned into the terms of emotion. Hogarth was absolutely anecdotal; so was Chaucer. Anecdote may be harmful, or it may be of service. Like all else, it depends on its use.

And as a last word of praise, I can only add that Mr. Cook's treatment of Turner's biography is almost ideal in its spirit and key.

HALDANE MACFALL.

The Grey City

OXFORD. Painted by John Fulleylove, R.I. Described by Edward Thomas. (Black. 20s. net.)

As a painted record of Oxford this book is a signal failure, as a written picture it is a striking success. Too commonly with “art” volumes the text is considered to be so subsidiary to the illustrations that little care is given to producing good work, but this publication is a singular exception to the rule, so much so, that the publishers would do well to issue the letterpress apart from the pictures.

Mr. Fulleylove knows Oxford intimately and it is difficult to account for the fact that for Oxford's colouring he apparently has no feeling whatever; to him Oxford is painted red, whereas every lover of the city knows that its uniform is grey, faced with green in the summer time and with scarlet in the autumn. It is not necessary to criticise the drawings one by one, but among the most striking failures may be named “The University Church of St. Mary,” “Grove Street,” “All Soul's College and The High Street,” “Parsons' Pleasure,” “The Torn Quadrangle, Christ Church,” “The River Isis,” and “High Street Looking East,” and among the partially successful, “Torn Tower” (to which title is added “Christ Church College”!), “Magdalen Tower and Bridge,” “Christ Church—Peckwater Quadrangle,” and “Queen's College from Logic Lane.” Mr. Fulleylove has absolutely failed to do justice either to Oxford or himself.

For the written matter we have little but praise; Mr. Thomas has very nearly caught the atmosphere of Oxford and of Varsity life, a difficult task indeed. He errs in being a thought too precious, too whimsical, the full-bodied flavour of Undergraduate life has escaped him. In page after page he gives us delightful sketches of Oxford men and of Oxford manners, past and present, dons and undergraduates, out-door life and sedentary. Those who know not Oxford may learn much concerning it and acquire a taste of its delights from this volume; those of us who were of it can renew old acquaintances and retaste old joys. No place in the world, perhaps, lays so firm a hand upon our hearts and it is a great pleasure to read the lines of a writer who, on the whole, knows and understands the grey city. We may be permitted a short quotation in justification of our praise and in justice to Mr. Thomas: “In Oxford, nothing is the creation of one man or one year. Every college and church and garden is the work of centuries of men and time. Many a stone reveals an octave of colour that is the composition of a long age. The founder of a college laid his plans; in part, perhaps, he fixed them in stone. His successors continued the work, and without haste,

without contempt of the future or ignorance of the past, helped the building to ascend into complete beauty by means of its old and imperfect selves.”

Mr. Thomas is not on every occasion accurate, but he is always interesting and sometimes quite delightful.

Dante's Inferno

THE EXILES OF ETERNITY. By the Rev. J. S. Carroll, M.A. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE chief merit of Mr. Carroll's exposition of the Inferno is that he brings out in it the meaning and significance of its arrangement and structure. The imagery and the material setting of the poem, its reminiscence of mediæval callousness, Dante's occasional demonic seizures—his *ubiquitous* as Dr. Moore aptly names it—lose, however, all their terrors when prosaically explained. So numerous and cheap are translations of the Inferno, so sound and exhaustive the English commentaries, that it is difficult to think of anything else which could be done to smooth the beginner's first descent along the dolorous way. After reading this book the beginner is recommended to go straight to Dante in a good prose translation and to look up his difficulties in some authoritative edition of the comedy. We have space only for a few annotations and criticisms.

“When a man climb a hill so that his right foot is always the lower, he must be rounding it towards the right” (page 13). Has Mr. Carroll ever tried this way of ascending a hill and bearing to the right? On page 71 Dante's relegation of unbaptized children to the limbo of virtuous pagans is spoken of as merciful, because there the children “suffer no pain even of loss.” Why put them there at all, especially as Bernard, who is made the confessor of the creed, would most certainly have disavowed it?—see Wicksteed's note to his Paradiso.

The note on page 114 stating that “Auri sacra” fames may be translated “hallowed hunger of gold” is without significance as it stands. The point is, of course, if you do so translate Dante's translation of this phrase, what does it mean, and secondly, are you free to translate “reggi” by “drivest”?

On pages lxii. hell is referred to as though it had been made by Lucifer's fall: “The vast subterranean hollow thus formed (italics ours) was utilised as the eternal prison of the finally impenitent. This would make hell an afterthought, an effect of the angelic revolt and not a co-temporary with the first things created—an idea foreign to mediæval scholasticism.

We gather the conviction in reading Mr. Carroll's pages that he is quite obsessed with the purely moral aspect of the Inferno and seems to forget that Dante as well as moralist is both artist and man—a creature of his own times; essentially mediæval in his occasional lapses into pitilessness towards those guilty of crimes quite alien to his own nature and just as pitiful and humane in his treatment of offences to which passionate and sensitive natures yield a too ready response. In Circle Two where the carnal are troubled, he drops as one dead; but—to take a single instance—in Ptolomæa he acts with deliberate cruelty, as if anxious to mimic the crime of treachery therein punished, and passes into the next circle with the complacent observation—

Ed io non gli ele apersi
Et Cortesia fu in lui esser villano.

Mr. Carroll sees little in this act deserving of censure and gives to it an ethical interpretation.

Why does the author omit to acknowledge his indebtedness to two books of which he makes very full use: Rickaby's translation of parts of the “Summa” of Thomas Aquinas and Selfe and Wicksteed's translations from Villam's Chronicle?

The English reader ought to have his attention drawn to these two valuable books. Mr. Carroll always gives the reference to the original texts leaving the reader to infer—however unintentionally on his part—that the translations are his own. Perhaps this omission will not disfigure the next edition.

F. KETTLE.

The Champagne of History

THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE, FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD. Chronologically arranged and edited with Notes and Indices by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. In sixteen volumes, with Portraits and Facsimiles. Vols. I. to IV. (Clarendon Press. Each, 6s.)

OUR last extended reference to Horace Walpole was in connection with Sir Spencer Walpole's little volume of thirty unpublished letters issued by Messrs. Longmans early in 1902. That book is now the last entry in the bibliography of the Letters prefixed to Mrs. Paget Toynbee's long-expected and monumental edition. In all, thirteen collections of Walpole's Letters have been published, twelve of which poured their contents into Peter Cunningham's nine-volume edition, first issued in 1857 and enlarged in 1891. The present sixteen-volume edition, of which the first four volumes are before us, is the latest and greatest attempt to gather up and correctly present the immense epistolary memoirs which for more than fifty years flowed from Horace Walpole's pen. Whereas Cunningham's edition contains 2,654 letters representing 95 correspondents, Mrs. Toynbee will print 3,061 letters, representing 150 correspondents. Of the 407 letters not in Cunningham 111 are now printed for the first time.

These figures far exceed any that can be given concerning our other great letter-writers: Gray, Cowper, Byron, Lamb, FitzGerald, and others. The largest collection of letters edited in recent years, that of Byron's, contains little more than a third of the number of letters written by Walpole. But these men wrote in the intimacies of friendship, with a corresponding expenditure of feeling; Walpole wrote to build up memoirs in the manner of Saint Simon, and cynicism is ever a longer stayer than emotion.

Mrs. Toynbee gives a clear and interesting account of her stewardship. Her aim, of course, has been to collect as many letters as possible, and to verify the text of as many letters as possible. In neither case has she met with all the success she deserves. There are some of Walpole's letters at Holland House which the Earl of Ilchester withholds. Repeated inquiries in England and America have failed to reveal the originals of many interesting letters to Walpole's more scattered correspondents, and in other cases access to originals has been impracticable. Nevertheless, a very considerable number of letters have been collated by their originals, often with curious results. The letters to Sir Horace Mann (823 in number) are printed from the original MS. in the possession of Earl Waldegrave at Chewton Priory. These "originals," however, are really Horace Walpole's own copies of the true originals which he had received back from Sir Horace Mann, and it is known that they are not in all respects true copies. Walpole carefully suppressed certain passages. Yet the world nearly supped full on his audacities, for his secretary Kirkgate made unauthorised copies of the suppressed passages. On his death these came into the hands of Mrs. Damer, Walpole's executrix, and proof exists that they were destroyed by her in December, 1810.

Suppression, however, has not ended here. Mrs. Toynbee was surprised to discover that Cunningham had omitted many passages without any indication of his deletions. The passages he discarded are mostly unfit for publication, though others are of a harmless character. The latter, and eleven complete letters which Cunningham left out

altogether, have now been restored. This is but one example of Mrs. Toynbee's adventures among Horace Walpole's amazingly voluminous and scattered correspondence. In the case of thirty-four letters to Hannah More, Mrs. Toynbee had particular cause to regret not being able to see the originals of more than five, for of those which passed through her hands several had been tampered with considerably, even to the extent of the insertion—in Hannah's own saintly hand—of words and phrases which Walpole never wrote!

It is interesting to observe how Walpole's letters are scattered through the stately homes of England. Besides Earl Waldegrave's great collection, there are letters of extreme interest (but there is a wonderful equality of interest in all that Walpole wrote to his friends) in the possession of Viscount Cobham, Sir Villiers Lister, Sir William Anson, Sir John Fenn, Sir William Hamilton, the Duke of Bedford, the Earls of Carlisle and Mount Edgcumbe, Sir Spencer Walpole, and—among many others—Mr. Vernon Watney, the present occupant of the house in Berkeley Square with which Walpole was so pleased and in which he died.

Since our space on this occasion will permit of little more than a description of the externals of this great edition, let us add that it is in all respects admirably equipped. The task of finding any given letter has been made very easy indeed, and the last volume will consist entirely of indices and other helps. Each volume contains four photogravure reproductions of portraits, many of which are of a rare interest. An admirable feature is a reprint in the first volume of Horace Walpole's "Short Notes of My Life," continued by the editor from the year 1779 at which point he left off.

From time to time, as the remaining volumes arrive, we shall endeavour to touch on those qualities of Walpole's singular mind which, in this age of hurry and brevities, make the reissue of his letters in sixteen octavo volumes a delight, and every letter added a triumph. We congratulate editor and publishers on the auspicious launch of a most important undertaking.

Poetry

THE HUNDRED LOVE-SONGS OF KAMAL-AD-DIN OF ISFAHAN. Now First Translated from the Persian by Louis H. Gray and Done into English Verse by Ethel Watts Mumford. (David Nutt.)

THE POEMS OF PHILIP FRENEAU: POET OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. Edited by Fred Lewis Pattee Vol. II. (Princeton, N.J.: The University Library. \$3 net.)

HORACE FOR ENGLISH READERS Being a Translation of the Poems of Quintus Horatius Flaccus into English Prose. By E. C. Wickham, D.D., Dean of Lincoln. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

YET another Persian poet follows in the triumphant wake of FitzGerald's much-FitzGeraldized Omar; and (almost equally of course) it is a love-poet. Love and pessimism are the only themes (apart from the Rule-Britannia strain, which you cannot look for in a mere Persian) that the present enlightened day will hearken to in poetry. When the two are conjoined, as in this case, what could you wish for more? Kamal-Ad-din was a Persian of between the twelfth and thirteenth century, who complimented potentates in verse, wrote *rubaiyat* to his mistress' eyebrow, and was tortured to death by the Tartars when Octai Khan conquered Persia. His neighbours hid their valuables in his well, and a Tartar soldier accidentally discovered that wells may have at bottom something more precious to a Tartar than Truth. They tortured poor Kamal to make his disclose further treasure, and having none to disclose, he died. But he made a couple of *rubaiyat* in dying, which must have greatly consoled him for the little Oriental accident.

The poems (*rubaiyat*—let us not forget the now blessed word!) are of course addressed to a vendible lady, or ladies—most Oriental, as most classical, erotic poetry is. They are preceded by a preface extolling this species of passion as the fine flower of love; the writer apparently rather envying that blissful individual, the lover of the Lady with the Camellias. But the poems? Well the poems, even in translation, unexpectedly show a decided power. Miss (or Mrs.) Mumford's verse is too languid, too rigidly conformable to rule, with too little vital pulsation, and her execution generally partakes of the same too fluent character. But it does to a large extent enable us to feel the breath of poetry in the original, and for this she deserves undoubted praise. There is passion, there is tenderness, there is beauty of imagery, all of no mean order; and for these things the joint translators must share praise with the original, since a thing of this kind is virtually an English poem based on a foreign source. One can understand and believe that Kamal is a Persian poet of a tender fervour and abundant fancy, but—it is not a second Fitzgerald, nor like to take any permanent place in our literature, as the best poetic translations have done.

You have never heard of Philip Freneau? That, reader, can only be ascribed to your British prejudice, your dread of Freedom, your aversion to reading the Tyrtaeus of your own overthrow. For here is the second of two bulky volumes, a third yet to appear, containing his collected poems. Moreover, they have been hailed with gratulation by the free American press, unshackled by our tyrannical bondage. Here, cries a literary organ, is "the real Father of American Poetry, who at last seems to be coming to his own." Undoubtedly, says a great newspaper, "the first true poet born upon our continent." Says another: "The earliest notable American Poet." A third acclaims "this master of satirical verse and versified polemic." There is one singular neglect. Nobody seems to have discovered him to be some very great man all over again—the American Byron, or Milton, for example.

Well, reader, not to keep you in too painful a suspense, this is probably the last, as it is the first, you will hear of Philip Freneau. We are not educated up to him yet. It requires too revolutionary a readjustment of ideas; and we are conservative. For if Freneau was the first true poet born on the American continent, then it must follow, as the night the day, that Poe, and Emerson, and Longfellow are bastards. If he must be placed on the family-tree of American poetry, we should conceive him to have been the Grandfather of American poetry—if not the Great-great-grandfather. One of his chief poems is alleged to be the "British Prison-Ship." It is a stilted piece of patriotism after the school of Pope—sometimes actually ludicrous in its empty mouthings. And this antiquated pomposity is his general style. Cornwallis, "arch-butcher of the times"—

Rov'd uncontroul'd this wasted country o'er,
Strew'd plains with dead, and bath'd his jaws with gore.

To us this is indeed "notable," but not exactly for poetry. And if Freneau be indeed coming to his own, we prefer to believe that "his own" are the American papers. Of literary Americans we have a very different opinion.

In reviewing a recent verse-rendering of Horace's great fellow-poet, we urged the futility of wasting scholarly abilities on metrical translations of the classics—a supremely difficult task which exacts the power of the poet far more than the acquirements of the scholar. Gladly, therefore, we welcome a scholarly and able translator who has chosen the better path, and that in the case of the poet who most provokes Anglo-Saxon nature to the impossible emprise of poetic version. From the beginning of things down to Gladstone, it has been the received foible of men with cultivation and leisure—or cultivation without leisure—to slander Horace in verse. Few, very

few, have had sanity or self-restraint to take the possible way of prose; few, and they have not been remarkable. Which suggests an ignored truth—that even the prose rendering of a poet is no such easy matter. In old days, when Latin was the common tongue of cultured Europe, every Greek classic as a matter of course was rendered into Latin prose; and this, as Dean Wickham suggests, is the proper parallel, which is happily becoming adopted in the matter of English prose versions of English classics. How fine, how even classic, such things may be without the Homeric translations of Mr. Andrew Lang and his colleagues.

A fine prose translation (as Dean Wickham again says) appeals to two classes. Firstly, the man whose Latin has grown rusty, but who still has genial memories of his early Horace. Secondly, the man who has no Latin, yet is interested in what he can learn of writers sealed to him save through the medium of translation. As classic education grows rarer, this class grows less rare—indeed, is now very common. There are a surprising number of quite literary men who stand in this position. To such men of taste a metrical libel on the great Roman lyric poet is no boon. If they desire to gain some conception of him through an English poetic transfusion, the imitations of Pope and one or two of Swift's are infinitely better for them than any metrical translation of the Epistles and Satires. Pope is not Horace. He is vastly more brilliant, witty and pointed; quite to seek in the Horatian urbanity, amenity and conversational ease. But he gives a much truer notion of the Roman than does the versified mediocrity miscalled "translation." While the lyrics no poet has ever successfully suggested, or will suggest.

The best thing for the lover of letters who has no Latin is some such prose rendering as this: faithful, scholarly, well-turned, and idiomatic. We do not say that the Dean does for Horace what Mr. Lang and his fellows did for Homer: it may be questioned, indeed, whether such a feat were possible. The lyrics, in particular, turning wholly on the very deftest felicity of phrase and diction, provide an infinitely harder task than the rapid narrative energy of Homer. But the thing is well done; and with a little imagination one may conceive that here is the substance of poetry. For those who have ever read the original, of course, the suggestion will be much greater. The *Jam pauca aratro*, for instance, reads much better in this terse and cultured prose than in any versified dilution. It is at least dignified and restrained. This indeed, to our mind, is the best and most useful version of Horace which has yet appeared; and the Dean deserves congratulation on his labours.

Short Notices

HENRY WARD BEECHER. By Lyman Abbott. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Abbott writes as Beecher's successor in the pastorate of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and as one who owes to that brave old man the formation of his spiritual life. Beecher's life has been told, in a volume which is mainly autobiographical, by his wife and son; in this book his friend, as he says in his preface, seeks to interpret that life as the life of one "who has probably done more to change directly the religious life and indirectly the theological thought of America than any preacher since Jonathan Edwards." It was in the revulsion from the hopeless Calvinism left to their descendants by the Pilgrim Fathers, and from the rationalistic developments of it which in America were the best fruit of the eighteenth century, that Beecher played his part of spokesman and prophet. To us in England he is principally the knight of Emancipation. Such was the character in which, amid a storm of abuse and insult, and in contempt of open threats of violent handling, he made his bow to the rough public of English manufacturing towns. "Christ," he said once, "is my manifest God," and in the strength of that hero-worship he passed through the fire, not here alone, but among his own people by whom now his name is held in benediction. Mr. Abbott tells his story with such spirit and excellent taste as hold the attention and may well gain the sympathy even of the indifferent.

RIVIERA NATURE NOTES. (Bernard Quaritch.) This very handsome and valuable book is a popular account of the chief animals and plants of the Riviera and Maritime Alps. But it is "popular" only in the sense that it is readable and written in popular fashion. As the only book dealing with this particular subject, it should be also equipped with the characters that give a book a serious value, and this it fortunately has. The volume has the advantage of some hundreds of photographs, taken with the skill which nearly all books of this kind nowadays display. The anonymous author has really used what he calls "the scanty leisure of a hard-worked schoolmaster" to excellent purpose. We present our congratulations to his pupils, and for their sakes are almost inclined to wish his leisure scantier. Daily evidence accumulates of the ridiculous fashion in which the study of nature is being pursued and taught in many quarters, and of the utter barrenness of result which issues from it. We might quote at any length from the various pages, but perhaps as interesting as anything else to the readers of *THE ACADEMY* will be a little bit of not too familiar etymology. The word "zest," in the sense of "relish," has nothing to do with "zeal"—though to pursue a thing with zest conveys the same idea as pursuing it with zeal—but comes from "zeste," a little slice of orange-peel. But the French use the word quite differently. They apply it to something worthless, thus: "Je n'en donnerais pas un zeste"—I would not give two pins for it!

AMERICA IN LITERATURE. By George E. Woodberry. (London and New York: Harper. 5s.) This is scarcely a history of American literature, it is rather, as the title implies, a review and appreciation of America's position in relation to Anglo-Saxon literature as a whole, if we might not say in relation to world-literature. Professor Woodberry is a genuine man of letters, and his style is a cultivated style; though we could wish away certain prominent Americanisms, such as "belongs with," "back of," and the like. His method is to summarise the course of American letters in chapters on the Beginnings, the Knickerbocker Era, the Literary Age of Boston, the South, and the West; then to review the total achievement, and finish with a chapter on Results and Conditions. He is at once more cultured and more dispassionate, more broad in his views than most Americans writing on their national literature. Some beloved fallacies he perpetuates. Of course he will have America a young country with a young literature. But he not only recognises that its literature in its total outcome is a very small thing; he boldly says that America has no national literature. It is true. The impulse, as he says, proceeds from the north-east and grows weaker as its spreads south and west. The "great American author" is still to seek, and still fondly believed in. Truth is, America is not one, but many peoples, far more so than England just after the Norman Conquest; and unlike that England, they are all old peoples. The Anglo-Saxons who have written its best books are the off-shoot of an old people, and carry on an old tradition of letters. He truly says that this tradition is not merely English but cosmopolitan. There has been but one great upheaval in the States; and in this peaceful progression he finds a main cause for the poverty of their letters. But truth is their writers have been a small cultured class, leisurely casting eclectic roots into the past of many literatures, as he confesses, rather than deriving from the present of any; and this preoccupation with the past is itself characteristic of a decadent literature. How shall national literature come from writers who are eclectically browsing on the letters of every nation under heaven? Eclecticism never yet had racial sap in its veins; one must narrow to gain force. But we think Professor Woodberry might have claimed for Emerson a place beside the greatest writers of English prose; not, as he does, a secondary place. It is decidedly a good, though not specially original book.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE RIVAL POET. By Arthur Acheson. (London and New York: John Lane. 5s. net.) Mr. Acheson in this volume has done something to add probability to the late Professor Minto's conjecture that the rival poet of Shakespeare's Sonnets was George Chapman. He attempts to show that the original arrangement of the Sonnets requires to be rectified. Shakespeare's young patron in the Sonnets was, as Mr. Lee believes, Southampton; and the date of the earliest Sonnets is 1593 or early in 1594. In "Troilus and Cressida" Shakespeare renews his attack on Chapman. Such are the chief alleged results of this study. Mr. Acheson has really worked, and his book is not without value. He has a confidence in his own conjectures, his own "proofs," which Providence kindly vouchsafe, to a theorist in order that it may get work out of him, but which, it must be confessed, Providence does not find it necessary to bestow in a like degree upon those who disinterestedly examine the theory.

GOETHE'S LYRIK. ERLÄUTERUNGEN NACH KÜNSTLERISCHEN GESICHTSPUNKTEN. Ein Versuch. Von Berthold Litzmann. (Berlin: Fleischel. 3m. 50pf.) Litzmann, who is professor of the history of literature at the University of Bonn, attempts in this

book to analyse from the artistic side Goethe's lyrical genius. In fact he acts as aesthetic guide to readers and students of Goethe's purely lyrical poems. Whether it is not better to come to the enjoyment of fine poetry without the aid of an intermediary we will not discuss now, but if such a one is desired Litzmann makes, it must be confessed, an ideal cicerone. He has incidentally things to say in general criticism of Goethe's work that have a very real value. He observes most justly that Goethe is the born lyricist just as Schiller is the born dramatist. Goethe's artistic personality is so strong and so all-embracing that whatever form he elects to use, be it epic or dramatic, it is at once clear that the work is that of a giant; but even so, we find that the epic and the drama invariably rest, with him, on a lyrical basis. In his autobiography he has told us that he regards his poetry as a sort of general confession, called into being through the need of changing into a picture or a poem things that gave him joy or pain, or in any way caused him emotion. Thus, every poem has, more or less, some connection with an event in his life, or with a particular mood or state of feeling. Perhaps the most interesting of the lyrics from this point of view are those inspired by Frau von Stein, like "Harzreise im Winter" and "Ueber allen Gipfeln." As we said above, if there is call for such categorical interpretation Litzmann's book supplies it in the best possible way.

DR. A. PETERMANN'S MITTHEILUNGEN AUS JUSTUS PERTHES' GEOGRAPHISCHEN ANSTALT. Herausgegeben von Prof. Dr. A. Supan. Vol. 49, No. XI. (Gotha: Perthes. 2m.) The study of geography is treated with greater respect in Germany than in this country. The monthly periodical before us is devoted to its interests and invariably contains articles full of information. This number includes papers on the vegetation of the Samoan Islands, and on the Jewish colonies and settlements in Palestine, an excellent map of Count Wickenburg's travels in East Africa, 1897-8, 1901-2, besides short notices of the more important recent works concerning geography published in every country of Europe and in America. We notice that a large number of such works hail from Russia. The periodical thus affords the best obtainable survey of what is being done in geography and kindred subjects throughout the world.

ÄGYPTISCH-INDOEUROPAISCHE SPRACHVERWANDSCHAFT. Von Carl Abel. Zweit-Vermehrte Auflage. (Berlin: Luckhardt.) Dr. Abel here republishes, with additions, his little treatise on the connection between Egyptian hieroglyphics and Indo-European languages that attracted so much attention from Egyptologists on its first appearance. Professor Maspéro, of Paris, and Professor Ziemer, of Berlin, highly praise Abel's work, and assert that if Dr. Abel's conclusions are correct, there can be little doubt that a very close connection exists between the two language groups. The subject is treated here, it should be observed, from a purely technical and philological standpoint.

LA VIE ET LES LIVRES. Sixième Série avec un index général des noms cités dans les six volumes. Par Gaston Deschamps. (Colin. 3fr. 50.) In this series of volumes, M. Deschamps has sought to show how historical events and contemporary tendencies of thought and taste and action influence the subjects treated by men of letters. Thus, looking at random through the series, such headings as "The War of 1870 and Literature," "Society and the Contemporary Novel," "The Feminists," "Three Stages in the Career of Anatole France" indicate the scope of the criticism. The latest volume deals with three subjects only: "Le Cycle de Napoléon—Le Cycle de la Guerre—L'exotisme Colonial et pittoresque." The first criticises books like Chuquet's "Jeunesse de Napoléon" (1897-99), Masson's "Joséphine de Beauharnais" (1899), "L'Impératrice Marie-Louise" (1902), the "Memoirs of the General Baron de Dedem de Gelder" (1900), and a large number of lately issued works on Waterloo. In view of the Kaiser's late utterances these might be worth his perusal. M. Deschamps sums up Waterloo thus: "Il y a des moments où l'histoire est plus superbe que la légende. Tout est grand dans cette aventure. Le génie malheureux du grand homme n'est pas plus sublime que l'héroïsme des humbles qui le suivent et qui le défendent. Il est impossible que tant de force morale ait été dépensée en vain. Cette journée de Waterloo, où la mauvaise fortune ajouta je ne sais quelle beauté triste à la magnificence d'un effort surhumain fait honneur à l'humanité." The war cycle criticises a number of books that have for subject either the actual war of 1870 or its results. Among them are "Le Désastre" of Paul et Victor Margueritte, a group of books about Alsace and Lorraine, both German and French of which the most popular is René Bazin's fine novel, "Les Oberlé," now in its forty-third edition. The third part is consecrated to books that tell of lands beyond Europe, of India, of Chili and Bolivia, of Australia and New Zealand, of Africa, of Java, of China and Japan. M. Deschamps deplores the fact that France has no novelist like Rider Haggard, like Kipling, like Olive Schreiner,

and thinks if French novelists travelled more it would add not only to the gaiety of literature but would be also to the interest of the country. Bourget in some degree, Loti in a greater degree, are travellers and give forth their experiences in their books, and to those authors must be added one less known to fame but who writes books of a most charming "exotisme"—Myriam Harry. Her "Petites Épouses" and "Passages de Bédouins" breathe sincere human feeling: they tell of women's tears, of infants' wailing, and prove how all hearts, however they may differ otherwise, are united by suffering. The highest possible praise is given to Loti's "Les derniers jours de Pékin." M. Deschamps believes that it is history, and will be read when voluminous treatises on ethnography and sociology have disappeared.

POUR MA FINLANDE! Par Juhani Aho. Avec un essai sur la littérature finlandaise par René Puaux. (Lausanne: Georges Bridel et Cie. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher. 3fr.) That note of abject misery of soul, of futile effort to throw off the yoke of the oppressor, which is ever present in modern Finnish literature, fills the pages of this book with a monotony of sadness which helps one to realise the utter hopelessness of the struggle of the Finns for freedom and independence. Juhani Aho is a young Finn of fervent patriotism and some literary gifts. The pieces collected in this volume are mere thumbnail sketches in the form of political parables, in which the Czar figures as a carrion crow, a wicked old baron, or a raging flood, and is contrasted with poor Finland in the guise of a flight of swallows, a decrepit old man, or a mill built on a rock. All of which is very interesting and rather touching as typifying the Finnish sentiment towards Russia, but it may be questioned whether political ends are best served by harrowing, if poetical, journalistic squibs. The introduction by M. René Puaux on the literature of Finland is thoroughly well done, and gives a succinct account of its historic saga, its fascinating folklore and its most prominent writers.

DIE GRENZEN DER GESCHICHTE. Von Friedrich Gottl. (Leipzig: Duncker and Humblot. 3m.) Gottl's pamphlet is a plea for the emancipation of the study of history from the methods employed in the study of natural science. He argues that there is a fundamental difference between the two kinds of knowledge, and an absolute lack of connection between their results. For example, roughly speaking, geology has nothing to do with history; the discovery of tombs and domestic implements may help the political economist in determining what the every-day life of ancient peoples was like, but it can do little for the real historian. Gottl's method of discussion is somewhat technical, but it is careful and detailed. His pamphlet has more interest perhaps for the professor and the student than for the general reader.

THE SEASONS WITH THE POETS: AN ANTHOLOGY. Arranged by Ida Woodward. (Elkin Mathews. 5s. net.) Dedicated to Mr. Thomas Hardy, four of whose poems are included in this well-chosen anthology; among other names may be noted those of Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Austin Dobson, Dr. Garnett, Dora Sigerson, in addition to the usual world-worn names to be expected. The compiler has done her work with taste and tact, and has been admirably supported by her publishers in the matters of binding, paper and print. A pretty book outside and inside.

New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

- Davidson, D.D. (A. B.), The late, edited by J. A. Paterson, D.D., Waiting upon God.....(Clark) 6/0
The Expositor's Greek Testament, Vol. III., edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A.....(Hodder and Stoughton) 28/0
The Expositor, edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., Sixth Series, Vol. VIII.....(Hodder and Stoughton) 7/6
Sidney (Philip), The Truth about Jesus of Nazareth.....(Stewart) 2/6
Barnicoat, LL.D. (Rev. O. R.), Old Testament History.....(Dent)
Menzies, D.D. (Rev. Allan), The Religions of India.....(")

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Lindsay (Lady), From a Venetian Balcony.....(Kegan Paul) net 2/6
Loverman (Robert), The Gates of Silence with Interludes of Song (Knickerbocker Press)
Chamberlin (Henry Harmon), The Age of Ivory.....(Badger, Boston)
Ensor (R. O. K.), Modern Poems.....(Brimley Johnson) net 2/6
Hutchinson (William G.), Songs of the Vine.....(A. H. Bullen) net 3/6
Falkner (O. Litton), Introductory Memoir by, The Poems of Charles Wolfe (A. H. Bullen) net 3/6
Stubbs, D.D. (Charles William), Dean of Ely; Castle in the Air and other Poems Old and New.....(Dent) net 3/6
A Collection of Freemasons' Songs.....(Brown, Langham) net 2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Pickering, F.R.S. (Spencer), edited by, Memoirs of Anna Maria Wilhelmina Pickering.....(Hodder and Stoughton) net 16/0
Abbott (Lyman), Henry Ward Beecher.....(") 7/8
Douglas (James), Robert Browning.....(") net 1/0
Gilbert, LL.D. (Sir John T.), History of Dublin.....(Dollard, Dublin)

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

- McDonald, D.D. (Rev. Walter), The Principles of Moral Science (Browne and Nolan)

ART

- Gallatin (A. E.), Aubrey Beardsley's Drawings, a Catalogue and a List of Criticisms.....(Elkin Mathews) net 20/0
The Greyfriar, a Chronicle in Black and White, Vol. 4, by Carthusians (Greyfriar, Godalming) 1/6
Magazine of Art, January.....

EDUCATIONAL

- Rogers, M.A. (Benjamin Bickley), The Thesmophoriaeuae of Aristophanes. The Greek Text revised, with free translation into English verse. (Bell) 7/6
Poole, M.A. (W. Mansfield), A French and German Picture Vocabulary (Murray) 3/6
Hargreaves (Alexander), A Grammar of the Dialect of Adlington (Lancashire) (Carl Winter, Heidelberg)
St. Mark, the Revised Version, edited by Sir A. F. Hort, Bart., M.A. (Cambridge) net 1/6
Corinthians, Second Epistle, edited by A. Plummer, M.A., D.D. (Cambridge) net 1/6
Kohlrach (F.), Das Jahr 1813, edited by J. W. Cartmell, M.A. (Cambridge)
Greek Testament for Schools and Colleges: Corinthians, Second Epistle, edited by A. Plummer, M.A., D.D. (Cambridge)
Bygott (John) and Jones (A. J. Lawford), The King's English and How to Write It.....(Jarrold) 1/6
Kynaston, D.D. (Herbert), edited by, Virgil's Enid, Book I.....(Dent) 1/4
Marshall (John), edited by, Caesar's Gallic War, Books IV.-V.....(") 1/4
Hudson, M.A. (W. H.), Essay of Dramatic Poesie by John Dryden.....(") 1/4

MISCELLANEOUS

- Northote (Lady Rosalind), The Book of Herbs.....(Lane) net 2/6
Copyright in Canada and Newfoundland. Prepared by Thorvald Solberg (Copyright Office, Washington)
Post Office London Directory, 1904.....(Kelly's Directories, Limited) 32/0
The Schoolmasters Year-book and Directory, 1904.....(Sonnenschein) net 5/0
The Hundredth Year, the Story of the Centenary Celebrations of the Sunday School Union, 1803.....(Sunday School Union) net 2/6
Pictorial Postcards of Chester and Bournemouth, from Sketches by Leonard Fatten.....each 0/1
Pictorial Postcards of Well-known Pictures.....(Photochrom Co.)
Patience Pocket-Book (100 Games), by Mrs. Theodore Bent.....(Arrowsmith) 1/0
The Chiswick Press Calendar and Diary, 1904.....
Rural Hand-book: Incubating and Rearing Fowls, by H. Franklin (Dawbarn and Ward) net 0/6
Blair (Matthew), The Paisley Shawl and the Men who Produced It (Gardner, Paisley)
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FICTION

- "The Dule Tree of Camillia," by William Robertson (Stephen and Pollock); "Idylls of Yorkshire Dales," by John Craven (Greening), 6/0; "Morcar," by Thomas Scott (Greening), 6/0; "The Rugged Way," by E. Way Elkington (Drane), 6/0.

NEW EDITIONS

- "The Old Testament," by Theophilus G. Pinches, LL.D. (S.P.C.K.), 7/6; "The Pope, the King, and the People," by the late A. M. William Arthur, edited by W. Blair Neathby, M.A. (Hodder and Stoughton), net 10/6; "The Homes and Haunts of Luther," by Dr. J. Stoughton (R.T.S.), 2/6; "A Christmas Carol and the Chimes," by Charles Dickens (Cassell); "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith (Cassell); "Copyright in England," prepared by Thorvald Solberg (Government Printing Office, Washington); "W. Blake's Jerusalem," edited by A. G. B. Russell and E. K. D. MacLagan (A. H. Bullen), net 6/6; "Poems," by Charles Cotton (Tutin), net 2/0.

PERIODICALS

- "Ainslee's," "The Connoisseur," "Nottingham Library Bulletin," "Bible Society Monthly Reporter," "Bible Society Gleanings," "The Papyrus," "All the World," "United Service Magazine," "Pall Mall," "Cornhill," "Cassell's Magazine," "English Illustrated," "The Commonweath," "Church Monthly," "London University Gazette" Supplement, "Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine," "The Empire Review," "Macmillan's Magazine," "L'Empire Bar," "St. Nicholas," "Play-Pictorial" Christmas and New Year's Number, "Contemporary Review," "Independent Review," "Sunday Magazine," "Good Words."

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MISCELLANEOUS

- Bérard (Victor), Les Phéniciens et L'Odyssée, Vol. II.....(Colin, Paris) 25fr.
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Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

VIII.—On Musical Comedies and the State

I WAS reading, for the third time, some especially striking chapters in Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone," and I found a piece of news which offered a curious commentary on Mr. John Hare's letter to The Times on the subject of State-aided theatres. In 1830, when Gladstone was one-and-twenty, the Essay Club, founded by himself at Oxford, pronounced "the influence of the modern drama, though trifling in degree, pernicious in quality." This was the modern drama of seventy-three years ago. Mr. Hare's verdict comes to much the same thing. He deplors the standard of acting in so-called serious plays and high comedy; he fears that musical comedies will soon usurp the boards of every theatre in England. Every author of serious plays and the like must wish to agree with Mr. Hare, who is one of the few great artists—I dare not give the precise number—we possess. But he does not see that the sole reason why the public prefer the productions of Mr. George Edwardes is because the acting is so clever, the lyrics (those by Adrian Ross, for instance) are often as good as the famous stuff given in volumes of classic humour, the music is refreshing, and the whole show, from start to finish, is alive, national, and, as an entertainment, unique in Europe. For half-a-guinea, I can see at the New Gaiety some brilliant low comedy impersonations, some charming dancing, and some highly accomplished young actresses. I can hear witty songs written by educated writers; I am given some delicious fooling in the dialogue, and as much plot as I want—a pleasant diagram, in fact, of the British character. For half-a-guinea I can also see, at another kind of theatre, one or two artists abominably depressed—I cannot say, supported by some inaudible recruits (or persons who have no right to be on any stage) working their ineffective way through some tedious piece without form and void, about nothing on earth. There is no one-star system yet in the casting of musical plays: the sterilizing word *literature* has not yet been applied to musical plays: the gifted being who believes that he (or she) alone, talking incessantly—no matter how foolishly—ought to fill any spectator's mind with delight, has had, so far, no run for his or her backer's money, in musical plays. The "backer," I am informed, is a person who is expected to "find" (the expression has its pathos) some large sum, or sums, which will pay all the costs of a

production and keep the "house full," for fifty nights at least, of people who look prosperous and never buy their seats. The legend: *House full—300th performance*—does not, therefore, invariably mean that the gross receipts for each week are, say, two thousand pounds. It does not mean that the author is receiving several hundreds weekly, that the manager is "rolling," that the leading man is enjoying the salary of an over-worked Lord Beaconsfield, that the leading lady earns more in one month than a Bishop in one quarter. It may mean quite often that the "backer," or the "backers," are most unhappy; that bills have been paid and nothing has prospered; it may mean, in short, that the advertised, boomed, puffed and tortured "success" has been extraordinary only as a financial loss. This fact ought to encourage Mr. Hare. The public will not be bored. It will not endure twaddle. It will not stand the wretched elocution of which he justly complains. His own is perfect. If the masses—and above all, the well-to-do and upper classes—prefer music-halls and musical comedies to the legitimate drama, it is because the legitimate drama at present is not very good and not well acted—even when it is tolerably composed. There is no false sentiment in "The Orchid": the burlesque is true to burlesque; the social and political hits which occur in the dialogue and in the songs are struck from a close observation of current manners, opinions and the like. I have said this, in other ways, before, but the actor-managers of theatres devoted to drama seldom attend performances at Daly's, the Gaiety or the Lyric. They do not know the remarkably strong attractions they have to strive against, and they do not see a fine art and a school of excellent acting—at once very direct and very subtle—developing under their noses. If a distinguished foreigner comes to England, he is taken, by a discerning guide, to the Houses of Parliament, to Ascot, to the Eton and Harrow match, to the Law Courts, to all the musical comedies of the first rank, and to every one of the music halls. He will then know this country, and understand why it is impossible to bring the English stage into touch with officialism. All the officials very rightly prefer musical comedies to any other kind of average English comedy; laws about a thing so elusive and delightful would be disastrous; the paraphernalia of committees would destroy the spontaneity of the players: an art with such charms to recommend it may have a million patrons, but one President would kill it. As for a governing body—

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.

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Athenæum Losses and Gains, 1903

DEATHS of distinguished men fall heavily on a club like the Athenæum. When you do not regret the friend, you miss the familiar figure or the well-known face, and even the favourite seat of some comparative obscurity seems haunted for a time by his spirit. This year there has been an unusually long death-roll, and many a man of light and leading has been removed. Among Churchmen, Archbishop Temple, an indefatigable reader of the newspapers, whose sturdy build promised prolonged years. Then went Dr. Bradley, the Dean of Westminster, the maker of Marlborough College, whose dapper little form contrasted with the Primate's. The Dean of Canterbury followed, Dr. Farrar, conspicuous by the blue ribbon in his button-hole, who

used often to mount to the library, black bag in hand, to use his almost fatally facile pen. But his stores of reading and learning were immense. Besides these we have to regret Canon Rawlinson of Canterbury and Dean Stephens of Winchester.

But the death of Mr. Lecky leaves a great blank, and we shall miss the almost deprecatory side-look, and the long, flexible figure which courted caricature. Shy and reserved, he was always affable when addressed, and ready to impart his superabundant stores of information.

Among the judges are Sir John Rigby, Lord Justice of Appeal; Mr. Commissioner Kerr, who for one reason or another was much before the public, and whose personal reminiscences have lately appeared; also his namesake

Mr. W. Kerr, author of sundry legal books, but better known as having taken the best double-first on record.

There are many blanks among the men who have served the State in one capacity or another. The veteran Field-Marshal Sir John Lintorn Simmons, G.C.B.; Quintin Hogg, the philanthropic founder of the Polytechnic; Mr. Hanbury, President of the Board of Trade; Sir Juland Danvers, Government Director of Indian Railways; Sir Vincent Kennett Barington, associated with the organization of the St. John Ambulance; General Du Cane, with rare experience in criminology, who had been selected as Chairman of the Prisons' Commission; Sir Joshua Fitch, Chief-Inspector of Training Colleges, and Mr. Spring Rice, a valued official in the Treasury.

There are not a few eminent men of science: Sir G. Stokes, the great mathematician; Sir F. Abel, the chemist, expert in explosives, and Director of the Imperial Institute; Dr. Gladstone and Sir W. C. Roberts-Austen, also famous for chemical research—the latter gentleman was Assayer of the Mint—and the Rev. Professor Wiltshire, geologist.

Of civil engineers are Messrs. Barlow, Rennie, and Rendel, and last, not least, Sir Frederick Bramwell, an ex-President of the British Association, to the last a travelling attendant of all great scientific gatherings, and a noteworthy habitu   of the Club dining-room, with his benignant face and patriarchal white locks.

There has been little thinning of the ranks of well-known authors, but we miss Mr. Augustus Hare, who when he came to town from his house near Hastings was always industriously occupied in the S.W. corner of the smaller library.

We have seen the last of two Royal Academicians: Mr. Horsley, whose reminiscences appear almost simultaneously with this notice, and Mr. Wells, the portrait painter; and Mr. Pearson, antiquary and architect, has gone. Doubtless other names of some note may have been omitted, but the Marquis of Salisbury is not to be forgotten, though he was seldom to be seen in the Athen  um, save when he lunched after a Cabinet Council under the clock, and it is scarcely needful to mention Herbert Spencer.

The old order changeth, but new blood is continually being introduced. Among the nine of distinguished eminence annually elected by the Committee, are Dr. Angst, the illustrious Swiss antiquary and director of their national museum; Lord Blythwood, Sir Edward Grey, Don F. A. Gasquet, Abbot President of the English Benedictines; Dr. Robinson, the new Dean of Westminster, the patristic scholar; and Mr. Henry White, a social acquisition and the well-known Secretary of the U.S. Embassy. Likewise no fewer than five Cabinet Ministers—the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Secretary for the Colonies, and the Postmaster-General. I have said nothing of the new members coming in ordinary course of ballot, after a weary probation on the books of about sixteen years. Assuredly there is no other society in the world where so many lines of the higher intellectual life intersect, and no one of the privileged need complain of lack of diversity in a distinguished company.

Holidays

TEMPORARY intermissions of activity—to phrase it in dry terms—have been shown by experiment, observation, and theory necessarily to occur in the functions of all living matter. It is an aspect of that cosmic rhythm with which we are now familiar in the theory of ever-alternating evolution and dissolution.

To make holiday is therefore to be strictly in accord with the "scheme of things entire." This is the philosophical justification for such festivities as surround us at this season, but empirical and practical justification, based on sheer expediency, are also forthcoming.

The vast majority of the readers of THE ACADEMY are doubtless brain-workers. And in protest against the fatuous athleticism which is, I suppose, one consequence of our commercial success—since such cults do not arise in a hungry land—I have already dogmatised on this topic of mental work. I ventured to declare that brain-work, as such, never hurt anybody, carefully distinguishing brain-work plus foul air or carking care, from brain-work under ideal conditions. But the opportunity now arises for emphasising the truth with which experience has made most of us familiar, that temporary intermissions of activity, otherwise termed holidays, help to constitute these ideal conditions. Certain periods of brain-rest are indeed—and most fortunately—not under our control. The busiest mind must observe the rhythm of life in some respects.

We live on a rotating globe which turns "alternate cheeks" to the sun, the proximate source of all life. Hence it is that there has been developed within us the need for sleep when we have been whirled away from the sunlight. One cannot deal with this fascinating subject in a few words, though few who think at all can refrain from questioning themselves about this rhythmic cessation of consciousness and all the problems it raises. Here, at any rate, is a necessary holiday from brain-work, for consciousness itself is the fundamental brain-work which makes all else possible. Conceive of consciousness—inexplicable though it be—as brain-work, and the imperious necessity of sleep is sufficient to demonstrate that the taking of holidays is in accordance with natural law. It is interesting to speculate as to what would happen if the earth took a year, instead of a day, to rotate upon her own axis. In that case she would always turn the same face to the sun, just as the moon always turns the same face to us. How would the conscious beings that lived upon that favoured face adjust the rhythm of their lives? Adapted as we are to our environment we cannot spend three entirely sleepless nights in succession without serious risk of losing our sanity. Yet the Spencerian conceptions that are now implicit in all thought render perfectly intelligible the idea that on a globe where there was no night there might be evolved a form of consciousness that would act in a much longer rhythm—a seasonal rhythm, perhaps, as in the hibernating hedgehog, instead of a diurnal. Nor can we say whether the rapidity of our present rhythm, conditioned by the fact that the spot of earth on which we live is moving at the rate of a thousand miles an hour round the earth's centre, is not a necessary condition of a consciousness so vivid as ours.

Saying all this to show that a diurnal holidaying, at any rate, is a necessary condition of cerebral activity, I have left myself little space in which to insist on the value of other and longer rhythms superadded upon the diurnal rhythm. Yet there is no doubt that annual holiday-making, though not essential as the diurnal, is yet a wise and desirable custom. It would be possible to adduce strictly scientific evidence in favour of such annual holidays as we are now enjoying—readers if not writers! Something more than the diurnal rest is necessary. Had you told the lotos-eaters—and who has not echoed their query—"Ah, why should life all labour be?"—that after all they slept eight hours out of the twenty-four, they would have thought you trifling with them. And Tennyson, in putting those words into their mouths, was expressing the truth which all our present holiday-makers are wisely illustrating.

C. W. SALERBY.

Egomet

WHETHER or not the days of my youth were spent in vain reading I sometimes try to decide. I have little Latin and less Greek, am but a poor hand at French and of German have I none. Therefore is my reading confined to books written in the English tongue and does not that suffice for one little life? Had I endeavoured to become a Greek or Latin scholar needs must have I neglected the tongue of the land of my birth. Of the Latins and the Greeks I know sufficient for enjoyment, having quite a nodding acquaintance with Homer, Euripides, Plato, Herodotus, Aristotle, Ovid, Tacitus, Cæsar—and one or two others. Of the literatures of France and Germany I have read much in translations and about them a deal in critical histories. What then have I lost and gained by this my ignorance?

I have lost a knowledge and appreciation of the styles of various famous men of letters of the old days and of the present; but then my little knowledge has enabled me to understand their matter. As for those who own style only, I care not for them—what worth is a style without a soul? I have gained in this that I have read more than most men in the literature of my own country. Humble as is my library, if so big a name is not too pompous for so small a collection of books, there are many volumes on my shelves that I have not yet read and I sometimes ask myself if ever I shall have time so to do. Yes, I think that on the whole I may rest content with my reading being limited to one tongue and that tongue the noblest of them all. In what branch of literature can I not read of the best and highest? Poetry, fiction, history, theology, drama, philosophy, letters, criticism, biography, are there not of the best of all these in the English speech? And is not life only too short to read in this one tongue all that one would read, or even half or a quarter? Do others feel that sense of despair that enters me as often as I stand in a great library, and, looking around, realise how much there is that I would and should read and I had the years to do so?

Was it right that I should have been left as a child to read those books I delighted in rather than those which in the general opinion would have been most profitable to me? Of course the usual run of children's books were put in my way, Hans Andersen, Grimm, "Robinson Crusoe," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Gulliver," and so forth, firm friends still all of them. What more I wanted I chose out for myself: Reade, Thackeray, Byron, Shakespeare, Bunyan, Addison, Pope, many others, most of them still friends or acquaintances. At school my teachers worked their hardest to make me dislike Gray, Macaulay, Shakespeare, Milton, Coleridge, and some others, but luckily I loved them for themselves, and no amount of lesson-work could render them distasteful. For good or ill I sought out my friends for myself, have kept and loved them, and have gained good from them.

Am I singular in all this? I doubt if any one of us all is singular in anything; we are all so dismally similar. Similar in our good ways and our bad ways. One of my bad ways is to forget to-day what I have promised to do to-morrow, to speak of ills that I know will not come to me or of good things I am sure never to receive. I make a mental note, for example, of a lonely dinner at the club on Christmas day, forgetting my old friend's standing invitation. Perhaps I live too much among books and too little among live folk. But then, that is my way, and my ways are pleasant to me.

E. G. O.

"The Darling of the Gods"

MANY people have been asking me how could Mr. Tree act a Japanese, he is too tall. Such questions are most ignorant from a theatrical point of view. Suppose one visit an artist, and looking at a picture painted on a small canvas, asks the



Mr. BEERBOHM TREE AT REHEARSAL

(From a drawing by Yoshio Markino)

artist how could there be people about three inches high, what would the artist say? The size of a figure has little effect on the stage. The real feeling is the most important part of the play. It was some few weeks ago I went to a Japanese restaurant with Mr. Tree and Miss Ashwell and some others. There we sat on the cushions and ate Japanese food with chop-sticks. Doubtless it has given some great inspiration to them. Mr. Tree said to me, "Now I feel myself quite Japanese." He has been as good as his word and now he acts Japanese. He

makes up his face so well, it is perfect; the thick lip and heavy eyes are very characteristic.

He has also much improved the play and given it more real Japanese feeling than the original had in America. I will mention one thing. A little boy, called Sano, snatches his father's sword and goes to front of march, this is the real Samurai spirit.

English people may say that Miss Ashwell's face is too European, but these are people who look only on Japanese prints, conventional pictures, and have not been in Japan, and so think all Japanese eyes are like the fox's; but this is not so. Miss Ashwell studied my face—and I am pure Japanese blood—so if I show my sister's photo, people could hardly tell which is Miss Ashwell and which is my sister.

I gave a few hints to the chief artistes as to gestures and manner and these were enough, they have put them all through the play very naturally, although it must be very difficult when all comes only from memory. A Japanese who did not know English could follow the story. The gesture of Princess Yo San when she is bidden to kneel by her father is quite Japanese—so much so, that seeing it the old proverb came into my mind, "The grass is blue but this is bluer." Then when Prince Kara spills the hot tea on his hand Princess Yo San wipes his hand with her sleeve, this is very Japanese. And when she could not please the Prince with her song then she fetches his sword in silence and says, "Go to-night;" it is a very simple act, but very feeling.

It is not a Japanese play, but it has much like the play "Soga Brothers' Vengeance," in which Danjuro acted as "Kudo." Mr. Tree as "Zakkuri" is very much like Danjuro as "Kudo," and Mr. Gill's martyrdom is like "Kodanji's" in the same play; while Mr. Cookson resembles Yennosuke when he played in that play. Miss Ashwell's snakey movement, which is very Japanese, is like the movement of Kikugoro, a famous actor who played so well woman part, for in Japan we have not women actors, but men who are trained from five years old. In Japanese comedy people always find a character like Mr. Rose's "Tanda-Tanji."

One word of love-making: the English love-making on stage is to my mind like "toffy"—too sticky. In Japan it is more delicate, more like "whisky-and-soda," but the love scene in the third act of this play is now perfect. Japanese have a heart like Englishmen, but religion prohibited love and that made us hypocrites.

To my Japanese mind the fifth act is the most Japanese, it shows the "bushido" or "Samurai" spirit, to live and to die for glory, although this act shows the most ancient times. Appearance is changed in Japan, but the old spirit is there. People begin to know our country better since the Japanese war with China. Those who love Japan will go to Mr. Tree's theatre and will recognise with some satisfaction many features that belong to my beloved native country, "The Darling of the Gods."

YOSHIO MARKINO.

Dramatic Notes

MR. GILBERT'S "The Mikado" has made the path no easy one for the dramatist who would write a serious play of Japanese life. This attempt has been made in "The Darling of the Gods," by David Belasco and John Luther Long, a play in four acts produced for the first time in this country by Mr. Tree on Monday evening last. The theme of the play is not essentially Japanese, reminding us at times of such different works as "Romeo and Juliet" and "La Tosca." Kara is an outlawed prince and the leader of the ten remaining Samurai who refuse to give up their swords in obedience to the edict of the emperor; the time chosen,

therefore, is the parting of the ways between old and new Japan. The prince is beloved of the Princess Yo-San, who conceals him in her apartments when he is pursued by his arch-enemy, the minister Zakkuri. Complications naturally follow; Kara is captured by Zakkuri, and released, the price being Yo-San's betrayal of the hiding-place of the little band of Samurai. The outlaws are surrounded, and—Yo-San arriving too late to warn them—are slain in their endeavour to fight their way out, with the exception of Kara and two followers, who commit the "happy despatch," Yo-San also dying by her own hand. Then in a final tableau Yo-San and Kara meet 1,000 years hence (!) in the First Celestial Heaven.

SUCH in brief is the story, in which there is little that is strictly Japanese save the adornments, which are, in truth, gorgeous. From the first rising of the curtain to its final fall the stage presents a series of splendid pictures, now sombre, now brilliant; garden, glowered crowds, rocky blossoms, state halls filled with multi-coloured Zakkuri—and many fastnesses, the grim sword-room of Zakkuri—one's heart; others. But the play does not grip hold of one's heart; there is a vague sense of evil fate hanging over the lovers; there is a thrilling murder of a spy; torture is a bottom until it becomes commonplace. Yet the story is at all times strong, the plot well put together, and the characters distinct. What then is lacking? Partly, I fancy, it is that the actors were over-anxious as to their behaviour, the novel surroundings and under unusual conditions, which were overcome entirely only by Mr. Basil Gill, who acted quite greatly as Kara, and Miss Lena Ashwell who was excellent as Juliet—I mean, Yo-San; partly, I believe, it was that Mr. Tree read his part wrongly. Granted that his conception of the character of the forbidding sensualist Zakkuri was right, he achieved all that an actor could hope to do, but surely his conception was wrong. Acted as Mr. Tree acted the part, Zakkuri had about him an air fatally reminiscent of the "Mikado." Zakkuri should never indulge in playfulness; he should be stern, hard, cruel as fate, sinister and weird. Let Mr. Tree look to it.

"LITTLE HANS ANDERSEN," though as a play a little disjointed, is a very charming production. Captain Basil Hood is no doubt quite correct in taking it for granted that most of his audience know their Andersen. The children certainly seemed at no loss to follow his fascinating potpourri of stories. The acting, too, both on the part of the child actors and of their elder brethren left nothing to be desired. Master Roy Lorraine is a dear, unaffected "Little Hans," Miss Louie Pounds the sweetest and daintiest of Princesses, and Miss Hart-Dyke is an actress-dancer of the very first water—every line of her figure expressed pathetic despair and weariness. The grown-up parts were in the hands of other members of the old Savoy Company, and where all are so good to praise one, and not all, would be invidious.

THE scenery is pretty, and the music so tuneful that it will be a surprise if several of the airs are not being whistled about the streets before long. The song of the "Umbrella Man"—the song in imitation of "the House that Jack Built"—the song of the two wonderful Wooden Soldiers, who must be seen to be believed in—the Swineherd Prince's delightful "Pipe Song"—and Mr. Henry Lytton's swinging soldiers song—are only a few of many. The children must go to the Adelphi and see and hear for themselves—go and join the music of their laughter to that of the orchestra under Mr. Walter Slaughter, the composer's, magic wand.

THE "Masque of the City Arms," produced last week at the Glasgow School of Art in aid of the Scottish Artists' Benevolent Fund, was a great artistic and financial success. Few cities have armorial insignia which lend themselves so readily to pageant and tableau as do those of Glasgow, though one might hardly suspect this from the verbal blazon contained in the patent granted by the Lyon Office in 1866, which reads: "Argent, on a mount in base vert an oak tree proper, the stem at the base thereof surmounted by a salmon on its back, also proper, with a signet ring in its mouth, or; on the top of a tree a redbreast, and on the sinister fess point an ancient hand bell, both also proper." The crest shows "the half-length figure of St. Kentigern, affronté, vested and mitred, his right hand raised in the act of benediction." In popular rhyme the arms are thus described:—

Here's the bird that never flew,
Here's the tree that never grew,
Here's the bell that never rang,
Here's the fish that never swam—
That's just the dru'ken salmon.

BUT neither official blazon nor popular rhyme explains the legends upon which the arms are framed. The bird is a favourite robin of St. Serf, whom Kentigern (otherwise St. Mungo) was accused by his guilty fellow-scholars of killing, and which he restored to life. In one respect the rhyme is inaccurate, for the oak tree of the blazon "grew" from the frozen hazel twig which Kentigern caused to burst into flame and rekindle the fire which his envious fellows had extinguished while he slept. The bell that never rang was said to have been brought by the saint from Rome, where he received it from the Pope, though local antiquaries believe that St. Mungo's bell was probably made at home.

THE salmon with its ring is, however, the most romantic feature of the arms. Queen Langueth may not have sinned, but she had been imprudent, and when her husband demanded from her the ring which he had bestowed she was unable to produce it. The knight was unable to produce it, and dishonour and death were averted only by the saint, who "taking compassion on her, sent one of his people to the river to angle with a hook, directing him to bring alive the first fish he might take, which being done, the saint took from its mouth the ring and sent it to the queen, who restored it to the king, and so saved her life."

THESE miraculous events are finely adapted for the display of artistic grouping and dressing, and Mr. Newberry, with his assistants and their past and present pupils, made splendid use of their opportunities. First, the six-score participants moved in stately procession through the rooms of the school, then they presented on the stage a series of pictures, seven in number, representing these events in St. Mungo's career, with an impressive first picture of the saint preaching to the barbarians whom he found in the West. "Book," music, and dresses were all prepared by the school, and the promoters have every reason to be proud of their success.

Some German Plays

DAS HEIMATSFEST. SCHAUSPIEL IN FÜNF AKTEN. Von Gustav Frenssen. (Berlin: Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung. 2m.)

MACHT. EIN SOZIALES SCHAUSPIEL IN VIER AKTEN. Von T. Wiegand. (Berlin: Fleischel. 2m.)

GUSTAV FRENSSEN, the author of the popular and most successful novel "Jörn Uhl," dedicates what we must

characterise as a somewhat diffuse episode in dramatic form to the old town of Husum, in Schleswig-Holstein, at its jubilee. It is best to state at once that there is nothing dramatic about this composition except its form. Yet it is full of poetical sentiment, and not without life. The central idea is that a number of natives of the town whom circumstances have forced to spend their life in foreign lands, feel impelled to make every effort to be present at the jubilee celebration, and among them is a man who, to avoid fighting in the war of 1870, had fled over the frontier, gone to America, prospered, and made a big fortune. But of him the Fatherland will have none. "He who insults his country and his country's need, is false to his own soul. . . . Urged by home-sickness he came to the jubilee. But his home cast him out because he once betrayed her." Apart from this central idea the play is full of delightful things. Here is a conversation between a professor and a former pupil who had gone out into the great world:—

PROF. And those scenes have blotted out this little town and its school?

STUD. As completely as if I had never walked through these streets, and had never seen a Latin book.

PROF. Yet you were not here in vain. Although you do not recognise it, something remains in you of the wisdom of the ancients which shines quietly in the old books, and it teaches you to see more clearly and to judge more calmly the variegated scenes of the present time.

STUD. Cannot Christianity do that service for us?

PROF. Pagan antiquity stands like an iron monument above all strife, but Christianity is in the hands of jangling men. To one it is a bright light that falls across his path, to the other it is a mist that he never learns to see.

We must not quote more, but we heartily advise all who liked what the Germans would call the *Stimmung* of "Jörn Uhl" to read this little play.

"Macht" is work of a very different order. It is, vulgarly speaking, extremely up-to-date. The scene is laid in New York, and the hero is the head of the Steel Trust, the greatest "combine" the world has ever seen. The dramatist's design is to prove that by placing such enormous capitalistic power in the hands of a man of energy, strikes are rendered inevitable, and so is a system of bribery, with its destructive consequences to public life. The piece, despite what seems unpromising material, in its rapidity of action, ease of dialogue, and consistency of treatment had a genuine and deserved success on the stage, and as it is a first work, much may be safely predicted of its author. Hauptmann's "Weavers," and the second part of Björnson's "Beyond Human Strength" are the only other plays so far as we know that deal with the present day aspect of the social question. Björnson's treatment of it has always seemed to us the most successful, natural and convincing. He strikes the right note in the closing words of his drama—"One side must be the first to forgive."

Musical Notes

THE Return moved for in the House of Commons last session by Mr. Stuart-Wortley as to the State or municipal support given to opera, drama, and concerts in foreign countries, has now been issued and contains a mass of useful information on the subject. Practically every country is shown to support music or the drama in some form or another, which was, of course, known before, though the extent and method of this support are shown, as was only to be expected, to be very various—ranging from the mere grant of a site or exemption from taxation to the elaborate provision made in France, where four national theatres receive annual subsidies to the extent of nearly £60,000. The United

States seems to be practically the only country of any importance—Venezuela is another—adopting substantially the same position as ourselves—namely, confining its action, in this direction, entirely to municipal effort, and that not very lavish or widespread.

BUT while it is very interesting to have these particulars of the various systems of support adopted, the Return would, of course, have been even more valuable if it had been possible to include in it much other pertinent information—as to the prices charged, the character and quality of the performances, &c., &c. Particulars under these and like heads are given in some cases, but not generally, though such matters are obviously of the first importance in arriving at any judgment concerning the value of such subsidies. What, however, the return does show conclusively is that governments nearly all the world over are more generously disposed towards music and the drama than any we have ever had in these happy isles, though this is far from assenting to the proposition that ours would wisely follow their example. Our British way has always been to manage such matters for ourselves without paternal aid or interference from the State, and much stronger evidence than any which has so far been produced would be needful in order to prove that this excellent principle would prudently be departed from.

WITH a note of barely suppressed triumph the Royal Choral Society has sent round an announcement to the effect that it has now definitely decided to produce Dr. Elgar's "The Apostles" on the 21st of April next, assisted by Miss Susan Strong, Madame Kirkby Lunn, Mr. John Coates, Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, and Mr. Andrew Black, and that the composer himself will conduct. At the same time it forwards a list of "works which have been performed by the Royal Choral Society," indicating that in the course of its existence it has certainly covered a considerable amount of ground, even if it is a strangely mixed list of good and bad, of masterpieces and pieces very much the reverse, which have made up its repertoire. But of course the Royal Choral Society labours under certain difficulties which though sufficiently obvious are too frequently overlooked. To put it brutally, it can only hope to pay its way by means of works either hackneyed or commonplace, for the public on which it relies will tolerate none other. On these grounds therefore the decision of the Society to produce "The Apostles" must be reckoned quite a spirited act, which is deserving accordingly of congratulation.

DOUBTLESS it would be exceedingly pleasant for music lovers to get their opera on the cheap with the help of the State, but a much loftier ideal to work for is that of national opera permanently established and paying its way without such extraneous aid. Nor is this such an unattainable goal as some seem to fancy. My own conviction is that we are already much nearer to its realisation than most are aware. Already we have a three-months opera season every year, which in certain respects is of unsurpassable excellence and yet yields handsome dividends. During the coming year we are to have in addition a season of similar length at more popular prices under the direction of Mr. Manners. Then again the prodigious popularity of musical pieces of a lighter sort, including some such as the "Duchess of Dantzic," very nearly approximating to actual *opéra comique*, is another sign of the times by no means to be overlooked, which should be taken in conjunction moreover with the enormous and evergrowing popularity, as exemplified at the promenade concerts and elsewhere, of the better class of music—and in particular be it noted the music of Wagner—in the concert-room.

ALL these things are warrant for the belief that given the requisite capital and the right sort of management the problem might see itself solved at any moment now, without recourse to the State or the municipality at all. Nay, who shall say that if the late Mr. D'Oyly Carte had gone the right way to work that this desirable result might not have been attained ten years ago? Again and again it has been pointed out, in these columns and elsewhere, that the amount of success which in spite of bad management actually attended Mr. Carte's ill-fated venture was, rightly interpreted, full of encouragement. Of course, he went to work on absolutely impossible lines by trying to found a home of grand opera on the strength of two operas mounted for prolonged runs. Yet the fact that "Ivanhoe" enjoyed a run of over 150 consecutive representations—far and away the longest unbroken run ever accomplished by an opera of its class—is surely enough of itself to refute the suggestion that grand opera can never hope to see itself established in London without the assistance of the taxpayer. And that was in 1891. There are some failures more significant than successes; and this emphatically was one of them. When will some manager arise to profit by Mr. Carte's experience?

So "Parsifal" has been produced in New York and the heavens have not fallen. Artistically, we are told by The Times correspondent, it was a triumph for all concerned and a refutation of German libels on American audiences:—

The audience, numbering 7,000, in the great opera-house was deeply attentive, the applause was restrained, the women wore simple gowns, and there was none of the display which usually is such a feature of opera in New York.

But none the less in this observer's judgment, "it was a justification of Richard Wagner's dying command that 'Parsifal' should not be presented save in the Festival Playhouse in his own town."

One could not forget the sky-scrapers, the elevated trains, the rush and roar of New York outside, one could not forget Frau Wagner's bitter protests, and, worst of all, one could not forget the exploitation of the production in the newspapers.

Surely, however, this is rather beside the point, since precisely the same arguments might be urged against the production of "The Messiah," the Matthew Passion, Elgar's "Apostles," and scores of other works no less and no more out of harmony with the characteristics of New York than Wagner's "Parsifal."

THAT was an excellent suggestion of a correspondent of The Times that steps should be taken during the recent season by friends of the folk song to note down, and thus to preserve, some of the beautiful old carol tunes still sung and handed down by oral tradition from Christmas to Christmas in our country districts, and it will be interesting to learn the results of any such attempts which may have been made. The literature of the carol, both musical and poetic, is full of interest. The popular belief that the carol is a purely Christian institution is, of course, erroneous—wherefore the pretty legend which ascribes its origin to St. Francis of Assisi must go the way of all myths. Just as our holly and our misletoe date from a pagan past, so our carols live on to remind us of a festival which was celebrated in the Saturnalia of the Romans, the rites of the Druids, and the Winter feasts of the Scandinavians, long before that which has just been commemorated by all the peoples of Christian faith was founded. And this helps to explain, of course, the eminently convivial strain of so many of the earlier examples. Who shall place a limit, under these circumstances, to the antiquity of some of those which, handed on from generation to generation, may still be said or sung in country places?

RECENT music to hand from various publishers comprises much of very various kinds. Mr. Alfred Lengnick, for example, sends works by Mr. Wolstenholme, the blind composer, among other things, whose facile melody accounts easily for their popularity. They are not great but they are tuneful and unpretending. So is a "Valsette" by F. G. Nicholls from the same firm. "Drei kleine Stücke," by James Lyon, are mildly reminiscent of Schumann, but beyond this quite inoffensive. Mr. Lyon is presumably a German. A "Sketch" by John E. Campbell for piano is not distinguished; a couple of pieces for violin and piano by M. Gyde—"Chanson Trieste" and "Danse Antique"—are what their titles would suggest. A "Tarantella" for the same instruments by Walter Porter is not distinguished either, but has plenty of go. A "Rondo Alla Zingarese" for two violins and piano, by J. C. Ames, is compounded of the accepted gipsy elements, but in its way is not ineffective. Of several well-written pieces by Stepan Esipoff a "Notturmo" is quite pretty, while a "Caprice Norvégien" is a graceful salon piece.

MESSES. ELKIN AND Co. send several works of interest—Miss Dora Bright's "Jungle Book" Songs, for instance, which Mr. Denis O'Sullivan sings so well. Likewise "Six Love Songs," by Mr. E. A. MacDowell, all of which are charming, while one or two are quite exquisite. Nothing less certainly is "Thy Beaming Eyes," a model of tenderness, sweetness, and grace; "Sweetheart, tell Me" is hardly less beautiful, while "O Lovely Rose" has all the fragrance of a folksong. "Amerikanische Wald Idyllen" by the same composer are distinguished by similar qualities. Mr. MacDowell's music seems to be characterised no less by its finish and refinement, than by its grace and fancy. He appears to know exactly what he can do, and does it perfectly. From Messrs. Weekes and Co. come "Songs of Love and Nature," by Ernest Austin, which are certainly an excellent "Op. 2." Mr. Austin seems to have a genuine gift of melody and a capacity of getting his effects by the slenderest means. His "Shepherd's Love Song" is admirable in this regard. Of piano pieces sent by this firm, Mr. Ehrenfechter's "Solitude" has the elements of popularity and is at least less commonplace than a "Mazurka" and a "Morceau," whose paternity Mr. James Price acknowledges. Mr. Noel Johnson's song "Were I a Mighty Monarch" is so commonplace that it ought to become immensely popular—possibly indeed it has attained this proud distinction already.

Of quite a different order are Mr. Percy Buck's "Songs of Myrtis" (Breitkopf and Härtel) in which graceful words are set to music, which, if not great, possesses at least many elements of distinction. All are good in their way, but perhaps the second and last "Lend Me Thy Wings" and "The Weary Moon" are the best of the set. A good deal has been written lately concerning the songs of Mr. Charles Willeby, and we have been bidden to understand in certain quarters that Schumann, Schubert and the rest must hang their diminished heads in the presence of his masterpieces. If "A Tuscan Day" is typical of his genius, however, the shades of those composers may regain their wonted serenity. Perchance Mr. Willeby is not responsible for the ridiculous puffs of his compositions to which I am here referring, but such essentially mediocre productions as this are certainly not calculated to render them less absurd. "No Fear!" "Sung with immense success by Mr. Leo Stormont," belongs to politics rather than to music, so need not be considered here. A couple of charming songs by Cyril Scott, "Little Lady of My Heart" and "April Love," come from Messrs. Metzler. The words are in each case by Ernest Dowson, and unlike some of Mr. Scott's later

work, the songs are characterised by extreme simplicity, though they are none the less commendable on this account since with all their simplicity they are far from being commonplace.

Art Notes

ONE of the most interesting books on art that has come my way this winter is a little shilling affair, entitled "Moot Points," by Walter Crane and Lewis F. Day (Batsford). It is rich in suggestion; and it holds excellent good disputing concerning Art and Industry. But I find corroboration, even from the words of such able exponents of art and craft as those brilliant men, in what I am for ever saying in these columns—it is clear from one end of this little book to the other that the whole trouble as to what is art and what is not art is brought about by confusion as to the essential meaning of the word Art. Mr. Crane, a clear-eyed man for the definition of what he talks about, if ever there was one, immediately becomes vague and hazy when Mr. Day tries to nail him down to state the essence of the word. Mr. Day rightly twits him with saying that art is taste—which it certainly is not. Then Mr. Crane hankers after the definition that art is "nature seen through a temperament." But he says it reservedly. And, as a matter of fact, art has nothing to do with copying nature as such. Then he has a little fondness for the old Greek idea that art is beauty—which it certainly is not—indeed this idea is the widespread source of confusion between art and craft. I cannot repeat too often that art is that by which the human genius transfers emotion. The definers always go wrong because they want to include a sense of goodness in the meaning of the word art; whereas art is neither good nor bad in its essence. If Mr. Day, who clearly suspects something of the kind, and Mr. Crane, had started their friendly dispute with this definition, much of the difficulty and vagueness of their disputing would have been cleared away.

Art is the transference by an artist to his fellows of the thing felt—the human being is the only created thing that has this power, or that hungers for such knowledge. Art, I say, is the transference of the thing felt or sensed, just as speech is the transference of thought, from the human being to his fellows. Speech can only transfer thought, until, like music or colour or form or some *sensation*, it is used in such a way as to transfer emotion—when it, like music and painting, at once becomes art. Both Mr. Crane and Mr. Day speak of poetry as if it were verse—it has nothing to do with verse, the prose of Isaiah and Carlyle are pure poetry. The word *poetry* is even more "slackly" used than the word *art*; for poetry is art—the art of words, that is to say the transference of emotion through words, as music is the transference of emotion through sound, and painting through colour. Oratory is perhaps the most sublime of all the arts—it is certainly the most instant and powerful, for words are more full of colour and beauty and emotional appeal than sound or colour or form. Literary critics are for ever trying to limit the range of poetry, trying to exclude philosophy and science and such like from its powers; yet, as a matter of fact nothing need be excluded from true poetry that can be converted into terms of human emotion.

BUT *craft*—the means by which art is expressed—*does* strive always after the beautiful; indeed, perfection of handling or treatment must give the delight or pleasure that is the result of contemplating a beautiful thing. For

this reason craftsmanship, by creating the sense of the beautiful, becomes a part of the realm of art; *but* until it creates such an emotion it is not art. The sense of beauty is only one of the emotions. The sense of ugliness is quite as much an emotion, but it is a base emotion—nevertheless, that which creates a sense of ugliness is quite as much a *work of art* as that which creates a sense of beauty.

ALL ornament has for its aim the giving of the sense of delight—is in fact in the realm of art—quite as much so as any easel picture or sculpture, or what is called “fine art.” The moment that workmanship gives a rhythmic sense of emotion, such as dignity or reverence or laughter or tears, it steps into the province of art. It is sometimes vaguely claimed that “fine art” is *not produced for a useful purpose*, as though some superior form of virtue lay in its material uselessness. But, as a matter of truth, the being produced for a material purpose or not has nothing to do with art. Simply because a man paints a picture on a canvas he shall not thereby of necessity be an artist; whilst a genius who shall make of the handle of some household tool a thing possessing that strange mystic rhythmic quality which arouses the sense of beauty or any other emotion in us, may create a work of art out of the handle of a spoon. The man who designs a cathedral like St. Paul’s, creating the majestic sense of devotion and of dignity that almost overwhelms one as one stands in the mighty hollow of that splendid nave, is an artist—and his greatness is in proportion to the resounding magnificence of the mighty emotion he evokes.

If Mr. Crane and Mr. Day would recognise this essential meaning of the word art, their differences would soon be obliterated. When a man simply wants his walls covered with paper, or his floors with carpets, he only requires a tradesman to deal with; but the moment he wants his wall-paper or his carpet to give out a sense of beauty, or of any other emotion of pleasure or dignity or such like, the tradesman is baffled and must find an artist to do the work for him. In so far as Mr. Day maintains that the artist is bound to do his work within the limits of his medium he is right; but Mr. Crane is absolutely right when he contends that the limits of such material needs should be the only limits imposed upon the artist, and that it is then for the artist to lead public taste, not for public taste to debauch the powers of the artist. And Mr. Crane will find his instincts strengthened by solid reason; for “material use” and “commercial value” disappear utterly from an artist’s limits when it is realised that, however an artist may starve for his art, art at any rate has nothing to do with usefulness or commercial profit or any such factor, but is a great human craving like religion and hunger and thirst—a human need. Everyone interested in art should buy this little book. There is more than one rich phrase that shows ripe thinking: “Art is not play”—“A demand for congenial work is a very different thing to a pretension to be exempt from all but pleasure”—“Labour may be devoted to a bad end”—“Industry is not necessarily a virtue”—“No man can do good work unless he take a keen interest in it”—“There is a lot of vicious industry going on, and the world suffers more from this than from idleness”—“The puritan thinks it good for us to do what we don’t like; therefore to take pleasure in one’s work must be little short of sinful.”

At Mr. John Baillie’s galleries in Hereford Street, Bayswater, is to be seen a show of Mr. Hazlewood Shannon’s lithographs that display this fine artist’s remarkable powers at their best. There is a completeness, a beauty of craft, and a comprehension of the limits and of the range of the medium which are very masterly. The

poetic sense is most pronounced; and the beauty of the technique is in nothing more telling than in the sense of colour and movement and atmosphere. Mr. Hazlewood Shannon touches no subject and no medium to which he does not bring distinction.

INDEED, Mr. Baillie’s galleries are the most artistic in town; and the lover of artistic things should never pass his doors, even though he walk so far away from the beaten track where yawn the ordinary dealer’s show-rooms. Mr. Baillie promises us some interesting exhibitions—Philip Connard’s paintings, water-colours by Bellingham Smith, and a show of the work of a poet in colour—Cayley Robinson.

MR. GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.R.A., the newly-elected Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy, has chosen most interesting subjects for his lectures this month, beginning with “Some Early Painters,” with addresses on “Titian, Rembrandt, and Velasquez,” on “Landscape,” and on “Open-air Painting and Impressionism,” which ought to draw full houses. All exhibitors at the summer show are, of course, entitled to attend the course. And the students, I fancy, will go to the lectures with an eagerness a little more marked than during the reign of the last professor.

THE New Gallery, which announced the last day of the Exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters on Boxing Day, becomes the harassing possession of the Selecting and Hanging Committee of the International Society for awhile; indeed, the great show will soon be upon us. The new president, Monsieur Rodin, will be entertained by the society at dinner at the Café Royal on Tuesday, the 12th of January, when a distinguished company will be brought together to meet him and give the great sculptor a hearty welcome to his new office.

MR. CARFAX showed for a few hours at his gallery in Ryder Street, St. James’s, the remarkably fine portrait, in black and red chalk, executed by Mr. William Strang from Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in one hour, before Mr. Strang left for America to complete a number of portrait commissions oversea. It was a fine piece of work; and Mr. Strang’s eloquent line and strong feeling for character suffered but little from what must have been a frantically rapid piece of work under trying conditions.

I HAVE received a prospectus from two talented men, Messrs. Augustus John and William Orpen, to say that they open an art school in Chelsea, at the Rossetti studios, on January 11. I need scarcely say that any youngster who desires to walk the thorny, fascinating path of art would not go amiss if he decided to put his ‘prentice hand under the control of so keen an artist as Mr. Orpen or his comrade.

THERE are vague rumours that a Society of Sculptors is going to try and form itself. But so far, there has only been hurrying to and fro.

WHEN an early Millias sells at fifteen guineas at open auction, and that auction at Christie’s, it is time to hesitate about “putting on the market” works by the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

FEARS have been expressed that by abolishing the Private View, the International Society of Sculptors

Painters and Gravers may drive collectors and amateurs from the New Gallery on the opening of their exhibition in January. So far, however, is this from the intention of the Council of the Society that they have arranged for a number of ladies and gentlemen interested in the Society and its work to visit the Gallery on Saturday, January 9, Varnishing Day, and they have therefore inaugurated, or rather revived, the Varnishing Day of the past, at which artists and patrons met in the Galleries.

Correspondence

Bed Books

SIR,—As a subscriber to your much-to-be-desired paper, may I answer "Egomet" as to the delight of reading in bed? I cannot be a solitary exception among women, and I confess I have indulged in it all my life, since I could read at five years old. Frightened by a fiend, in the shape of a nurse, I took refuge as a small imaginative child, from terrifying wakefulness and hideous dreams, in Hans Andersen, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Norse Tales, and two volumes entitled "A Critical Review of German Poetry." With a most sensuous appreciation of the comforts prized by "Egomet," and the charm of firelight flickering across a picturesque bedroom, has always been joined the blessed sense of the company of most potent physicians to heal and enchant body and mind, as I grew older and learnt there were rough ways to be trodden at times, as who does not? All "Egomet's" friends people my bookshelves, and many more.

In these days, when women are supposed to seek opiates for the slightest reason, I am glad to think that through years of more or less insomnia I have found strength and healing from this habit of reading in bed.

When the fire blackens and falls and dawn brings the greyness that is eerie even in summer, poet and essayist or vivid writers of human documents worthy to be read (imaginary or otherwise) have fought the influences of "the night that covered me," giving "the unconquerable soul" for which Henley thanked "whatever Gods there be." In Indian jungles, and on house tops under the stars, wonderful moonlit Eastern nights have been peopled by the characters in books known and loved from childhood.

Through many years of the wandering existence of a soldier's wife, I supplemented a formal education by the wider knowledge learned from books. Society is not conducive to much learning, but often were met men and women who consciously or unconsciously suggested new fields of thought, and then came the night and the counsel and companionship of books to help one follow up the clue to them.

A husband who is wise and a lover of books has indulged this habit when he might so easily have condemned it, and thereby we have much in common and are comrades in thought.—Yours, &c.,

A WOMAN AND A LOVER OF BOOKS.

Keats's Grecian Urn

SIR,—If your correspondent L. P. Patten will take the trouble to go to the British Museum and examine the Parthenon frieze, especially slab No. 2 of the N. side and Nos. 40 and 47 of the S. side, he will find the reason of Keats's expression; and will also, I hope, be somewhat less certain as to the ignorance both of Keats and of Greek sculptors.

Mr. Patten's assertion that this poem is greatly overrated reminds me of du Maurier's immortal *Prigby*: "I confess I don't care for Mozart; he's too *tuney* for me." "Dear me!" says the innocent young lady, "is that through a defective ear or through want of proper training?"—Yours, &c.,

K. DE WATTEVILLE.

SIR,—Your correspondent's, Mr. Patten's, bad angel has misled him, or he would not be picking holes in Keats, even with the aim of lending point to a passable Learic. Half an hour spent in leaning on a gate (a pleasing and profitable occupation at any time) in the neighbourhood of young cattle, and more particularly of calves recently debarred from the use of the maternal udder, would convince him that heifers spend quite a considerable share of their leisure in "lowing at the skies." It is the commonest of rural sights; feet planted well apart, tail lifting slightly, neck extended, and eyes rolled to a fixed skyward stare. Mr. Patten need not grieve about the ignorance of Keats or of Greek sculptors; as the cowboy song says: "They don't want you to grieve after them."—Yours, &c.,

A. J. DAWSON.

SIR,—The attitude of a lowing heifer is surely familiar to most of us. Keats' phrase refers to the slight lifting of the muzzle which accompanies the action. It is a beautiful instance of his close observation of nature.

"The skies" do not, of course, mean the region of the Pole Star, but somewhere nearer to the horizon.—Yours, &c.,

E. KNOX LINTON.

"The Passing of Greek"

SIR,—I have read with great interest Mr. Saleeby's article under the above heading in *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE* of December 26th.

The case against compulsory Greek at the Universities is certainly a strong one. Because the student who has reached this stage of his career ought to be allowed to follow any course of reading he pleases.

All boys, however, in our public schools and those who attend grammar schools should be drilled in the rudiments of Greek. Both on account of the etymological value of the language and for the sake of the minority who are likely to develop a taste for Greek literature and who would be seriously hampered if they were ignorant of the elements of the grammar.—Yours, &c.,

H. P. WRIGHT.

A New Field

SIR,—There lies before me, as I write, the bulky catalogue of a second-hand bookseller, who makes a speciality of African books. It contains rather more than three thousand items, ranging from sixteenth-century voyages to the Cape to the most modern and ephemeral works dealing with the Boer war. A goodly array of miscellaneous information, having to do mainly with the practical side of things, and containing a vast amount of facts, carefully recorded, tabulated, indexed and illustrated.

And yet to one who knows Africa from the Cape to the Zambesi, from Beira to Port Nolloth, there is not one book among this gigantic output which conveys the real Africa: the breadth, atmosphere, largeness, intimate spirit of the vast sub-continent.

Now is the time for the uprising of a real African literature which shall truly reflect something of the illimitableness of space, the sense of freedom, the tragic fascination of the veldt, and the sheer human strenuousness of colonization. For four centuries writers have striven to convey something of this sense of exhilarating vastness, this nearness to the Creator, this aloofness from the pettiness of daily life, but with little if any success.

African poets such as Pringle have sung its praises; prose-poets such as Olive Schreiner and George Steevens have painted its intimate grandeur, its awful lonesomeness; travellers and hunters such as Baines, Andersson, Moodie, Mauth and many others have laboriously described its possibilities; historians such as Theal and Noble have compiled instructive volumes; novelists such as Rider Haggard, Mitford, Glanville and Lester have put local colour into their stories; but with the possible exception of the one work of Olive Schreiner that counts ("The Story of an African Farm") no one among this galaxy, which might be indefinitely extended, has for the briefest part of a moment, or even in one short paragraph, caught the true breath of the veldt. It cannot be done by transients, and the sojourners lack typewriters, or genius.

Some recent writers, E. F. Knight and John Buchan among them, give evidence that they are aware somehow of a subtle influence, an intimate atmosphere, which they cannot reproduce. It is, as yet, elusive, indefinable, and will-of-the-wispish. It can be felt; it can be carried six thousand miles across the ocean, but it fights shy of cold print.

Nevertheless it is quite safe to prophecy that our new, and old, African Colonies will bring forth, and that ere long, a worthy chronicler, a writer who has lived the life, and felt the fascination; who has farmed, prospected, mined, fought, hunted and starved, and loves the veldt the better for his experiences. He will find, one day, seething within him, the germ of the great African story, which will eventually precipitate itself into something very like the real thing.

Then we shall have the New Field; new groundwork for the old emotions; a new frame for the old pictures; a new language to clothe old thoughts. The material is ready to hand; ample—nay, superfluous, teeming with time-old human passion, and brimming over with the interest of the unwritten-about. The hour is here. What of the man?—Yours, &c.,

F. S.

("EGOMET," per the Editor of *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE*, begs to thank a kind friend for his (or her?) pretty present for cutting his books.)

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archæology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Commencing with the January 9 number, and until further notice, four prizes, of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers."

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and *brevity* in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will also be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5s.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No Questions or Answers received after Monday will be considered eligible for the current week's competition.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE

AUTHORS WANTED:—

- "The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
In gentle stream."
- "The hardness of the heart which brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth." —W. H. C.

"APULEIUS."—In no work of reference can I find mention of the edition of the "Golden Ass of Apuleius," published in folio at Paris in 1512. Can any of your readers give me any particulars? In my copy the colophon (before the index) says "Parrhisia, anno domini 1512." And in another place it reads "Impressum Lutecie . . . anno a partu virginis millesimo quingentesimo duodecimo." Is this "a partu virginis" instead of the ordinary "A.D." common in books of that date? This edition of the "Golden Ass" is not mentioned in the *Dictionnaire Bibliographique* of the Abbé Ducloux and M. Brunet, published in 1802, nor can I find in Delandine any mention of Ludovicus Hornken, the publisher. Apropos of my allusion to the *Dictionnaire Bibliographique*, how is it that the prices of the works are given in livres and soldis? Surely in some cases the "livres" must mean the "livre d'or" of six francs value? Surely, too, at the time of the Revolution, soldis were not the current coin in Paris! And how is it that at celebrated sales, such as that of the Duc de la Vallière, M. de Galignat, &c., we see such prices given as, e.g., "270 livres, 19 soldis." Did people bid in half-pence at these sales?—K. M.

"KING OF ROME."—Is there any reliable history extant in French or English of the short-lived Duc de Reichstadt, King of Rome? Of course, the play *L'Aiglon* is all wrong historically.—B. J.

"HABAKKUK."—Allusion is often made by illiterate writers to Voltaire's criticism of Habakkuk, as to a prophet with such a name "being capable of anything." There seems absolutely no biblical justification for his cheap witicism, even if Voltaire made it, which I doubt. Can anybody give me chapter and verse—in Voltaire, not in the Bible?—G. R. S.

PATRIOTIC ANTHOLOGY.—Is there any anthology, old or new, dealing mainly with patriotic verse? I do not mean such a collection as Henley's "Lyra Heroica," or other works dealing with Great Britain alone, but treating generally of the spirit of patriotism, without special reference to any nationality. There are beautiful detached pieces in Italian, French, and German. Have they ever been collected?—Fabian.

DRAMA

"MONSIEUR BEAUCALRE."—In the play of that name the titular hero is introduced as the cousin of the reigning King of France, and bearing the titles of "Duke of Orléans," "Duc de Nemours," "Duc de Montpensier," "Duc de Chartres," &c., &c. Did any one man in history ever bear all those titles?—*Historian (Paris)*.

ACTING RIGHTS.—I have the printed plays of Pinero, H. A. Jones and other modern authors. I am arranging private performances of one play by each writer in a country house, and they will probably be played later in the village hall. In the latter case a small charge will be made, the funds to go to a local charity. Is it necessary to obtain the author's permission, or to pay him any percentage on the proceeds?—*Lady Teasle (Bucks)*.

PAINTING

"LE PETIT BONHOMME."—In French landscape art, any little figure introduced into the composition, be it man, woman or child, is known technically as *le petit bonhomme*. Is there any English equivalent?—*Barbizon*.

"FATHERS AND SONS."—There are several cases among the old masters of two painters of the same name distinguished by the suffix "Elder" and "Younger." For example: David Teniers, the Elder, and David Teniers, the Younger. Can anyone supply me with a list of these names; and were they in every case father and son?—*Mahler (Berlin)*.

MUSIC

ABBE LISZT.—When Liszt came to London in 1886 (the year in which he died) he had not been in England for 40 years, or so it is understood. On the latter occasion, did he play anywhere in public or private? If so, where did he play and what did he play?—*W. Wingfield*.

"THE ALHAMBRA ORGAN."—When the Alhambra in Leicester Square was originally opened (? date) there was a magnificent organ, one of the best, if not the best hitherto built—I think, by Hills; the late Mr. William Best gave several recitals upon it. What has become of the organ in question?—*Septuagenarian*.

Answers

LITERATURE

"GREGOROVIVUS."—I think your correspondent "J. T. Atkinson" answers him self; I believe there are no other works of this author published in English except the "City of Rome in the Middle Ages." I think the publisher was Constable; the names of the translators, I fancy, were not given; but I write from memory and may be wrong.—*K. M.*

"SHAKESPEARE AND THE MUSICAL GLASSES."—See "Vicar of Wakefield"; a reference to the topics of the day in polite society. The "Musical Glasses," a performance on dinner glasses or tumblers, by several persons, each wetting forefinger and pressing it continuously over the rim, producing a musical effect thereby.—*J. J.*

"PICTURES, TASTES, SHAKESPEARE, AND THE MUSICAL GLASSES."—Has "J. J." never read the "Vicar of Wakefield"; or does he only ask where Goldy got this phrase? If the latter, is it not probable he was its author?—*Index*.

GENERAL

"ORIGIN OF THE WORD 'YULE'."—In Chambers's "Book of Days," 1864 Vol. II., page 745, the following extract may be found: "The name given by the ancient Goths and Saxons to the festival of the winter-solstice was *Jul* or *Ful*, the latter term forming, to the present day, the designation in the Scottish dialect of Christmas, and preserved also in the phrase of the 'Yule Log.' Some also explain its meaning as synonymous with *of* or *oel*, which in the ancient Gothic language denotes a 'feast,' and also the favourite liquor used on such occasion, whence our word 'ale.' But a much more probable derivation of the term in question is from the Gothic, *gyl* or *htul*, the origin of the modern word 'wheel,' and bearing the same signification. According to this very probable explanation, the Yule festival received its name from its being the turning-point of the year. A confirmation of this view is afforded by the circumstance that in the old clog almanacs a 'wheel' is the device employed for marking the season of Yule-tide." In Ash's Dictionary, 1795, Vol. II., we find "Yule" (s. from the Sax., *yeהל*, retained in the Scotch dialect), the time of Christmas, the fifth of August; whilst the entry under "Yule" in Chambers's "Etymological Dictionary," 1880, is "Yule," *yöl*, n., the old name of Christmas, which was grafted on a heathen festival, probably connected with the worship of the sun. [A.S., *geol*, from the root of "wheel," the sun being the shining wheel; also given as "the merry feast"—A.S., *gal*, merry.]—*Charles R. Sanderson*.

"THE DEVIL."—See "The Pedigree of the Devil," by Frederick T. Hall, F.R.A.S. Published by Trübner & Co., 1883.—*J. C. H.*

"SIGNBOARDS."—In reply to "Castle," the following extract is from the "History of Signboards," by Jacob Larwood and John C. Hotten (Chatto and Windus, 1884): "With regard to the Swan and Sugarloaf, which occurs amongst the trades tokens, and is still seen (as in Fetter Lane, for instance), the sugarloaf was at first added by a grocer, whose sign having gained popularity as a noted landmark, or from other causes, was imitated by rivals or juniors, particularly on account of its representing the favourite alliteration. Combinations with the sugarloaf are very common, all arising from its being the grocer's sign."—*Sydney Lamb*.

"ROUND ROBIN."—The only solution I can find is the following: The idea of placing the names in a circular form so that no name heads the list is French, and the term is a corruption of *rond* and *ruban*. It was first adopted by the officers of Government as a means of making known their grievances.—*M. McLean Dobrée*.

"QUEER CARD."—In whist, &c., when a wrong card is played, the partner says to himself, "That is a queer card," which being transferred to the player means he is a queer card to play in such a manner. Hence any eccentric person, who does not act in accordance with social rules, is a "queer card."—*M. McLean Dobrée*.

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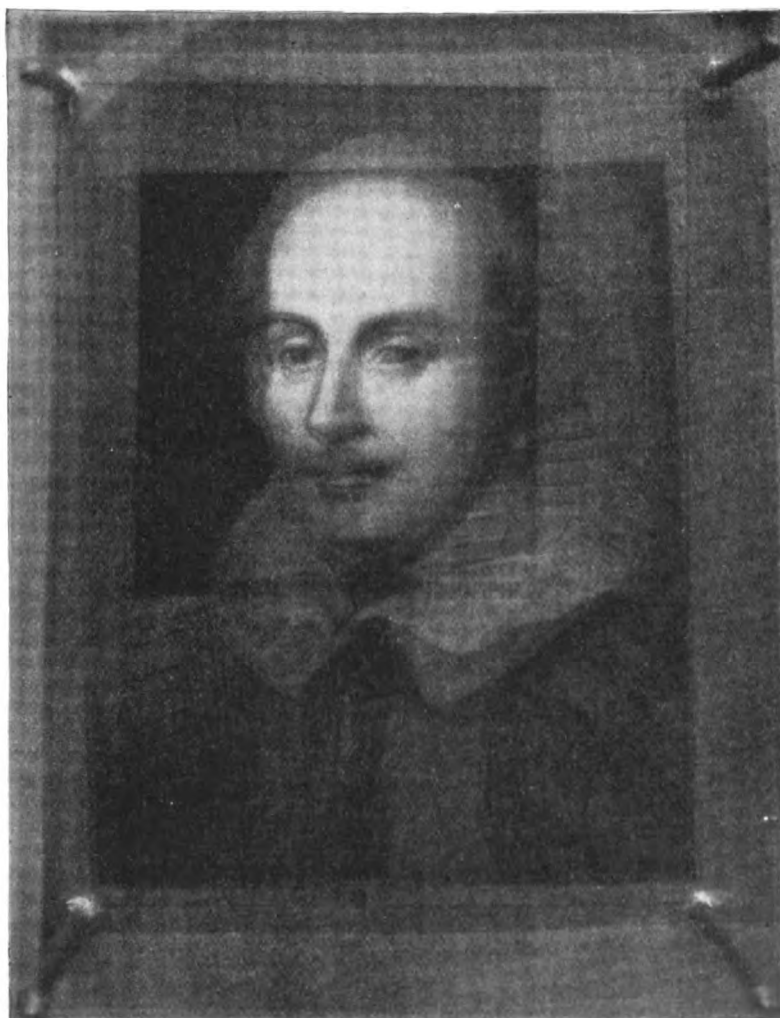
SEVERAL articles in this week's issue of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE deal with the output of books during the past year, which on the whole may be said to have been chiefly distinguished for biographies. Among the chief works may be named the biographies, or autobiographies, of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Dr. Guinness Rogers, Lord Wolseley, Lord Gough, W. W. Story, Voltaire, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Galileo, Daniel O'Connell, J. C. Horsley, R.A., Sir Francis Cowley Burnand, Charles Reade, Thackeray, Fanny Burney, Crabbe, Queen Victoria, Robert Buchanan, and several others; large and small, a varied and a goodly list.

AN announcement is made this week of a new feature which I hope will find favour with many readers of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE (see inside back page of cover). Bookmen can often help their fellows to find an odd volume, a missing part of a magazine, or a long-sought-for and greatly desired book, and our "Books Wanted or For Sale" page will, it may be expected, prove useful and interesting.

THE portrait of Shakespeare is a composite photograph from the Chandos, Droeshout, Jansen, Stratford, Felton portraits and the Stratford bust. The photograph was the work of Mr. W. R. Furness, under the guidance of Dr. H. H. Furness and Mr. Norris. The experiment distinctly tends to prove that running through these very varied likenesses there is a striking similarity of feature.

MR. LOUIS BECKE is at present engaged on a novel of Australian life, which is to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin early in the year. The title chosen was "The Gerrards," but "The Adventures of Brigadier Gerard" by Sir A. Conan Doyle was announced, and the question of a title has not yet been decided. It is not the practice of most writers to ask their publishers to give a title to their work, but in nearly all of Mr. Becke's books the title has been selected by Mr. Unwin. "By Reef and Palm" was Mr. Becke's suggestion for his first modest venture; "By Rock and Pool" was Mr. Unwin's suggestion for a larger volume of tales and sketches, similar in motif to those in the first named. Only in four instances has any publisher other than Mr. Unwin produced any of Becke's single or collaborated books.

Mr. John Murray issued the "Naval Pioneers of Australia," by Mr. Becke and Mr. Walter Jeffery; Messrs. Pearson "The Tapu of Barrderah," the Religious Tract Society published "Tom Wallis," and Messrs. Treherne



A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE

"The Jalasco Brig." The two latter works are purely boys' books.

As Art Editor of the "Illustrated London News" for a considerable period, Mr. Mason Jackson (whose death was recently announced) was a prominent figure both in the

journalistic and artistic world, and his knowledge and experience of illustrated journalism would make very attractive reading if recorded in print. He was the son of John Jackson, who, in collaboration with W. A. Chatto, produced in 1838 "A Treatise on Wood Engraving, Historical and Practical," of which a second edition appeared in 1861, and which is (we believe) the only comprehensive treatment of the subject ever published. It is, perhaps, not generally known that the cover-design by Seymour for the green wrappers of the monthly numbers of "Pickwick Papers" was engraved by Mason Jackson, and a very able piece of facsimile wood-cutting it was. Poor Seymour (it will be remembered) was the artist originally engaged to illustrate "Pickwick," but after etching seven plates he committed suicide by shooting himself with a fowling-piece. This sad event occurred on April 20, 1836, before the second number of "Pickwick" issued from the press, and it is worth noting in this connection that this artist's last effort was engraved on wood by John Jackson, to whom he delivered it on the evening of the fatal day. It was John Jackson, too, who, at this juncture, advised the publishers (Chapman and Hall) to engage the services of R. W. Buss, as successor of Seymour, the result being a failure. It is obvious that Mason Jackson must have been a very young man—in fact, only seventeen years of age—when he reproduced with the graver the cover-design by Seymour, representing (in addition to sporting trophies) our old friend Mr. Pickwick asleep on a punt and Mr. Winkle shooting, indicative of the preconceived idea that the book should be principally of a sporting character. "The drawing was not at all elaborate," as the late Mr. Jackson has told us, "being done with a pencil in clear outline. I had engraved much more difficult things, and I was not particularly interested on the subject, so that I worked on this celebrated design with no more care or attention than was necessary to produce a faithful facsimile of Seymour's lines. If I could have foreseen how world-famous it would become, no doubt I should have taken a keener interest in the matter." Neither he nor his contemporaries then living ever imagined the possibility of a copy of the first edition of "Pickwick" in the original parts, with wrappers preserved, realising in 1903 the record price of £146 in the auction room!

THE "Century" for this month is a singularly interesting number, full as this magazine ever is of fine pictures and fine writing. First of the articles must be placed the instalment of Thackeray's letters, which shed light upon the mood in which he wrote "The Newcomes." It is noticeable how often he was despondent with regard to his work; of the novel mentioned he says, "It torments me incessantly, and I wander about with it in my interior, lonely & gloomy as if a secret remorse was haunting me." There is also an informative article on "An American Palace of Art," the marvellous Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in the Fenway, Boston, with admirable illustrations.

In the same magazine M. Maurice Maeterlinck writes on "Our Friend the Dog," with his usual charm and insight, the dog being to him the one animal that has in any real way entered into human life. Of his bull-dog Pelléas, he writes, "He was happy with the happiness which we, perhaps, shall never know, since it sprang from the smile and the approval of a life incomparably higher than his own. . . . I envied the gladness of his certainty, compared it with the destiny of man, still plunging on every side into darkness, and said to myself that the dog who meets with a good master is the happier of the two." The voice of the pessimist!

Mr. A. HALLING, the Assistant-Librarian to the University of Copenhagen, writes that Jonas Lie, to whom a reference was made in a recent number of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, is not a Dane, but a Norwegian.

THE "Boz" Club, founded in 1900 by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, of which Lord James of Hereford is president, is now undergoing a process of reconstruction. A committee has been appointed (with Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., as chairman) for the purpose of formulating rules, which will be recommended for adoption at the next general meeting of the members. The club includes many distinguished representatives of literature, science, art, law and the drama. Mr. Henry F. Dickens has accepted the presidency of the Dickens Fellowship, which, with its various branches all over the world, now in its second year numbers over four thousand members.

It is announced that Mr. Sidney Lee will on Wednesday, January 13, address the Library Assistants Association on "Books in Relation to National Efficiency," a large and an interesting subject. It is often matter of debate among booklovers whether literature does or does not play a practical part in everyday life. It is notorious that many efficient men of business are totally ignorant of the literatures of their own and other countries, so, too, are very many men of general affairs. I am not of course referring to technical works, which scarcely come under the denomination of literature, but to poetry, philosophy, fiction, criticism, history and so forth; what influence have they upon the national efficiency? It is difficult to say what and how much; perhaps Mr. Sidney Lee will tell us, or put us on the right track for deciding the question, which is of real interest to all literary workers.

THE hundredth anniversary of Kant's death falls on February 12, 1904, and will be fitly celebrated in Königsberg. Among other ceremonies a bronze memorial tablet will be unveiled in the historic "Danziger Keller." Near at hand was the house in which the philosopher lived.

THERE comes from Berlin the first number of a new weekly periodical representing finance and economics. It is entitled "Plutus," and is edited by Georg Bernhard. His object is to bring political economy, which he considers to be the most interesting of the sciences, to the notice of the public in a way that all can understand. And certainly this number contains readable and even attractive articles on Banks, the Stock Exchange, the cotton trade, the further education of the apprentice, and the money-market.

A RATHER long extract from "Herbert Spencer: A Portrait," in this month's "Blackwood," will, I hope, be forgiven: "His life had one aim—dedication to scientific truth. All else was sacrificed to this, or rather no sacrifice was called for; all that was foreign to this supreme purpose fell off of itself. All his habits were adjusted to it. After breakfast he glanced hastily at The Times—often for long stretches, if his head were feeble, not looking at it at all; when he did read it, we may assume that it was less to study contemporary politics than to discover instances of Government bungling. Between nine and ten he was commonly to be seen in Kensington Gardens, at the Bayswater end, the head slightly bent in reflection, but not absorbed in it, and always with a frank greeting for an acquaintance. Punctually at ten he appeared at his working rooms, which he kept apart from his residence to secure himself against intrusion. There

for three hours he dictated to an amanuensis or, in after years, to a shorthand-writer his letters and 'copy.' In an enfeebled state of the brain he found penmanship the hardest part of composition, and it is probable that if he had had to write his books with his own hand most of them would never have been written at all. At one he returned to lunch at his boarding-house. He had spent his first years in London in solitary lodgings, and only resigned himself to the humdrum conversation of a boarding-house on being assured by a medical friend that he would never regain his health if he continued to live by himself. The early part of the afternoon was given up to business. He superintended his own printing, book-binding, and publishing. Long before his fame was assured he had the courage to incur the additional cost of stereotyping his books, and his ultimate gains through this wise economy were great. For many years, when he was publishing his works in parts, he even supervised the issue of the successive numbers to subscribers. He then made his way to the Athenæum Club, where he was sure to find his most intimate friends, looked through the periodicals, and played a few games at billiards. Three or four evenings a week he dined out in a steadily increasing circle. If he remained at home he seldom read. Reading for half an hour after dinner, he said, would keep him awake for hours. He usually played billiards the evening through. He went early to bed, but not always to find sleep. Insomnia dogged him from middle life to old age."

"WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA" (Sampson Low) contains the names and biographies of over 14,000 more or less distinguished persons; prodigious! With some of these eminent people the editor, of what after all is an extremely valuable work of reference, seems to have had trouble. As thus, to quote from the preface: "One gentleman of distinguished ante-bellum record 'took his pen in hand,' and wrote an installment of autobiography which brought him to the Mexican War in about eight thousand words, at the end of which he cheered the recipient with the assurance that the remainder would reach him in due time. It did: in about a dozen similar installments which arrived, with great regularity, in every Monday's morning mail until the story was told." By the way, why does Madame Melba appear in the American "Who's Who"?

MR. HENRY FROWDE has printed for private circulation "A Chart of Oxford Printing, 1468-1900," with notes and illustrations, by Mr. Falconer Madan. The book exhibits the fluctuations in the output of the Clarendon Press, and of other works printed at Oxford, independent of that press. From the interesting notes I quote, "In 1605 the oldest existing English newspaper began as 'The Oxford Gazette,' the Court being then at Oxford"; "In 1675 the Bible Press began"; "1860.—The first stereotyping by the paper process: electrotyping followed in 1863." The total number of books produced up to 1900 was 19,475. But numbers do not express adequately the wonderful service rendered to English scholarship by the Clarendon Press.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

It is hoped that the photographic reproduction of the MS. "Aristophanis Codex Ravennas," carefully preserved at Ravenna, will be published during the present month. It will form the ninth volume of Dr. S. S. de Vries' well-known series of "Codices Graeci et Latini," published by Sijthoff, of Leiden, Holland. Dr. J. Van Leeuwen of that university will contribute an introductory chapter in Latin. The cost of the volume will be £11 5s. net. In the course of the year it is intended to issue the famous "Dioscorides Codex" preserved at Vienna. Among the manuscripts already reproduced in phototype in this

series are "Plato (Codex Oxoniensis)," "Plautus (Codex Heidelbergensis)," "Homeri Ilias (Codex Venetus)," and "Tacitus (Codex Laurentianus Mediceus)." — A monthly magazine on entirely new lines would seem almost impossible, the periodical world being so crowded, but evidently it is not, for Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, announce that on the 12th instant they will publish the first number of "Technics": an organ for technical students. The contributors include such authorities as Sir W. de W. Abney and Sir William White, until recently chief-constructor to the Navy, and when it is taken into consideration that there are at present over half-a-million students enrolled at our Technical Institutes, apart from the teachers, and the large portion of the general public interested in science, we have every reason to believe the magazine will find a large public. No expense has been spared in the production of "Technics": it will be profusely illustrated, and printed on good paper. The price will be ninepence net.—Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co. announce the European section of "The Armoury of Windsor Castle," by Guy Francis Laking, M.V.O., F.S.A., published by command of His Majesty the King. There will be 40 full-page photogravure plates. The price will be five guineas net.—The Rationalist Press Association are now issuing in their sixpenny reprint series, Mr. Edward Clodd's "The Story of Creation," with the whole of the illustrations and tables contained in the original edition. Mr. Clodd's book will be followed by Sir Leslie Stephen's "An Agnostic's Apology."—In their extra series the same association are also publishing through Messrs. Watts this week, under the title "Science and Speculation," the Prolegomena to G. H. Lewes's "History of Philosophy." The cover is adorned with a portrait of the author, reproduced from an engraving presented to Robert Browning by Lewes, and now in the possession of Mr. G. J. Holyoake.—The Rev. J. Arbuthnot Nairn has edited the "Mimes of Herodas" for the Clarendon Press, with introduction, critical notes, commentary and collotype illustrations. No complete commentary has appeared for some considerable time even on the Continent, and a great mass of new material has been meanwhile accumulating. It will be recalled that a papyrus roll containing some 700 lines of the work of "Herodas" was found in Egypt in 1891, and thus was recovered one of the leading representatives of an important branch of Greek literature. The book will be ready immediately.—Mr. John Long will publish at once a new novel by Percival Pickering entitled "Toy Gods," and additional interest should attach to the book from the fact that "The Memoirs of Mrs. Maria Wilhelmina Pickering," the author's mother, have just been issued to the public.—Mr. Elliot Stock is about to issue a work entitled "Self-Help for the Poor Clergy." It enumerates various plans for increasing their incomes, and gives directions as to how the clergyman's wife may supplement her husband's income without loss of dignity or compromising her position in the parish!

MR. T. N. FOULIS, of Edinburgh and London, is publishing the "Life of Omar Al Khayyami." The author is a Persian journalist, who differs on many points from previous writers on this subject, and is the first Persian author to discuss in English comments concerning Omar. He totally disagrees with English and American biographers regarding the poet's parentage, his profession and his philosophy in general, claiming him to be of Arab descent and never to have had anything to do with tent-making. This book should be of interest to those who are students not only of Omar but of Persian literature. There will be further interest in the decoration of the volume which is Persian, while on the vellum cases for the very limited *édition de luxe* the decorations are being prepared in Persia by native artists.

Bibliographical

IN his "Recollections of Rossetti and His Circle," Mr. H. T. Dunn mentions that, in Cheyne Walk, "often in the summer evenings, when the windows would be thrown wide open, the fine baritone of Theo Marzials," who was frequently at the house next door, "would come floating into our front rooms. Rossetti had a great admiration for Marzials as a poet, and often spoke of the high quality of his poems and songs, which were then becoming very popular and much discussed." It is curious how reputations come and go. In how many "places where they sing" do we now hear Marzials' "Twickenham Ferry"? And how often are his verses quoted? "The Gallery of Pigeons and Other Poems" of 1873 remains his only published volume of original work. His "Pan Pipes" of 1882 (reproduced in 1900) was only a collection of old songs to which he had put pianoforte accompaniments. There is a short notice of him in Mr. Miles' "Poets and Poetry of the Century," but no quotation from his verse. A few of his shorter pieces—quatrains and the like—were reproduced in the collection called "Latter-Day Lyrics" (1878).

There has been quite a protracted correspondence in one of the Sunday newspapers on the subject of Adah Isaacs Menken and her volume of "Infelicia" (1868). We are now told that this book was really the work of one John Thomson, or that at any rate he had a good deal to do with its production. Some idiotic gossip used to attribute the book to Mr. Swinburne, of all people; perhaps because it had for motto the lines:—

Leaves pallid and sombre and ruddy,
Dead fruits of the fugitive years;
Some stained as with wine that is bloody,
And some as with tears.

A good deal of "Infelicia" is rhapsodical prose after the manner of Whitman; the verse in it is of the poorest quality, and to ascribe it to Mr. Swinburne was to insult that great poet quite gratuitously. I see no reason to suppose that Menken did not write the book herself. She was obviously a clever woman, and apparently had received an exceptionally good education.

I have been asked to supply a list of Mr. George Gissing's successive publications. The following is, I believe, approximately complete: "Workers in the Dawn" (1880), "The Unclassed" (1884), "Demos" (1886), "Isabel Clarendon" (1886), "Thyrza" (1887), "A Life's Morning" (1888), "The Nether World" (1889), "The Emancipated" (1890), "New Grub Street" (1891), "Born in Exile" (1892), "Denzil Quarrier" (1892), "The Odd Women" (1893), "In the Year of Jubilee" (1894), "Eve's Ransom" (1895), "Sleeping Fires" (1895), "The Paying Guest" (1896), "Human Odds and Ends" (short stories, 1897), "The Whirlpool" (1897), "The Town Traveller" (1898), "Charles Dickens" (in the "Victorian Era Series," 1898), "The Crown of Life" (1899), "Our Friend the Charlatan" (1901), "By the Ionian Sea" (a book of travel, 1901), an abridgment of Forster's "Life of Dickens" (1902), "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" (1903). In addition to this, there is the work done for the "Rochester" edition of Dickens.

Said a writer in *The Times* the other day, "If any one tried to choose a Christmas anthology out of the English poets, he would find it difficult to fill even a small book with good verses. Most poems about Christmas have more piety than poetry in them." That may be so; but the attempt to compile an anthology of Christmas verse has been made more than once of recent years. In 1885 there was a "Christmas Garland," made up of carols and other poems from the fifteenth century to the present time. In 1890 there came from America "Christmas in Song, Sketch, and Story." This was followed, in 1895, by a little collection of "Christmas Poems," and by "A Book

of Christmas Verse" which had been compiled by the Rev. (now Canon) H. C. Beeching, and which was reproduced in 1897 and 1898. In 1896 there also came "A Christmas Posy" of verse. The field, it will be seen, has been tolerably well tilled of late.

There will be many to welcome the "Gathered Poems" by Ernest Myers which Messrs. Macmillan are about to



M. ANATOLE FRANCE

[Photo: Gilbert and Co., Paris.]

issue—always assuming that the task of "gathering" has been well performed. Mr. Myers' volumes of verse include "The Puritans" (a one-act play, 1869), "The Extant Odes of Pindar" (translated, 1874), "Poems" (1877), "The Defence of Rome and Other Poems" (1880), and "The Judgment of Prometheus and Other Poems" (1886). It will be interesting to note how these are dealt with in the forthcoming collection.

The announcement of a new book by Mrs. Eliza Brightwen reminds one of the great success of her first work—"Wild Nature Won by Kindness," which, published originally in 1890, came out in a fifth and revised edition in 1893. It was followed by "More About Wild Nature," (1892) and "Rambles with Nature Students" (1899). "Sidelights on the Bible" appeared in 1901, but it is pleasant to see that the lady is now returning to her first love—Nature.

Messrs. Routledge have just re-issued, in gift-book guise, Longfellow's translation of "The Divine Comedy"—a version which, if it is not very widely read, has certainly run through a fair number of editions. Of the most recent of these may be mentioned the 1877, 1885, 1886, 1890 (in two volumes), 1891, 1892, and 1893 (one of the Lubbock Hundred Best Books).

THE BOOKWORM.

1903

Biography

OBVIOUSLY the biography of the year is that of Mr. Gladstone by Mr. Morley—not merely because the subject was and is of so much interest to so many, but because the biographer has done his work with so much impartiality and skill. It is no fault of Mr. Morley that he has been able to tell us nothing new about the man as apart from the statesman. It is to be presumed that if Mr. Morley has drawn less than was expected on the journals and correspondence of his hero, it has been because the material at his disposal was less large or less fruitful than was supposed. Here we have to do chiefly with the literary aspect of biography, and from that point of view Mr. Henry James' "W. W. Story" comes next in importance to Mr. Morley's "Gladstone." In this case the subject makes no very wide appeal, and Mr. James' cleverly-constructed volumes are likely to secure for the American poet-sculptor a permanency of fame which that worthy was unable to compass by his own achievements.

A large proportion of the biography of the year has been literary in its topic. We have had, for instance, a "Life of Bret Harte" which, though rather flimsy in substance and undistinguished in style, was fairly adequate to the occasion. Somewhat the same verdict may be passed upon the "Robert Buchanan" of Miss Harriett Jay. Very much more technical mastery was shown by Mr. Graves in his account of Sir George Grove, who, though associated mainly with the "Dictionary of Music," may be regarded on general grounds as a *littérateur*, and whose letters proved unexpectedly attractive. The "Crabbe" of Canon Ainger and the "Fanny Burney" of Mr. Dobson are, of course, compilations in a sense, but are so particularly well done that they are likely to remain the standard authorities in their respective spheres. Mr. Coleman's "Charles Reade as I Knew Him" is bulky enough in all conscience, but is not so much a memoir as a series of random recollections. Disappointingly slight was the book on Dr. John Brown by his cousin and namesake, and necessarily slight were the biographical sketches of Dr. Robert Wallace, G. Douglas Brown, Anna Swanwick, and Edna Lyall. It is to be hoped that Mr. Walker's booklet on Lord De Tabley is only a preliminary study for a more solid performance. We have received from Mr. Dobell some fresh "Sidelights on Charles Lamb"; Mr. Julian Hawthorne has added to his published memoranda about his father; more "Rossetti papers" have proceeded from the apparently inexhaustible store of Mr. W. M. Rossetti; and the R. L. Stevenson tradition has been continued in his mother's very Stevensonian narrative of her visit to America and the South Seas, and in his step-daughter's graphic "Vailima Memories."

A good many of the biographies of 1903 were devoted to "distinguished foreigners." Among these were Giordano Bruno, Galileo, Isabella D'Este, and Hernando de Soto, whose character and work have now been fairly expounded for the benefit of the English reader. Voltaire, too, will be all the better understood here in future for the care and vivacity with which his life-story has been told by "S. G. Tallentyre." From the Master of Peterhouse we have had a scholarly monograph on the Electress Sophia, and from Lord Goschen an elaborate tribute to his grandfather, the publisher, and his circle. Rather of the nature of book-making is "A King's Romance" (that of the Servian Milan); while who shall say how much of romance there may not be in "A Keystone of Empire" (Francis Joseph)? In the department of historical biography there have been

the books on the second Duke of Buckingham (a real contribution to the library), Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Daniel O'Connell. This memoir of the chief author of "The Rehearsal" was certainly a desideratum. Among the subjects of contemporary biography have been Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain (by Mr. Jeyes), and Miss Marie Corelli (by two devout but injudicious admirers). In appropriate celebrations of English fighting-men, 1903 was rich: note the volumes on Sir James Outram, Lord Gough, Lord Seaton, and Sir Donald Stewart. Those religious teachers, Father Dolling, T. T. Carter of Clewer, H. C. Shuttleworth, and James Martineau, were the subjects of works ranging from the full "Life and Letters" to the slender "Reminiscences." Among the "miscellaneous" must be included the biographies of "A Versatile Professor" (Dr. Nares), a clever family (The Hawthreys), a friend of Coleridge (Tom Wedgwood), a proconsul who did not prance (Lord Dufferin), an Oxford light of other days (Sir Henry Acland), a police magistrate (Commissioner Kerr), and a provincial magnate (Sir Llewellyn Turner).

Among last year's Memoirs were a few which owe their main value to the letters they reproduced—those of Sir Henry Layard and of Bishop Westcott, for example. In these cases, as in the "More Letters by Charles Darwin," the subjects of the books told their own tale in very acceptable fashion. This too was done in part in the "Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle," published by Sir Crichton Browne and Mr. Alexander Carlyle in (one fears) a polemical rather than in a biographical spirit. Of these "Letters," which could not fail to be absorbing, it is sufficient to record that they, and the introduction to them, drew from the representatives of Mr. Froude a document by that writer ("My Relations with Carlyle") which was universally read with pain. The Correspondence of Lady Burghersh proved to be a contribution to the biography of the "great world-victor's victor," Wellington. "The Orrery Papers" had a considerably wider scope, for they supplied at once a family history and numerous side-lights on bygone times. "The Creevey Papers" are, in a way, the biography of T. Creevey, M.P., but obviously they are very much more than that: they are invaluable "*mémoires pour servir*," and belong to historical rather than to biographical literature. Mr. Meynell's "Benjamin Disraeli" stands out from other books of the kind as an excellent specimen of the anecdotal biography: it presents no consecutive narrative, but supplies, by cumulative touches, a portrait sufficiently vivid and *vraisemblant*. There have been in 1903 other books, not devoted to any one person in particular, which have nevertheless a biographical interest and utility. Foremost among these is Mr. Bryce's "Studies in Contemporary Biography," followed by Mr. McCarthy's "Portraits of the Sixties," Mr. Ward's "Problems and Persons," Sir Mount Stuart Grant Duff's "Out of the Past," and the "Personalialia" of the still unidentified "Sigma." In all these instances the authors discourse of people whom they have personally known.

It remains to mention the more prominent autobiographies of the year. Among these, Lord Wolseley's admittedly stands first—not, of course, on account of its literary quality, which is not conspicuous, but on account of its present and its permanent interest. If it should not enjoy the popular success obtained by Lord Roberts' similar work, that will be chiefly because Lord Wolseley has been more diffuse than his predecessor, and has made the mistake of postponing to another time the conclusion of his narrative. From the point of view of mere popularity, one may rank next to Lord Wolseley's book those by the late William

Simpson, Sir Frank Burnand, Mr. Arthur à Beckett ("The À Becketts of 'Punch'"), the late J. C. Horsley, Mr. Plowden, and Dean Pigou. The Dean gives us only some "Odds and Ends." Mr. Plowden is agreeably frank, and Mr. Horsley invariably entertaining. The editor and ex-assistant-editor of "Punch" both shed light on the literary and journalistic history of the past few decades. Very readable, and not without substance in them, are the additional "Recollections" of Sir Horace Rumbold; readable, too, are Mr. W. E. Adams' "Memoirs of a Social Atom"—both books are full of variety. From the autobiography of Mr. Guinness Rogers we gain informing details regarding "the Dissidence of Dissent," with incidental references to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain. Of the Memoirs of George Elers, and of the Reminiscences of the first Earl of Ellesmere, the chief features are the anecdotes of Wellington which personal acquaintance enabled the writers to supply.

English Historical Literature

IN history, the past year has been noteworthy rather for the continuation of important works already begun than for the appearance of any very noteworthy new books. The two great Universities have given evidence of the activity of their schools of historical work. At Cambridge, Professor J. B. Bury's inaugural lecture (published by the University Press) has given an earnest of the zeal with which he takes up the work of organisation due to his eminent predecessors, Sir John Seeley and Lord Acton. Lord Acton's own lectures have appeared, and added to the regret always felt by students that one who knew so enormously much history should have written so very little. Another volume has appeared of the "Cambridge Modern History," written on the co-operative plan which Lord Acton had mapped out. It deals with the history of the United States on a method something like that of the great work edited by Justin Winsor, though less sumptuous in scale, and not choked with bibliography. At Oxford, Mr. Charles Oman has given another volume of his admirable "History of the Peninsular War," going down to the end of the Talavera campaign, and clearing up in the light of later knowledge many matters left obscure or distorted by the brilliant but not always fair eloquence of Napier.

Military history has revived of late, as is perhaps only natural after a considerable war. The Times "History of the Boer War" goes on, and another volume of the Hon. J. W. Fortescue's "History of the British Army" has appeared, bringing the story down to that "darkest hour before the dawn"—the Netherlands campaigns of the Duke of York. Several minor contributions to military history have appeared in the shape of memoirs and recollections of the Peninsular War, and accounts of separate phases of the South African War, such as the "History of Lumsden's Horse" by H. H. S. Pearse.

A mournful interest attaches to some of the volumes of the year, in that they are the last fruit of some tree of learning cut down, as it seemed to us, in full vigour. The new issue of the late Professor S. R. Gardiner's unfinished "History of the Commonwealth," with one more completed chapter, and the "Historical Lectures and Addresses" of Bishop Creighton are of this class, though the latter historian would hardly have found time to carry on his historical work in his laborious diocese, or the still higher position to which he would probably have attained had he lived. Professor Freeman's memory is kept alive by a reissue of his "Historical Geography of Europe," revised by Professor J. B. Bury.

Sir George Trevelyan, happily carrying out the brilliant literary promise of his early days, and giving back to mankind what was too good for party, has issued the

second part of his narrative of the "American Revolution." He keeps up the Whig traditions of his family, but is fairer than his famous uncle. Two interesting works on Indian history have appeared; "Ledger and Sword," though its title savours too much of fiction, is a history of the East India Company, in which the commercial and financial side of the organisation is brought out—a phase that we are apt to forget in the clash of arms and the blaze of the jewels of picturesque sovereigns. Mr. Beckles Willson has recalled this aspect to us, and Mr. S. C. Hill, charged with the care of Indian records, has told the story of the commercial ruin of the French in Bengal in his "Three Frenchmen in Bengal"—a tale hitherto obscured by the more sensational struggle in Southern India.

Several well-known historical writers have followed up their lines of research with fresh books. Mr. Edwin Pears, in his "Destruction of the Greek Empire," has told of the second fall of the Eastern Empire before the Turks, as he formerly told of its first overthrow by Latin Crusaders. Mr. Andrew Lang has pursued his ingenious, if sometimes over-subtle, inquiries into obscure and intricate byways of history in his volume of studies called "The Valet's Tragedy" (again a good title for a novel). Some of the authors known as historical novelists have turned their attention to romantic history. Mr. Julian Corbett has given the naval story of "England in the Mediterranean," and Sir Gilbert Parker has collaborated in a history of "Old Quebec." Mr. W. H. Wilkins has given another of his interesting eighteenth century studies in his life of Sophie Dorothee of Zell—called, novelistically, "The Love of an Unmarried Queen."

An interesting volume of the Calendar of State Papers has appeared, dealing with Ireland in 1600. Ecclesiastical history is richer by the posthumous work of the late Professor Bright, "The Age of the Fathers." Mr. John Willcock's account of "The Great Marquess," the only Argyll who bore the title, known chiefly as the enemy of Montrose, throws light on a puzzling character in an intricate time. An interesting and useful study of Napoleonic methods, now that the Emperor is once more becoming the object of a cult, both here and abroad, is to be found in Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's "Studies in Napoleonic Statesmanship in Germany." There we see how the subjects of Napoleon's vassal States were raised by the Code and crushed by the Conscription.

Two more general histories have appeared: Sir Spencer Walpole's "History of Twenty-five Years," and Mr. Herbert Paul's "History of Modern England," the first part. Written from differing political standpoints, both may add to our knowledge. Miss Bateson's work on "Mediaeval England," dealing with social matters chiefly, is valuable alike to historian and economist.

Abroad the most noteworthy event has been the death of Mommsen, one of the great generation of the founders of the German Empire—the Bismarck of Roman history. His work, it was known, was practically ended; but his death removed a vigorous and striking figure, as well as a man of vast learning and great power. His occasional intolerance of judgment could not disguise the great value of his contribution to our knowledge of the history that is called ancient. With him ended the great generation of German historians; though, as in our own country, and to a greater extent, the production of valuable and careful work continues. The modern methods of history leave less scope for individual eminence, now that too much is known for any single mind to master completely, except in studying a brief period.

Theology

IN the domain of Old Testament criticism the importance of the news that is being furnished by the researches of Assyriologists was brought home to the general public in this country at the beginning of the past year by the publication of Delitzsch's "Babel and Bible," two lectures originally delivered in the presence of the German Emperor. Under the title "The Oldest Code of Laws in the World" had already appeared an English translation of the Code of Hammurabi, and in our Christmas number we had under review Mr. Stanley Cook's "The Laws of Moses and the Code of Hammurabi." Therein are discussed two questions: the sources and date of the Code itself; and its relation to that Book of the Covenant which forms the basis of the Jewish Law. This author perceives that already there are signs of a reaction among experts against the impulse to have recourse to the "wand of cuneiform research" for the solution of every Old Testament enigma. English contributions to Old Testament criticism indeed are for the most part of a conservative character. Such, for instance, is Mr. McFadyen's "Old Testament Criticism and the Christian Church." Not that the assured results are ignored, but that their importance, as diminishing the value of the sacred books for ethical and doctrinal purposes, is reduced to a minimum. A similar line is taken in Mr. Preserved Smith's contribution to the International Theological Library, "Old Testament History." The traditional documents, whatever the history of their origins, picture a nation's soul that passed through the furnace of affliction to fit it to give birth to him whom its prophets foretold as the Sun of Righteousness.

Closely allied with this branch of inquiry is Mr. Tennant's highly philosophical inquiry into "The Sources of the Doctrines of the Fall and of Original Sin." After an exhaustive but inconclusive examination of contemporary legends, Mr. Tennant seeks by psychological analysis to solve the problem *à priori*. Knowledge begets consciousness of evil; progressive civilisation imposes heavier demands upon individual will and enforces a wider breach with the state of nature, and it seems as if "he that increases knowledge increaseth sorrow." The composite legend was found by the people and shaped by their genius; by them it was handed on till it received its final form in the soul of Augustine. And this is an appropriate corner for a mention of Mr. C. G. Montefiore's "Liberal Judaism," a remarkable essay towards a better understanding between his people and a world through which they are scattered abroad.

Among penultimate philosophers the vogue of Nietzsche received a fillip in February from the publication of a translation of his "Dawn of Day," a collection of detached thoughts worked out by him more fully elsewhere; which gave rise to some correspondence in our columns. The value-judgment theories of Ritschlian school are reflected in the essays of Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, published under the general title "Humanism." And it is perhaps to be attributed to the same influence that we have two volumes under the name of Anselm—"Devotions," and the complete works; for the famous ontological argument is certainly akin to the value-judgment. A complete contrast in method is furnished by the late Frederic Myers' "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death." Myers argued from observed facts to his great generalisation. Whatever may be thought of its ultimate thesis, we said at the time that the book appeared, it is beyond question a work of the most profound and wide-reaching interest, forming a complete survey of the facts with which psychical research attempts to deal, and setting forth with singular persuasiveness and exquisite temper the interpretation of those facts which Mr. Myers thought that right reason compelled him to adopt.

In the field of history a momentary sensation was made by Mr. John Pollock's "The Popish Plot." Mr. Pollock had undertaken, in accordance with a suggestion of Lord Acton, an inquiry into one of the unsolved doubts which obscure the episode of which Titus Oates was the centre. His book was marked by wide research and daring speculation. Too daring indeed it was shown to be when, in their organ, "The Month," and elsewhere, the coldly logical mind of an English Jesuit was brought to bear upon his conclusions. We noticed also the sixth instalment of "The History of the English Church" treating of the period from the accession of Charles I. to the death of Anne, by Mr. W. H. Hutton. Of far wider scope was the admirable translation of Paul Wernle's study of "The Beginnings of Christianity," wherein the German disciple of Carlyle finds the solution of the riddle of Christianity in the enthusiastic hero-worship of Saul of Tarsus. We must content ourselves with a bare mention of Mr. Hannay's "The Spirit and Origin of Christian Monasticism," of "Anchoresses of the West," by F. M. Steele, and of E. Belfort Bax's "Rise and Fall of the Anabaptists"—all of them books which interested us. Though it hardly counts as history, we may name here the charming "Life of St. Mary Magdalen," excellently translated from the Italian of an unknown author and introduced by Vernon Lee. Mr. W. S. Lilly and Mr. Wilfrid Ward published volumes of essays, "Christianity and Modern Civilisation" and "Problems and Persons," bearing upon the relation of the Roman Catholic Church to the world.

"The Life of Father Dolling," by Charles E. Osborne, is the most notable contribution to spiritual biography. Here, we thought, was neither theorist nor man of letters—for he was professedly "an ignoramus" in book-learning—but a spiritual genius, an intensely human saint, who knew God's secret and lived it. The son of Dr. Westcott, late Bishop of Durham, in a work excellent alike in tone and temper, printed the life of his distinguished father.

Of the numerous volumes of sermons which passed into our hands, the majority at a high level of thought and style, the most memorable were those by Archdeacon Wilberforce, "Following on to Know the Lord"; Dr. Campbell, "City Temple Sermons"; and Mr. Stopford Brooke, "The King of Love." Mr. J. Brierley's "Problems of Living," a collection of essays, is worthy to be mentioned beside these.

Poetry

THE year 1903 has not been for English poetry, or poetry in English, precisely an *annus mirabilis*. A poem by W. E. Henley—his swan-song; new volumes by Messrs. Watson, Kipling, Austin, Yeats, Davidson, and Binyon; a new poet in Mr. Zangwill; a new poetess in Miss Ethel Clifford; and the full discovery of Thomas Traherne—these are the leading features of a not too striking twelvemonth.

For the most part it has been a matter of marking time. Only one of the accepted poets can be said to have made a notable advance in his art; and that, of course, is Mr. Laurence Binyon, whose "Death of Adam" has struck the popular imagination. Mr. Binyon's work has always had the respect, if not the applause, of the critics, while to the public he has been little more than a name. Now, all of a sudden, he has produced a single and not elaborate poem in which the human note is sounded simply and clearly, and at once he receives the recognition which is his due. The lesson ought not to be thrown away upon the younger writers of verse, who seem to think it is to their interest to get as far away as possible from the broad roads and streams of sympathy. Mr. Binyon has succeeded in "The Death of Adam," not only because he has given voice to an all-prevailing instinct, but because he has

done so without obscurity and affectation. His style is still a little tortuous and cumbrous, and his lyric measures are wanting in ease and grace. It is in the more stately forms of verse that he is likely to make most impression on his countrymen.

His contemporaries stand where they stood before. There is no revelation of new power in Mr. Watson's "For England," or Mr. Kipling's "Five Nations," or Mr. Austin's "Flodden Field," or Mr. Yeats's two volumes, or Mr. Davidson's "Knight of the Maypole." The last-named, indeed, is compounded of prose as well as verse. It is dramatic in construction—that is, it professes to be a play; but neither the verse nor the prose in it has any special distinction, and its performance in public is scarcely to be looked for. As literature it is below the highest level to which Mr. Davidson has attained. Mr. Austin has been more fortunate than Mr. Davidson—if it be good fortune—inasmuch as his play has actually been played. It has, however, no dramatic grip, the "situations" being obvious, and the dialogue "poetical" rather than effective. It has some pretty and pleasing passages, but that is all. We have here the drama of the study, not the stage. "The Five Nations" leaves Mr. Kipling where he was. Here and there we seem to detect, amid the rush of rigorous rhetoric, a softer, tenderer tone than is usual with this vehement writer. But in the main we get here the more prevailing Kipling—the insistent and persistent, the rough and ready, the journalistic rather than poetic. For the first time, it may be noted, "Recessional" appears here within the boards of a volume. In Mr. Watson's "For England" we have the poet as politician, striving with all his might to maintain an unpopular position. In the matter of manner and diction Mr. Watson is, in these sonnets, quite himself at his best, and his verses will, in the case of many of his readers, secure pardon for his views.

In the newcomers—Mr. Zangwill and Miss Clifford—we have some performance and more promise. In the former's "Blind Children" there is a pathos and prettiness, but most power is shown (as might be expected) in the treatment of Jewish character and ideas. Why should not Mr. Zangwill become the present-day laureate of his race? He has enthusiasm and he has vigour; and if he cannot always be poetical, he can always be agreeably rhetorical. Miss Clifford's "Songs of Dreams" are typical of almost all the newer feminine verse—happier in selecting than in dealing with the more elusive moods of mind and soul. Our women writers are just now more subtle and intimate than most of their masculine contemporaries, but they seem unable to give perfectly adequate expression to their sentiments and sensations. They interest, they touch, they charm, for the moment; but what they have said has not been said once for all; there is a lingering sense of inadequacy even in the most interesting, most touching, most charming of the things they say.

One sees this even in the most welcome of the year's produce on the feminine side—in Mrs. Marriott Watson's "After Sunset," Mrs. Le Bailly's "Other Poems," Miss Alma Tadema's "Songs of Womanhood," Mrs. Shorter's "As the Sparks Fly Upward," Laurence Hope's "Stars of the Desert," and Lady Lindsay's "From a Venetian Balcony." We have named these writers in what seems to us to be the order of their accomplishments as verse-makers. Mrs. Watson comes easily first—the remainder *longo intervallo*. And yet how much there is in all the above volumes to attract and stir or soothe! Let us be grateful for the good the gods provide. From Vernon Lee we receive this year a play in verse—"Ariadne in Mantua"; but it has no real vitality. A little removed, too, from general sympathy are some of the products of the male makers of verse—such as "The Centaur's Booty" and "The Rout of the Amazons" of Mr. Sturge Moore. Much more to the taste of the hour are the "Dantesques" of Mr. G. A. Greene, "The Flower of Old

Japan" of Mr. Alfred Noyes, and the "Ballads" of Mr. Masfield, who is at his best when treating of the sea. The collector may be advised to place all these three volumes on his shelves. Mr. Hamilton Aide's "Past and Present" is the work of a versifier pure and simple, and as a contribution to literature does not count at all.

The volumes by Thomas Traherne and Lord de Tabley, published in 1903, might almost be regarded as new verse, so little has Lord de Tabley been read, and so little was known about Traherne. The historic value of the latter's output has been universally recognised; he is, however, only one member of a choir to whose combined voices he adds a certain measure of strength, not sweetness. Mr. Mackail has translated the first six books of the *Odyssey* into the stanza of FitzGerald's Omar, and with an effect pleasing or disconcerting according to the predilections of the reader. Whether Homeric or not Homeric, the narrative flows with very agreeable smoothness, and as a *tour de force* is entitled to recognition. From over-seas have come volumes of new verse by those established poets, Messrs. C. G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman. Among the humours of the year have been a book of "Sporting Sonnets," and another of "Ballads in Blue" by an inspired policeman. Some might include in those humours the issue of the Collected Works of Mr. George Barlow and Mr. J. Johnston-Smith, and the publication of two new volumes by Mr. Whitworth Wynne. But perhaps one ought always to respect enthusiasm and perseverance, even when they seem to be exerted in the wrong direction and to have no tangible results.

Fiction

THE novel ran like a locust through Great Britain in 1903, devouring most of the leisure which the public spared from picture puzzles. Of the vast output about ninety, by some merit rarer than readability, deserved to stay the pulper's inexorable machine.

In the department of posthumous fiction we had an elaborate, earnest, and radiantly witty study in heredity and parentage by Samuel Butler. The second volume of Frank Norris's intended trilogy on wheat delivered Art's last word on that monstrosity of Commerce, a food-corner; and, with the appearance of "The Captain's Toll-Gate," a turnpike story of a humour deliciously leisurely, the world grew sore again at the loss of Stockton.

The surprise of the year was "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London. In this story of a half St. Bernard's return, *viâ* the terrible experiences of breaking-in and government sleigh-dragging, to its ancient inheritance of freedom under the laws of carnivora, we had a poem that stung and thrallied. Beside it Mr. Ollivant's "Danny"—another dog-story, tearfully pretty—was but a Christmas card.

The satiric novel of society bloomed in many ways. Mr. Percy White was decorously dry, Mr. Ranger-Gull wickedly epigrammatic. In describing the neglected childhood of the daughter of "The Viscountess Normanhurst," Mr. E. H. Cooper surpassed his former work. The church of Laodicea was brightly satirised in Mr. R. Turner's "The Steeple," and the male gossip singed at the lamp of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. Mr. Whiteing struck a blow in "The Yellow Van" at the aristocratic land-monopoly, and Mr. Benson pleased Mr. Howells by his drawing of rich America in "The Relentless City."

The "sex" novel was justified by Mr. Flowerdew, who in "The Woman's View" demonstrated the danger of a religious marriage ceremony to women fanatically inclined. The physical antipathy even in Brighton of white to black supplied the pathetic element in Mr. Merrick's "Quaint Companions," a significant though gentle book;

and Mr. Marriott in his clever but inadequate "House on the Sands" exhibited the seamy side of platonic friendship. The only important *roman à clef* was "Lady Rose's Daughter," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, who skilfully strove to materialise the historic fascinations of Mlle. de l'Espinasse.

English peasant life inspired some good novels. Mr. Blyth diabolised the Norfolk "bor" in "Juicy Joe"; Mr. Orme Angus delightfully apotheosised the managing woman of Dorsetshire in "Sarah Tuldon"; and Mr. Gilchrist owed a modest success to Derbyshire.

The best Irish novel was Mr. Buckley's "Croppies Lie Down"—presenting an impartial picture of both sides in the rebellion of '98. Mr. Stephen Gwynn vigorously illustrated in "John Maxwell's Marriage" the tyranny of the parent and the scandalous levity of the Protestant priest in the Ireland of 1760. In "The Untilled Field" Mr. Moore directed attention to the anti-social effect of the priest in modern Ireland. Dr. William Barry took his liberty-loving Irish hero to Paris during the Commune, and as usual was too rhetorical. He should take the tonic shock of hearing a saintly woman called a "heifer," as in Mr. Shan Bullock's grey Ulster novel "The Squireen."

Colonial fiction offered nothing better than a "first novel"—"Bush Studies," by Barbara Baynton. She set unconsciously a lesson of realism to Mrs. Campbell Praed, whose "Fugitive Anne," strikingly studious of local colour, nevertheless revolves in melodrama.

Excellent Anglo-Indian novels came from four ladies. Mrs. Steel's "In the Guardianship of God" showed a rare knowledge of Indian custom and character, expressed in short stories which occasionally rose above talent. Mrs. Perrin in "The Stronger Claim" and Mrs. Penny in "A Mixed Marriage" showed respectively the imprudence of marrying English ladies to Eurasians and Mahomedans. Jovial contrast to their sombre themes was supplied by "The Thin Red Line of Heroes," a phonograph of idle chatter hidden by Mrs. Maturin in the vivacity of a born letter-writer.

Neptune found his prophet solely in Mr. Conrad, whose "Typhoon," first of a quartet, gave "the black hills of water" in the China seas both speech and drama. Mr. Bullen was less inevitably the story-teller in "Sea-Wrack," but for whales there was nowhere better to go to except the sea. Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne presented in "McTodd" a drunken engineer, an inferior contemporary of Captain Kettle; whereas Mr. Jacobs' salts were as funny as ever in "Odd Craft."

At the head of the year's adventurous romance comes Mr. Neil Munro's "Children of Tempest," a Hebridean tale of fate and superstition. Mr. Bernard Capes was, despite his poetic quality, too profuse and too "rechurched" in style, as plebeians say, quite to succeed in "A Castle in Spain," a novel which depicts a bogus Louis XVII. The other extreme was reached in the unadorned "Adventures of Harry Revel," an ex-sweep, by Mr. Quiller Couch. As for "The MS. in a Red Box," a rough-and-tumble seventeenth-century tale of Lincolnshire, it thrived mainly by the interest aroused by the clever advertisement addressed by the publisher to its mysterious author. "Romance," by Messrs. Conrad and Hueffer, was a hurly-burly of adventure which "came off" like Brock's fireworks.

Glimpses of literary and artistic laboratories were afforded by several writers. In "The Way Back" Mr. Kinross—whose touch in writing of women is sometimes like a bang—smartly assailed a journalism which should be American rather than English, and his point of view was independently supported by "The Odd-Job Man," a brilliant novel by Mr. Onions about a hack artist. Frank Danby drew a harrowing picture of a South African genius led astray by a financial Bel-Ami. Sir George Douglas adroitly developed in "The Man of Letters" the character

of a literary prig. Actor's "shop" was too profuse in Mr. John Barry's "A Daughter of Thespis," which THE ACADEMY hoped would equal his "Acrobat" of 1900. Promising débuts were made in novels that severally portrayed a great actress, a lady composer and a ravishing pianist, by Mrs. Thurston, "Janet Laing," and Miss Rosamond Langbridge. Of these productions the poorest, but most coherent, was Mrs. Thurston's "The Circle," which went into five impressions. "Janet Laing's" venture was "The Wizard's Aunt," and Miss Langbridge's "The Flame and the Flood."

The sensation novel assumed unwonted grandeur in Mr. Shiel's "The Weird o' It" and "Unto the Third Generation." They are volcanic works over which Fate spreads black wings. Shrinking from no horror, Hugo-like in his encyclopædic realism, his shockers are a Titan's poems. For his *proxime accessit* in 1903 we must take Miss Braddon, who in "The Conflict" treated spiritual "possession" with power and judgment. Mr. Wells, in "Twelve Stories and a Dream," handled a similar idea with characteristic straightforwardness. Mr. Marsh, on the other hand, in "A Metamorphosis" simply changes a man's clothes, and hurries him through a whirl of objective experiences. What may be described as theological sensation was provided in Guy Thorne's novel "When it was Dark," which turns on forged evidence against the Resurrection, and has a proper atmosphere of scholarship.

Among miscellaneous novels of distinction Mr. Oswald Crawford's "The Ways of a Millionaire" showed a poetic idea of the power of money. Mr. Paul Gwynne displayed in "The Pagan at the Shrine" a knowledge of Spain incomparable among English novelists, though his art has still to grow. Mr. Basil King opposed to the problem novel "In Charity's Garden," a pretty romance wherein a deserted wife allows her late husband's mistress to pose as his widow. Mrs. Dudeney, deserting her grimness, charmingly recalled early Victorian days when Methodists shrank from crossing their braces; and Mr. Quiller Couch convinced Mr. Shorter that his portrait of "Hetty Wesley" constituted the novel of the year. An American humourist, Mr. A. H. Lewis, was introduced to English readers, and "Wolfville Days" proclaimed him the creator (with obligation to Bret Harte) of the Arizona cattle man.

As to the "veterans," Mr. Henry James was himself to the last wrinkle of beloved mannerism in "The Better Sort" and "The Ambassadors." Mr. Zangwill was unsatisfyingly copious in "The Grey Wig," a collection of tales, though the humour of his wiggled lady flashed from even the Morgue where he left her. Mr. W. E. Norris kept, at his accustomed temperature of 60° Fahrenheit, a well-composed story which touched the direst improprieties of social intercourse. Mr. Marion Crawford was at his best in "The Heart of Rome," where a lost Aphrodite pillows a slandered girl. In "Griff of Griffithscourt" Miss Helen Mathers created an unforgettable type of female loyalty and insubordination. Miss Mann's art shone in "Grandma's Jane."

Of the younger writers whom one expects to turn up like a magazine, Mr. Hornung pleased in "No Hero," where a divorcée melts the heart of the man who was to spoil her game. Mr. Pett Ridge dealt intelligently in "Erb" with the career of a railway agitator.

On the whole 1903 was a good year for fiction. The fatal predilections which prevent perfection still, it is true, persisted. Limelight and artifice came between many and success. But there was an enlarged power of expression, a power which would have surprised Richardson, and even George Eliot, consequent on the steady researches of their successors for innumerable right words.

Literature in the Law Courts

THE year 1903 has not been fruitful in important cases, or productive of monumental decisions in the law of letters. It is, indeed, a little to be wondered at, having regard to the patent acrimony of literary disputes, that so few came up for settlement by the courts. But it is to be feared that the paucity of decisions is due rather to the universal reluctance of injured parties, whether authors or publishers, to test the law so long as it remains in its present chaotic condition than to the "sweet reasonableness" of the literary temperament.

The "Encyclopædia Britannica" was the cause of another service to literature during 1903, besides those with which we are sufficiently familiar. For one of the earliest cases of the year was that of Messrs. A. & C. Black et al v. Imperial Book Company, Limited, and James Hale, which was heard at Toronto on the 3rd of January. Mr. Justice Street granted a perpetual injunction restraining the defendants from importing into Canada any copies or any parts printed in any country outside the British Dominions, thus establishing the integrity of Imperial Copyright apart altogether from the Canadian statutes. The production of a certified copy of the Register at Stationers' Hall was held, following the Copyright Act, 1842, to be sufficient *prima facie* proof of proprietorship under section 18 (which governs encyclopædias) as under section 11 (which governs books), while the Copyright Act itself was held to be in force in Canada. The judgment contains, moreover, a decision on one point raised by the defence which is useful as a warning to the trade. Section 152 of the Imperial Customs Act, 39 & 40 Vict., c. 36, requires copyright owners to give notice to the Commissioners of Customs of the existence and duration of their copyright in order to prohibit the importation of foreign reprints into British possessions. This direction, Mr. Justice Street held, would have been fatal to the plaintiff's claim—as they had not given the prescribed notice—but for the fact, which he found, that the Customs Act was not in force in Canada. Into the details of this finding we need not enter, but the trade will do well to note the view which coincides with that of Mr. Scrutton, K.C., who, moreover, in the fourth edition of his "Law of Copyright" (see page 213) suggests that the section may repeal ss. 17 and 29 of the Copyright Act, 1842, and literally deprive defaulting owners of their Colonial copyright.

Another case dealing with the "law of Encyclopædias" was decided, just as the year closed, in the House of Lords, which finally settled the much disputed points in *Affalo and Cook v. Lawrence and Bullen*. This case, which had been dealt with in the Chancery Division and the Court of Appeal mainly on points of law, was disposed of by the Lords reversing both previous decisions, mainly on the facts, finding, as their Lordships did, that the appellant defendants had purchased the copyright in the articles written by the plaintiffs for the "Encyclopædia of Sport," and that the case was covered by authority. This decision has definitely established the absence of any necessity whatever on the part of proprietors to make an actual agreement that copyright in contributions should belong to them, certainly in the case of Encyclopædias, and probably, although Lord Shand's *dictum* was *obiter* in that of any collective or periodical works. The burden of proof is thus thrown upon the author, who has to show that he has specially contracted himself out of the 18th section, which no layman and few lawyers are capable of comprehending, or, at any rate, of interpreting alike. In this case Mr. Justice Joyce—followed by Lords Justices Romer and Stirling in the Court of Appeal—Lord Justice Vaughan Williams dissenting—found for the plaintiffs, while the Lord Chancellor and Lords Shand, Davey, and Robertson followed Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, but

on different grounds, and found for the defendants. The case will serve a useful purpose if only as demonstrating the cruel necessity for such a recasting of the statutes as shall render such a conflict of opinion on a simple issue impossible. That intelligent and honourable men should be hopelessly at variance as to what they are buying or selling is a reflection not on their probity, but on the jumble of statutory conditions which makes such a difference of view tenable.

There is a Cimmerian darkness about the rule as to what is a fair or unfair use of the labours of others in letters. Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce in *Dickens v. Lee* committed himself to the casuistical dictum as to the right to abridge that "there may be such an use of another man's publications as, involving the exercise of a new mental operation, may fairly and legitimately involve it." Nobody who has conducted any research can have failed to notice the wholesale annexation of the labours—and mistakes—of predecessors in the same field. The literature of copyright affords a host of examples. Mr. Justice Farwell has, however, no doubt given pause to the practice by his decision in the case of *Parry v. Moring and Gollancz*. In view of Mr. Gollancz's admissions as to his use of Judge Parry's edition of "The Letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple," it is difficult to see how an injunction could have been refused even if the "Letters" are in the public domain. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the case was dealt with on the defendant's admissions of fact and apart altogether from the precedents, some of which if not distinguished must have been overruled, and the difference between *meum* and *tuum* more fully defined.

The law regulating the liability of bailees may seem to be far removed from the laws of literature. But a case which was heard and decided by consent before one of the Masters of the Supreme Court illustrates the necessity for a code not only covering copyright but the whole of the incidents of the contract between authors and publishers. A MS. is voluntarily submitted for approval to a publisher and is lost. Who is responsible? Is the publisher a gratuitous bailee, and therefore liable only for gross negligence? Is he protected by notice disclaiming responsibility for loss? It is impossible to give the facts as there is no authorised report of the case, but the Master found that the case was taken out of the category of gratuitous bailees because the bailment was for the benefit of both parties, and that therefore the onus lay upon the defendant publisher of proving that the loss occurred without negligence, which he had failed to do. The disclaimer, again, was held not to bind the plaintiff, since it was not made when the MS. was received. Under the decision, so far as it is generally applicable, a publisher is liable for ordinary negligence unless he with the utmost promptitude contracts himself out of such liability and such a disclaimer is acquiesced in.

Art

THE year that is dead was not remarkable for the appearance amongst us of a new artist of the first rank, or indeed of any particular mark; whilst it has unfortunately seen the death of one of the greatest artists of our time, a man of unique personality and of consummate power—Whistler. And the light of another genius has guttered out in the socket—a man who should have been at the height of his manhood—the genial, kindly, sweet-natured man whom we knew so affectionately as Phil May. Compared to these two men, the others who have been reaped into the Great Majority by the Old Man with the Scythe—Horsley and Waller, the painter of elopements and sentiment, and Wells the portrait painter, and Maud the war artist—are but of second rank; but they held their place in the world even so.

The death of Whistler has overshadowed all other events in the world of art during the year. His beloved Chelsea will know the nervous, resolute, wiry figure with the flat-brimmed silk hat no more; the witty story and the sharp rapier anecdote will gather about his name as they did when alive, but the laugh has gone, and there remains of the man now but his superb achievement in art. A clean-souled man of genius he was, with a tender heart for a child, the cold shoulder for a coarse story, the ready repartee for the witty, and a passionate love of his art. His sensitive skin and a quarrelsome whim led him to the sallying forth into ridiculous and petty squabbles; yet the comedy of the man raised the smallest of his wrangles into witty encounters. But it is to his superb art that we must look for the greatness of the man; and no man could surpass him in the beauty of the melodious music which his colour gave out, glowing with the perfect expression of every mood he essayed to put into the terms of paint, and set down with a mastery of handling, of brushing, and of harmony that will make of his craftsmanship and of his art an immortal thing. I can remember as yesterday going into the rooms of the old Goupil Gallery in Bond Street, and standing before the master, work of a man whose name was unknown to me—I was a young cadet at Sandhurst and I think it was Whistler's first big exhibition—and I was astounded that the critics of the day, and Ruskin in particular, could be so lacking in art perception as to stand unmoved and scoffing and naked-souled and ridiculous before such exquisite beauty as was in the masterpieces upon those walls. To-day, work by Whistler crowds out almost everything else from the dealer's galleries; and we have had shows of his etchings that could scarcely be surpassed for completeness in the examples of his mastery over this medium.

Poor Phil May died in his prime, in strange contrast to the mellow old age and completed life of Whistler. His telling musical line sounds its rhythmic note no longer; and his quaint humour is silenced in the grave. What a thousand pities! It recalls a day I sat in his studio, and he stood brooding on the death of Beardsley. The pity of it.

Of the living men, Sargent's reputation has been further enhanced by the publication of his work in a sumptuous volume by Mr. Heinemann, with an essay by Mrs. Meynell. What a strange thing is artistic reputation! On what strange foundations built! I have just been reading an essay upon Sargent by this brilliant woman, and I do not find in it the slightest sign of the realisation of what constitutes Sargent's remarkable genius. Robert Louis Stevenson's saying of "that witty touch of Sargent's" so far from impressing me, only proves to me how much lack of the colour sense, the emotion of painting, was hidden under the strained English in Stevenson that won so many by its dread of the obvious. The man who could see as chief attribute "the witty touch" in the dominant music of Sargent's great resounding deeps, his eloquent massings, his big sonorous music, his vigorous statement, his superb feeling for character and arrangement, and his romantic musical sense of black and white—the man who could push all this man's huge gifts behind his "witty touch," was deaf to the greatness of Sargent and baffled by his magnitude. To look at Sargent's best work is to listen to an orchestration as profound as violin and deep-bellied 'cello and wood and brass wind can utter. It is resonant, large, deep-throated, orchestral -- not precious.

The Royal Academy at last shows signs of awakening—though it may be but the yawn before the re-drowsing. Clausen has been appointed professor of painting; and results of a resurgent kind may ensue.

The strongest artistic body of our time, the International Society, has elected the great French sculptor to its head in place of the dead Whistler; and thus and otherwise shows signs of continued strength.

Mr. Conder has enhanced his reputation in water-colour with his exhibition of fans; and Mr. Hazlewood Shannon with his show of lithographs; whilst the Academy schools look like giving us a student of distinction in Mr. George Murray. And Mr. Strang maintains his Holbein-like reputation for the chalked portrait. But of the younger men of mark, Mr. Brangwyn, the Beggarstaff Brothers, and others have been mute; and the year has been tame in surprises.

The facsimile reproduction of works of art in colours has advanced rapidly; and Cassell's book on Turner's water-colours at the National Gallery, and some reproductions of pastels and the like in the "Studio" and the "Magazine of Art" display a perfection in mechanical colour printing that bids fair to bring the masterpieces of the colourists into our homes in this pleasant form.

The illustration of books is chiefly remarkable for the work of two American women, Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green and Miss Jessie Wilcox Smith, in their strong and very beautiful designs to "The Book of the Child." Altogether not a great year for Art.

Music

A BUSY year, considered musically, has had its most interesting feature perhaps, so far as London is concerned, in the concerts of the Strauss Festival given in June. Think what one may of Strauss, there is no denying his significance and importance, and this series of concerts composed entirely of his music brought home the fact in an unequivocal manner. It was, in a word, a most valuable opportunity of making acquaintance with Strauss' work as a whole, and though with characteristic apathy and lack of enterprise the London musical public for the most part stayed away, a certain number were more discerning, and gained thereby a knowledge of the man and an understanding of his aims and methods which could hardly have been come by in any other way.

Under the guidance now of the composer and now of Herr Mengelberg, all of his more important orchestral works, from "Till Eulenspiegel" to "Ein Heldenleben," were given by the members of the Concertgebouw Symphonic Orchestra from Amsterdam with the most perfect sympathy and understanding, and the result, it can hardly be doubted, was enormously to advance their general understanding and appreciation. This is by no means to imply that Richard Strauss is now universally recognised as the genius which his more devoted followers reckon him; but at least there is no longer any question regarding his right to be regarded as the most remarkable of living composers, whose works are at least entitled, both on their own account and as an embodiment of the musical *zeitgeist*, to the most serious and respectful consideration. Since the festival in the summer the composer has made several other appearances before British audiences, so that he promises to become ere long one of the most popular and familiar of continental musicians who visit us from time to time. To which it may be added that his songs, which his accomplished wife Madame Strauss de Ahna sings so delightfully, seem likewise continually to increase in favour and popularity.

The opera season was on the whole one of average rather than exceptional interest. It had its features of note, but none likely to keep it very long in remembrance, unless it be the gala performance in honour of President Loubet, which though gorgeous and brilliant enough for what it was, still hardly counted from the stand-point of the musician. The season brought forth neither any new work nor any new singer of any importance. A new work there was indeed in Messrs. Carré and Missa's "Magelone," a forcible-feeble little thing the only warrant for whose production—if indeed one may admit so much—

was that it served to provide a new rôle for Madame Calvé; but otherwise the record was barren of any novelty great or small. The "Ring," on the other hand, was duly produced under the now familiar "Bayreuth-at-Bow-Street" conditions, and these performances constituted perhaps the most considerable achievement of the season as a whole. Dr. Richter in particular, in the conductor's chair, won unstinted praise, while the stage-management, though still falling a good way short of perfection, was none the less a decided advance on any previous attempts of "our only opera house" in this direction. Perhaps indeed it was on their vocal side that these particular performances were least distinguished. Such artists as Van Rooy and Ternina could not be other than acceptable, of course, but as regards many of their companions the conclusion was painfully borne in on one that the demand for first-class Wagnerian singers is at the present time considerably in excess of the supply. The legitimate successors of Schröder-Devrient, Schnorr, the Vogls, Materna, Klafsky, and the rest have yet, it would seem, to appear.

As to concerts their number has been legion—and this despite the fact that with very few exceptions they have been wretchedly attended throughout the year. Perhaps there have been too many of them, perhaps there have been other causes at work; certainly the fact remains that concert-givers as a class have had anything but a happy time during the last twelve months, and that taking the season all round an enormous amount of money must have been dropped. And this has applied to undertakings both great and small. The important and the insignificant have suffered alike in this respect, so that it will not be surprising if the coming year witnesses a considerable diminution in the amount of enterprise displayed.

Professor Kruse has been particularly unfortunate in this regard. The results attending his gallant attempt to revive the vanished glories of the "Pops" have been signally discouraging, while despite the attraction of a first-class orchestra and one of the greatest of living conductors in the person of Herr Weingartner, his Beethoven festival concerts met with no better fate. None the less the performances secured on that occasion by Herr Weingartner may unquestionably be ranked among the most memorable experiences of the year. At the "Promenades" in the autumn the number of new and ambitious orchestral works by British composers of the younger school brought to a hearing by Mr. Wood was a conspicuous feature of the season's doings, while more recently several Berlioz Centenary concerts, nearly every one of which again was most miserably attended, have engaged attention. The usual number of eminent virtuosi of one sort and another—Busoni, de Pachmann, Sauer, Ysaye, Sarasate, Kubelik, and the rest—have also appeared, of course as heretofore with varying degrees of success, while the briefest record of the past year's musical happenings would be incomplete without reference to the extraordinary number of young and brilliant violinists who have made their appearance within this period.

Outside of London perhaps the two most notable events of the musical year have been the first performance (at Birmingham) of Dr. Elgar's "The Apostles" (in which connection it may be recalled, too, that "The Dream of Gerontius" obtained its first hearing in London at the Westminster Cathedral) and the production of "Farsifal" in New York.

Drama

No great new play, no great new dramatist, no change in the status of well-known playwrights, no extraordinary success by any actor or actress, a dead level of fairly good work, that must be the verdict on the past dramatic year. No great advance, but no retrogression. The most disquieting symptom to those

who take the theatre seriously is not the increase of musical comedies and other entertainments, but the decrease of serious work in comedy, drama, and tragedy.

At Drury Lane the only striking event was Sir Henry Irving's production of a play utterly unworthy of his gifts, for Sardou's "Dante" was, to speak truth, nothing else than a poor melodrama, in which the acting of Miss Lena Ashwell was the most striking feature. At His Majesty's Mr. Beerbohm Tree has presented very varied fare: a revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Eternal City," by Mr. Hall Caine, "Resurrection," an adaptation from Tolstoy, "Flodden Field," by Mr. Alfred Austin, "Richard II.," and "The Darling of the Gods." Mr. Tree has hardly added to his already high reputation as an actor, though his Falstaff remains a wonderfully fine performance, and his Richard II. had its moments, but as a manager in the last-named play, and in his recent Japanese production, he has more than maintained his fame as a "producer." If Mr. Tree would only learn to leave something to the imagination of his audiences, both as an actor and as a stage manager, his work would be more worthy. At the St. James's Mr. Alexander has marked time with "If I were King" and "Old Heidelberg," the autumn months being filled with Mr. E. S. Willard's sumptuous production of that somewhat stagey play, "The Cardinal," by Mr. L. N. Parker.

At the Haymarket the chief pieces have been "The Unforeseen," which did not do anything like justice to Mr. Robert Marshall's undeniable ability, a revival of "The Clandestine Marriage," which gave Mr. Maude an opportunity for displaying his cleverness in depicting senility, and "Cousin Kate," by Mr. H. H. Davies, one of the most delightful entertainments of the year, and full of promise of good things to come. At the Garrick I can remember with pleasure only "The Bishop's Move," delightfully conceived, neatly written, but not adequately acted, save by Mr. Bouchier as the amiable old bishop; "The Golden Silence," by Mr. Haddon Chambers, was a sad disappointment.

Of other new plays and reproductions the most interesting were Sir Charles Wyndham's "Mrs. Goringe's Necklace," by the author of "Cousin Kate," though not equal to the latter piece; "A Clean Slate," by Mr. R. C. Carton; "Billy's Little Love Affair," by Mr. H. V. Esmond; "Othello"; and "The Light that Failed"—in the former Mr. Forbes Robertson failing to do himself justice, in the latter making the best of a bad case; Dr. Ibsen's "Vikings," and "Much Ado About Nothing," in both of which Miss Ellen Terry played admirably, but which were really most notable for the exquisite and impressive mounting designed by Mr. Gordon Craig; "The Climbers," by Mr. Clyde Fitch, a machine-made but in some ways striking play; "Letty," by Mr. Pinero; and "Little Mary," by Mr. Barrie.

To sum up, neither progress nor retrogression. The only striking feature of the dramatic year was the good work done by some of the younger school of actors, Mr. H. B. Irving, Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Nina Boucicault, Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, Mr. James Welch (in Gorki's "Doss House"), Miss Eva Moore, and one or two others.

Of the year just commenced it would be useless to prophesy; the coming dramatist may come, we may be granted a great drama or a true comedy; we can only watch and pray. Gorgeous productions will be given to us, with costly scenery and dresses. Our actors will again prove themselves worthy of better work.

The dark outlook can only be accounted for by the fact that the theatre—or rather writers for the stage—is drifting more and more out of touch with the realities of life. Of the plays of yester-year only "Letty" can be said to have tackled seriously any intimate problem of life, seriously, not successfully. Our dramatists are accomplished in stage-craft and are often writers of clever

dialogue, but—no more; they seem to study life as a stage, not the stage as life; they seem to be unable to throw aside convention; and to be afraid of probing lives and souls to their depth. It is all surface emotion, superficial fun, hollow humour. Success—and fortune—awaits the play-writer who will tell us a fresh, simple, true human story, who will give us characters of flesh and blood, incidents from life as it is in the work-a-day world. Let us hope.

New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

- Harris (Rev. W. S.), *Mr. World and Miss Church-Member*, A Twentieth Century Allegory (Brown, Langham) 5/0
 Gamble, M.A. (H. R.), *The Ten Virgins and Other Sermons*, (") 3/6
 Spurgeon (C. H.), *Sermons Preached by, The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, Vol. XLIX. (Passmore and Alabaster) 7/0
 Richardson, Mus.Doc. (A. Madeley), *Church Music* (Longmans) net 2/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Hopwood (Aubrey), *Rhymes without Reason* (Warne) net 2/6
 Gowans, M.A. (Adam L.), selected by, *The Hundred Best Poems (Lyrical) in the English Language* (Gowans and Gray) net 1/0
 Hill, D.O.L., LL.D. (George Birkbeck), *Letters Written by a Grandfather* (Brown, Langham) 3/6
 Shorter (Dora Sigerson), *As the Sparks Fly Upward* (Moring) net 2/6
 Hebbel (F.), translated by H. Goldberger, *The Niebelungs: A Tragedy in three parts* (Siegle) net 2/6
 Goddard (Ethel), *Dreams for Ireland* (Hodges, Figgis) net 2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Bateson (Mary), *Medieval England, 1016-1350 (Story of the Nations Series)* (Unwin) 5/0
 George (Claude), *The Rise of British West Africa, Part V.* (Houlston) 2/0
 Beveridge (Albert J.), *The Russian Advance* (Harper) 10/6
 Wilkins (W. H.), *A Queen of Tears, Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Norway, and Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, 2 Vols.* (Longmans) 36/0
 Brown (Wilfrid), *From Ottery to Highgate: The Story of the Childhood and Later Days of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (Colebert) 2/0
 Wakefield (E. S.), *Thomas Wakefield, Missionary and Geographical Pioneer in East Equatorial Africa* (K.T.S.) 3/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

- Bernard, D.D. (J. H.), *The Cathedral of Saint Patrick: A History and Description of the Building* (Bell)

EDUCATIONAL

- Brighouse, M.A. (T. K.), *The Philippics of Cicero V.-VII.* (Blackie) 2/6
 Conway, M.A. (Rev. F.), *Cicero: De Amicitia* (") 2/0
 Wells, M.A. (G. H.), *Cicero: De Senectute* (") 2/0

ART

- Bell (Mrs. Arthur), *Lives and Legends of the English Bishops and Kings, Medieval Monks, and Other Later Saints* (Bell) net 14/0
 Strutt (Edward C.), *Michelangelo (Miniature Series)* (Bell) net 1/6
 Strange (Edward F.), *The Colour-Prints of Japan: An Appreciation and History* (Siegle) net 1/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

- Brauer, M.A. (Herman G. A.), *The Philosophy of Ernest Renan* (Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin) net 10/0
 Distant (W. L.), *The Fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burma: Rhynchota, Vol. II., part 1* (Taylor and Francis)

MISCELLANEOUS

- Dames (E. Longworth), *Myths* (Hodges, Figgis) net 2/0
 Forsyth (John), *A Manual of Elocution* (Dent) 2/0
 Murray (Dr. James A. H.), edited by, *A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, Vol. VII.* (Oxford) 2/6
 Ellwood, Ph.D. (Charles A.), *Public Relief and Private Charity in England (University of Missouri Studies)* (University of Missouri) 75c.
 Dobbs, M.A. (A. E.), *The Nation in Judgment* (Stanford) 1/0
 Thompson's Pocket Diary and Calendar 1904. (Thompson) net 0/3
 Beneficial Home Trade (Reeves) net 0/3
 Rentoul (R. R.), *Proposed Sterilisation of Certain Mental and Physical Degenerates* (Walter Scott) net 1/0
 The People's Friend, 2 vols., 1903 (Leng) net 4/0
 Stall's Pastors' Pocket Record (Vir Publishing Co.) net 4/0
 Conwell (Joseph Alfred), *Manhood's Morning: an Inspiring Character-Building Book for Young Men* (Vir Publishing Co.) net 2/0
 Index to the Periodicals of 1902 ("Review of Reviews" Office)
 Orton, Jr. (Edward), *The Progress of the Ceramic Industry* (Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin)

FICTION

- "Mrs. McCraw," by Samuel MacPlowter, *Ruling Elder* (Gowans and Gray), net 1/0;
 "Carmen," by Prosper Mérimée (new translation) (Gowans and Gray), net 0/6;
 "The Lady of the Island," by Guy Boothby (Long), 5/0; "Sly Boots," by John Strange Winter (Long), 6/0; "Remembrance," by Mrs. Lovett Cameron (Long), 6/0; "Children of the Tenements," by Jacob A. Rius (Macmillan), 0/0.

JUVENILE

- "Æsop's Fables in Words of One Syllable" (Cassell), 0/6.

NEW EDITIONS

- "Galatea," by Miguel de Cervantes, edited by J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, translated by H. Oelssner and A. B. Welford (Gowans and Gray), net 1/0; "The New Testament," with fifty-one designs by Charles Robinson (Gowans and Gray), net 2/0;
 "A Short History of the English People," by John Richard Green, Part 39 (Macmillan), net 0/6; "A Pocket Dictionary of Hygiene," by C. T. Kingzett and D. Homfray (Baillière, Tindall), 2/6; "The Death of Glory Boys: The Story of the 17th Lancers," by D. H. Parry (Cassell), 3/6; "Browning's Essay on Shelley," edited by Richard Garnett, C.B. (Moring), net 2/6; "Critical Papers in Literature," by W. M. Thackeray (Macmillan), 3/6; "Devotional

NEW EDITIONS—continued.

Services for Public Worship," prepared by the Rev. John Hunter, D.D. (Dent) net 3/6; "Eight Essays of Bacon," with notes by E. H. Blakeney, M.A. (Blackie), 0/6.

PERIODICALS

"The Independent," "Blackwood's," "Hibbert Journal," "Monthly Review," "National Review," "Scottish Historical Review," "Architectural Review," "Churchman," "Antiquary," "Genealogical Magazine," "Harper's Monthly Magazine," "Burlington Magazine," "School," "Book Monthly," "Lippincott's," "Animal's Friend," "The Quarry," "University Extension Journal," "Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute," "American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal," "Essex Review," "New Liberal Review," "Geographical Journal," "Westminster Review."

Foreign

THEOLOGICAL

Curtis (S. I.), *Ursenitische Religion im Volksleben des heutigen Orients* (Hinrichs, Leipzig) 9 marks

SCIENCE

Guarini (M. E.), *L'état actuel de l'électroculture* (Ramlot, Bruxelles) 1 fr.

MISCELLANEOUS

Jellinghaus (Dr. H.), *Ossians Lebensanschauung* (Williams and Norgate) net 1/6

PERIODICALS

"Mercure de France."

Fiction

THE MASTERFOLK. By Haldane MacFall. (Heinemann. 6s.) This story is at once interesting and disappointing, at the same time a tale which once begun cannot be laid down until it has been read from the first word to the last. Its sentiment and pathos is sometimes real, sometimes the reverse; its humour is at times unforced and at other times it strikes the reader as anything else than free or easy; there are pages of brilliant descriptive writing, and many passages that appear stilted and untrue; most of the principal characters are drawn with insight and unflinching touch, others are caricatures, yet others are entirely false to human nature; of the whole book it must be said that while in much—even most—of it the author has done himself justice, in many parts he has failed, his artistic eyesight has been dimmed, his mental focus wrong. An interesting, irritating story, which is well worth reading, not only for its actual merits, but because an author who can write so well will one day produce a very fine work of art. At present he overcrowds his composition, many unnecessary persons and incidents distract attention from those which form the centre of the plot and too many details thrust essentials into the shade. Above all Mr. MacFall occasionally writes of departments of life of which he seems to have had no intimate experience. On the other hand his pictures of certain aspects of journalistic and Bohemian London and Paris life, with which the story deals, are fresh and true. No lover of good work and honest endeavour will fail to read Mr. MacFall's next venture with great hope of great pleasure.

THE DULE TREE OF CASSILLIS. By William Robertson. (Menzies.) A gloomy story of an eventful period in the history of Ayrshire. It tells of the rivalry and blood feud between two powerful families, the Kennedys of Carrick and the Craufords of Kerse. The lord of Carrick, Earl Gilbert of Cassillis, covets the commendatorship of Crossraguel Abbey, which is in the heart of his lands. To gain "the reversion of the Abbey and all that belonged to it, with the patronage of seven good parishes thrown in, he was ready to abjure the Pope and all his ways, and to stand up among the Protestant lords of the realm." He unscrupulously attempts to overcome all the obstacles in his path. He has the new commendator roasted over a huge fire in the vaults of Dunure until he surrenders and signs the paper giving the reversion to the Earl of Cassillis. This is the beginning of much fighting and many terrible deeds and many men are slain before a truce is declared on the death of the Earl of Cassillis. The Dule tree is the tree of mourning, under which six hundred Kennedys mourned their dead, lost in the Battle of Flodden. The times were dark and gloomy, so that the narrative cannot but be the same. There was little time spent in the romance of life then, the clash of steel was too often heard.

MORCAR. By Thomas Scott. (Greening. 6s.) The ownership of the Morcar titles and estates, and the story of a great hidden patrimony, form the subject of this story. Alfred Morcar, who has been despoiled of his rights, has his only son stolen from him by the reigning marquis, who has no children and would have been glad to settle the matter by the adoption of the boy, if his kinsman had been content to waive his claim. The boy is brought up under an assumed name, and ultimately finds the hidden treasure which by right belongs to him. Old fashioned and somewhat uninteresting.

Personalities : George Gissing

IT is a sad privilege to say these few poor words on George Gissing. I am the more glad of the opportunity because many of the "notices" which have appeared are inadequate and unworthy. Gissing seems to have been destined to misrepresentation after his death as during his life. A true artist, a fine scholar, and a most capable workman in letters, he is baldly described as though his views of life were limited to his immediate horizon and that he was nothing if not autobiographical. In a word George Gissing, a master of his craft, a writer imbued with the true spirit of Greek tragedy, is spoken of, no doubt by many of those who vexed him so terribly when living by their misinterpretation of his method and cheap judgment of his work, as if he were the veriest tyro who could not get beyond his own surroundings. Others, again, speak of him as if he were an unhappy misanthrope who never smiled. Humourist he may never have been, not even in the "Town Traveller." Tragedy seemed to him at once the truest criticism of life and the highest plane of art, but genial and full of fun, a boy all through, he was from first to last. Taine's Law was no doubt true of him as of all great writers. He was the product of his age and environment. But let me give a few brief extracts from letters. He lived in the shadow of death. "Lung trouble," he wrote in 1897, "is still hanging over me; the future is very uncertain." And again he speaks of "three months of weary idleness dodging the east winds," and that he is "off northwards in the vain hope of getting a little strength for next winter." Writing to me once more he says: "What I am bent on doing is to write books which will be read not only to-day but some years hence." Later he speaks anent social engagements: "Society is a delight and a refreshment to me, but I am a prisoner nearly all my time." Again, I find on a postcard from Catanzaro a touch of him at his best: "Weather wretched, gales and rain, tornadoes, wrecks, but the Calabrian wine is no less good." He had a passionate admiration for Vesuvius. He once told me that when he caught his first glimpse of the great volcano from the deck of a steamer he exclaimed, to the great amusement of the captain: "This is the proudest moment of my life." I find a picture of his on a postcard, "There is about a mile of red-hot lava down the slope of Vesuvius—a splendid glow at night."

Gissing was one of the most loveable of men and the brightest of companions. His laughter was whole-hearted. His sensibility was reflected in his refined face, and as he spoke his eyes lighted up with a rare brilliancy giving a glimpse of a bright and beautiful soul. The vulgar and the sordid were to him an abomination, and in the midst of his greatest necessities he would never stoop to work he considered unworthy, or to "take occasion by the hand." Literature can ill spare George Gissing.

W. MORRIS COLLES.

Anton Tchëhov*

IN Russia the political safety valve for public opinion is found chiefly in the utterances of what Englishmen would naturally pass over as simply fiction. Hence a Russian novelist, whose tales can run rapidly through successive Russian editions and who yet remains quite unmolested by the government censor, is a rare individual.

* In the English spelling of Russian names, &c., here adopted, the nearest approach to the original sounds is aimed at, in as few letters as possible. It is surely time for English writers to abandon the cumbersome and complicated German orthography so much in vogue for the transliteration of Slav words.

Such is Anton Tchëhov, amongst his own countrymen, one of the most widely read contemporary Russian writers. Although only now in his forty-fifth year Tchëhov has already written some hundreds of stories. He may perhaps be styled the creator of a type of Russian tale complete in a couple of pages: one idea, one motive, suffices him. His striking want of incident, and his usual avoidance of anything approaching a worked-up denouement, have met with much adverse criticism. Thus in the opinion of many readers Tchëhov's tales lack every element which constitutes a really good short story. Others, again, see here his chief merit, and delight in some fugitive impression focussed with the swiftness of a snapshot. In his choice of backgrounds, in his accessories, so to speak, Tchëhov is distinctly national. He describes scenes which could only be witnessed in Russia; but neither in his stories, nor in his plays—he has written two—does he ever evolve genuine, national types of humanity. Dipso-maniacs, lunatics haunted with every species of weird hallucination, hysterical, amorous, and generally depraved women. These are Tchëhov's favourite subjects, interspersed curiously enough here and there with charming little idylls of child-life. Though even these are frequently marred by the shadow of a brutal want of sympathy cast by the child's elders. Yet through all his presentments there runs a note of exaggeration, of artifice. His characters remain unquickenened by that breath of life which pulsates through Gorki's work, for instance.

Again, Tchëhov's attitude towards life is totally opposed to that of the generality of Russian authors. Dive deep enough into the hearts of these and you will not fail to catch a resounding accent of love and attachment to their country, and as a Russian puts it: "There is always an invisible tear behind their visible laughter." Not so with Tchëhov. He has no reformer's aspirations, he preaches no sermons, he utters no "harsh and angry cry from the depths." He views the mental and physical misery on his every side merely with a kind of satirical apathy, occasionally almost comic in its indifference.

Having no soul-stirring convictions himself, he can hardly impart them to others. Evidently the censor has been astute enough to discover this.

But, viewing Tchëhov's various limitations, wherein, it may be asked, lies the secret of his undoubted hold upon the Russian public? Chiefly, one is inclined to think, in his remarkable brevity and conciseness. With these qualities he represents a new phase in Russian literature. They have enabled him to fascinate an impatient modern generation of readers, who are also probably somewhat weary of having constantly to read between the lines of stories with a purpose. In Tchëhov they meet, it may be for the first time, with a compatriot who writes solely *pour passer le temps dans un monde où l'on s'ennuie*.

A. E. KEETON.

Egomet

IDO not quite understand, or agree with so far as I do understand, the sentimental regrets so often expressed, especially in works of fiction, for schoolboy days. Lapse of time, may-be, blunts the memories of many of us, smoothing down the rough places of the past, the while the uneasy things of to-day loom large. But for myself, many things as I may have forgotten, I still recall only too vividly the discomforts of school. The place in which my schooldays were laid was indeed pleasant; beneath the shadow of lofty minster-towers: in the cloisters where of old monks walked, talked, laved themselves and would doubtless have slept but for precautionary peepholes supplied by the cunning architect:

in old chambers and dim halls and vaulted rooms. What more could a lover of books and of ancient days desire? To wander through the grey minster aisles, worshipping at the shrines of dead kings and queens, poets, painters and statesmen; on a rainy day, when sports, thank heaven, were impossible, to loiter in the cloisters, book in hand; to listen at eventide to the chorus of the crows returning to nest.

The lack of human sympathy was that for which I thirsted in vain. I was a mere unit, a cypher rather, among hundreds. Why should any master choose me out, to make my way easy, to lighten burdens which I utterly abhorred, to teach my intelligence, guide my desires? Surely I was only one of many such boys, lonely, yet seeking companions, eager to read, yet fed with husks. How hateful to me the dreary routine of the lessons, so much to learn by heart, so little appeal to the head. Most of what was drummed into me at school I have striven to forget, that which I still treasure I taught myself to value. It is often urged as part of the value of a public school education that boys gain friends who will be valued in after life. I did not do so—do many? The only friends I had then and still retain were books—books I chose, not those which were put into my hand.

Unexpected and expected volumes were among my boy friends. Marryatt I loved dearly, not for adventures' sake, but chiefly "Jacob Faithful" and "Japhet," for their pictures of town and country life; Dickens I cared not for, he was to be a friend of maturer days; Macaulay's History, Browning, of all poets for a boy, especially in those days when he was not worshipped so freely as he came to be in later times; Cellini's Autobiography; Pepys; such were a few of my boyhood's books, in addition to those of childhood.

Boys as a rule read as little as do men and women, which is meant as no sneer but as a sad statement of fact. I used to think that most men loved books and read them; I now know that book lovers are few, a few thousands at most among the millions. It is easy to stray over the borders of the book world and to talk with those to whom great writers are at most mere names. If men would but dare to confess, it would be found that not one in a thousand has ever read Shakespeare. It is partly because of this that the Bible has had so vast an influence upon our tongue; it is the one book which all men have heard read even if they have not read it for themselves.

Are boys better off at school to-day than they were in my time? I doubt it, judging by the little I have heard. Still boys are taught in flocks by shepherds who know not their sheep except by name. To each master every boy is alike, must be taught alike, punished alike. Then when the boys grow up they prate about the dear dead days of school—and drive their own offspring through the same mill-grind. Thus it seems ever to have been, likely ever to be, only here and there a voice calling in the wilderness, awakening profitless echoes.

E. G. O.

[NOTE.—The continuation of John Oliver Hobbes' "Letters from a Silent Study" is unavoidably postponed until next week.]

Dramatic Notes

A VISIT to "The Professor's Love Story" at the St. James's Theatre was profitable in more ways than one. Mr. Willard is giving his many admirers an excellent sample of his powers, though occasionally he is a thought too formal and studied, and Miss Gracie Leigh as the heroine of this simple love story acts with rare, very rare, distinction and restraint. There are few actresses with faces so full of expression: too many of our performers are content to rely solely upon words for the expression of their emotions. When Miss Leigh is not speaking she is thinking, and we can follow her thought not merely in her eyes and the shadows and smiles upon her face, but even in the attitudes she assumes and in the lines of her figure. If only the conventionalities of the stage do not overpower her she will give us great work some day.

"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY" is what may be called an early Barrie, and affords ground for an interesting study of that master's methods and mannerisms. As I have said before, Mr. Barrie is a teller of fairy tales, and to that class of work it will probably be most profitable for him to confine himself. The play in question, "Crichton," and "Little Mary" all fall to the ground when tested with the rude argument of truth to human nature and to the life of every day; they fail also whenever the author himself puts them to that test; the last act of "Crichton" failed because it brought us all down with a rough jolt to the affairs of earth; the most unreal episode in "Little Mary" is the too true scene between the father and the son. Mr. Barrie has shown advance chiefly in his use of humour. In "The Professor's Love Story" it is all very naïve, sometimes charming, sometimes childish, as when a physician mistakes "Cherchez la femme" for the name of a disease! Mr. Barrie's humour remains naïve and fresh as ever, but childish things he has put away, it is to be hoped for ever. His dialogue, too, improves as the years go by. Perchance one day he will soar into the realms of unrestrained fancy and present us with a classic; another "Midsummer Night's Dream" or "As You Like It"; is that too high praise? Well, there are some of us who have much faith in Mr. Barrie.

It is often cast in the teeth of those who hope for higher things from our dramatists than they are at present giving us, that we are offended at the vogue of musical comedy. All we really contend for is that such productions are not the be-all and end-all of the drama, that the play's the thing, good as may be gorgeous scenery, sumptuous dresses, sparkling verse, tuneful music, and the laughable funniments of the low comedian. "Musical comedy" is a bad name, for it has been used to include all sorts of productions, to some of which it is impossible to apply any more seemly word than "drivel." On the other hand, it also includes much better works, such, for example, as most of those produced in recent years at Daly's Theatre. "The Geisha," "San Toy," and "A Country Girl" are, to all intents, comic operas, standing as high in their class as any others, save only, and probably always, the series known as the Gilbert-Sullivan. The plot of the last piece is nebulous, but what of that? Has not that been the case with many a charming comic opera? But the lyrics by Mr. Adrian Ross rank high, being written neatly, smartly, and with a distinct feeling for good verse: the music by Mr. Lionel Monckton, if not of extraordinary originality, is melodious, skilfully written both for voices and orchestra, and apparently deliberately free from mere tuniness and vulgarity. The first scene, a Devonshire landscape, is sheer stage conventionality; but

the second, the interior of the Ministry of Fine Arts (would there were such an office !), is one of the most realistic and splendid interiors ever put upon the stage. Of the performance it is hardly possible to speak with equal enthusiasm. Mr. Hayden Coffin can sing excellently well when he chooses to do so, and I think he underrates the culture of theatrical audiences by not giving them of his best. Miss Isabel Jay is an artist of refinement, gifted with a charming voice. Mr. Rutland Barrington has much too little to do, but delights us, as he always has done, with his clear enunciation and quiet humour. Mr. Huntley Wright is a farceur of parts, more dependent upon his author than most low comedians, which is desirable when the author can provide plenty of good things, which in this case he has failed to do.

It is not only grown-up folk who are to-day provided with artistic, pretty, clever musical pieces, the youngsters are in luck too, so also their elders who take them to such admirable productions as "Little Hans Andersen" at the Adelphi Theatre, and "Snowdrop" and "Brer Rabbit" at the Court. To the former I have already devoted some space, and need only add that Captain Basil Hood and Mr. Walter Slaughter and all concerned are to be congratulated, and so are those who sit among the spectators. "Snowdrop" is also delightful, well devised, well mounted and well played. Lucky children! How far superior both in form and fancy are such productions as these to the noisy entertainments which to-day usurp the name of pantomime.

MR. GILBERT'S re-appearance at the Garrick Theatre as a writer of plays will be watched with interest. Much, if not all, of his early work for the stage has been forgotten by present playgoers; there was work of very high merit in "Broken Hearts," "Engaged," and "The Wicked World," all of which pieces repay reading and would be worth replaying. I hope, however, Mr. Gilbert will give full rein to his fancy, not confining himself too rigidly to the events, men, and women of every day.

THE characters in Captain Marshall's new play do not "follow the drum." The gallant officer's latest addition to the literature of the stage is a "Comedy of Manners." There are only four principal characters, which are to be played by Miss Eva Moore, Miss Marie Illington, Mr. Weedon Grossmith and Mr. Graham Browne. The latter gentleman is playing the part for which Mr. Allan Aynesworth was originally cast, and which he has had to resign on account of a great access of work and trouble—all sympathy will be with Mr. Aynesworth, the loss of whose father is the cause of his resignation. Captain Marshall's play is a comedy absolutely in the lighter vein, involving no serious issues.

"MADAME SHERRY" calls for no critical comment; it is commonplace and vulgar. But two questions suggest themselves: if the Licenser of Plays considers this piece fit for public production, on what grounds or guided by what reasons does he form his decisions? And why, when home products are so good, do managers consider it necessary to import foreign nastiness? This is certainly a case of "dumping" which might profitably be put an end to.

Jerusalem

THE PROPHETIC BOOKS OF WILLIAM BLAKE: JERUSALEM,
Edited by E. R. D. MacLagan and A. G. B. Russell.
(Bullen. 6s. net.)

WE have here an edition, on good paper and in large clear print, at the same time comparatively cheap in price, of the "Jerusalem," one of the "Prophetical Books" of the celebrated painter-poet, William Blake. It is preceded by an excellent introduction, which explains so far as any introduction of moderate brevity may do the intricate and difficult symbolical system of the poem and the prophetical books in general. It is well we should have some such edition of these books, because they are not included in ordinary issues of Blake's poetry, and can only be obtained in expensive editions of his complete works.

It cannot be pretended that these books are ever likely to become popular, even among sincere lovers of poetry—even among sincere lovers of Blake's poetry, sufficiently rare though these are. Of course, the term "prophetical books" need frighten no one, as though it meant books foretelling the future. Blake used the term in its original sense, to signify books dealing with mystical subject-matter. But apart from the inherent difficulty of such subject-matter, and the symbolic language which it involves, Blake translated everything into a symbolic language of his own, invented symbolic characters of his own; or rather, he bestowed on mythological characters already existing a nomenclature of his own, which adds vastly to the difficulty of following him. Nay, he went a further length. In the prophetic books of the Bible, which to a considerable extent he made his model, geographical names of the countries and localities about Judea (such as Edom and the like) are employed with a symbolic meaning. Had Blake used these names, his meaning would have been comparatively clear, their signification being already fixed. He does, in fact, sometimes employ them. But he also uses constantly, with a parallel symbolic signification, the names of various London quarters, such as Norwood, Finchley, Blackheath and Hounslow. To attach any symbolic ideas to these is indeed hard; and when they have to be made out from the poems alone, without other aid, the most dauntless may well falter. Indeed, the entire symbolism of Blake has to be arrived at from his poems alone; with the added difficulty that a large portion of these "prophetic" books has been destroyed by men who counted themselves his admirers.

We cannot but reckon the poet wantonly and needlessly eccentric in the methods he took to express, or rather to conceal his meaning. The result is that even a fellow-poet so well capable of understanding him as Coventry Patmore has questioned the sanity of these poems. And of this "Jerusalem" itself, viewed as a poem, apart from any central sanity of meaning, it must be said that (while it has fine lines and passages, for it is Blake) it is as a whole chaotic, uncouth, and often actually ludicrous. It is impossible to read it for pleasure; because it is not, for any length of time, coherently work of art. Blake's poetic power seems here to run to seed. No evocation of meaning from apparent meaninglessness can do away with or atone for this lack of poetic form. Nay, yet worse, there is more often than not a lack of substantial poetry. By which we do not mean that it might not have been poetry, but that it is not poetry; and this defect does not depend on mere ruggedness or even roughness of expression. We cannot think that "Jerusalem" has in it the breath of life, when the fashion of literary resurrectionism shall have passed.

Musical Notes

THAT was excellent advice which Professor Niecks was giving to the Incorporated Musicians the other day, when he insisted on the importance of general culture as part of the musician's outfit. All of us have met too frequently professors and students of the art by whom it could be adopted with advantage. But this is far from implying that matters are worse in this respect to-day than formerly. On the contrary, our latter-day musicians are probably far better cultivated as a class than their predecessors. How it may be with teachers I will not pretend to say, but as regards composers this is almost certainly the case. I am not sure indeed that many of our younger men are not going even too far in this direction—becoming, that is to say, too literary and introspective.

THIS one writes poems and music with equal facility; that one is a brilliant essayist when he is not dashing off a symphonic poem; another is a pamphleteer concerning the conditions of the art; while a fourth is at once executant, composer, analyst, and musical historian all rolled into one. This sort of thing certainly means no lack of culture, though doubtless there is a culture of a still wider sort which Professor Niecks had in view. But this also, I fancy, could be shown to exist in plenty too. Richard Strauss, by all accounts, is a man of very various knowledge and wide intellectual sympathies. Sir Hubert Parry, at once sportsman, scholar, antiquarian, critic, school director, composer, and social lion is essentially an all-round man. Sir Alexander Mackenzie is known as a man of wide culture, a notable linguist and a wit. Dr. Elgar's versatility is a matter of common knowledge—if he has now given up his kite flying, he has still a dozen other interests outside his art from agriculture to archæology.

AND with latter-day executants it is much the same. Mr. Leonard Borwick is only one of many pianists possessed of wide general knowledge—due in his case to the precepts of Madame Schumann. Herr Rosenthal plies the pen hardly less brilliantly than he fingers the keys. Josef Hofmann corresponds fraternally with Edison as a fellow inventor, and can discourse on pictures, of which he has a valuable collection, by the hour. Dr. Joachim studies literature with the enthusiasm of an expert. Jean de Reszke's devotion to the turf is well known. And so one might run on to any extent. But these, it may be said, are those who have succeeded, and therefore support Dr. Niecks's case. Certainly it must be agreed that among the smaller fry few "talk shop" with more persistency than your professional musician—or with more depressing results.

DR. COWEN's paper respecting composers' mannerisms was also advice on a fruitful subject, which seems to have been far from exhausted by the speaker, if one may go by the reports to hand. That famous "essential turn" of Wagner, for instance, was certainly not the last word concerning the mannerisms of the composer of the "Ring." Certain harmonies and chords which he constantly employs I should regard, for example, as even more characteristic. The case of Wagner would seem to show, too, that decided mannerisms of a sort may co-exist with the highest genius. Dr. Cowen's seeming suggestion that absence of mannerisms is a distinguishing work of the supremely great appears therefore questionable.

It may be noted, too, that while Wagner had his peculiar characteristics, yet these did not prevent him from differentiating the music of his several works to an extent absolutely unapproached by any other composer. The

music of "Siegfried" is totally different from that of "Die Meistersinger," as that of "Tristan" is utterly different again from either; and of each of the master's other works, from "Rienzi" onward, no less must be said. Yet let him hear but ten consecutive bars from any of his works, and who that knows his Wagner will have the smallest difficulty, whether he recognises the particular passage or not, in naming the opera from which it comes? On the other hand, taking the operas as a whole, who can deny that each is absolutely and unmistakably Wagnerian? Surely here is one of Wagner's greatest wonders—he was at once so intensely individual and yet so marvellously various.

THEREFORE I doubt if there is anything whatever in the "no mannerism" theory as a mark of greatness. I doubt indeed if there is any composer great or small in whose works characteristic peculiarities cannot be found. Dr. Cowen and Professor Prout, I notice, claimed that Bach and Beethoven were exempt from such. But it would hardly be difficult, I fancy, to cite numerous instances in disproof of this suggestion. The preludes and fugues of the "Forty-Eight" are amazingly distinctive no doubt, yet the same figures and devices constantly recur; and the same applies even more markedly in the case of the sonatas of Beethoven. As to Mozart there can surely be no question as to his distinctive traits, while Brahms, of course, who seems to have been curiously overlooked by Dr. Cowen, is an even more striking instance to a like effect, as Herr Weingartner long ago pointed out.

BUT of course there are mannerisms and mannerisms—from those of the cheapest street tunes (which Gurney discussed at some length in that interesting volume which ought to be so much better known, "The Power of Sound") up to the noblest characteristics of the greatest masters; and, in a sense, no composer is of much account until he has developed them—until he has developed, that is to say, that distinctive style of which they are largely the ingredients.

It is pleasant to hear that Humperdinck is engaged on a new opera. At present the composer of "Hänsel und Gretel" bids fair to go down to posterity as a "single speech" musician. Certainly it argues extraordinary reticence and self-restraint on Herr Humperdinck's part, that he has not been tempted to follow up more energetically the prodigious success achieved by that delightful work. Many will recall no doubt the charming incidental music which he wrote to accompany the fairy play "Die Königskinder" (of which a mutilated English version was brought out at the Court Theatre), while one or two lesser works have also been heard at rare intervals; but, so far, I think he has written no second opera. The new work is based, it seems, on an adaptation by Humperdinck himself of Dumas' play "Mademoiselle de Saint Cyr" and the characters will all appear in modern dress.

THE Royal Academy of Music has secured a valuable addition to its staff in Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, who has been appointed one of its professors of singing. Mr. Davies is to be reckoned, at the present time, one of the finest baritones we possess, who not only has an admirable voice but knows how to use it with rare judgment and effect. At the same time he is a man of such general cultivation, who has thought so deeply concerning the problems of his art, that he should be peculiarly well able to impart his knowledge to others. Some of the greatest singers have, of course, been totally unable to do this. Other very mediocre vocalists themselves have been superlatively successful teachers.

MUSICAL critics in this country are a retiring body of men, who would assuredly shrink from the conditions under which the craft is pursued in New York, where apparently the grossest personalities are to be reckoned as part and parcel of the trade. Most of these appear indeed to proceed from one source, to wit, the weekly journal known as the "Musical Courier," outside of whose staff, one gathers, neither honesty nor capacity is to be found in the ranks of the New York musical press; but they must be none the less unpleasant to those concerned. A recent effort of this organ was to reproduce a photo of the critic of the "Tribune" playing the violin in a children's orchestra with the object of disproving his claims to criticise other fiddlers. But such an application of the "who drives fat oxen" principle would, if applied all round, expel most critics from the business.

MADAME PATTI's reported statement to a New York interviewer that "Parsifal" was written by Wagner with a view to her taking the part of Kundry, is quite the most comical item of musical intelligence which has appeared for some time. "Tristan," we know, was written in the first instance as a light and popular work, which might engage the sympathies of South American audiences; but "Parsifal" and—Patti! The force of incongruity could no further go. If Wagner really had imagined that Madame Patti, after a lifetime devoted to opera in its most conventional forms, would be likely to devote her talents with advantage to the impersonation of such a part as Kundry, in such a work as "Parsifal," his faith in the perfectibility of the prima donna nature must have been childlike and bland indeed. But I would have given much to have been privileged to witness Madame Patti gravely studying the score of "Parsifal," the perusal of which convinced her, we are told, that the music "was not for me." Yet there is one part in Wagner which, had the fates so ordained it, the songstress of Craig-y-Nos might have sung divinely. Patti in her prime would have been the ideal Eva.

ONE of those things which one can never quite understand is why the stream of concerts, at other times so unduly swollen, should cease so completely at the present season. At a time when so many people are making holiday and generally on pleasure bent, one might have thought the concert-giver would find his opportunity. Yet seemingly in the judgment of the profession this is not the case. Certainly it is not for the critic to complain of a condition of affairs which affords him and his like a most welcome respite. But presumably it is hardly on his account that matters are ordered thus, and viewing the question from a broader standpoint, I cannot help fancying that many of those performers who will later on be competing fiercely against one another for attention to the extent of ten or twelve concerts a day, would be well advised another year to take occasion by the hand and step in at a time when their competitors are mostly silent.

CERTAINLY the audiences at the only concerts which have been given since Christmas lent no countenance to the theory that people are disinclined for music just now. Both the Queen's Hall symphony concert on New Year's Day and the annual performance of the "Messiah" by the Royal Choral Society in the evening drew enormous audiences. In the absence of Mr. Wood, the symphony concert was conducted by Mr. Emil Pauer, who proved himself once more an orchestral chief of very decided parts, while affairs at Albert Hall were directed, of course, by Sir Albert Bridge with results neither better nor worse than those usually attained on these occasions. The singing of such things as "And the Glory," "Lift up your Heads," and the rest by so vast a body as the Albert Hall choir

could never be wholly unimpressive; but this is far from saying that it was really high-class choral singing which was heard on this particular occasion. It is probably the old story. Familiarity, &c. Madame Clara Butt, Madame de Vere, Mr. Lloyd Chandos, and Mr. Watkin Mills were the soloists.

SUCCESSSES do not come to English opera so frequently that one can afford to overlook that which seems to have been achieved in distant Malta by a work entitled "The Red Laird," words by Lord Herbert Scott, and music by Mr. C. W. James. The opera is described as light in character, as regards both its book and its score, but since it is said to have been given with success several times in the presence of large audiences, its authors would appear to have achieved their end—and not Wagner or Mozart could do more. Mr. James, the composer, is well known in London musical circles, not only as an erudite musician, but likewise as an accomplished critic.

CONGRATULATIONS to Miss Evelyn Stuart on her escape from what seems to have been an eminently unpleasant experience during—or rather while returning from—her recent visit to Warsaw, where she was engaged to play at one of the Philharmonic concerts. Artistically her triumph seems to have been complete, since we are told that after taking part in Saint-Saëns G minor concerto, she had to give no less than two encores. It was on her way back to England that trouble befell her. Having had a little difficulty over her passport in the first instance, she missed her right train and then, as if this were not enough, the train she was in must needs run into another one, entailing further delay under very disagreeable conditions, though happily, it would seem, no loss of life or limb. Miss Stuart will probably think twice before going to Warsaw again. After the open arms which we have extended to Russian music in England it is really too bad that they should try in this fashion to deprive us of one of our most gifted artists.

Art Notes

THE winter exhibition of Old Masters at the Royal Academy this year will certainly be known as the "Lawrence year," and the reputation of the old president stands the strain more than passing well. The room devoted to the work of the lately dead—Horsley and Sydney Cooper and Wells—is perhaps a sad and pathetic exhibition; indeed it is rather a pity that the jibe at them should have been so unduly called for. But the sculptors Harry Bates and Onslow Ford make good the accomplishment of the Academy. There is a fascinating collection of bronzes by the old Frenchmen, Italians, and Venetians of the fourteen and fifteen hundreds.

THERE is a remarkably fine Reynolds in the great gallery—"The Marquis of Granby," standing by his horse—the whole canvas is masterly in colour and treatment, and the handling of the paint virile and vigorous. There is a very good Canaletto, "Verona." There is a charming Romney and a good Raeburn. But most art-lovers will turn from these things, even from the Rembrandt and the Velasquez and the Botticelli, to say nothing of the Vandykes, to the Lawrences. Here is the picture of Miss Farren which we all know so well from the celebrated engraving—and a delightful masterpiece it is, silvery and pure in colour, and strongly and firmly painted. It has that facile suggestion of ease in the handling that is always an attribute of master-work. The "Master Lambton" is also here, as is the well-known "Countess of Gower and Child."

The general impression left upon the mind—and it is in Lawrence that we are chiefly interested, the great dead whose occasional masterpieces are scattered over these walls are only by the way—the general impression of Lawrence's genius is to me rather strengthened than weakened. Of a truth, in the lump his affectations and his sentimentalities are forced upon us—I do not deny it. But I have been more struck with his strength of handling, particularly with the brush work and the colour, than when I have seen his canvases apart. His feeling for form and his mastery of the stroke of the paint are very marked. And in his superb masterpiece, the "Miss Farren," he reaches a dexterity, an artistry and a splendid achievement which are devoid of all his faults and show all his fine talents at their highest and best. Altogether a most interesting exhibition, on which the Royal Academy is to be congratulated.

At the Leicester Galleries is a show of colour-prints on glass, dating back to Queen Anne in their beginnings. There is such a mania for colour-prints to-day that it is more than likely these mezzotints that have been transferred to glass, rubbed down, and coloured, may sell for large prices—but surely the vogue will be a vogue for curiosities and for rarity rather than for artistic merit! When, however, it is remembered how perishable these things are from their very nature, it is wonderful to find such a large collection brought together; and even as a curiosity they are bound to attract notice.

ANOTHER room at the same galleries is given up to the work of "Tom" Collier, R.I., the master of water-colour landscape, who was received into the Legion of Honour. Mr. Wedmore writes a charming little preface to the catalogue of Collier's work, but he waxes unduly sentimental as to the artistic genius of the French: "The Land that understands all Art," he says—"the people who are ready to receive it—made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour." Well—they never "understood" or "received" Turner; and I have rarely met a French artist that knew Turner's work, nor have I seen a Turner in a French public gallery of any repute!

At the Dudley Gallery is a show of the work by a group of landscape painters, Messrs. Allan, Peppercorn, Aumonier, Leslie Thomson, Mark Fisher, and Sir E. Waterlow. The work of such men is always a pleasure to behold; and I have never seen a more perfect picture of sunlight from Mr. Mark Fisher's hands than the "Backwater—Spring." His "In County Dublin" is delightful. Mr. Allan makes a hit with his "Sienna," and his twilight "At Moret," whilst Mr. Peppercorn, who displays the poetic mind in all he does, is remarkably good in "The Bend in the River."

THE "Architectural Review" for January has a photograph of the base of Mr. Blomfield's fine "South African War Memorial" at Haileybury College, that somehow seems to call for a quadrangle round about it to show it off in its proper atmosphere—it looks at sea in the fields.

In "The School World" Mr. Archibald Christie has a much-needed protest against the dry-as-dust methods of teaching drawing as it is practised in schools. He pleads hard for drawing to be made interesting—that the youngster should be allowed to let his hand try to reach his imagination, and be taught to appreciate the works of the masters, instead of bending all his talents and his interest on the mere technique of drawing dull objects. I am utterly with Mr. Christie. I could teach a boy more art in a month by giving him a book of Randolph Caldecott's

to copy, than can be won into his hand by shading all the pyramids and globes and forms so dear to the scholastic minds that direct art schools. Any boy will learn more of art from a few interesting examples of good pictures, especially of romantic pictures, than any drawing-master of a school can give him from all the laws of the game. In fact, drawing-masters forget that art is the capacity to transfer emotion; and lose their own strength and the strength of the pupil in trying to teach the grammar of a language instead of the language itself.

SOME schools have been in advance of others in teaching art. And just as Harrow has achieved fame in music, so Charterhouse has always been remarkable in its artistic training. The periodical of the school, "The Greyfriar," shows that there is no falling off in this matter—indeed the art feeling throughout it is most commendable.

I WAS particularly struck the other evening on visiting, by the veriest chance, the London County Council School of Photo-engraving and Lithography at 6, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, by the wonderful success of some teachers of drawing. Here the capable art master has brought out the capacity of the students to express the mood and emotion of things in a way that is a rare and pleasant surprise. Some of the work was excellent, and the lithographic "pulls" struck me as quite remarkably fine.

THE present number of "Art," edited by J. E. Buschmann, is devoted to the art of Jan Van Goyen and the drawings of Rubens.

"THE BRICKBUILDER," an American publication devoted to architecture, shows the same artistic energy in this great branch of art in the United States that marks the enormous artistic awakening of that wonderful country.

AMONGST the recent additions to the Art treasures at the South Kensington Museum may be mentioned two plaster casts from the antique, one of the "Apollo della Terme" which was taken from the Tiber in 1891, and the other of a kneeling youth of which the headless exquisite marble was found at Subiaco in 1883, being Attic work of the second half of the fourth century B.C. The Furniture and Woodwork has gained in specimens of carved oak from the Rhine. To the generosity of Mr. Fitzhenry is due a series of tiles dating from the fourteenth century, the enamel surface being painted in Gothic leaf-work encircling shields of arms. This same donor has given a large group of the Virgin and Child in terra-cotta of Veronese workmanship. Mr. Marling, the British agent at Sofia, has given a very fine, large, glazed-earthenware vase, probably painted by the Chinese at Ispahan, at the Court of Shah Abbas II. in the early years of the seventeenth century. Pewter is becoming a daily increasing craze amongst such as collect collections, and the pewter work in the Museum has just been re-arranged, the English being separated from the foreign.

In the gallery near Leighton's cartoon "The Arts of Peace" is shown for the first time a selection of drawings lately acquired for the National Art Library. These include two original drawings for the Moxon "Tennyson," by Sir John Millais; one for Dickens's "Little Dorrit," by James Mahoney, a fine artist of the 'sixties; one for "Once a Week," by F. W. Lawson; and one by "Phiz" for "Pickwick." Frank Barnard's tinted study for "Jingle" is amongst other attractions. There are "Punch" drawings by Leech—pencil studies with a proof from the finished wood-block—Charles Keene's

pen drawings—George Du Maurier's pencil studies from his sketch books, also his pen drawings and proofs from the wood-blocks; whilst on the walls of the National Art Library Reading Room are a set of original drawings and tinted and working proofs of Randolph Caldecott's picture books and "Graphic" illustrations.

It may not be generally known, but there is a large amount of such interesting work to be seen at South Kensington, of which the present exhibition is but a selection.

MESSRS. HANFSTAENGL'S illustrated catalogue of the masterpieces at the Hague and at Haarlem recalls many splendid first impressions of the glories of the Dutch galleries. The reproductions are on a good useful scale, instead of the appalling miniatures that make the modern illustrated catalogue a terror to the eye and brain; and the publisher's name is sufficient guarantee for their excellence. How strangely kind the camera is to some masterpieces, how wantonly unkind to others. Cerezo's "Penitent Magdalen" reproduces beautifully, and Frans Hals' "Portrait" by himself or pupil at Haarlem, needless to say, comes out excellently well, as do the Rembrandts. An interesting catalogue of reproductions from these great galleries.

Correspondence

George Gissing

SIR,—May I have a short space in your columns in which to say a word or two respecting my late friend George Gissing? I find that the majority of writers who have mentioned him since his death refer to what they are pleased to term the monotony of his writings, repeating the old, worn-out statement that so wearied Gissing in his life. In one of his letters to me, dated February 23, 1903, he alludes to some words of mine respecting his "By the Ionian Sea," and his autobiography under the nom de plume of Henry Ryecroft, and he adds, "I should like to say that your estimate of my work as a whole seems to differ most refreshingly from that which is most often brought under my notice. After having been told by all manner of authorities, year after year, that the note of my writing is its depressing monotony, and that variety of subject and manner seem wholly beyond my reach, it is, I confess, encouraging to hear a different opinion, and one which my own heart tells me is a true one."

"I suppose the fact of the matter is that very few reviewers have read more than one or two of my books, and to those who like yourself keep a certain number of them in mind I am most grateful—all the more so that I must needs wonder how they do it and how you do it amid the press of writing which calls for their and your attention."

To these words may I add that no one who ever knew Gissing could honestly speak of monotony in his conversation or writing. He was an erudite man, well versed in classic lore, had the Latin historians and some of the Greek ones at his finger tips, and could read both languages easily when he cared to do so. He was a very shy and fastidious man, and was much troubled by adverse criticism, as he was peculiarly sensitive to it. He was almost morbid in many of his thoughts, and had a strange vein of romance running through his sad life. Into the details of his early career I do not care to enter. They were very hard and very cruel, and the learning which he accumulated was obtained at vast cost and through much suffering.

He was one of the kindest of men, one of those who would take any trouble to help another, especially if the man requiring help was a writer who was striving to live by his pen, and to such an one his heart went out, and he aided him secretly and splendidly; asking no thanks in return. The memory of his own old days of hard struggle never left him and tinged the whole of his life, but it was seldom that his friends could get him to talk of those old sad days.

As a conversationalist he had few equals. His voice was a delightful one, full of charm and melody, and he loved to read

aloud and to talk of nature, of flowers, and of mountains. He had few friends and few of them knew one another, as Gissing did not love to have many men about him, but to commune with one at a time and to admit but very few into the secret recesses of his heart. Of the country he had an ever-abiding and profound love, and in that connection let me quote from another of his letters, in which he says, "To live at Guildford, as you do, and to see Spring coming up over the heaths! Here (St. Jean de Luz) we have primroses and violets, yes, even hart's-tongue and spleenwort; but all these things on the slopes of the Pyrenees are not the same thing as to see them in a Surrey lane."

"Would that I could be with you and see lovely Surrey in all her maiden beauty again."

To those of us who *knew* Gissing, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" are full of meaning. We can see him and hear him in every page of the book, and we know how his own life and his own love are pictured in that book. We would have wished that he had not been so much the Apostle of Pessimism, and yet that was more the result of his health than the state of his mind. He was really a very cheerful man, of a certain quaint lurking humour withal, and with an eager desire to gain health and to do still better work than he had ever done, and yet with a consciousness that in "Henry Ryecroft" he had done his last important work. It has proved that it was so, and to the great grief of his friends Gissing has left us, and has been called from the world—that at first so evilly treated him and afterwards so grudgingly gave him her praise—to a better sphere; one of which he often spoke, and where he would be able, as he said, "to rest and think and be happy," and where "surely there would be violets and birds, with the fruits of the willow and the tender green grass" to delight his wearied eyes.

There have been few simpler minds in the world, few who have had sweeter and simpler pleasures, few truer men, and few who have more longed for rest, and now the rest has come, and the world has hardly yet understood what she owes to George Gissing and to his books.—Yours, &c.,

The Mount, Guildford,
January, 1904.

GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON.

"The Styles of Statesmen"

SIR,—The writer of the article with the above title is not a perfectly trustworthy guide in statistics. He states that of the forty-two words contained in Mr. Morley's paragraph, but ten are of English origin, and by the simple arithmetical process of deducting ten from forty-two obtains a remainder—thirty-two, or seventy-six per cent.—which, he concludes, represents the words of foreign origin. But, on proceeding to give the etymologies of this group, he can enumerate only twenty-eight, and he calmly ignores the discrepancy, leaving us to assume that one *the*, one *a* and one *of* must be of foreign descent. And what about the proper name?

On the philological side, too, he is equally unreliable. The Gothic form, corresponding to the adverb *hardly*, was *harduba*, but the O.E. was *heardlice* or *hardlice*. Yet we are told that our modern word is derived from the former! In Icelandic the ordinary co-ordinating conjunction is *ok* = *and*, the only form which is at all like *and* being *enda*, which means *and even*, and was rarely used. On the other hand, one cannot read three lines of O. English prose without meeting the word. Similarly with the word *to*, which, we are assured, comes from Dutch! I have not, at the moment of writing, a copy of Bosworth-Toller's A.S. Dictionary by me, but in it will be found the following words: *mægar*, *heardlice*, *dropian* (*dropan*), *to*, *fiŋg*, *ute*, *wæron* (v. *wesan*), and.

Thus—leaving out of question the proper name, though its component parts, *glrd*, *stan* are purely O.E.—we find that the number of foreign-derived words is reduced from thirty-two to nineteen, i.e., to forty-six per cent.

Yet, in spite of his errors, the writer is correct in assuming that this paragraph contains an extremely large proportion of foreign words. Turning over the pages of Johnson, Burke, Bolingbroke and others, I find that the usual percentage is from twenty-five to thirty-six, and it is difficult to find a paragraph of fair length which exceeds the higher of these two numbers. In Burke's "Regicide Peace," I noticed a sentence of eighteen words which contained fifty per cent., but the addition of the preceding or of the following sentence immediately reduced the proportion. Similarly, if the context of Mr. Morley's paragraph were quoted, it is very probable that a reduction in the percentage of foreign-derived words would follow.—Yours, &c.,

S. D.-B.

The Date of Charles Lamb's Birth

SIR,—May I point Major Butterworth's attention to this extract from the Temple Church register?

LAMB { Charles, the son of John Lamb and Elizabeth, his wife, of Old Crown Office Row, in the Inner Temple, was born 10th February 1775, baptised 10th March following by the Rev. Mr. Jeffs.

The above is a true copy of the entry in the Register of Baptisms in the Temple Church.

(Signed) C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.

Master of the Temple.

This copy was made at the instance of Charles Keene, who was the first of Lamb's biographers to see this entry. There are six in the same register of Charles Lamb's brothers and sisters; Charles made the seventh. Mr. Keene called upon the then Master of the Temple, in whose study the register was kept, "a rather thinnish quarto volume in beautiful preservation."

This as proof seems quite acceptable, and certainly proves the date as given in the Major's letter as correct.—Yours, &c.,
EDRIC WEBSTER.

Happy Endings

SIR,—In a notice of the late George Gissing's life which appeared in a popular daily paper, the writer, discussing one of the novelist's short stories, remarked that "it bore witness to the novelist's new delight in happy endings."

Now, I fail to perceive that happy endings to genuine stories of life and character can afford any particular delight to the conscientious fictionist. The plot or subject of a story must have a natural termination; the development of incident has its own finality; the sequence of events its rational dénouement; and had I sufficient space, I could prove this in examples cited from the masterpieces of fiction. Only the vapid delineator of superficial life pictures and worn-out incidents is concerned about happy endings; great imaginations pourtray life's truths—trials, virtues, vices, errors, victories, defeats, hopes, and fears—on a canvas which neither time nor custom can ever dim. They have no limitations as to sequels which only pander to a vulgar taste, or to the millions, who are ignorant of the real constituents of true and noble fiction.—Yours, &c.,

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

The Passing of Greek

SIR,—May I just say that I am entirely at one with your correspondent, Mr. Wright, as to the desirability of teaching the rudiments of Greek in our public and grammar schools. I have never forgotten the revelation it was to me to discover parallels and contrasts between Latin and Greek. I remember how the Greek method of construction, which corresponds in everything but the name of the case with the Latin ablative, absolute, and the so-called English nouns, alike absolute, opened up a whole set of new ideas. It was indeed my introduction to the conception of evolution. Therefore, and also on the grounds he names, do I entirely agree with Mr. Wright. I am sorry I did not make myself plainer in the article. He will thank me, I am certain, for the suggestion that he reads Professor Perry on Oxford and Science in the current number of "Nature" (December 31).—Yours, &c.,
C. W. SALEEBY

THERE is a good article on Thomas Hearne by the Rev. W. Edmund Crothers in this month's "Temple Bar." Several amusing extracts are given from the antiquary's Diary; here is one that shows that there were modest men in those days, his excuse for not going to London being: "'Tis probable I might receive a much better welcome than I deserve, or is suitable to one that so much desires and seeks a private humble life without the least pomp or grandeur." Again, in 1733, "July 5.—One Handel a foreigner, who they say was born at Hanover, being desired to come to Oxford to perform in music . . . is come down. . . . Accordingly he hath published papers for a performance at 5s. a ticket . . . this is an innovation—The players might be as well permitted to come and act—" "July 8. . . .—His book (not worth a penny) he sells for a shilling." Two

references to Pope are not without a spice of malice: "Mr. Pope the poet who is now publishing Homer in English verse (three volumes in 4to. being already come out) was born in the parish of Binfield, near Ockingham in Berks. He is a papist, as is also his father, who is a sort of a broken merchant. The said Mr. Pope was patronised and encouraged by the late Sir Wm. Trumbull. . . . He is most certainly a very ingenious man. He is deformed;" and "this Alexander Pope, though he be an English Poet, yet he is but an indifferent scholar, mean at Latin, and can hardly read Greek. He is a very ill-natured man, and covetous and excessively proud."

At the end of the review of "The Creevey Papers" in the "Monthly Review" there are three stanzas printed from the MS. of a naval officer, unnamed, date 1816. I quote the first:—

A PARODY OF "NORA CREINA."
(*Lesbia hath a beaming eye.*)

TUNE—"CRONY 'CREEVEY."

MR. GEORGE TIERNEY sings.

Blessington hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left it seems to fly,
But what it looks at, no one dreameth;
Sweeter 'tis to look upon
Creevey, though he seldom rises;
Few his truths—but even one
Like unexpected light surprises.
Oh! my crony Creevey, dear,
My gentle, bashful, graceful Creevey,
Others' lies
May wake surprise,
But truth, from you, my crony Creevey.

BOOKSELLERS' Catalogues Received: Mr. Bernard Quaritch, Piccadilly (General); Messrs. Brentano's, New York, "Monthly Bulletin"; Mr. Charles Day, Grosvenor Square (History, Biography, Travel, &c.); Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly (Books of To-day and To-morrow).

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archæology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers."

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and *brevity* in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

The prizes will consist of 5s. worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller as early as possible in his

(or her) immediate neighbourhood, and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5s.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No Questions or Answers received after Monday will be considered eligible for the current week's competition.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE

"THE MONK DONISARCUS OF PADUA."—Who was he? He lived in the fourteenth century, I believe—but I am ignorant of his writings. Can someone give me the names of these? And also tell me whether English or French translations are to be had of any of his writings?—*Varda Wathen-Bartlett*.

"WILCOX."—A short poem entitled "Illusion," and beginning "God and I in space alone," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, appeared in the Chicago "Chap-book" for June 1, 1896. Can any reader tell me in which of her published volumes this poem is to be found? It is not in "Poems of Pleasure" or "Poems of Passion," published by Gay and Bird.—*A. C.*

"LIVES OF THE SAINTS."—Can anyone refer me to a handy or pocket volume dealing with the lives of the Saints. At a country bookshop I can hear of nothing save an important work in several volumes. I want a collection of succinct lives of all the Saints in the Roman Calendar, telling me who they were, when they lived and died, and why they were canonized. Something practical, simple, reliable, and cheap. Does such a volume exist?—*K. C. (Plymouth)*.

"MALBROUK," a name for the long-tailed ape.—Ouvrier, in a note on "Pliny's Natural History" (viii., 21, 30), tells us that the name "Malbrouk," i.e. Marlborough, was given by the French people to the long-tailed monkey (*simia fannus*) the "ceropithecus" of Pliny. It would be interesting to know whether the word "malbrouk" is still used in French "argot," or in any French dialect. Perhaps some French reader of THE ACADEMY might be able to tell an English admirer of the great Duke whether this ape-name has ever been used in French literature elsewhere than in Cuvier.—*Comestor Oxoniensis*.

"WORSE THAN WALTHAM DISGUISES."—This expression occurs in Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe" in the address of Clarissa to Lovelace. What is its origin, and what does it mean?—*M. M.*

GENERAL

"THURROCK" AND "NAILBOURNE."—What is the derivation of the words "thurrock"—a water channel and "nailbourne"—an intermittent brook; terms which are in use in Kent?—*Percy J. Spillett (Canterbury)*.

WILLIAM UPOOTT, the autograph collector.—Was his collection disposed of before or after his death?—*Aries*.

"CHRISTMAS BOX."—What is the etymology of Christmas Box?—*Tomas*.

"OTHER GUESSES." "OTHERGATES."—Are these words synonymous? I have come across them in the "Ingolishby Legends" and in Shakespeare ("Twelfth Night"), but can find them in no dictionary. Barham writes:—

"A Jew or a Turk,
But it's other-guess work," &c.

—*Geogulphus*.

"ANDREA FERRARA."—In Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York" I came across the following passage: "He wore a true Andrea Ferrara tucked in a leather belt." I presume this is a sword or a dagger. Who was Andrea Ferrara; was he an armourer, when did he flourish, and are any of his weapons to be seen at Hertford House, or elsewhere?—*Cato Smith*.

"MY HEART CAME INTO MY MOUTH."—Is it true that the origin of this phrase is to be found in the fact that in mediæval times the soul was conceived as escaping in miniature form by way of the mouth? If so, what are our authorities?—*R. B. A.*

"BABY."—I wish to know who was the first writer to use this word for the reflection of one's self in miniature seen in the pupil of another's eye. This delightful conceit was, of course, familiar to the ancients, but who was the first to use it in this sense in English?—*R. B. A.*

"KICKSHAW."—Can any correspondent tell me the origin of this word as applied to dainty dishes, and odds and ends of good feeding?—*M. M.*

Answers

LITERATURE

"GREGOROVIVUS."—An English edition of Gregorovius' "History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages," translated by Mrs. Hamilton, and in eight volumes, is published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, at three guineas net. I believe there is also an English edition of the "Lives of the Popes," but do not know the publisher.—*C. A. W. (Guildford)*.

"HABAKKUK."—In answer to "G. R. S." Voltaire's witicism refers to the story of "Bel and the Dragon" in the Apocrypha, verses 34-39, where Habbauc (sic) makes pottage, but is suddenly ordered by the Angel of the Lord to take it to Daniel in the lions' den at Babylon, "and Habbauc said, 'Lord, I never saw Babylon, neither do I know where the den is.' Then the Angel of the Lord took him by the crown, and bare him by the hair of the head, and through the vehemency of his spirit set him in Babylon over the den," &c., &c. "So Daniel rose and did eat, and the Angel set Habbauc in his own place again immediately."—*T. K. B.*

[NOTE.—The enquiry asked specifically for a reference to the passage in Voltaire: not to that in the Apocrypha.—*Ed.*]

"KING OF ROMÉ."—Two good histories in French upon this personage: "Le Duc de Reichstadt," par le Comte G. I. de Montbel (Paris, 1833, 8vo.), and "Napoléon et son Fils," par F. Muesen, a finely illustrated book recently published. A short biography will also be found in Hoefer's "Nouvelle Biographie Générale."—*Henry T. Folkard (Wigan)*.

"KING OF ROMÉ."—Reliable works on Napoleon II., Roi de Rome, are:—a. G. J. Baron de Montbel, Le Duc de Reichstadt. Notice sur la vie et la mort de ce prince, rédigée à Vienne, sur des documents authentiques. Paris, '32. (Souvent réimprimé.) Traduit en allemand, en italien et deux fois en espagnol. b. J. de Saint-Félix, Histoire de Napoléon II., Roi de Rome, d'après les documents officiels et les meilleurs renseignements. Paris, 1853. c. H. Welschinger, Le Roi de Rome ('11 '32). Paris 1897. (Souvent réimprimé.)—*D. Smith (Librarian of the Leamington Museum, Amsterdam)*.

PAINTING

"LE PETIT BONHOMME."—When I was an art student in Glasgow any figure in a landscape was called "the bonnie." I do not know whether this is a purely local nickname, or whether it is just a corruption of the French expression.—*Angus (Peebles)*.

DRAMA

"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE."—"Historian" of Paris asks whether any historical personage ever bore the four ducal titles attributed to the hero of this play. No, certainly not. The very titles themselves: Orléans, Nemours, de Montpensier, and Chartres are historically incompatible with any one French noble family. It is merely another example of the fatuous ignorance of the average playwright and the average actor.—*John Wyllies Hunt (Tadmorden)*.

"ACTING RIGHTS."—All representations of copyright dramatic works are liable to fees if either money or consideration be taken for admission, tickets sold, a collection made, or where any theatre, hall or other place be hired for such a purpose. The fees to amateurs on plays of three, four, and five acts are from £1 to £5 5s., the latter sum being charged for most of the plays by Pinero and H. A. Jones. A reduction in the case of a charity is not often made. Fees, however, need not be paid for performances taking place in a private dwelling-house to invited guests, where no money or consideration be taken for admission, tickets or programmes sold, or a collection made.—*S. D. A. W.*

"ACTING RIGHTS."—It is certainly necessary to obtain permission from the author to produce a play (presuming it to be a copyrighted play). The usual fee is about five guineas, but that of course rests entirely with the author, who may refuse permission altogether if he so choose.—*L. X.*

"ACTING RIGHTS."—Apply to the authors, who, as a rule, when possessing the power, give free permission for their plays to be enacted for charitable objects. In other cases it is well to enquire at the Dramatic Authors' Society, Tavistock Street, W.C.; or send to French (Limited), Southampton Street, W.C.—*E. D.*

MUSIC

"ABBÉ LISZT."—When Liszt came to London in 1886 he played both in public and private. He played Schubert's "Divertissement à Hongroise" at the Grosvenor Gallery before a number of distinguished musicians. Before Queen Victoria at Windsor he played (1) an improvisation, (2) "The Miracle of the Roses," (3) a Hungarian Rhapsody, and (4) Chopin's "Nocturne No. 1 in B flat minor"—*M. Dutton*.

"ABBÉ LISZT."—I remember hearing in 1886 that the Abbé Liszt played in the music room of the mansion belonging to Mr. Littleton, the music publisher, at Sydenham. Many of the residents were invited to hear him. Probably Messrs. Neville would remember what the Abbé played.—*E. L. C. (Redhill)*.

"ABBÉ LISZT."—At a reception given by Liszt's pupil, the late Walter Bache, in Bond Street, in 1886, I had the privilege of hearing the great musician play Schubert's Divertissement à quatre mains, arranged as a solo, and remember the vivid impression of the grave warty face surrounded by straight falling white hair, and the inspired expression of the master.—*Lella*.

"ABBÉ LISZT."—In answer to W. Wingfield, I have pleasure in informing him that Liszt played at least thrice during his stay in London in 1886. Possibly he played on other occasions, but I can answer for the following: (a) At Mr. Littleton's At Home at Sydenham; (b) At the Royal Academy of Music in Tenterden Street to the professors and pupils when the Liszt scholarship was announced; and (c) At a reception at the Grosvenor Gallery. The first and third were entirely private functions, the second semi-public, and the master played the Chopin-Liszt "Chant Polonais."—*A. R. A. M.*

GENERAL

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "YULE."—I wish to refer you to Rudolf Koegel's "Geschichte der Deutschen Litteratur," 1 Band, 1 Teil pag. 37-38, where the eminent Germanist has shown that the Indo-European root-word from which "yule" is to be derived signifies "new, young, new born" and may be interpreted as an epithet of the newborn God of Light.—*A. Halling, M.A. (Assistant-Librarian to the University of Copenhagen)*.

"YULE."—It is little use to ring the changes on all the crude theories of past times, thus jul, ot, oel, ale; giul, hiul, wheel; yehal, A.S. gal, geol; have passed into the limbo because, where all cannot be right the converse places them in the wrong. Another word for Christmas is *weihnachten*, old form "ze wilen nahten," to equate yule; our latest authority, Herr Kluge, classes it as a pure Germanic form and underived; he starts with *weiths*, "holy," *weithen*, "to sanctify," *weitha* "a priest." I have good reason to connect it with the Latin "via," which takes a sacred form as *viaticum*, the last sacrament. Our present source is the Sanskrit *rah*, so *rahan* an attribute of Deity, to be enthroned, as a survival of *totems* or animal worship; thus Garuda, called King of the Birds, was the supporter or vehicle (*rahan*) of Vishnu. The Germanic forms include *weithan* to strive, and the A.S. *wig*, to fight, also *werg*, "a way."—*A. H.*

[NOTE.—One of our correspondents, misunderstanding our rules, has sent in a couple of not very recondite queries, to which the answers are attached. It should hardly be necessary to explain that this is not what is wanted. These columns are for legitimate enquiry and legitimate reply and we are confident in the bona fides of our readers.—*Ed.*]

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain on application at the following booksellers Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the three booksellers whose names follow:—

1. Mr. W. G. Grant, Addison House, The Plain, Oxford.
2. Messrs. T. R. and E. Vickers, The Grove, Ilkley.
3. Mr. H. F. Bumpus, 325, High Holborn.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—At a Court of Directors held on the 6th, Mr. A. Dutton was appointed Underwriter in the room of Mr. Toulmin, resigned.

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The Teaching of Children

PROPERLY speaking, education is the provision of a fit environment for the young and foolish by the elderly and wise, and its supreme end is character-making, which is itself the only means by which the ethical ideal may ever be attained. These are commonplaces, but after all, as Stevenson has said, the commonplaces are often the great poetic truths: which is my excuse for stating them. But in this article I can attempt only to insist on one or two principles of the first importance in this youthful but high-destined science of education, which is based upon and is part of all other kinds of knowledge. As we shall see, the educationist must, in theory, be familiar with embryology, physiology, psychology, hygiene, and practical medicine, not to mention the various morbid conditions that may affect the growing mind. Yet if you are fit for nothing else, you may, at any rate, start a private school!

And, unquestionably, the first thing to insist upon in these days is that the education—in the narrow sense—of a child must not be begun too early. Anyone who desires to read a clear and popular discussion of this subject should study a paper by the distinguished Edinburgh alienist, Dr. Clouston, in a recent number of the "Paidologist," the journal of the British Child-Study Association. Dr. Clouston reminds the reader that the actual construction of a child's brain is not completed until the seventh year, and he insists, as so many of his profession, judging by experience, and Spencer, by *à priori* reasoning, have been insisting for many years, that the mental education of our children is, as a rule, begun too soon. We must look at this matter in the light of evolution. Before man had any mind worth mentioning, he had a body. It is the same with every son of man to-day. The first education of a child is therefore to be physical, a training of the senses and of the power to use the muscles. Hence the natural instinct of the baby—or the kitten—for *play*, which is to them the very best possible *work*. Playing with a moving object, the child or kitten is training the muscles—altogether twenty in number—that control its eye-balls, and is training that part of its brain which appreciates visual images. Further, it is learning to adjust the movements of its body to the impressions received by its senses—as in catching a ball. This training is invaluable and primal, because it is a training in the means whereby we avoid danger—as in dodging a hansom in later life—and must be perfected first, because, as Spencer has shown us, we must *preserve* our lives before we are able to *use* them.

With the law of development still as our guide we must further realise that the moral sense is the last to be evolved. It is in the highest degree ridiculous to give a child a training in ethics before the latent powers of its muscles and its inquiring mind are exercised. And one word on that spirit of curiosity, of wanting to know why. A German philosopher has called man the "cause-seeking animal": this is the divine thirst for knowledge which makes us the lords of creation. The parent—I say the parent and not the schoolmaster, because I still labour under the old-world and well-nigh obsolete conception that the parent is the child's natural and proper teacher—the parent, then, who attempts to stifle the spirit of inquiry in a child's mind is stifling the mind itself, and thereby incurring an awful responsibility. Would I could make my words stronger.

And this suggests the opposite case, of which I have lately had under observation an excellent example. The fond parent of a precocious child—and notably the fond mother of a precocious man-child—may fall into the error

of fostering its precocity. Let her beware. The precocious child that becomes a prodigy stands to reach a premature end. In the majority of cases—there are many exceptions, I know—the infant phenomenon not only does not retain its mind in advanced years, but never reaches them. The recent scientific study of the child has shown most finally that precocity is to be discouraged rather than encouraged. The child that loves its lessons must be taught cricket forthwith. The mind is there right enough; the cricket will not destroy it. Give it time and it will make fresh conquests for humanity. Give the child open air, direct its mental activities to pursuits which do not depend on the printed page—men thought long before they learnt to read—and one day your child will rise up and call you blessed.

And another point. We "humans" are mentally distinguished for our power of attention and concentration. The trained mind will approach a matter and stick to it, not losing the thread at the first difficulty. If it starts to read a serious article and meets an unintelligible phrase it will not resort to the waste-paper basket. But this remarkable and almost inexplicable power of attention or apperception is slowly gained. The child's power of attention is notoriously small. We must not expect too much from it. I seriously question whether half-an-hour should not be an outside limit for the length of a lesson up to the age of ten years at least. A child who attends for so long to a task which is quite as difficult to it as your tasks are to you—assuming that you ever attempt to master anything new—has done very well. A headache at the end of a lesson means that the child has lost when it should have profited. In some countries, which have gained more than we have by the work of English educationists—Spencer's epoch-making little book is put into the hands of every State-teacher in France—the type in which lesson-books are printed is made a matter of the utmost importance, and countless headaches are thereby averted. This one point really needs an article to itself.

Another gross error in our present system is that of too early specialisation. Just as the child, which only late acquires a sense of right and wrong, is initiated into the mysteries and anomalies of its parent's private ethical code long before its time, so, a few years later, it is instructed in the three R's long before it is taught to observe—or, for that matter, to brush its poor little teeth, probably already ruined—to the lasting detriment of the appearance of the lower half of its face—because the parents, in their turn, were taught next to nothing about elementary dietetics. So, after a few more years, this premature specialisation is, for the third time, thrust upon it, and the ridiculous nonsense known as English grammar—a dry-as-dust's worthless imitation of the syntax of Latin, a language which really had a grammar—is forced into the child's uncomprehending ear, only to leave its head forthwith by the other. Similarly Latin and Greek are both begun too soon, as our wisest are beginning to show us.

It has been possible to deal with only a few points on a subject the importance of which cannot possibly be over-estimated. In thus apologising for a brief series of remarks, and in regretting that I may not fill THE ACADEMY for the next month with this fascinating topic, I conclude by beseeching any reader who has not already done so to read Spencer's masterly work, which has already, as Professor Michael Sadler remarked the other day, abolished the false ideals of his day in the education of girls, has begun to effect a recognition of the value of physical education, and has—I may add—relieved the burdens and increased the happiness and health and

future usefulness of thousands of children's lives. One little instance: children like sweets, as Spencer will tell you, not because of original sin, but because sugar—as its general formula $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$ will show to anyone who knows anything of physiology—is an invaluable food to the

growing, as to the adult organism. Beware how you repress the healthy instincts which a million years of heredity have produced in the coming race: whether a love of sugar or a love of knowing “why.”

C. W. SALEEBY.

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Greek

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THE FOUR SOCRATIC DIALOGUES OF PLATO. Translated by Professor Jowett. (Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

Whilst welcoming this edition of Jowett’s translation in a cheap and pleasantly readable form, we wonder whether these dialogues are the only ones which it is intended to popularise. It does seem that it would be worth while to bring out some of the less known writings of Plato in a similar way; if there is no such intention on the part of the Clarendon Press then we regret very much that they have chosen these dialogues, as they were already easily accessible to the English reader in other good translations.

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SELECTIONS FROM LATIN AUTHORS. (University Tutorial Press.) To this press must be awarded the very doubtful

honour of anticipating every want of the examinee. Set books in Latin gave place to Unseens, and here Messrs. Watt and Hayes are at the class-room door with the patent remedy for the new complaint.

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EXERCISES IN GEOMETRY. By R. B. Morgan. (Blackie and Son. 1s.) The propositions are enunciated in black type and are followed by exercises bearing on the proposition. Is it not quite time for this method to be reversed?

LECTURES ON THE LOGIC OF ARITHMETIC. By M. E. Boole. (Clarendon Press. 3s.) Mrs. Boole's lectures will help many a young teacher if he is fortunate enough to see it before he has hardened his heart against all innovations. Writers of text-books, totally ignorant of the simplest facts of psychical life, tumble their stodgy books into the classrooms, and the old-fashioned teacher works through them with the conviction that somehow or other the children will pick up sufficient arithmetic if you only keep them long enough at it. Against this tyranny and ignorance Mrs. Boole protests. Arithmetic is a subject which must be taught intelligently, an impossible task for those who do not add to their knowledge of mathematics a knowledge of child-life. Indeed, were we to sum up in a sentence the gist of the lectures, we should say: the arithmetician qua arithmetician is of all people the least fitted for teaching arithmetic.

MONEY AND CREDIT. By W. Aldrich. (Grafton Press.) The object apparently of this short treatise on money is to give instructions in simple facts connected with the economies of money and credit. After a short interesting historical introduction the writer plunges into his subject, and discusses with fair fulness such matters as coined and paper money, and the connection between money and credit.

THE NATURE AND NECESSITY OF INTEREST. By G. Cassel. (Macmillan. 6s. net.) This very able exposition of the function of interest is preceded by an historical sketch which summarises the ideas held on this subject from very early times. It is not difficult to see why our forefathers erred so grievously in their economic theories—indeed, it can scarcely be called error, seeing that the farther we recede economically the nearer do we get to the single family forming a solidarity, and therefore to a time when interest could not exist. But this ideal state never really existed, and it is therefore a little surprising that some of the greatest thinkers in the Middle Ages regarded interest as an evil rather than as a necessary thing. After proving conclusively, as we think, that interest is an essential factor in modern business, and that use of capital or demand for waiting must always be paid for, Mr. Cassel passes to the discussion of socialistic conceptions, and attempts to show that even communism could not escape in some form or other the paying for durable goods by interest. Students of economics will find this book a real contribution to the academic side of their subject. We are glad that the publication of such a work has been made possible by a subvention from the Swedish Government.

Science, etc.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY. By Francis Buckland, M.A. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

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EXPERIMENTAL HYGIENE. By H. Rowland Wakefield. (Blackie. 2s. 6d.)

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CHILD DEVELOPMENT. By Irving King. (University of Chicago Press. \$1.)

THE GROUNDWORK OF PSYCHOLOGY. By G. F. Stout, M.A., LL.D. (University Tutorial Press.)

IN noticing individually each of this extremely heterogeneous collection of books we must attempt to draw from them some general conclusions as to the present tendencies and methods of teaching science. And it is necessary in this connexion to observe that the word "science" is here used for convenience in that narrow and popular sense which will at last be obliterated only by the extension of the scientific method and spirit to every branch of human knowledge—an extension which, happily, we may see in progress all around us.

It can scarcely be said that the two books at the top of the list have any particular relation to our subject. We do not mean that they are uninteresting or valueless: on the contrary. But as means of education their value cannot be high. Rather does the first comprise a large amount of observation which may later be added to the great body of scientific knowledge by way of illustration or further amplification of familiar truths, whilst the latter is interesting and readable but obviously not intended by the author to be anything more than is suggested by the title and the frontispiece—a photograph of Mr. Walpole-Bond "with his young buzzard, badger and jays."

The volume that comes from Eton is of much greater interest in our present purpose, and is not to be gauged merely by the singularly uncouth title. "Observational Lessons," both to the ear and to the literary sense, strikes us as singularly unhappy. What possible purpose is served by the last syllable of that horrible adjective? The authors appear frankly to recognise that nature-study is not science, but, admirable as these lessons are when looked at individually, we cannot understand what support can be given to a method of preparing for the study of science which is so essentially unscientific. Dr. Warre's "Foreword" is not sufficient to convince us that, as he believes, the book is "sound in its method." Method, indeed, seems to us to be conspicuously absent. We can quite understand that children who are already possessed of a taste for these things may be aided in the development of what we suppose the authors would call their "observational faculty" by these lessons, but there is no hint in this volume that the "observationalist" has a mind, as well as senses, and needs to correlate phenomena if he is ever to become a thinker. The history of science abundantly shows that observation, as such, has invariably been sterile. Only when observation has been guided by some idea, some theory or hypotheses—whether right or wrong—have results of any value accrued. So far is this volume from breathing into its interminable series of apparently meaningless facts any of the living spirit which alone makes facts worth observing or recording, that the authors can actually, in the twentieth century, produce for their pupils such a sentence as, "It seems surprising that nature, to speak figuratively, has not arranged," etc.

Figuratively, indeed! Surely in an educational work the use of metaphors which suggest a totally inaccurate interpretation of the facts should be rigidly avoided. Fortunately the boy whose introduction to the Cosmos and its riddles is made by such a "method" as this may become a thinker in spite of it. In "Nature's Riddles," however, we do find some appreciation of what we may call the philosophy of modern biology. The book is an excellent popular account of some aspects of what we know, in Dr. Wallace's phrase, as the "struggle for existence." In this book the camera has been put to a purpose more than merely descriptive, and such facts as those of protective colouring and mimicry—in a word, the meaning of what has been observed by thousands to whom it meant nothing whatever—are expounded in really admirable fashion.

Mr. Scherren's little book has a certain descriptive value, but we can say little more of a work which, like another mentioned above, seems to have no concern with the actual unity and with the all-important interpretation of the numerous discrete and apparently dis coherent facts which it contains.

"Experimental Hygiene" is simply a well-arranged and carefully graduated book for guidance in practical class-room work.

In the "Psychology of Child-Development" Mr. King has produced an original work of real merit, with which it is fully impossible to deal here. All who remember the Spencerian dictum that the least we can demand from a teacher is a knowledge of the manner in which new facts and ideas are taken in by the growing mind, will hasten to read a book in which the author has made a highly successful attempt to understand what mental processes "mean to the child, and not to what they are analogous in the adult mind."

In Professor Stout's highly condensed but lucid little book we have another valuable work which brings the

author's views up to a later date than in his "Manual." But this is not the place in which to discuss an important scientific work on the intricate subject which underlies all theories and should underlie all the practice of education.

English

From the Clarendon Press (4s. 6d.) comes "Gower, Selections from the Confessio Amantis," edited by G. C. Macaulay, with introduction, notes, glossary and a useful index to notes. The editor tells us the little that is known of John Gower, though it is a curious statement that the poet is "sumptuously" buried in St. Saviour's, Southwark, and gives a useful and clear account of his works. The sections on Language and Metre are clear and instructive. No better introduction to Gower could be desired by teachers and students. "Tales from Chaucer" (Marshall, 2s.) stands in a different class, being a modern English prose version of the Prologue and six tales from the Canterbury Tales, by Clara L. Thomson, intended for teachers of the young and to such likely to prove useful.

Dent's "Shakespeare for Schools" is very well done: "Hamlet," edited by Oliphant Smeaton, M.A., "Richard II.," by Dora Curtis, both illustrated admirably. The introductions, illustrated notes and glossaries are models of what they should be. With such volumes teachers will find it an easy task to make Shakespeare palatable to their scholars, easily avoiding the danger of making them look on him as the writer of dry "lessons" books.

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Theology, etc.

THE SECOND EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. By A. Plummer, D.D. (Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d. net.) This contribution to the excellent Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges is well up to the level of the series. The purpose of the series is to impart a critical knowledge of the New Testament to students who have not learnt Greek. Apart from a certain clumsiness in style, necessitated by this limitation, the notes are concise to a fault (if that were possible), and they are besides a mine of learning. They are written in the most liberal and scholarly spirit, with such freedom from dogmatism on crucial questions as may perhaps leave the tyro somewhat dissatisfied. It is a little startling to find in a book intended for schoolboys the theory adopted by which the

Epistle is dissected into two fragments which have been welded together by a later hand. Dr. Plummer declares that he has adopted this theory with reluctance, as the only suggestion which suffices to explain that change of tone and tactics which at the end of chapter ix. has been a standing *crux* to the commentator.

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THE CATEGORIES. By James Hutchison Stirling. (Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 4s. net.) Dr. (*honoris causa* Edinburgh and Glasgow) Stirling in his modest preface refrains from expressing any opinion as to the value of his contributions to philosophical literature, and contents himself with quoting the judgments of his friends. Except, indeed, in one place, where it occurs to him that

the verdict by which his work is said to be "for acute and penetrating criticism almost superhuman" may be suspected of irony. Upon that, indeed, he does protest: "I do see in it this truth: Kant has never yet been so analysed, will never again in this world be so analysed—oh, well, say—without *cribbing!*" and he adds that the writer is "a perfectly honourable and accomplished expert." Thus signed and countersigned, the judgment may be accepted as valid; and we send the student straightway to "The Categories," of which it were superfluous that we should write another word.

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THE STUDY OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. By W. E. Collins, B.D. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.) The latest addition to the useful series of Handbooks for the Clergy, of which the Rev. A. W. Robinson is general editor, is well up to the level of its predecessors. If fault it have, that lies certainly not upon the side of slovenliness in the matter of precept; rather, on the other hand, its tone of severity might effectually scare the timid from attempting anything. The writer owns his debt to the late Bishop of London, and we recognise, in the passages dealing with local history as matter for the parson historian, the opinion expressed by that great man in the course of certain lectures lately noticed in these columns.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND. By Arthur V. Woodworth, Ph.D. (Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.) In this latest volume Dr. Woodworth has traced the rise and development of the movement which began in the fifties with Maurice and Kingsley, and that is now represented by the Guild of St. Matthew and the Christian Social Union. This he has done in a moderate and orderly fashion, keeping clearly in view that element in the movement to which Carlyle pointed a prophetic finger when he asked the pregnant question: "Is it not the root of all our confusions and bewilderments that we have too much forgotten God?"

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treatment of the Book of Job. However, these studies, Mr. Stone tells us in his little preface, were made signally useful to many of the Abbey Road congregation, to whom they were originally delivered, and we doubt not that both Abbey Road and many other earnest Christians will find a like profit in the printed pages.

Oddments

If we may judge by the first two volumes "The Start in Life Series" (3s. 6d. each volume, Hodder and Stoughton) will prove a distinct boon to all about to enter on professional or business life. The series is edited by Mr. J. E. Hodder Williams, whose name is guarantee of good, practical work. "Journalism as a Profession," by Mr. Arthur Lawrence, preface by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, with a chapter by Mr. A. C. Harmsworth, is full of wise advice and timely warnings; every youthful journalist, or would-be journalist, will find much practical and really useful information in these pages. "Guide to the Civil Service," by Mr. John Gibson, is equally practical and sound, full of helpful matter both for the office boy who would "polish up the handle of the big front door" and for those who aspire, as he does or should do, to climb higher.

"Supervision and Education in Charity" (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.), by Dr. J. R. Brackett, deals well and suggestively with an interesting and important topic. "Every act of public aid or charity or correction worthy of the name should be educational" is the author's text, and all those who are working at the amelioration of the lot of the poor and homeless will find in these pages much instructive information and comment.

THE SCHOOLMASTERS' YEAR-BOOK AND DIRECTORY. (Sonnen-schein. 5s. net.) This year-book is a great improvement on its predecessor which, being the first, contained many blemishes; the information relating to the record of teachers was often very inadequate or, if virtually correct, misleading. We asked last year why the list of teachers should be confined to men, and we pointed out that the omission from the list of mistresses was an anomaly, seeing that in this country women practically teach all boys and girls up to eight years of age and all girls. However, the present issue is in many respects a very excellent piece of work, and supplies facts and comments which make it an invaluable book of reference. The bibliography deserves censure. By what right is such a book as Mrs. Boole's on arithmetic stigmatised as treating of "half-boys and monkeys." This simply proves that the writer of the notice does not distinguish between fair bibliographical comment and the statement of his own bias. We cannot go through the whole of the criticisms, if such a term is applicable, and can only hope that next year the editor will either give the contents of the various books noticed without comment, or will, where comment—adverse or favourable—is resorted to, support it by reasons.

An Epoch Indeed

A HISTORY OF EUROPEAN THOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Vol. II. By John Theodore Merz. (Blackwood. 15s. net.)

THE very title of Mr. Merz's scholarly and invaluable work sets us thinking. The word "European" might have been omitted, for the thought of the nineteenth century was none of it, we may say, Asiatic; and yet the adjective is accurate, for it was almost unnecessary to discuss any American contributions in a history of nineteenth century thought. Indeed it is a serious matter, this, and one to give us pause, that the great Trans-

atlantic republic has yet to produce thinkers who shall be numbered with the immortals. And there is another significant aspect of this title, connected with the popular conception of history. Apart from cosmic disturbances—earthquakes, sunspots and the like—can there be any history worthy the name that is not just a history of thought? Assuredly not. Had Mr. Merz been writing some few hundreds of years hence his title would have been, "A History of the Nineteenth Century." Mr. Lecky's was the true conception of history, and some of us who loathed and hated in our school days the immeasurably insignificant gossip that still passes for history in our present educational system can welcome a work which recognises that historical, like other facts, are of two kinds, dead and living, and that the historian who is not to be a mere competitor of the novelist is concerned with the latter alone. And, in drawing this distinction between facts, let us remember that those which are living to some minds are dead to others. Examples are numberless: a Henry had six wives, but when you learnt the fact at school, were you taught it as an end in itself, or because of its significance as an illustration of a thousand things, in the social and moral order, that mattered then and matter now?

In this volume of his great work Mr. Merz concludes the history of scientific thought. None of his readers can fail eagerly to await the further chapters in which he is to trace the history of philosophic thought in the astounding century that has lately been gathered to its fathers. And few will question that two ideas, each of which Mr. Merz treats with the greatest judgment, stand pre-eminent in the history of scientific thought in the nineteenth century. That they are indeed all-important in every form of thought is an evident fact, and one of the utmost significance. As Mr. Merz says at the end of his chapter on the Physical View of Nature, "We are thus led beyond the province of scientific into that of philosophic thought. In future chapters we shall frequently have occasion to note this tendency of the purely scientific thought of the century to lead up to philosophical problems." It is indeed so, as the consideration of the two ideas alluded to will abundantly show. The first is the idea of Eternal Energy—uncreatable, indestructible, ever undergoing transformation. At the base of all further considerations there now lies this law of the Conservation of Energy, which we owe in the main to two German physicists, Mayer and Helmholtz, and to our own Lord Kelvin. In recent days we have come back to a clearer Monism which conceives of matter as a form of energy. The law of the Conservation or Eternal Perdurability of Matter is therefore implicit in the law already stated. And upon this law there has been established the second cosmic generalisation, that of Evolution. Of this there are two expositions. The original one is Spencer's system, which is based throughout upon the law of Eternal Energy. Competing with it is Haeckel's system, which is also directly based upon what he prefers to term—though very incorrectly—the "law of substance." The celebrated German zoologist differs from the Englishman, upon whom he builds, in that for him there remain no problems. The great idea of relativity of knowledge has never reached him, and he is as dogmatic as he is essentially unphilosophic. We await with the utmost interest Mr. Merz's treatment of these two conceptions and the Philosophy based upon them as they bear on the Evolution of Philosophic Thought in a century which, with all its failures, is without a distant parallel in the history of Ideas. C. W. SALEEBY.

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that are full of interest. In their severe compression we might compare them to pemmican; but though as nourishing, they are infinitely more palatable and digestible. The historian who resigned himself to patient drudgery, was an enthusiast who often rises to eloquence. Take, for example, his pictures of the state of England under the stormy reign of Stephen and after the Great Earl fell in the rout and massacre of Evesham. Mr. Green is always characterized by lucidity of style, precision of thought, and the earnest seeking for safe foundations on which to base what must often be inductive speculation. Groping much in the dark he grasps at character and seeks to analyse and define it. Dunstan, Godwin, Harold the Conqueror stand out vividly from his pages. Extricating Dunstan from the fogs of superstition, he presents him as the statesman and jurist far in advance of his period. Yet there are some of his judgments we accept with reserve. In summing up Earl Godwin, and on his own showing it is difficult to understand why he denies him the epithet of great, considering the times and the circumstances. His assumptions as to the strategies of Harold and William—in which he awards the palm to the Saxon—are admirably plausible and almost convincing. His diligence in studying topography and authorities is shown in his laudatory criticisms of Freeman—there, in an almost exhaustive list, he indicates one chronicle which the other historian had overlooked. As he says of Freeman, he had himself a remarkable faculty for exact inquiry, and he had the gift besides of selecting the best and most probable from heterogeneous masses of material. It is the same qualities which give value to his constitutional investigations, and to the picturesque "Stray Studies" in the second series, on what may be called historical archaeology. Château Gaillard, the House of Brienne, Como and Knole are specially good and suggestive.

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Literary Notes

THE annual record of the past year's output of books, issued by the "Publishers' Circular," contains, as usual, matter for comment. It is surprising to learn that about 300 sixpenny novels were published during 1903. Of these, of course, the large majority were reprints of old and new favourites, but the largeness of the number speaks loudly of the still growing appetite for works of fiction. It is often said, with no little untruth, that the days of adventures are passed away; in the main such a statement cannot for a moment be supported, but if it were limited to town life, it would be rash to deny that the ever-increasing commercial competition and the sub-division of labour has painted grey the life of hundreds of thousands. These have to seek in the pages of novels for light and colour, and it is matter for thankfulness that the majority of British novelists turn out stories that, even if they are unable to do little good, can do little hurt.

It is as easy to under-estimate as to over-estimate the influence of fiction upon national life. The vast majority of readers confine their attention to newspapers and to fiction, and just as most of them learn the history of to-day at the hands of the journalist so do most of them believe that they learn life at the hands of the novelist. It is not a question of figures or of parliamentary returns, but it is impossible to repel the persuasion that vast numbers of men and women look upon life with eyes blinded with the untruths of cheap and unveracious novels, from the pages of which they draw their views of morals and men. Bearing on this point, it may be noted that of the 8,381 works published last year, 2,650 were juvenile works and fiction, a somewhat unsatisfactory classification; next in number comes "Miscellaneous, including Pamphlets," but "not Sermons," 906; theology, &c., 702; educational, doubtless chiefly school-books, 748, and history, 573.

But the mere number of works issued gives no sort of key, to the number of volumes sold under each such heading as given above; were history 2,650 and novels 573, the latter might be far ahead really as regards numbers sold; were such figures obtainable the quantity of sack to bread would probably be far more striking. Then again, serious works are in little demand at the lending libraries as compared with fiction. But for the latter class of literature such libraries would soon close, exposing their unprofitable careers in the Bankruptcy Court. The more we study the reading public, the more clear does it seem that the circle is very small that truly loves good books. So it is to-day, was yesterday, and probably ever will be. It is human nature, I suppose; the best art, the best music, the best books appeal to a small, highly cultivated number of men and women.

I HAD written the above lines before coming upon, in the "Library World," an extract from an address given before the Illinois State Library Association by Mr. E. S.



Mr. BERNARD EDWARD JOSEPH CAPES

[Photo. H. W. Salmon, Winchester.]

Wilcox, which is so curiously coincidental that I cannot refrain from quoting a few lines:—

There are people who can not read at all, and others who have no taste for books, in whom the power to fix continued attention on the printed page is still an undeveloped faculty, and to whom a word of more than three syllables is as hard to get by, as a spook in a lonely road in the woods after dark; and there are others again who have just reached the story-telling age in their development, like young children or those Orientals who never tire of the "Thousand and One Nights," all these people have rights in a Free Public Library and claims on it, as well as you and I. Let us remember then, that a wholesome story, a work of the imagination, even if it be a little weak and watery to our taste, may give not only entertainment, but may also bring a gleam of sunshine, some thrill of human sympathy into the humdrum life of many a tired woman. It is only people of some education and culture who find their pleasure in history and philosophy, in our great poets and essayists. Nor is it otherwise in music and the drama. Taking our population straight through, how many of them understand and enjoy a Beethoven sonata, a

Robert Franz song of a Loewe ballad compared with the multitude whose toes tingle at a Strauss waltz or a lively tune in rag time.

Yes, sugar for children, but the sugar must be pure.

THE friends, and they were many, of the late Benjamin Franklin Stevens will read with interest the privately printed Memoir written by Mr. G. Manville Fenn. Mr. Stevens held from 1860, until his death in 1902, the responsible office of United States Despatch Agent, but, apart from his official work, will be—or rather is—chiefly remembered for the numberless services he rendered to American bookmen, above all, historians. By English men of letters he, among other services, should be remembered kindly as one of the chief agents in securing the purchase of Carlyle's House in Cheyne Row.

THE dearest and greatest work of his life, however, one of which it would be difficult to over-estimate the value, was the compilation of a Catalogue Index of MSS. in the Archives of England, France, Holland, and Spain, relating to America, 1763 to 1783. It was compiled in three divisions, in each of which the 161,000 documents were cited; the divisions being (1) the Catalogue, 50 volumes, giving the short titles of the documents in the order in which they exist in public and private collections, such as the Record Office, the French Foreign, Marine, and War Offices, the collections of Lord Lansdowne, &c.; (2) the Chronological Index, 100 volumes, giving a description of each document; (3) the Alphabetical Index, 30 volumes, of Authors and Receivers or Subject Matter. What a monument of worthy industry; what a gold mine to future historians. No wonder that the hope is expressed that the work will find a resting-place in one of the National Institutions of the United States. Here is an opportunity for an American man of money to prove his love of letters.

THERE are few more useful works for literary men than "The Index to the Periodicals," of which publication the 1903 issue is just to hand. A vast amount of valuable work appears in the magazines to which it would be most difficult to refer if it were not for this annual. Books on any given subject can easily be "turned up," but articles and reviews often contain information not obtainable elsewhere, also illustrations, and the literary worker or searcher can lay his hand upon what he wants by reference to this handy index. Miss Hetherington is to be congratulated upon the accuracy and completeness with which her work is done.

ENGLISH literature has always been very sensitive to foreign influence, and Major Martin Hume's choice of "Spanish Influences upon English Prose Literature," as subject for his lectures at the Birkbeck College, is interesting. The lectures are for the University of London, University Extension Board, and commence on January 20. In connection with these lectures I may mention that a Central Association of University Extension Students has been formed "to assist in making the Central Courses of Lectures as widely known as possible and generally to promote University Extension work." It can hardly be doubted that such an association is needed and will do good work. The *hon. sec.* is Mr. Max Judge, 7 Pall Mall, S.W.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—In turning over some old letters to-day I came across one written ten years ago in reply to a query, addressed by me to an intimate friend of Mr. Herbert Spencer and of my own (Mr. W. R. Hughes, F.L.S.), which is not devoid of interest. The question

propounded was: "Did the great philosopher possess domestic pets of any description?" and it elicited the following response: "He (Mr. Spencer) has returned from St. Leonard's, but is in very, *very* indifferent health, and, as you know, resents the slightest possible interruption to his work—or, rather, the work of his lifetime, pursued for fifty years—the completion of the Synthetic Philosophy. Besides this he has lived all his life the life of a bachelor—in private apartments, where he would not be likely to keep pets. . . . The following statement, however, may be regarded as accurate: His intense love of Individualism extends even to the lower animals, and he strongly objects to birds being confined in cages."

THE ESSEX REVIEW for January makes interesting reading, notably the article on "Great Waltham Five Centuries Ago," by Dr. Andrew Clark, with two capital illustrations, especially that of the fine old mantelpiece at Langleys.

"THE WAR OF 1812," by Captain Mahan, commences well in this month's "Scribners'." How is it that our magazines fear to give their readers such serious fare as is often, in fact almost always, provided by "Scribners'," "Harpers'," and "The Century"? I probably am wrong, but I do believe that many, many people in this country would welcome a change in this direction in some of our better class illustrated magazines. Tit-bits of articles are beginning to pall, yet for relief we must look to our cousins over the water. Is this as it should be? Or as it might profitably be to all concerned? In the same issue is an able article by Mr. M. H. Spielmann on Mr. Frank Brangwyn, finely illustrated.

"THE LIFE OF HIS MAJESTY WILLIAM THE SECOND, GERMAN EMPEROR," which Messrs. MacLehose, of Glasgow, are on the point of issuing, is one evidence that the conduct of a large commercial business is sometimes quite compatible with the pursuit of authorship. For, coming from the pen of Mr. William Jacks, it is the work of a man who has risen from a beginning in a shipyard to the head of a large iron and steel business, and has contrived to find time to write several books.

WILLIAM JACKS, LL.D., is said to have on one occasion expressed his belief in "politics, pig-iron, and poetry," and he has concerned himself in all three. He has represented in Parliament first the Leith Burghs and then Stirlingshire; he has dealt in pig-iron or its products during all his business career; and his interest in poetry and in languages has found expression in a translation of Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," and in a volume on "Robert Burns in other Tongues." His "Life of James Watt" testifies to his interest in engineering; and his new book, following upon a "Life of Bismarck," to his admiration for German notabilities. His honorary degree comes from Glasgow University.

PROFESSOR WALTER RALEIGH, of Glasgow University, has written a comedy, which was acted privately in the Second City the other evening and which, it is said, will shortly be played in London; but it is much more likely, in the first instance, to be produced, for copyright purposes, on the little stage in the Glasgow Athenæum. The play exhibits the superiority, in the knowledge of a maid, of a linen-draper's bagman over an Oxford don. But then Professor Raleigh is a Cambridge man. The comedy is said to be extremely amusing.

WHETHER or not Professor Raleigh believes, with Mr. Churton Collins, that the philologists have captured the English Literature Chairs in the Universities, he certainly is of opinion that the teaching of the language and of the literature of our country should not, as in his own case, be conjoined. He has presented to the University Court of Glasgow a statement in which he urges the need of adequate and distinct provision for the teaching of the language, by a professor or lecturer, with a salary large enough to attract a scholar of acknowledged attainments. Hitherto a thorough training in English philology has required a prolonged residence abroad, and Mr. Raleigh urges Glasgow University to make such a training possible at home. The Court has undertaken to give the statement sympathetic consideration.

BESIDE Edinburgh and Glasgow, several of the larger Scottish towns give such encouragement to art as is derivable from the promotion of periodical exhibitions of pictures. Among these is Paisley, which is now holding its twenty-eighth annual show. The thread town and its vicinage have many private collections of great value, and these contribute largely to the loan section, which includes examples of Lely, Raeburn, Dupré, Jacob Maris, Alexander Fraser and Sam Bough. Several of the more notable present-day painters are members of the Paisley Institute, including J. E. Christie (who began his art education in the town), and they send numerous pictures. The total number on the walls is 362, and the all-round quality of the work is not appreciably lower than at more important shows.

THE three most read books in Germany during the past year are, according to the reports of the booksellers, three novels (and in the following order): Beyerlein, "Jena oder Sedan"; Heyking, "Briefe die ihn nicht erreichten"; and Frenssen, "Jörn Uhl."

THE authors, still novelists, who come next in popularity, are Clara Viebig, Thomas Mann and Georg von Ompteda. The German critics are rejoicing because for the first time for several years there are no foreigners among the most read novelists in Germany. In former years Zola, Tolstoi, and Sienkiewicz have taken high places.

AN excellent appreciation of George Gissing, by Dr. Max Meyerfeld of Berlin, appears in "Die Nation" (January 9, 1904). The German critic writes most sympathetically, and testifies to a thorough understanding of the English novelist's point of view and purpose. We have not come across anything we like better from Gissing's English critics. In the same number Professor Richard Meyer concludes a very interesting essay on modern women novelists. He deals, of course, with his own countrywomen, but incidentally says some pertinent things of George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward.

THE first number of a new periodical, "La Revue des Idées," made its appearance in Paris on the 15th of this month. It is to contain studies in general criticism, and will be published fortnightly. Among the contents of No. 1 are articles on Radium, on the Scientific Value of Renan's Work, on Francis Bacon and Joseph de Maistre, on Herbert Spencer, and on the Abbé Loisy. The list of contributors includes all the most celebrated scientists and philosophers of France; the only English names we note are those of Arthur Symonds in the division of æsthetics, and of Havelock Ellis in the department of psychology.

The editor is M. Remy de Gourmont. The review, it is hoped, will form a bridge between literature and science, and be thus an instrument of general culture.

WE regret to record the almost sudden death, at Paris, of Miss Hannah Lynch, who for some time was the Paris correspondent of THE ACADEMY. That she was a clever and able writer in many paths of literature is well known to readers of her books, among which may be especially noted the "Autobiography of a Child."

THE Royal Library of Dresden possesses the unique copy of the black-letter edition (the second) of Rabelais' "Pantagruel," printed by François Juste at Lyons in 1533. A facsimile in photogravure is now published by the Société du Mercure de France, preceded by an historical, bibliographical and critical essay by Léon Dorez and Pierre-Paul Plan. Only 200 copies are issued, at the cost of 20fr. each.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

By arrangement with Messrs. Macmillan and Messrs. Smith, Elder, Messrs. James Finch will publish "The Hampstead Shakespeare," in four volumes, being the complete works of Shakespeare with the Life by Mr. Sidney Lee; there will be four photogravure plates, special endpapers, and other decorations. Also by arrangement with Messrs. Macmillan the same publisher will issue the illustrated edition of J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," in four volumes, with many special features, including maps, a photogravure portrait, endpapers, &c.—In view of the prominence events in the Far East are taking, Messrs. W. Thacker & Co. are bringing out a second edition of Mr. F. T. Jane's "The Imperial Russian Navy," the first edition of which was published by them about four years since.—"How to Write Verse" is to be the title of a little book to be issued from the office of "Great Thoughts." The efforts of would-be poets have been criticised for some time past in a special column of the journal, and this book is an attempt to meet the needs of those who would fain express their thoughts in verse, but who have no knowledge of the technical side of verse-writing.—The first volume to be issued in Messrs. Methuen's series of "Books on Business" is "Railways," by Mr. E. R. McDermott. The work opens with a historical sketch; the relations between the railway companies and the public are dealt with, and chapters are devoted to railway administration and the future. The work also treats of the profit-earning powers of British railways. In the "Little Biographies" series the same publishers are issuing Mr. T. F. Henderson's "Life of Robert Burns," with twelve illustrations. The work should be of special interest just now.—"The City of the Magyars," by Mr. F. Berkeley Smith, is the title of a book on Budapest, which Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish on January 18. He will also publish on same day a popular edition of Dr. Augustus Jessopp's "Before the Great Pillage, with Other Miscellanies." The volume will be uniform in price and get-up with the three-and-sixpenny edition of the author's other works.—"Elizabethan Critical Essays," edited by Mr. G. Gregory Smith, lecturer on English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, will be issued this spring from the Clarendon Press in two volumes, uniform with Professor Ker's "Essays of Dryden."—Ben Jonson's complete works, in a standard edition of, probably, nine octavo volumes, is announced by Mr. Henry Frowde. The Delegates of the Clarendon Press have long had this work in contemplation, and have secured the co-operation of Professor C. H. Herford and of Mr. Percy Simpson.

Bibliographical

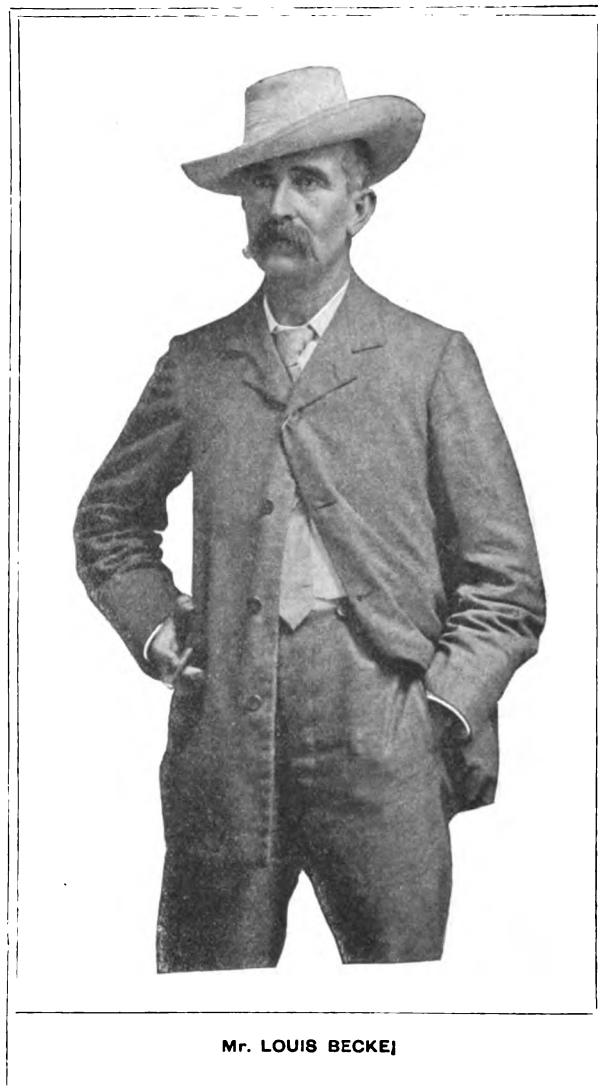
THE "Complete Poetical Works" of Miss Rossetti, in one volume, promised us by Messrs. Macmillan, will be, of course, very welcome. Such collections, though not comparable in personal interest to the separate volumes on which they are founded, are eminently useful for purposes of reference; and in the present instance rumour says that the collection will contain some hitherto unpublished matter. Bibliographers, at any rate, will not be satisfied if the new "Works" are not absolutely "complete." There must be no omissions; all the verse by Miss Rossetti, which has taken form in print, must be brought together in this volume. Messrs. Macmillan, we may assume, have secured from the S.P.C.K. the right to reproduce the verse contained in the books by Miss Rossetti which have the Society's imprint. As most people know, Miss Rossetti scattered original verse through several devotional volumes—"Annus Domini," "Called to the Saints," "Time Flies," and "The Face of the Deep," to wit. Indeed, the original verse contained in the three last-named were brought together in a book published by the S.P.C.K. itself in 1893. This last was called, simply, "Verses," and, together with the "new and enlarged" edition of the "Poems" published in 1890, and the "New Poems Hitherto Unpublished or Uncollected" issued in 1896, represents the presently accessible collections of Miss Rossetti's verse.

Mr. Austin Dobson is, of course, the very man to edit and annotate Madame D'Arblay's Diary and Letters. His edition should practically be the final one. Meanwhile, it is interesting to trace the gradual "recrudescence" of Fanny Burney's popularity, which, after dying down very low indeed, has within the last fifteen years or so been greatly revived and strengthened. A praiseworthy effort to that end was made in 1889 with "Fanny Burney and her Friends," a collection of passages from her correspondence and journals. Then, in 1890, we had her "Early Diary," edited in two volumes by A. R. Ellis. In the same year Mr. W. C. Ward began the publication of his edition of the Diary and Letters in three volumes—an edition completed in 1892. Meanwhile, in 1891, came, in three volumes, the Diary and Letters as edited by Charlotte Barrett. It was no doubt the success of all these enterprises which suggested the inclusion of Fanny in the "English Men of Letters" series.

The production of "The Widow Woos" at the Haymarket Theatre will no doubt have the effect of drawing renewed attention to the prose fictions of "M. E. Francis." Mrs. Blundell appears to have first challenged the verdict of the public in 1892, when her "Whither?" appeared. Next year came "In a North Country Village" and "Town Mice in the Country," followed in 1894 by "The Story of Dan," in 1895 by "A Daughter of the Soil" and "Frieze and Fustian," in 1896 by "Among the Untrodden Ways," in 1897 by "Maime o' the Corner," in 1898 by "Miss Erin" and "The Duenna of a Genius," in 1900 by "Yeoman Fleetwood," and so forth. It is to be noted that in adapting her little story to the stage of the Haymarket, Mrs. Blundell has had the wisdom to collaborate with that experienced actor, Mr. Sydney Valentine.

Three of Messrs. Methuen's forthcoming "Little Biographies" will be devoted respectively to Goethe, Canning, and Lord Beaconsfield. They will not be at all supererogatory, for, though we already possess "little biographies" of Goethe, Canning, and Lord Beaconsfield, by A. Hayward, F. H. Hill, and J. A. Froude respectively, these all date so far back that they may very properly be supplemented. Froude's "Beaconsfield" (1890) will of course always have a certain measure of interest, inherent in the personality of the writer. But Mr. Walter

Sichel is likely to give us something more thoroughly sympathetic and assuredly not less full and accurate. Materials exist in print for a very satisfactory monograph on Disraeli, if the monographist do but have the necessary learning and judgment.



MR. LOUIS BECKE

Mr. C. G. D. Roberts' new volume of "Poems" has aroused fresh interest in the books from his pen, whether in verse or in prose, which have been published or circulated in this country. These are now fairly numerous. To go no farther back than the beginning of the 'nineties, we have had from Mr. Roberts "Down the Ohio" (1891), "Songs of the Common Day" (1893), "Around the Camp Fire" (1896), "Earth's Enigmas" (1896), "The Forge in the Forest" (1897), "A History of Canada" (1898), "By the Marshes of Minas" (1900), "New York Nocturnes and other Poems" (1898), "Sister to Evangeline" (1899, 1900), "The Heart of the Ancient Wood" (1900, 1901, 1902), "Barbara Ladd" (1902), and "The Kindred of the Wild" (1902), to say nothing of a couple of guide-books to Canada.

The promised reprint of the Essays of Abraham Cowley should find favour with many, for they have not been republished separately since 1886, when Henry Morley included them in "Cassell's National Library." No doubt they duly had a place in the "Prose Works" of Cowley issued from the Pitt Press in 1887.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

Shakespeare Problems

SHAKESPEARE-RÄTSEL. Von Eduard Engel. (Leipzig: Seemann. 2 m.)

DR. ENGEL gathers together in this volume some of the problems about Shakespeare that are of greatest interest to the modern reader and student. He discusses the question of the authorship of the plays in a manner that should convince the most ardent Baconian of his errors, and demonstrates that Shakespeare's position in the judgment of his contemporaries leaves no doubt whatever about his identity. One of the most interesting of the essays is entitled "Shakespeare in Pomerania." Philip Julius, Duke of Pomerania, spent three weeks in England in 1602 and repeatedly visited the theatres. On his return to Germany he invited to his court a company of about twenty English actors, a proceeding that caused his ministers to fear the strain on the State finances, and also called forth a reproof from the court chaplain, who objected to the performances even of mysteries or miracle plays being given in the churches. We learn from his letters a most important fact, that the players spoke their words in English. The audience must therefore have understood enough of that tongue to enable them to follow and appreciate the play.

Engel, we are glad to note, is a most determined anti-Baconian. He declares that the Germans might as well try to demonstrate that Kant wrote Schiller. Engel brings forward some new arguments to show how slight was Bacon's general culture; nowhere does he mention the great English writers who were his contemporaries or forerunners. We hear nothing in his writings of Chaucer or Spenser, or Sidney, or More, or Ascham, and as little of the great names of European literature—Dante or Petrarch, or Ariosto or Tasso. His interest in art seems to have been as small as his love of poetry. According to Engel, even his claims as a man of science rest on slippery ground. He was something of a plagiarist there, and part of the "Advancement of Learning" is a free translation or adaptation of Charron's "De la Sagesse." That Bacon was no poet is clear to all who read him, that he had no feeling for art is also clear, and Engel is probably right when he says that more poetry may be found in Bismarck's speeches and letters than in Bacon's works. But all the same, it is matter for doubt if in these sorts of discussions much is to be gained by belittling Bacon's own achievement.

The question whether Shakespeare was ever in Italy forms the subject of another essay. Shakespeare shows so close, not to say minute, an acquaintance with Padua and Venice, that Engel thinks in all probability he had visited those cities. But documentary evidence is entirely lacking, and therefore no definite answer can be given. Engel is inclined however to the opinion that the likelihood of Shakespeare's travels in Italy is greater than the contrary.

The last essay in the book—"How Othello originated" is a clever and amusing *jeu d'esprit*. Shakespeare is seen at his writing table in the room he rents from Mistress Hacket near the Globe Theatre. He is reading in Cinthio's "Hecatommithi" the story of the Moor of Venice. Point by point he goes through it, elaborating, criticising, improving, even asking his landlady's advice as to her course of action if she knew that her husband intended to murder a woman—"She would not keep such a secret, no, not an hour!" And this goes on until at length the poet has evolved the plot and some of the lines of his great tragedy. The geniality and swing of the little skit lend it a certain attraction.

"A Sigh for the Olden Times"

OLD TIME TRAVEL. By Alexander Innes Shand. (Murray. 12s. net.)

TRAVEL talk is almost always entertaining, and quite delightful are the reminiscences of old times and old ways given us by Mr. Innes Shand. They are jottings and notes from memory, therefore, perhaps, all the more fresh and distinct. What sticks in the mind's eye is usually more to the point than memories called up by notes made at the time. Mr. Shand carries us with him on his travels over most of Western Europe, journeyings made round about fifty years ago, having much to tell us of other days and other manners and methods. Such a book as this enables the reader to realise how vast a change in travel has been brought about by the extension of the European railway system and by the march of commercial enterprise. The traveller of to-day rushes, or is rushed from city to city, from town to town, from country to country, seeing little of the places and the country-side that intervene. Of the life of the different peoples he visits he sees but little, and though there be many a nook still undefiled by the globe-trotter, they are only explored by the lover of the by-ways of travel. Who, for instance, to take a trite example, really explores to-day the valley of the Rhine? Cologne, Coblenz, Mainz, that is the Rhine to the average traveller, only the pedestrian or the bicyclist learns to know the true beauty of the river scenery, visits the countless small towns and villages full of romantic association and of beautiful relics of the past, or sees anything of the lurking lovelinesses of the small valleys on either bank.

The tendency of the age is to overdo certain show-places and to ignore all centres of interest, natural or acquired, which do not figure largely in the programmes of the various tourist agencies. Those who would know how much they miss, how many hidden delights there are in Europe, will do well to read, from cover to cover, Mr. Shand's most enjoyable book.

A brief quotation will serve to show the altered state of affairs in hotel life:—

At Berne there were two excellent old-fashioned hostelries in the main street, with the signs of the Crown and the Falcon. I used to put up at the Falcon, and it was significant of the times that the friendly host always recognised and greeted me as an old acquaintance. He remembered my tastes and studied them. Once I was greatly touched by his paternal and disinterested solicitude. He laid a hand on my shoulder when leaving, and told me he had been thinking I was wasting my life and what he was pleased to call my talents. I should be a happier man if I renounced roving, and went in for marriage.

He was a genuine type of the old Swiss landlord, who, though he looked sharply enough after the main chance, was more of the courteous gentleman than the profit-seeking host.

So it is in almost all big centres, but off the tourist track many an old-fashioned hotel and old-fashioned host and hostess may still be found; long may they flourish. Apart from the practical interest of the book, there are many pages of what may be called personal chat, all small beer, or shall we say lager beer—in comparison with the more robust provender usually provided in travel books. But such small beer is a very pleasant refreshment and in the present strenuous days very palatable.

In its fresh, fragrant, open-air way this is quite one of the pleasantest books we have been given for a long time past.

Shelley

AN EXAMINATION OF THE SHELLEY MANUSCRIPTS IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. By C. D. Locock, B.A. (Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

In the fourth act of "Prometheus Unbound" Ione speaks—

I see a chariot like that thinnest boat,
In which the mother of the months is borne
By ebbing night into her western cave.

Mr. Locock conjectured that for *night* should be read *light*, and having examined the manuscript in the Bodleian Library he had the pleasure of ascertaining that his conjecture had the autograph authority of Shelley. Thus began his examination of the Shelley manuscripts, the results of which, as his title-page puts it, are "the publication of several long fragments hitherto unknown, and the introduction of many improved readings into 'Prometheus Unbound' and other poems." In his task, carried out with all the patience and exactness required by manuscripts often difficult to decipher with their numberless swift cancellings and substitutions, Mr. Locock has gleaned after a diligent and scholarly gleaner, Dr. Garnett. No additions to the published verse of Shelley at all comparable in value to those given in the "Relics of Shelley," 1862, by Mr. Locock's predecessor, are now to be obtained; yet Mr. Locock has added some passages, so characteristic of Shelley, that they have the value of diamond sparks. The following may serve as an example:—

Serene in his unconquerable might
Endued the Almighty King, his steadfast throne
Encompassed unapproachably with power
And darkness and deep solitude and awe
Stood like a black cloud on some aery cliff
Embosoming its lighting.

The most important work in this volume, however, will be found in certain unquestionable corrections of the text in poems already published. A single example must suffice. In the received text of "Arethusa" we read—

And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow.

Mr. Rossetti suggested the word *congealed* for *concealed*. The MS. word *unsealed*, says Mr. Locock, is perfectly legible.

Mr. Locock's investigation throws an interesting light on the value of printed texts and of conjectural readings. In several instances Mr. Rossetti's ingenious conjectures are confirmed by the MS. In several instances Mr. Forman errs through his conservatism. But again, in several instances, Mr. Rossetti's conjectures are disproved, and Mr. Forman's conservative readings are sustained. The conclusion at which one arrives is that in cases, such as the case of Shakespeare's plays, where we have no manuscript authority, conjecture has a very high value, and yet that it can rarely attain to moral certainty. We infer that an editor ought to be highly conservative in his printed text and boldly conjectural in his notes.

More than twenty published poems, and among these "Epipsychidion," "Prometheus Unbound," and "Prince Athanase" are dealt with by Mr. Locock. His reconstruction of the opening stanza of "To Constantia, Singing," is of special interest.

The Duke's Talk

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. By Francis, the first Earl of Ellesmere. Edited, with a Memoir of Lord Ellesmere, by his daughter Alice, Countess of Strafford. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

THESE sayings and letters of the Duke, collected by one of his few near friends, have long been known in a measure to historical students. In one form or another they have

appeared in reviews and notices and memoirs, till there is comparatively little in the present volume that is absolutely new. Lord Ellesmere's "Quarterly" articles on "that pompous compiler from Gazettes, Alison," were known to have been inspired by the Duke. The Duke's various memoranda on the battle of Waterloo were also known, and to speak truly, they were regarded as rather interesting than authoritative.

Still, it was undoubtedly well to bring together the scattered recollections of a great man, and it was a happy inspiration to preface these with a memoir of the kindly and able friend who preserved the sayings of the Duke. Lord Ellesmere's own letters on his diplomatic and other travels are very sprightly. He saw Spain in the anarchy of 1823, before the French occupation, and was not impressed with the country or people. "The Spaniards are the finest barbarians in the world," he wrote; but, added, "The moment that a Spaniard is in any way civilised, he is lost for ever."

The reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington, which occupy most of the volume, are not arranged on any plan, and sometimes there are repetitions. It is a pity, too, that an index could not have been added, as it will often be hard to find a particular item in a series of unconnected anecdotes. I notice one rather bad slip, probably due to Lord Ellesmere, when he speaks of the Duke as considering the Archduke Charles of Austria's campaign "against Jourdain and Moreau, in 1798," as a masterpiece. The opinion is sound, but the general was Jourdan, and the date 1796.

The most interesting parts of the reminiscences are those that present the Iron Duke under a human and kindly aspect. It is amusing to find Wellington, when at Eton, winning his first battle by defeating "Bobus" Smith, the Rev. Sydney's dull brother, on the bank of the river. It is also odd to find that when studying at Angers he was weak and sickly, and that India, which has shattered so many British constitutions, gave him the iron health which did so much for his success in the field. Other traits are more like the traditional sternness of the Duke. "In the whole course of my life," he wrote in 1818, "whether in poverty or otherwise, I have never had occasion to accept a bill." There is a characteristic touch of British self-righteousness here.

The remarks of the Duke on Waterloo have been mostly known before. There is some piquancy in his idea that Alison the voluminous was a Whig, inspired by political bias. Poor dear "Mr. Wordy"! Surely this was the unkindest cut of all, to be called, by the Tory hero, "a d—d rascally Frenchman." What the Duke would have said of a recent Imperial attempt to separate the glory of the King's German Legion from that of the British comrades with whom they had fought for seven years we may easily guess.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

A County Family

MEMOIRS OF ANNA MARIA WILHELMINA PICKERING. Edited by her son, Spencer Pickering, F.R.S., together with extracts from the journals of her father, John Spencer Stanhope, F.R.S., describing his travels and imprisonment under Napoleon. With six photogravures. (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s. net.)

THIS autobiography, the writer of which was born in 1824, gives an intimate picture of the life of members of two famous families as they were observed by a lively girl first, then by a wise and tender woman. Mrs. Pickering was the daughter of John Spencer Stanhope and Elizabeth Wilhelmina Coke, whose father, a descendant of the famous Lord Chief Justice (*ob.* 1633), was afterwards Earl of Leicester. The extraordinary manner in which the two families, by dint of double and triple marriages, were

mixed up, is illustrated by a passage from the *Memoirs*, which we quote:—

I remember that one day at Holkham, Lord Huntingtower, who had just arrived, was sitting by me, and said: "I suppose you are a relation, and can tell me all about these people: I wish you would, for I do not know any of them." "Oh, yes," I said, "with pleasure; I can tell you who they all are. That is my mother, and that is her brother, setting next to her" (pointing to Edward Coke, who looked like her son); "that" (pointing to Wenny, then a little boy) "is uncle to the old gentleman sitting near them (Lord Rosebery); that is Lady Rosebery, and she is niece to my mother" (being just the same age as she was): "and that is my father, sitting next to his mother-in-law" (who was much younger than he was); and so I rattled on through the whole party, which sounded far more extraordinary than any description here can give the slightest notion of. I burst out laughing, and said, "Now I have told you who all the people are, and how they are related to each other; and I think you will consider us a very extraordinary family."

The bright, discursive pages are full of yarns and snapshots. One slips happily from leaf to leaf, not always clear as to whom precisely one is reading about, but aware of the atmosphere of a county family of a hundred years ago, in which all the men were brave and all the women more or less charming, and for the most part not yet hideously dressed. One is in touch with the men and events of the day. Lord Brougham bustles up (Solon, Lysurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, and Lord Chesterfield in one post-chaise), bound on the voyage of discovery that created Cannes. Longley, Archbishop of Canterbury, is hastily apostrophised as "Butter in a lordly dish." A Yorkshire yokel boasts that his fifty years of married life had passed without a jar, and his old helpmate comments: "Varie conscientious but varie dool." Lord Melbourne stops a maid of honour running away from Buckingham Palace with "We are not going to have a revolution on your account." Sydney Smith, from the pulpit of St. Paul's, claims the attention of Archibald, a member of the family, with a sneeze: "Ar-chie, Ar-chie, Ar-chie." You see Keane and Macready as Richard III.; "the joyous Chantrey" in his studio; the Emperor Francis Joseph a promising and prophetic young man; Prince Albert a collegian, King Christian of Denmark before he was married, and General Bonaparte on St. Helena; the last of the Yorkshire bone-setters bone-setting; and London learning the polka. Stories of animals you have by the score, and stories of famine riots and of election amenities.

Nearly one-third of this large volume is taken up with portions of the journal of Mrs. Pickering's father, John Spencer Stanhope, written during the time that he was travelling in Spain or a prisoner of the French. He wrote with an excellent style, so that it is easy to see from whom his daughter derived her ready pen, as she had in her childhood learned from him to manage a horse.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI AND HIS CIRCLE (CHEYNE WALK LIFE). By the late Henry Treffry Dunn. Edited and annotated by Gale Pedrick. With a Prefatory Note by William Michael Rossetti. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is no small testimony to the genuine significance of Dante Rossetti and the members of his immediate circle in the history of art and literature, that even the slight reminiscences here offered us should be acceptable as garnish to the substantial dish provided by their biographer-general, Mr. W. M. Rossetti. This is clearly Mr. Rossetti's own opinion, since he has been at the pains to revise Mr. Dunn's posthumous text, and correct his frequent mistakes. These are not of a nature to affect Mr. Dunn's general credibility, being for the most part easily explained by the interval of time he had suffered to elapse before noting down his recollections, and by the relation of many of them to matters upon which he could have been but

imperfectly informed. The most serious is his placing the date of his acquaintance with Rossetti four years too early, in 1863 instead of 1867. He seems to have become ^{short} these a member of Rossetti's household not very long afterwards, one combining in a measure the functions of "art assistant," as Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in his edition of his brother's family correspondence styles him, and of major-domo, and to have been always regarded as a faithful and reliable friend and factotum, remaining with Rossetti until 1881. Of the greater part of this period, however, he tells us hardly anything, either having left his reminiscences incomplete or not caring to dwell upon the gloomy history of the bodily and mental infirmities of Rossetti's latter years. He is chiefly occupied with the brighter incidents of his early acquaintance with the poet-painter; and if some of his anecdotes are trivial and diffusely narrated, they have at all events a Rossettian aroma, and tend to confirm the impression already conveyed from other quarters of the power and geniality of Rossetti's character, no less than of its excrescences and eccentricities. A more unmixed example of the artistic temperament has hardly ever been exhibited to the world. Mr. Dunn died in 1899, and apparently did not conceive the idea of writing his reminiscences until their vividness had become impaired by lapse of time. Mr. W. M. Rossetti's testimony that they convey "a very fair notion" of his brother should nevertheless ensure them a welcome, while if he be correct in believing that Mr. Dunn "saw as much of Dante Rossetti as any other person whatsoever did," Mr. Dunn can hardly be considered to have made the most of his opportunities.

R. GARNETT.

AS THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD: POEMS AND BALLADS. By Dora Sigerson Shorter. (Alexander Moring, The De La More Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

MRS. SHORTER (best known by her maiden name of Miss Dora Sigerson) has always been a deft weaver of ballads; with something, at her best, of that strange Celtic note of retrospective melancholy. But in this volume her ballads seem often to touch a deeper and more poignant feeling. So it is, for example, with the ballad called "Sweet Marie." It has a note of tragic sadness, which goes very near to the springs of tears. In common with all the poems in this book it is tinged with an extreme pessimism; but unlike many pessimistic poems, these are not merely wailing and weak. Yet, like all good ballads, they do not lend themselves to quotation. The execution is simple, direct and adequate; it has, moreover, the rare quality of suggestiveness in the best passages, which even the old ballads only attain now and again, and as it were by accident. But each stanza is linked to and dependent on each other; so that apart they fail of effect. Even the most suggestive stanzas would seem pale and ineffectual, torn from their context. Better praise than this we could not give these ballads.

But the very finest of all are the opening poems; all of which are based on the common theme of the child. Or rather, perhaps, we should say on the common theme of maternity. With this theme a new inspiration and a new power seems to have come to Mrs. Shorter. Yet, even in treating of childhood, the vein of pessimism remains persistent in her. All these child-poems are sad to the core. But they have a sincere and penetrating poignancy—they are unmistakable poetry. The unconsciousness of the child, contrasted with the sorrow of its earthly lot—this is a familiar theme, yet Mrs. Shorter handles it with unfamiliar freshness and power. And she adds thereto a new theme—the irresponsiveness of the child contrasted with the mother's jealous yearning for affection. That is the theme of the opening poem; it is new and true, and it impresses. Altogether, this volume extends our idea of Mrs. Shorter's power.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

SONGS OF THE VINE. Selected and edited by William G. Hutchison. (Bullen. 3s. 6d. net.)

WE are not so sure as Mr. Hutchison declares himself to be that no apology need be made for a collection of drinking songs—without music. As he himself puts it, "assuredly the drinking song must have a chorus," so wherein lies the worth of an anthology of songs of the vine and the hop unaccompanied by music? But in fairness it must be granted that this objection applies equally to any collection of songs, save that perhaps a love lyric carries its melody with it, whereas however singable a drinking song may be it is but dry bones when unsung.

The editor has provided a very pretty introduction to his book, wherein he discusses sagely and seriously such solemn subjects as fish dinners, the inspiration of wine, taverns, sack, beer, and many another matter of import. Of his pleasant gossip we may give an example: "Rabbinical legend tells us that—

When Noah first planted the Vine
The Devil contrived to be there,

as he usually does contrive to be present on historical occasions; and when the patriarch poured the blood of a white lamb without spot on the delicate root, Satan followed by drenching the young plant with that of a lion, an ape, and a hog; the natural result being that, while moderation in the cup promotes only the innocent gaiety of the lamb, deeper draughts bring the lion, ape, and hog to light." Which explains many things.

The selection of songs is, on the whole, admirable, but as the selector admits there is no pleasing everybody, and while there is little if anything we would wish away, there are some we would desire to have had included. It is a grotesque company here gathered together at the Sign of the Vine, most expected, some unlooked for—Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Herrick, Henry Vaughan, Cowley, Alexander Brome, Samuel Johnson, Burns, Blake, Thackeray, Browning, Henley, who all sing in their own particular way—

Toss the pot, toss the pot, let us be merry,
And drink till our cheeks be as red as a cherry.

HECTOR BERLIOZ ET LA SOCIÉTÉ DE SON TEMPS. Par Julien Tiersot. (Hachette et Cie.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the flood of reminiscences, biographical and otherwise, which has been published lately in the three principal languages of Europe on the occasion of the centenary of Hector Berlioz, there is a sure welcome for this authoritative work of M. Julien Tiersot. The materials from which the author has drawn his picture of the musician and the folk of his time are thoroughly well known, and accessible to all. We have the two volumes of *Memoirs*, the *Correspondance Inédite*, the *Lettres Intimes*, the *Soirées de l'orchestre*, à Travers Chants, and les *Grotesques de la Musique*. On the title page of the copy of this last work, now before me, is this inscription: "À mon ami . . . souvenir affectueux H. Berlioz." It is written in pencil, in the clear plain script of the master. M. Tiersot has done his work thoroughly well. He draws the portrait of Berlioz the man, the musician, the lover, the husband, the journalist, and the grumbler—above all the grumbler. For it was in the man's most intimate nature to imagine himself always misunderstood, unappreciated. And to a certain extent this is true, for his posthumous popularity is doubtless due to the desire, after the Franco-Prussian War, of the French nation, to show the world that they too had a national composer who was comparable with the incomparable Richard Wagner. Be that as it may, we have in this book a clear conception of the various forces that moulded the man. Even the date of his birth was ominous. "Sunday the nineteenth day of the month of Frimaire, in the year 12 of the French Republic, at five o'clock in the afternoon," he was born to the citizen Louis Joseph Berlioz, officer of

health, and Marie Antoinette Joséphine Marmion, his wife. His early struggles and disappointments, his marriage with the Irish actress Henrietta Smithson, his passion for Shakespeare, his living on a journalistic pittance, his travels abroad (he only made money out of France), and his thorough and whole-souled hatred of Paris, are all set forth. Berlioz's dislike to Paris was no mere affectation. He dedicated his "*Grotesques de la Musique*" to "*mes bons amis les artistes des chœurs de l'opéra de Paris, ville barbare.*" And yet, on the whole, he was well treated, and had a host of friends, the bare recital of whose names indicates their influence; they included Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Alfred de Vigny, Heine, Delacroix, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Balzac, Liszt, Georges Sand, Jules Janin, Chopin, Théophile Gautier, Flaubert, Mendelssohn, Paganini, Gounod, Wagner. Of Balzac, Berlioz wrote "Paris is to me a cemetery, every paving stone is a grave stone. I find everywhere reminiscences of friends or enemies. I met Balzac there for the last time." Georges Sand wrote of Berlioz: "He is an artist; very good, very poor, and very proud." Heine said of his music: "Berlioz is a colossal nightingale, a lark as big as an eagle, such as may have existed in a primitive world." Some of the sidelights are interesting. In 1840, at the inauguration of the column of July, Berlioz wrote his *Funeral and Triumphal Symphony* for the band of the National Guard, and conducted it himself with a sword instead of a baton. In 1851, he was one of the musical jurors at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. He was in London again in 1855, Wagner was also in town, and Berlioz writes of him: "Wagner is overpowered by the attacks of the whole of the English press. But he remains calm, being assured that he is bound to be the Master of the musical world in fifty years!" A true prophet in very sooth! This new book is a necessary adjunct to the library of every lover of the great musician.

Fiction

THE VINTAGE OF DREAMS. By St. John Lucas. (Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.) Dreams may be fantastic, realistic, or merely pretty, and some of each kind are contained in this volume. The six stories which are gathered together under the title of "*The Vintage of Dreams*" are undoubtedly clever, if a little difficult to classify. Some are charming fairy tales with an undercurrent of real life, but still fairy tales. "Peter's Pilgrimage" is one of the prettiest stories in the volume. Peter journeys in search of the rainbow, for the Doctor tells a fellow-playmate that Peter would be able to run about again like the other children when he found the place where it grew. So Peter sets off for the valley in the White Mountains, and having hopelessly lost his way, meets a young man. "I have lost my way, I think," says Peter apologetically. "It serves you right for having one," said the young man. "Now observe me. All through my life I have wandered where chance led. No map has defiled my pocket. No horologe has ever therein ticked horrid reminder of that absurd barbarism—time. . . . Eliminate time and money and you have the golden age. Eliminate modern humanity and you have nature. Oh!" he cried, "for printed books and tobacco thank civilisation; for everything else, detest it." The rest of the story tells of the happiness he found when he arrived in the valley. There are many good things in the book. The writing is bright and full of humorous touches. Every story is quite distinct and unlike the other five. An odd book but a clever one.

CHILDREN OF THE TENEMENTS. By Jacob A. Riis. (Macmillan. 6s.) Here we have no record of every-day life in the tenements of New York, no illuminating document of the inside lives of the dwellers in the slums, but merely a handful of sketches, slight and by their very nature somewhat unsatisfactory. In the preface the author says that "the stories" came under his notice in the course of half a century's work as police reporter. Such a man should be able to write a very interesting book of his experience in the tenements. But "*Children of the Tenements*" is not what it might have been, partly because the form of the book is unsuitable to the matter. The author gives us some forty or so "stories," most of which are mere incidents. We should not call a police

court notice in the daily paper a "story," and Mr. Riis' sketches are little more than that. He shows us the dwellers in the tenements as seen through the eyes of the police court. The effect is fragmentary and lacking in purpose. A large proportion of the sketches are of a Christmassy nature, although one hardly expects to find a belief in Santa Claus and Christmas trees among those who lead the hand-to-mouth struggle for existence in the tenements. But it seems it is so. The youngsters of the West Side Boys' Lodging House find to their amazement that the little waif, nicknamed "the kid," has with touching faith hung up his stocking on Christmas Eve. "Santa Claus had never been anything to them but a fake to make the coloured supplements sell." They determine that the kid's faith shall be justified, and putting together all their savings buy such a heap of toys that, as one of the boys says with assumed innocence, "If Santy Claus ain't been here an' forgot his hull kit, I'm blamed."

REMEMBRANCE. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. (Long. 6s.) "Remembrance" is a pleasant, refined novel, such as one expects from the pen of Mrs. Lovett Cameron. There is no particular originality or brilliance in her choice of a plot or her style of writing, but then there are no unpleasant details or morbidity of sentiment. The book is very like the heroine, Dora Donne—bright, fresh and easily understandable. Dora, at nineteen, is an unwelcome intruder in her mother's ménage, herself a heartless, smart Society woman. She is despatched with all speed to a lonely country house, where she falls in love with a young man who at that time does not appear very eligible. Naturally things do not run smoothly, or there would be no story to tell. Dora's lover goes to the Colonies to make his fortune, and Dora is urged to accept the hand of a more suitable lover. After a while, however, everything straightens itself, and the poor lover returns from the Colonies "one of the best matches of the year." Several of the characters in "Remembrance" are carefully and brightly delineated, particularly Dora's mother, who is jealous of her own child. The lover, Jerry Essenden, the son of a country shopkeeper is, perhaps, a little vague and unreal. If he were the son of such parents as the writer describes it is hardly probable that aristocratic Dora Donne, whose heart sinks because he appears at dinner in his ordinary Sunday best, would fall so deeply in love with him. But Mrs. Lovett Cameron says it was so, and we accept it.

DENISE DE MONTMIDI. Von Georg Freiherr von Ompteda. (5m.) **DIE SEHNSÜCHTIGEN.** Von Gertrud Franke-Schievelbein. (5m.) **DER GÖTTLICHE.** Von Hermann Dahl. (Berlin: Fleischel. 6m.) Although there is perhaps nothing very striking about this group of novels, each is furnished with a main idea of some interest, and as the scenes of the first and last are laid, not in Germany, but in France and Denmark respectively, they go to prove that the German novelist is becoming less local, a pleasing fact in the eyes of those who abstain from German fiction because it is too parochial. Ompteda in "Denise de Montmidi" tells the story of an unhappy marriage and the consequent degradation of both husband and wife. The characters are all French and of a decadent type. Denise's husband gambles away her dowry at Monte Carlo on the wedding tour, and the pair are forced to live in the country on a small neglected estate owned by the husband. As a study of characterless, irresponsible, entirely selfish human beings, it is extremely clever, and unhappily very true to life. Denise had in her the making of better things, but she was not strong enough to overcome the circumstances in which she found herself placed. "Die Sehnsüchtigen" treats of the longings and struggles of men and women after a more perfect way of life. The heroine, Countess Faustine, goes in search of happiness and on her way meets with many persons who think that they have found it. The physician's idea of it is that all people should be healthy, content and sober; the artist's is that the beautiful appearance of things brings to his soul forgetfulness of the realities of things; the materialist looks on man as "condemned to life," and seeks to alleviate as far as he can the hard lot of his fellows and desires to be freed from life, to sink into nothing. In the end Faustine finds her salvation in a belief in Christianity, and marries an enthusiastic Protestant pastor. "Der Göttliche" is a far more important achievement. It is a powerful piece of work, evidently the outcome of deep thought, and of profound knowledge of the religious struggles of the day. It deals, too, with the old, yet ever new, problem, the struggle of the flesh and the spirit. The hero, a Danish evangelical clergyman, working in Copenhagen, strives to return to the earlier forms of Christianity based on Socialism, and to bring about a political alliance between the Church and the Social Democrats. He only succeeds in alienating both parties, and so founds a new one, and becomes the apostle of a new religion. But he is neither a fanatic, an ascetic, nor a saint, and is not strong enough to overcome his evil passions and impulses. He founders, dying by his own hand, yet it seems the fruits of his work will not be wholly lost. It is a moving story, well told with fitting seriousness, and must

appeal to all who have sympathy with living humanity and its efforts towards better things.

LOVE THE FIDDLER. By Lloyd Osbourne. (Heinemann. 6s.) Lloyd Osbourne may be remembered as the author of a volume of short stories, "The Queen versus Billy," favourably reviewed in these columns not so very long ago. And the present volume has the same dash and originality, the same American accent which one then learnt to associate with his work. He has worked in the school of Stevenson and with Stevenson, and he imparts to his characters a humanity rather uncommon in short stories, for the writing of short stories does not come natural this side of the channel; and the productions usually so classified flavour of the cheaper magazines. "Love the Fiddler" is a generic title covering sixteen stories—love stories, of course, where every Jack has his Jill. American Jills, for choice, with the charming sangfroid and forty-guinea gown recklessness born of Dana Gibson's art. There is not much to choose between the several refrains: the "fiddling" and the "love" business reach a high standard. On every page, the reader makes acquaintance with brilliant talkers, and will learn that it is possible to be amusing even when in love. Heroes and heroines, or Jacks and Jills, speak in epigrams which deserve the immortality of the gramophone at least. "It's awfully exciting, seeing you again," she went on, "you came within an ace of being my husband. I might have belonged to you and counted your washing. It's queer, isn't it?" "Finches first" is a trifle hard on British susceptibilities, but the end is sweetly idyllic. The author has a distinct penchant for the unobtrusive heroism of good-looking engineers and those who served on the *Dixie*, a historic ship in the Spanish American War. The volume is full of good things.

THE TRACKLESS WAY. By E. Rentoul Esler. (Brimley Johnson. 6s.) We think that Ruskin would not have been displeased to see the imprint of George Allen on the title page of this book, which has, we believe, the distinction of being the most notable novel as yet issued by Mr. Brimley Johnson. It is the story of the release of an Ulster Presbyterian from the thraldom of sect. He is a minister, and has to endure arraignment and expulsion as the price of his declaration of independence. The proceedings of Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly, which follow a charge of heresy, are dramatically described, and the drawing of McGregor, an unctuous but kindhearted Presbyterian minister who lamely defends the hero, is a little masterpiece. Less successful is the portrait of the hero's wife, whose inconsiderate truancy extinguishes his love for her and scandalises his flock. She has a spirituality which does not chime with the conduct ascribed to her, and the episode of a MS which she produces under her husband's name, though it is really by his friend, is unconvincing. But a slight odour of the manufactory does not alter the fact that "The Trackless Way" is a novel worth reading and re-reading. It is not necessary to agree with it in detail to recognise the acuteness and justice of its criticism of Christianity as represented by an unlovely and illiberal formalism. Its sagacity, which allows the usefulness of tact even in a process of self-liberation, is worth the more as the author imagines for her impetuous heretic an experience which only falls short of a theophany. In another edition, by the way, Mrs. Esler should make up her mind as to the period of the story. At present it veers oddly from Edwardian to Victorian.

SIX-BOOTS. By John Strange Winter. (Long. 6s.) Here we have a collection of short stories, although no such indication is given on the cover or title-page. There is little to say about it, except that it is in the authoress' usual style. Most of the stories are laid in the cathedral city of Exeter, where we meet the usual self-satisfied pompous Bishop, the frisky Sulaltern, and the amiable, nice-looking Captain, all according to John Strange Winter.

HOW HARTMAN WON. By Eric Bohn. (Marshall. 3s. 6d.) The scenes in this book are laid in Old Ontario, and the principal characters are engaged in the lumbering trade. The Thorntons keep a large store in the little village of Linbrook, from which they are early in the book ousted by an embezzling clerk, whose knavery is not for some time suspected. Such chapter headings as "The Sugar Carnival," "Quilling Bee, No. 2," "A Night Drive into a Snowdrift" and "The Grasshopper Storm," indicate the nature of the story.

L'APPRENTISSAGE DE VALÉRIE. Par J. M. Mermin. (Genève: Ch. Eggimann et Cie. Paris: Paul Paclot et Cie.) The most unpretentious of little tales. Valérie's mamma is ordered to the Vosges for a couple of months for her health, and Valérie, a not quite grown-up girl, has to do the housekeeping for her father and schoolboy brother. As she has only been taught to play the piano, to paint, and to embroider, she naturally makes a terrible mess of it. Incidentally, a charming insight into the quaint simplicity of French bourgeois life and the excellent economies of the ménage.

Short Notices

Poetry

THE POEMS OF CHARLES WOLFE. With Introductory Memoir by C. Litton Falkiner. (Bullen. 3s. 6d. net.) POEMS BY CHARLES COTTON. Chosen and Edited by J. R. Tutin. (Published by the Editor, Cottingham, near Hull. 2s. net.) And others. This couple of reprints we may group together. The first slender volume contains the remaining poems of the Irish clergyman who wrote "The Burial of Sir John Moore." They do not call for many words. It is one of those curious, but far from infrequent cases, where a man, apparently without poetic genius, suddenly, in the stress of a single and unrecurrent emotion, flames into one immortal song; and for the rest of his life smoulders on after his former dull fashion. He never repeats the triumph; and the wonder comes, not that he never repeats it, but that he ever achieved it. The other verses here reprinted are exceeding few; but, few as they are, they are all superfluous. The longer set poems are of the semi-rhetoric cast, in which the newer romantic mood struggles dully with the Pope tradition; the lyrics have the sentimentally romantic tinge of the Byron-Moore era. All are purely of their day, and all are feebly of their day. They did not merit reprint. The "Sir John Moore" is absolutely apart and unique: it looks merely miraculous beside the rest of the stuff. It is otherwise with the selection from Cotton. We cannot agree with Mr. Tutin's admiration of him. He had the advantage of being born in a rich age, when poetry was abroad and infected even those meaner wits, who would have showed poorly enough in a poorer day. But he has, it seems to us, small native gift. The angling poems are fresh and sincere, they catch many of the charming turns of expression peculiar to the verse of Cotton's century. But they lack, after all, the central substance and force of poetry. The amatory verse, in which he is more guided by model, again pleases by recalling the common dexterity of the seventeenth century; it is ingenious and has a measure of fancy; but the inward beauty, the inexpressible something which makes the verse of the Cavalier lyrists authentic poetry—that fascination is lacking. The poems read hard by comparison. Nor have they the perfect deftness of execution which does not fail in his fellows. We are glad to have the book; but we cannot rank it high as poetry. Of the four or five books of verse before us we may say the same thing; and it might be said of most such books nowadays before one opens them. It would seldom prove false. They are derivative. They echo a prevalent fashion, or fashions, in verse. Robert Loveman's "Gates of Silence" (Knickerbocker Press, New York) is excellently finished in metre and diction, it is adorned with a fanciful and coloured imagery. All it wants is originality. The imagery is not original, the style is not original. Dr. C. W. Stubbs' "Castles in the Air" (J. M. Dent, 3s. 6d. net) has pleasant little lyrics, carols and so forth in the approved imitation-mediaeval style and grace generally. It has not innate power. Lady Lindsay's "From a Venetian Balcony" (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net) contains the most various poems, all with that external accomplishment and that poetic feeling we have learned to associate with Lady Lindsay; while the volume is enhanced in value by pen-sketches from Miss Clara Montalba. It has not strength of inspiration; nor any poem having the charm which occasional poems of this lady's have had. Mr. R. C. Ensor's "Modern Poems" (R. Brimley Johnson, 2s. 6d. net) are different. They possess a good deal of sincerity in the enforcement of democratic ideals; but, unlike the others, they fail by a too rough and uncultivated expression. Mr. H. H. Chamberlin's "Age of Ivory" (R. G. Badger, Boston, U.S.A.) stands by itself. It is devoted to the lives and loves of elephants, and seeks humour by contrast between the subject-matter and the most elaborate—even exaggeratedly elaborate—poetic style of treatment and diction. The jest, to our mind, is rather thin. But with these two exceptions, all these books have every element of poetry save that personal, vital, and unique force which is poetry itself. And though the authors and the subjects are so varied, one rises from them with a tired impression of sameness.

THE SEVEN GOLDEN ODES OF PAGAN ARABIA, KNOWN ALSO AS THE MOALLAKAT. Translated from the Arabic by Lady Anne Blunt. Done into English Verse by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. (The Chiswick Press. 5s. net.) We owe thanks to Mr. Blunt and Lady Anne Blunt for giving us these odes. They are, as he explains, remains of the primitive Arabic verse which the Moslems call the "Poetry of the Ignorance"—meaning thereby that it was before the regenerating light of Islamism. Bards somewhat like the noble *trouvères* of the middle ages, they roamed abroad on their camels—the war-horse of the desert—fighting, raiding, seeking adventure; and as their fame grew were gladly welcomed in the tents of

sheikhs and the courts of princes, where they sang their songs of love and enterprise. The lives of many of them were as reckless and licentious as those of the old *trouvères* to whom we have likened them. For Mr Blunt tells us, and to any reader of these poems it needs no telling, that the Arabs of the Ignorance, like their descendants of the present day, were "rank materialists," believing in nothing but a shadowy theism, and fearless of aught here or hereafter. They were fighters and pleasure-seekers pure and simple. They were children of the Night; sleeping all day, and roaming or drinking and singing round their camp-fires under the stars. These poems of theirs are unlike that cultivated Eastern poetry we know. They are free, wild songs of love and adventure, with a primitive strength and spaciousness about them. Mr. Blunt truly says that they remind us of the Biblical lyrics without the piety. Not once or twice only will the reader think of the Song of Solomon. In the imagery, especially, one perceives this parallel. Very beautiful, often singularly original, and sometimes strange to the Western mind, is this imagery; and beautiful is the poetry as a whole. Mr. Blunt has rendered it into verse with power, and the trained touch of a poet. But the unusual rhymeless lyric metre which he uses is often rather harsh and heavy in the handling. This, however, is the only fault we have to find with an exceedingly interesting translation.

A VERSATILE PROFESSOR. Edited by G. Cecil White. (Brimley Johnson. 5s. net.) The versatile professor was the Reverend Edward Nares, who at Oxford lectured on modern history early in last century. Mr. White, in the preface, says that "the title prefixed to these reminiscences does not more indicate the person with whom they are mainly concerned, than a characteristic of the work itself." What that means is not clear. Nor does one, having read the volume, find any sanction for the assertion that, "turning now and again from grave to gay, it treats of the social as well as the scholastic life in which its subject moved." To speak plainly, it does nothing of the kind. Mr. Nares was the author of a novel called "Thinks I to Myself," which had a popular success. Judged by the excerpts now presented, it was a work informed by good feeling and no genius: platitudinarian. Mr. Nares's lectures do not seem to have been important: one gathers, indeed, that only a very few men attended them. His warrant included the teaching of Political Economy, of which he was wholly ignorant until, on going to Oxford, he read books on the subject. Why was this volume published? An answer is suggested by the fact, mentioned on the title-page, that Mr. White was "sometime domestic chaplain to John Winston, seventh Duke of Marlborough, K.G." Mr. Nares was a son-in-law of a Duke of Marlborough: perhaps a biography of him was desirable in order to keep complete the family records at Blenheim. As far as it goes, that was a sufficient consideration; but it does not go far enough. It justifies the production of a volume for private circulation; but it does not justify submitting the volume as a serious contribution to public literature. In a biography offered for review one naturally expects to find something entertaining, or suggestive, or important: and so one patiently reads on, until the very last page: only, in this case, to find after hours of attention, that Mr. Nares was a person of not the slightest historical importance, and to feel that Mr. White's elaborate account of the boy Nares's shyness, interest in heraldry, and so forth, was nothing less than a taking advantage of the respect which one pays to any book published with an honourable imprint. It is not pleasant to write in this strain; but to write in any strain more agreeable to those responsible for the issue of "A Versatile Professor" would be almost a breach of trust. It would, in as far as it encouraged our readers to buy works like this, result in their looking askant at biographical works as a whole.

THE BOOK OF HERBS. By Lady Rosalind Northcote. (John Lane. 2s. 6d. net) To the right-thinking gardener, be his acreage small or large, a herb-garden is as necessary, as poetical, and as practical an adjunct as his sundial or his onion beds. And yet such is the callousness of the average gardener that he ignores, not wilfully perhaps, but through sheer forgetfulness, the manifold legend, romance and poetry connected with herb-culture. To such, no less than to those who are alive to its charm, this book of Lady Rosalind Northcote will come as a veritable godsend. The mass of ancient lore anent herbs, their cultivation, their properties, and their classification is immense, but with rare discrimination the authoress has made up a book full of sweet suggestion, quaint quotation, and useful advice. It could assuredly not be better done. We are re-introduced to such old-world authorities as Culpepper, John Evelyn, Tusser, Gerarde, and Turner, and the fragrance of their sage counsel renders every page of the little book redolent of the sweet service which herbs have done, and may yet do, to mankind. They used to be of the

very essence of true gardening, and played a most important part, not only as a flavouring to practically every dish, but also in the toilet, and in the family medicine-cupboard. Although their purely medical purposes may to a certain extent be disregarded nowadays, yet the use of pure garden herbs as toilet accessories cannot be too much encouraged: there is a clean and healthy simplicity about them, unapproached by any decoction of the laboratory. In how many country houses does the cult of the still-room survive? This book serves a practical as well as a sentimental purpose, and no garden lover can afford to be without it. There are some delightful photographs of growing herbs, and an excellent and useful index.

FATIGUE. By A. Mosso. Translated by Margaret and W. B. Drummond. (Swan Sonnenschein. 4s. 6d.) Professor Mosso, the distinguished physiologist of the University of Turin, is to be congratulated on finding, in the Scottish capital, two excellent translators of this most important and valuable little book. The new psychology—based upon physiology—is making rapid strides everywhere. It is indeed difficult to remember that it owes its birth to the comparatively recent work of Spencer, whose conception of the evolution of reflex action into the complex phenomena of volition is its logical starting-point. English readers are already acquainted with Professor Mosso's work on Fear, but on the subject of the present volume he is the acknowledged master. To any who have come to regard education as a science, and a science to be applied to us all every day—for the "perfectly educated" person never was, or will be—several chapters in this book are of the first importance. Perhaps most interesting of all are the chapters on attention and intellectual fatigue. In these days of an intellectual pressure without any parallel in the past, their subject matter is second to none in the need of being treated in scientific fashion. This Professor Mosso has done, and Dr. Drummond has preserved for us all the lucidity of the original, whilst retaining sufficient "style" to avoid offending the literary sense.

SOME LESSONS OF THE BOER WAR. By Colonel T. D. Pilcher, C.B. (Isbister. 2s. 6d.) Colonel Pilcher was one of the most indefatigable and generally successful leaders of mounted men in the long man-hunt that occupied the latter half of the Boer War. Anything he has to say comes with the weight of experience and of the experience of one who never came to grief seriously, and deserved more success than he won. There is nothing very new in the precepts of Colonel Pilcher as to warfare generally. The provision of a plan for each likely set of circumstances, and the readiness to shift to a more promising plan at once, has been the essential of a good general in all ages. Napoleon's decline and fall was not due so much to any loss of vigour or skill, but chiefly to the arrogant temper that assumed that matters would fall out as the Emperor desired or anticipated. The rule "always keep a reserve" was the foundation of the tactics by which the Romans conquered the world. Colonel Pilcher acknowledges this, but states, as is only too true, that the fundamental doctrines of military science need to be reasserted even now. Like nearly all good generals, Colonel Pilcher pronounces for attacking. Very interesting is his method of "galloping" the Boer positions. Here is a "wrinkle" that might well be remembered by our officers in fighting any enemy, and that would not, perhaps, occur to a man without experience of actual war: "It must always be borne in mind that an enemy expecting to be attacked from his front, and behind cover constructed for that purpose, can shoot more effectively to his left than to his right, for in order to shoot to his right he will usually have to expose a great deal more of his body, unless, indeed, he shoots from his left shoulder." Might not marksmen be taught to shoot from either shoulder? Equally practical is the advice on posting pickets, on mounting the captains of companies, and on training soldiers to shoot. Some of our philanthropists will shrink at Colonel Pilcher's unhesitating decision that a man who sleeps on sentry should be shot. But really, a man who commits this offence, which is almost the most dangerous to his own army, short of actual treachery, that can be imagined, has incurred little or no moral guilt, and does not deserve any degrading punishment. He is to be shot, Colonel Pilcher declares, to encourage others to stay awake; and nothing less than the dread of death will sometimes help a tired man to keep his eyes open. The other practical bits of advice in the little book are as sensible, couched in a plain homely style that makes no pretence to literary effort, but fulfils its purpose of conveying a clear meaning in clear words. No practical soldier ought to be without Colonel Pilcher's work. If it does not give him the directions applicable for any particular case, it will set him thinking on the right lines.

OSSIAN'S LEBENSACHAUNG. Von Dr. H. Jellinghaus. (Tübingen and Leipzig: Mohr. 1m. 50.) No one has seriously questioned the conclusions regarding Macpherson's "Ossian," arrived at by the Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland in 1797. Dr. Jellinghaus lightly dismisses the controversy, and attributes to the

Ossianic poems the greatest influence on English poetry, and especially on the poets Goldsmith, Byron, Burns, and Scott. The influence on Byron is certainly well established, but we cannot altogether take the view of the German critic with regard to the other names. This is not, however, the place to discuss the matter. In Germany, Klopstock, Herder, and Goethe—it will be remembered that Ossian drove Homer from Werther's heart—were to some extent influenced by Ossian's outlook on life and on external nature. French authors, too—Chateaubriand especially—owe something to Ossian. Dr. Jellinghaus endeavours, and with some measure of success, to demonstrate by means of ample quotation in a German translation, what was Ossian's outlook on such things as religion, morals, evil, external nature, and love. He concludes with brief reflections on Ossian's melancholy—"the ecstasy of melancholy," as Goethe called it—and on his personality. The criticism taken as a whole is not very illuminating, and better may easily be found in many English essays on the subject. Dr. Jellinghaus scarcely recognises that Macpherson's work was more the outcome of the time than of the man. A liking for the less familiar aspects of external nature, for wilder scenery than is offered by trim gardens and daisied fields is to be found in poets writing before 1762. The verse of Parnell (d. 1718) and Anne Finch, Countess of Winchelsea (d. 1720), testifies to a love of country life, of moonlight nights and shady woods, while the Welsh poet, Dyer (d. 1758), had an eye for fine landscape in its wilder aspects. He rejoiced in the wide prospects to be seen from "windy summits" and found beauty in "naked rocks."

A GRAMMAR OF THE DIALECT OF ADLINGTON (LANCASHIRE). By Alexander Hargreaves. (Anglistische Forschungen. Herausgegeben von Dr. Johannes Hoops. Heft. 13. Heidelberg: Winter. 3 m.) We have here an attempt to construct a dialect grammar on a sound scientific plan, the general scheme being modelled on Professor Wright's "Grammar of the Windhill Dialect." Adlington is a mining and manufacturing village of about 5,000 inhabitants in the hundred of Leyland. The dialect is rather mixed, a fact due to the migratory habits of the people, who do not, however, move far away, and the newcomers do not come from any great distance. The book, like most of the others in the series, is entirely technical, and appeals solely to serious students of philology.

ŒUVRES COMPLÈTES DE ALFRED DE VIGNY. POÉSIES. Édition Définitive. (Delagrave.) Some one maliciously said that Alfred de Vigny considered that French literature began with him. Catulle Mendès, the latest critic of nineteenth century French literature, says that it was continued by De Vigny nobly and magnificently. De Vigny certainly claimed "d'avois devancé en France toutes celles de ce genre dans lesquelles une pensée philosophique est mise en scène, sous une forme épique ou dramatique," and he undoubtedly created the taste for philosophical poetry in France. This volume contains all the poems that the author deemed worthy of preservation. He belonged to the young romantic school, and his work is distinguished by absolute sincerity, by proportion and taste. "L'art est la vérité choisie" was his motto. Among the mystical poems we prefer the "Moïse" with its haunting lines, lines that recur, and that echo a profound truth:—

"O Seigneur! j'ai vécu puissant et solitaire,
Laissez-moi m'endormir du sommeil de la terre!"

The "Éloa" is, of course, exquisite as a piece of mystic fantasy, but it makes slight appeal, we think, to human feeling. "Dolorida," which introduces the "Livre Moderne," is a highly dramatic poem and less known than it deserves. De Vigny was too vigorous a thinker perhaps to be a great poet. His novel, "Servitude et Grandeur Militaires," and his drama "Chatterton," will secure him an everlasting place among French literary artists. His idealism is best expressed in the phrase "la parfaite illusion est la réalité parfaite." He married an Englishwoman, Lydia Bunbury, and French critics see in his work the influence of English taste. His version of "Othello," prepared for the Comédie Française in 1829, is of great excellence.

MÉLANGES DE LITTÉRATURE ET D'HISTOIRE. Par A. Gazier. (Colin. 4frs.) The seventeenth century attracts the French literary essayist as by a powerful magnet. It is the great age of French letters, many of its problems are still to solve, and modern seekers after truth, engaged in patient research among unpublished documents of the period, may still happen upon material of importance. Hence no student of literature, nor anyone generally, interested in French seventeenth century authors and their lives and works can afford to neglect books like this of M. Gazier. He treats such subjects as Molière and the literary history of "Tartufe," over which French critics are so divided; the supposed love affairs of Pascal; Racine and Port Royal. He in no way aims at criticising those great men anew, he seeks rather to

give fresh explanations, and to elucidate hitherto obscure points. For instance, in the Molière essay he brings into clearer light the dramatist's relations with the Prince de Conti, and so helps towards the solution of a problem hitherto deemed insoluble. The most attractive pages of the book to us are those on "The Solitary of the Rocks," the great lady whose identity is not known for certain, and who, in the seventeenth century, elected to lead a hermit's life in the fastnesses of the Pyrenees. Her history is romantic to the last degree, from the moment when through a subterfuge she got rid of her attendants (she was fifteen years of age), changed clothes with a beggar woman in the Champs Élysées, then "une espèce de forêt," and after various adventures, set up her dwelling in a cave of the rocks, until her death which took place about 1700 probably at Trenta in Italy. We should know nothing of the life of this remarkable mystic who seems to have naively confused the seventeenth century with the fourth, and the south of France with the south of Egypt, but for a more or less regular correspondence carried on between her and her "director," the Père Luc de Bray, Curé of Châteaufort, a village about eight miles from Versailles. He carefully preserved her letters as well as notes of his replies. When he lay dying his intimate friends who knew of the correspondence, took the letters and had them copied, restoring the originals to their place in case the dying man should ask for them. Later the original letters were destroyed by fire. The copies, however, had multiplied—Louis XVI's aunts possessed one—and it is from one of them that M. Gazier has been enabled to write this account of a most extraordinary woman. She subsisted chiefly on nuts and roots, never ate more than once a day, and often only two or three times a week; five hours' sleep was the most she allowed herself, and for seven years she never had either fire or light. Yet she scarcely knew what illness meant, and often walked 80 or 90 miles to attend mass or receive absolution. Her intellect was clear, and despite occasional mystical ravings and certain excesses common to all religious enthusiasts, kept in check by the good sense of her "director," the letters are sane and reasonable, and betray a feeling for nature rare at that period. We could easily enlarge on the details of so strange an existence, but space forbids, and for more we must refer our readers to M. Gazier's deeply interesting essay.

New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

- Garnier (Col. J.), *The Worship of the Dead, or The Origin and Nature of Pagan Idolatry*, 40s. (Chapman and Hall) net 12/6
 Clifford (John), *The Secret of Jesus: Sermons* (Brown, Langham) 3/6
 Bennett, D.D. (Rev. W. H.), *Joshua and the Conquest of Palestine* (Dent) net 0/9
 Sayce, D.D. (Professor A. H.), *Joseph and the Land of Egypt* (Dent) net 0/9
 Drury, B.D. (T. W.), *Confession and Absolution: The Teaching of the Church of England, as interpreted and illustrated by the Writings of the Reformers of the Sixteenth Century* (Hodder and Stoughton) 6/0
 Carr, M.A. (Arthur), *Hebrew Bible: Short Studies in the Old and New Testaments* (Hodder and Stoughton) 6/0
 Archibald (George Hamilton), *Bible Lessons for Little Beginners* (Melrose) 2/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Spiers (Kaufmann C.), *Guido and Veronica and Other Poems* (Nutt) 2/0
 Weston (Jessie L.), translated by Sir Gains at the Grail Castle (Nutt) net 3/0
 The Divine Vision and Other Poems, by A. E. (Macmillan) net 4/6
 Hardy (Thomas), *The Dynast, A Drama* (Macmillan) net 5/0
 Lowe (David), *Burns's Passionate Pilgrimage, or Tait's Indictment of the Poet* (Wilson) net 5/0
 Allan, M.P. (Sir William), *Songs of Love and Labour* (Brown, Langham) 6/0
 Lomax (Montagu), *Frontes Jaducae* (Glasier) net 3/6
 Moore, D.D. (Edward), *Studies in Dante, Third Series: Miscellaneous Essays* (Clarendon Press) net 10/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Halford (Frederic M.), *An Angler's Autobiography* (Vinton) net 21/0
 Johnson (Walter) and Wright (William), *Neolithic Man in North-East Surrey, with a Chapter on Flint*, by B. C. Polkinghorne (Stock) net 6/0
 Acton, J.L.D. (The late Lord) (planned by), *The Cambridge Modern History, Vol. II. The Reformation* (edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., G. W. Prothero, Litt.D., and Stanley Leathes, M.A.) (Cambridge) net 16/0
 Henderson (T. F.), *The Life of Robert Burns* (Methuen) 3/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

- Harper (Charles G.), *The Ingoldsby Country: Literary Landmarks of the "Ingoldsby Legends"* (Black) 6/0

EDUCATIONAL

- Trois Récits de Froisart, modernized by Marguerite Ninet, with French Notes by F. B. Kirkman (Black) 0/6
 Lucas, C.B. (C. P.), revised by H. E. Egerton, M.A., *Geography of South and East Africa* (Oxford) 3/6
 Tennyson (Lord), *The Cup*, with notes by H. B. Cotterill, M.A. (Macmillan) 2/6
 Barnard, M.A. (S.), and Child, B.A. (J. M.), *A New Geometry for Junior Forms* (Macmillan) 2/6

ART

- Great Masters, Part VI. (Heinemann) net 5/0
 Sime (John), *Sir Joshua Reynolds* (Methuen) net 2/6

ART—continued.

- A Little Gallery of Reynolds (Methuen) net 2/6
 Walters (H. B.), *Greek Art* (Methuen) net 2/6
 Dimier (L.), *French Painting in the Sixteenth Century*, translated by Harold Child (Duckworth) net 7/6
 Meyer (Alfred Gotthold), translated by P. G. Konody, *Monographs on Artists: Donatello* (Grevel) net 4/0
 The Artist Engraver: A Quarterly Magazine of Original Work (Macmillan) net 7/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

- U.S. Geological Survey, Monographs XLIV.: *Pseudoceratites of the Cretaceous*, by Alpheus Hyatt; Monographs XLV.: *The Vermillion Iron-Bearing District of Minnesota with an Atlas*, by J. Morgan Olements (Government Printing Office, Washington)
 Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, for the Year ending June 1902 (Government Printing Office, Washington)
 Contributions to Economic Geology, 1902 (Government Printing Office, Washington)
 Catalogue and Index of the Publications of the United States Geological Survey, 1901 to 1903 (Government Printing Office, Washington)
 Scouler (J.), *The Law of Evolution: Its True Philosophical Basis* (Richards) net 3/6
 Crandall, M.D. (Floyd M.), *How to Keep Well: An Explanation of Modern Methods of Preventing Disease* (Richards) 6/0

MISCELLANEOUS

- Sharp, F.R.S., F.Z.S. (David), edited by, *The Zoological Record, being Records of Zoological Literature, Vol. 39* (Zoological Society)
 Smith (F. E.), edited by, *Toryism: Illustrated by Extracts from Representative Speeches and Writings* (Harper) net 3/6
 "Indicus," *Labour and Other Questions in South Africa* (Unwin) 3/6
 Annual Report of the American Journal of Archaeology, Second Series (Norwood Press, Mass.)
 Elkind, M.D. (Louis), *The German Emperor's Speeches* (Longmans) net 12/6
 Earle (Alice Morse), *Two Centuries of Costume in America, 2 vols.* (Macmillan) net 21/0
 Clarke, F.R.S. (C. B.), *On Free Trade* (Macmillan) 0/6
 The Imperial Guide to India (Simpkin, Marshall) net 6/0
 The Englishwoman's Year-Book (Black) net 2/6
 Mudie's Select Library, Catalogue, 1904 (Mudie's Library) 1/6
 Milton (Francis), edited by, *Ships and Shipping: A Handbook of Popular Nautical Information* (Moring) net 5/0
 Garnett (Richard) and Gosse (Edmund), *English Literature (in four volumes), Vols. II. and IV.* (Heinemann) each, net 16/0
 Bérard (Victor) *Pro Macedonia* (Paris: Colin) 2 fra.
 Matthey (Tobias), *The Act of Touch: Pianoforte Tone-Production* (Longmans) 7/6
 "Zara," *Self-Help for Ye Poor Clergy* (Stock) net 2/6
 Willing's Press Guide, 1904 (Willing)

FICTION

- "The Mis-Rule of Three," by Florence Warden (Unwin), 6/0; "Peelah, or The Bewitched Maiden of Nepal," by Ernest Manfred (Sonnensohn), 6/0; "The Three Musketeers," by A. Dumas, newly translated by A. Allinson, with Introduction by Andrew Lang (Methuen), 2/6; "The Iron Hand," by James MacLaren Cobban (Long), 6/0; "Toy-Gods," by Percival Pickering (Long), 6/0; "Delphine," by Curtis Yorke (Long), 6/0; "Over Stony Ways: A Romance of Tennyson-Land," by Emily M. Bryant (Jarrold), 6/0; "Rose Stewart's Love Story: A Romance of Culloden," by Catherine Mackay (Mackay), 2/6; "John Blankett's Business," by Joseph Clayton (Brown, Langham), 6/0; "The French Master," by Alfred Wilson Barrett (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "The Sword of Damocles," by A. K. Green (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "Through Sorrow's Gates," by Halliwell Sutcliffe (Unwin), 6/0; "A Heart's Triumph," by E. A. Rowlands (Henderson), 0/3; "Tracked by Fate," by Maurice Scott (Henderson), 0/3.

JUVENILE

- "The Swiss Family Robinson," in Words of One Syllable (Cassell), 0/6.

NEW EDITIONS

- "The National Sports of Great Britain," by Henry Alken (Methuen), net 4/6; "Twenty Years After," by A. Dumas (Methuen), 1/0; "The Castle of Eppstein, Crop Earel Jacquot, and Other Stories," "The Snowball and Sultanetta," and "Cécile," by A. Dumas (Methuen), each 0/6; "The Analysis of the Hunting Field" (Methuen), net 3/6; "Memoirs of Mlle. des Echerolles, being Side-Lights on the Reign of Terror," translated by Marie Clothilde Balfour (Lane), net 5/0; "The Letters of a Portuguese Nun" (Marianne Alcoforado), translated by Edgar Prestage (Nutt), net 2/6; "A Treasury of Translations" (Verse), by A. E. A. Axon (Albert Brounibent), 0/3; "An Emerson Treasury" (Brounibent), 0/3; "A Treasury of Devotional Poems," by W. G. Kingsland (Brounibent), 0/3; "The Story of Creation," by Edward Codd (Watts), 0/6; "Science and Speculation," by G. H. Lewes (Watts), 0/6; "Was Jesus a Carpenter," by Ernest Crosby (Mas n Press); "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas a Kempis (Richards), net 1/0; "Plays of Molière," in French, with a new translation by A. H. Waller (Richards), net 3/6; "History of Civilization in England," by H. T. Buckle (Richards), net 1/0; "King's Letters: from the Days of Alfred to the Accession of the Tudors," newly edited by Robert Steele (Moring), net 2/6; "As You Like It," and "Love's Labour's Lost," (Little Quarto Shakespeare, Methuen), each net 1/0; "In Relief of Doubt," by R. E. Welsh, M.A. (Allenson), 0/6; "A Popular History of the Ancient Britons, or the Welsh People, from the Earliest Times to the end of the Nineteenth Century," by Rev. John Evans, B.A. (Stock), 5/0.

PERIODICALS

- "Scribner's Magazine," "Casell's Magazine," "American Journal of Archaeology," "The Reader," "The Lamp," "The Independent," "The British Realm," "The Bookman," "Critic," "Baconiana," "Forum," "Indian Magazine," "The Artisan," "Quarterly Review."

Foreign

ART

- Dezsinis Anciens (Muller et Cie, Amsterdam)

Personalities : J. A. Nau

THE Academy de Goncourt has given its first prize of £200, and a little wave of excitement has rippled over the literary world. The awards of the older Academy are no longer arousing to any but the recipients. The possibility of surprise has been too completely eliminated. Eminently proper, the Home of the Immortals is also just a little dull in its propriety. But the New Academy holds the potentialities of the young and the unknown. In consequence, its first decision could only bring with it instant celebrity—were it nothing else but the celebrity of curiosity.

To explain the De Goncourt Academy is unnecessary. At its founding it was amply described and commented upon. We quote only one admirable sentence out of Edmond de Goncourt's dispositions concerning it:—

My supreme desire is that the prize should be given to freshness and originality of talent, to courageous endeavours after newness of thought or construction. Other things being equal I wish also that preference should always be given to a work of fiction.

In this simple phrase De Goncourt set the aim of his Academy. But the qualifications implied are rare, and among critics generally it was thought that if rigidly adhered to the dispensing of the yearly prize would lapse into the solitary event of a lifetime. But the first prize has been given, and in Paris the book "*Force Ennemie*" and the author, Monsieur John Antoine Nau, are the topics of the moment.

Both were unknown yesterday. Nevertheless from the beginning this new celebrity has known a career full of surprises, strangenesses, and constant upheavals from routine. Originally a sailor, he was also a poet, but after many vicissitudes and failures he accepted a post as gardener in Andalusia. From there he sent from time to time poems to various French magazines. Some were published but none attracted any general attention. Then came the novel "*Force Ennemie*," and one of the De Goncourt Academy reading it was vividly impressed with its possession, not only of talent, but of talent rich in personal and direct observation. At the next dinner it was proposed for candidature. The result we know; it remains to mention briefly the main outlines of the book itself.

"*Force Ennemie*" is above all original and sincere. Its appeal is wide, and, in spite of a subtle and fine psychology, simple and permanent. It treats of one of the common tragedies of life—a tragedy that at any moment may intrude into the placid domesticity of existence—the tragedy of madness. In the immense flood of French amorous novels it is a great stride taken away from the well-worn roads of fiction. But its originality goes deeper than in merely choosing insanity as the central theme of a long novel. Insanity as a subject has been treated before in French literature, and treated, besides, with incomparable power and pathos. Monsieur Nau's book is the study of a condition that civilisation forces perpetually nearer to the whole population, that of partial insanity, when the victim is neither wholly sane nor wholly a prey to dementia. Ostensibly the story is written by the lunatic himself, in the asylum where he has been placed by a cousin. The "*Force Ennemie*" is the unfortunate man's own conception of an inimical being escaped from some awful world to take possession of his body as a dwelling place. He is himself sane, lucid, until this pitiable creature suddenly obtains mastery, and pours out incoherent bitterness and rage.

It is horrible and morbid, but madness is too close about us for the subject to be either indifferent or unworthy. Again, the book is full of faults. Immaturity invades it everywhere. Redundancy and bad taste struggle to spoil it as a finished performance. There are scenes whose

publication even the French critics have deeply regretted. Much of it is repulsive. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the writer shows power and a grip of the more difficult elements of human psychology, as well as a marked personality of manner.

The De Goncourt Academy has not needed, in this its first authoritative action, to make concessions to necessity. Its next award will in consequence be awaited with an even sharper curiosity.

M. BERESFORD RILEY.

Egomet

AN unknown friend in the North sent me at Christmas the pretty present of a paper-knife, pretty in itself and pretty also in the kindly good-will that inspired the gift. It is a home-made paper-knife, certainly a case of home-made's best. I possess many paper-knives, though no collector, just as I own many pipes, but I only use one habitually, and now use only my pretty present. Paper-knives vary in appearance, ability and character, as do men and women. Some are merely ornamental, uncomfortable to the hand and destructive to books. My new favourite is of wood; a long, slim, well-bred, book-respecting article, which would never roughly rend a page or hurt the hand that caresses it.

True book-lovers delight to sit down to the cutting of a volume, though the pleasure does not always arise from the same cause. Some of us cut straight through from cover to cover, then read from first page, sometimes to the last; others of us—we book-lovers are brethren, though we differ as brothers ever have done—taste almost every page as it opens. For myself I am betwixt and between, cutting away with all due caution and proper care; then when a word or a line catches my fancy I stay my hand, reading awhile—a line, a paragraph, perhaps a page.

But in this matter as in all others I am no slave to routine. When I am cutting an old friend, maybe disguised in a new dress, no sense of curiosity persuades me to pause; when my task is completed I settle down cosily in the corner of my old chair and re-read, calmly content and certain of what pleasure I shall find. Then, too, I deal with different books in diverse ways; a history, for example, I sometimes, in fact usually, cut from end to end, never pausing to taste; if a volume of poetry, I sip the sweets as I go on; essays tempt me not seldom to read a page or two on my way, and so forth.

Thin paper books are troublesome to cut without disaster; so, likewise, are those, too common nowadays, printed upon what is a near cousin to blotting-paper. Badly bound volumes, that groan and creak as they are opened, are queer customers to deal with; most periodicals—wire-bound abominations—are hateful, and the sincere paper-knife with difficulty restrains itself from doing them a damage. For paper-knives have their little tempers and must not be dealt with as if they had no feelings. Handle them roughly and they will be revenged upon you; be tender to them and they will be gentle; they are responsive to kindness, docile when used with respect. Has a paper-knife ever written its autobiography? It would make good reading.

E. G. O.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS' "*Letters from a Silent Study*" will be published simultaneously in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE and "*The New York Tribune*"; the exigencies of copyright law necessitate the postponement of the next letter for a week.

Science

Its Debt to the Dead

IT is but five weeks since the death of the heterodox thinker who was distinguished, amongst nations that own the Prince of Peace, for his singular and immitigable opposition to Militarism—a thinker whose closing years were saddened by a long and sanguinary war between two blood-related Christian peoples; and now two of the Empires that paid their tribute at his death are on the verge of war. This is the foremost subject in the minds of thinking men, whether they be humanitarians under a banner, or like him, wield a free lance: and on this brief reckoning, at any rate, Herbert Spencer is a failure, like all the deathless dead before him that have sought to do justice and love mercy. A failure indeed, but thanks to him, we know that human nature is not the same in all ages, but is rising, as he taught Tennyson, to a "height that is higher."

But now let us see of what else the world is thinking, besides a war of which no horrors can exceed this most poignant and ultimate of tragedies, that in the twentieth century after Calvary the Pagan should stand for light and progress and the Christian for unutterable barbarity. Let us take the astronomers—students of the most exact and wonderful of the natural sciences. Of what are they thinking? The answer is *cosmic* evolution—the new astronomy. In a few days a reverend Jesuit, noted for his astronomical researches, is to lecture at the Royal Institution on recent progress in astro-physics; in our knowledge, that is to say, of cosmic evolution, which has become, since Spencer wrote his famous essay on the "Nebular Hypothesis," half a century ago, the most fascinating and awe-inspiring subject that the human intellect can contemplate. So astronomy bows to him: and one reads with amusement, not unmingled with something very like contempt, the statement of a theological critic of Spencer—differing from his co-religionist—that "cosmic evolution is now universally regarded as a myth"!

And what are the chemists and physicists talking about? Why, curiously enough, they are all agog about *atomic* evolution, which has become, within the last year, as certain a truth as cosmic evolution. Species are not immutable: not even species of atoms. And whilst the public gapes at the price of radium, the whole scientific world is thanking it for having supplied the final proof that evolution applies to the very "foundation-stones" of the material universe. So physics and chemistry join with astronomy in bowing to Spencer's genius.

And what are the biologists talking about? Why, curiously enough, they are all agog about *organic* evolution. Only last week Professor Ray Lankester concluded a series of lectures on "Extinct Animals" at the Royal Institution—the Christmas lectures for children! As a matter of fact, these were really lectures on the overwhelming evidence derived from geology and palaeontology in favour of the theory of organic evolution. And this week Professor Miall has begun a series of six more lectures on the development of animals, and, in April, will follow them with three more on the transformations of animals! So biology joins with physics, chemistry, and astronomy in bowing to Spencer's genius. Well might Darwin call him "our great philosopher," remembering Spencer's memorable essay on the "Development Hypothesis," published in 1852, seven years before the "Origin of Species," and establishing beyond a doubt his right to be remembered as the first independent thinker who adopted the theory of organic evolution. In this connection it is interesting to observe that, except for a dim adumbration in "Social Statics," Spencer completely missed the idea of what he afterwards illuminated by calling it the

"Survival of the Fittest." It seems obvious enough to us now that if there is a struggle for existence the fittest will survive; and it is a commentary on the limitations of the human mind that Spencer should have missed it. Of course he had not at that time the ideas of "fitness" in adaptation to "environment": words and ideas which he has given to us for the clarification of all subsequent thinking.

The word "evolution"—formerly used in a totally different sense—we also owe to Spencer: so that it is of interest to observe that his great opponent, the Master of Balliol, is adding two more volumes on the "Evolution of ——" to that which he has already issued. Indeed it would be easy to show how Spencer's opponents are unable to attack him, or even do any of their own "independent" thinking, without using his terms and ideas as the key and clue to all their mental operations.

Space fails, or I would quote the educationists, with their new magazine, the sociologists, with their new society, and the psychologists, with their recent advances, in proof of my thesis. But I must just mention the medical men who, as Sir William Collins has just pointed out, are finding, in the application of Spencerian ideas to the problems of cell-life, the right way in which to solve the nearly-conquered problem of cancer: whilst there lies before me a card of the Morison Lectures which are to be delivered on "Insanity" before the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, and which will deal with that subject on the basal idea of evolution.

And what is the French Press talking about? Well, mainly, it seems, about the ignorance of the British Press, and the apathy of the British people, when one of the immortals passes from amongst them. Now I fancy it might easily be shown, from the recorded figures of sale of Spencer's books, that many people have lately had to write about him without any knowledge of their subject. But the fact remains that certain people have, without excuse, written some astounding nonsense. Principal Fairbairn says that his philosophy will be dismissed by posterity as that of one who was a poet and a dreamer rather than a thinker. Another writer says he was not a man but an intellect. These may be left to one another. I have myself been challenged, by one who had not read ten pages of Spencer, to adduce "a single idea" from him; but a writer in the "Daily News" has achieved a costly immortality by describing Spencer as an industrious plodder rather than an original thinker, and by adding, in a phrase at which the centuries will laugh, that "First Principles" is not wholly destitute of "a certain literary power." This of a book for which science and philosophy had been waiting since the dawn of thought, and which the forty most active years in the history of man's mind have since established by telescope, spectroscope, microscope, by processes mathematical, experimental, logical, and by all other processes whatever, as part of inexpugnable Truth. Verily may it be said, in Emerson's phrase, of him whom "all the world outside the walls of our Universities"—to quote the "Fortnightly"—honours and thanks to-day, that "to be great is to be misunderstood." But as I walked sadly away from the last scene, and saw a little film of smoke rise into the air from the crematorium tower, denoting the physical end of the great brain for which we are but the first of thousands of generations that shall yet give thanks, I comforted myself with old Daniel, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

It is pleasant to find Mrs. Craigie lending the weight of her authority to the argument so often put forward in these columns, that the stage of to-day is weak because of its being overweighted with convention, and of its lacking fidelity to nature. In her lecture before the O.P. Club, on Sunday evening last, Mrs. Craigie urged that what was required of authors and actors alike was less of convention and more of nature. Stage convention is an unhappy term in that it includes many things that cannot and should not be abolished, as well as many that should be made an end of as soon as can be. All theatrical art may be said to be a convention, equally truthfully it may be said that when we go to the theatre we are called upon to "make believe." Quite so, but stage conventions should be used to assist us in making believe and not to destroy all possibility of illusion. I do not ask for reality on the stage, but for a performance, both from author and actor, which will appear real; of course I am now writing only of the serious drama—of plays that claim to deal with the actual affairs and events and emotions of life. Some stage conventions are rendered necessary by the circumstance under which plays are acted.

THE actor must speak in tones and with elaborate distinctness which would be unbearable in ordinary intercourse, because in the theatre he is addressing a large and in part distant audience; the scenery must be painted in colours far distant from nature because the lighting of the stage is utterly unlike the lighting of nature; in nature there are shadows, on the stage there are none, hence the scenery and the actors' faces must be provided with painted shadows; such conventions as these are indispensable. There are conventions, however, which are not only unnecessary, but wholly destructive of illusion—of the possibility of making believe that the performance we are witnessing is life and not play-acting. As Mrs. Craigie pointed out, there is a tendency nowadays, as we sit and watch the play, to say that "Mr. So-and-So is doing this, that, or the other very cleverly," whereas we should say "such and such a character in the play has come home to our hearts, and has stirred in us responsive emotions." As I have before now pointed out, actors and actresses should, as do painters or writers of fiction, study straight from nature the characters they are called upon or choose to depict. The acting of old men and other character parts is almost wholly a matter of convention in the theatre of to-day; there are conventional voices, gestures, garments, make-up, and so forth. In so far as these conventions were founded upon study of human nature they can stand, but they must be checked from day to day; the convention that yesterday was true and natural may to-day be quite the opposite.

THEN stage manners are almost wholly conventional; we have abolished the time-dishonoured performance of insisting on a dialogue being carried on by two seated actors who have carried chairs down to the footlights for that particular purpose, and who will carry them back to their previous positions when the conversation is concluded. But stage managers still consider it necessary to keep the actors bustling about the stage in a meaningless, unnatural and distracting manner. In life I do not speak three or four sentences to my friend at one side of the room, and then, with him, elaborately cross the room before I continue my discourse. Why should I do so on the stage? A volume might be written upon the subject of stage conventions; here I can only draw attention to the theory that underlies all stage performances.

REALISM in the theatre has unfortunately come to be a synonym for everything that is sordid—too often for everything that is nasty. Otherwise it is the word we want.



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON: ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.

[Photo. Booker and Sullivan, Chancery Lane.]

We do not ask of the stage what is real; the absolutely real on the stage would appear unreal; what is desired and but too little sought after, is the unreal, which will to the spectator appear real. To take the greatest example of all, Shakespeare's plays as regards diction and often as regards possibility, are utterly unreal, but the emotions are real, and, properly acted, the effect upon the audience is that of reality. Or, to take another high example, a flat cloth of a landscape, painted by such an artist as the late Mr. Beverley, often appears more real than elaborately built up sets, with real leaves, real flowers, real water, and other realities that in their unreal surroundings appear unnatural and untrue. The fact is, they are unreal and untrue in such surroundings.

THE comic note was, unfortunately, in evidence more than once at untimely moments in Mr. A. O'D. Bartholeyns' drama, "Swift and Vanessa," produced at the Royalty Theatre on Monday last. Undoubtedly there is tragic material in the story of the Dean, Vanessa and Stella, but probably not material for a drama; if known facts are adhered to and not added to, the motives of the leading characters must remain obscure; if fiction is added to facts, those acquainted with the latter are naturally dissatisfied. Mr. Bartholeyns not only indulges in fiction, but introduces, quite unnecessarily, such persons as Gay and Congreve, and utilises well-known sayings of well-known folk in a way neither accurate nor happy. Some

of the scenes are skilfully constructed, but the language hardly ever, except when quoted, rises above mediocrity; in three words—an ambitious failure. Had it been better acted the play would have been more impressive; only Mr. J. D. Beveridge as Swift played with character and distinction.

As a distinguished French critic puts it, M. Brieux's dramas represent an ingenious method of giving lectures. His latest play, if it can so be called, "Maternité," produced at the Théâtre Antoine, is actually a most serious lecture or discussion on that subject. And strangest of all M. Brieux succeeds in interesting us and in arresting our attention.

If the Anti-Semites had not made capital out of it from their point of view, Maurice Donnay's "Le Retour de Jérusalem" would be regarded as one of his best comedies. It is above all a drama of sentiment, and the scene in which the lovers decide to separate is one of the most simple and pathetic that Donnay has ever written.

A FRENCH theatre is about to be established at Rome, in which French actors will produce French plays both old and new.

AMONG living German dramatists, Franz von Schönthan, author of comedies and farces, stands highest in popularity. There were last year, in Germany, no less than 1,366 performances of plays by him. Blumenthal and Kadelburg follow with 1,337 performances. Meyer-Förster's "Alt-Heidelberg" was played 1,255 times. Works by Sudermann reach the remarkable number of 1,050. Schiller heads the list of classical dramatists with 1,111 performances. Shakespeare comes next with 658, and then Goethe with 347. Living foreign dramatists may be ranged in the order—Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Björnson.

New dramas are announced by Max Dreyer, the author of the "Probekandidat," entitled "Venus Amathusia," and "Möller Hildebrand." Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the author of "Elektra," is preparing a German version of Otway's "Venice Preserved," which was last performed in Germany at the Weimar Theatre when under the direction of Goethe.

At the Royal Theatre, Stuttgart, the Goethe-Bund produced for the first time three satires of Lucian in the German version of Paul Lindau. Those selected were: "Timon, the Misanthrope," "The Cock, or the Cobbler's Dream," and "The Tyrant, or the Passage of the Styx." The two last obtained the most applause.

ON New Year's Eve, the Lessing Theatre, Berlin, produced a new farce by Gustav Kadelburg, entitled "Familie Schierke." It is witty and amusing, and abounds in comic situations. The leading motive is to be found in the accident by which a highly respectable man makes the acquaintance of a little street dancing-girl, and so disturbs the harmony of his hitherto peaceful domestic life. But despite the many complications, all ends happily, and the audience dispersed in a merry humour ready to enjoy their *Sylvesterabend* (New Year's Eve) supper with the indispensable hot punch.

Musical Notes

SOME years ago, Sir A. C. Mackenzie announced that he should write no more works for British musical festivals; the game, he declared, was not worth the candle. Art for art's sake, in Sir Alexander's judgment, was all very well, but a little bread and butter was none the less acceptable, and so he figuratively shook the dust of the festivals off his feet. Apparently, however, Sir Alexander has changed his mind or has converted others to his way of thinking, and the interesting announcement has been made that a new cantata from his pen entitled "The Witch's Daughter" will be the most important novelty at the next Leeds Festival. "The Witch's Daughter" suggests possible descent from "The Spectre's Bride"; but having in view Sir Alexander's nationality it is more likely, perhaps, that the lady will prove to be, as the Babu writer said, "of Scotch." Other new works to be heard at the festival will be a setting of one of Aytoun's poems by Dr. Charles Wood, and a cantata from the pen of Dr. Walford Davies, based on a text derived from the old morality play "Everyman." The latter should lend itself to musical treatment rather well.

MISS ADA CROSSLEY seems to have carried all before her during her recent visit to the Antipodes. In Australia the papers appear to have vied with one another in the expression of their enthusiasm—enthusiasm naturally not diminished by the plucky way in which, rather than disappoint the public, she sang after the accident to her ankle with her foot in plaster of Paris and standing between two chairs to afford her support. And from New Zealand came tributes equally emphatic—among others a graceful sonnet from the pen of Mr. David Will. M. Burn, of which a copy has reached us. Thus run the concluding lines:—

Out of the Deep a Voice sings—Thine—this day,
And the charmed waves of plastic human minds
Leap to the mastering magic of Thy lay,
Rich with Earth's runes, wistful as wandering winds,
And soft as star-shine—leap, and surge, and sway
Till each, soul-stilled, the Heart of Beauty finds.

Such things would make some vocalists vain—but not Miss Crossley.

IN these days, when so many are content to have the courage of other people's convictions, it is pleasant to read of someone, such as the late Mr. Andrew Deakin of Birmingham, who was not afraid to possess opinions of his own, and to express them with uncompromising vigour; and this, even though one of those same opinions was to the effect that "the two greatest choral works ever written are both by Mendelssohn—the 'Elijah' and the 'St. Paul.'"

"What of the B minor Mass of John Sebastian Bach?" we timidly inquired.

"I don't think much of it. There are many masses much better. I prefer any of Schubert's masses to Bach in B minor."

There is something very refreshing in this. "What about the Prophet Samuel? Was not he both great and good?" Thus Mark Twain has told us his parents reasoned with him when he objected to the baptismal name which they had bestowed on him. "Not so very," was the youthful Samuel's unabashed response. Mr. Deakin's reply to the interviewer recalls that historic passage. Mr. Deakin was, it seems, for many years musical critic of the Birmingham "Daily Gazette."

WHY the "Elijah" and the "St. Paul," by the way? Unless I am mistaken it is a fad of quite recent

development thus to allude to these and other works, though wherefore this has come about I am at a loss to say. The names of the oratorios are "Elijah" and "St. Paul," and there is no more need to call them *the* "Elijah" and *the* "St. Paul" than there is to say *the* "Hamlet" or *the* "Macbeth." The trick is the more irritating since it is usually encountered on the lips of the would-be always accurate and precise. By parity of reasoning one might expect to find them saying *the* "The Dream of Gerontius" and *the* "The Apostles."

APPROPOS of that familiar "essential turn" of Wagner, which Dr. Cowen alluded to the other day, the question has been raised as to the right method of its performance as it occurs in the Prayer from "Rienzi." Should it be given in the ordinary straightforward way, or in the form of a "back turn," such as it takes in the case of the "Brünnhilde" motive from "Götterdämmerung"? In former days it was, if I am not mistaken, invariably given in the direct and ordinary manner, and to my ears this sounds obviously the correct and more pleasing reading, since the turn seems then to go with instead of against the natural curve of the melody, whereas when the other reading is adopted I derive a precisely contrary impression. None the less, the "back turn" would seem of recent years to have found favour in some quarters with or without authority—Dr. Muck, for example, adopts this reading at the Berlin opera—and it would be interesting, therefore, to ascertain if possible which version is actually the right one. Presumably the original score throws no light on the subject, or no difference of opinion would have arisen. But Richter and many others could say, of course, what Wagner's own practice in the matter was. And this should settle it.

ONE used to be told of

Sugar and spice
And all that's nice

in one's childhood; and the distich comes back to one on reading that no less than seven of Massenet's operas, which are nothing if not sugary and sweet-stuff-like, are to be heard at Nice during the forthcoming operatic season there. These are "Marie Magdeleine," "Hérodiade," "Manon," "La Navarraise," "Cendrillon," "Thaïs" and "Werther." The novelties of the season will be Puccini's "La Tosca," Lucien Lambert's "La Flamenca," and Xavier Leroux's "La Reine Fiammette," while Wagner will be represented by "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," and "Das Rheingold."

"LYING" or "lying down"? That seems to sum up in epigrammatic form the singular controversy which has arisen in New York as to the precise nature of a remarkable incident which appears to have occurred the other day at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Conried's is one story—or rather, to be quite accurate, a statement ascribed to Mr. Conried in the "Musical Courier":—

As he passed down the corridor and by the Press-room, he noticed that the daily critics, after the second act of the opera, were at work writing their reports. He went into the room and told them, among other things, that he could not understand how they could, under the circumstances, write correct criticisms of the opera. . . . Thereupon the critics left the room and returned to their seats to listen to the next act.

That is the "lying down" version of the incident. According to Mr. Krehbiel, the critic of the "Tribune," on the other hand—

Such a scene as that described . . . between Mr. Conried and the gentlemen of the Press at the Opera House never took place. It is a lie made out of whole cloth.

That is the "lying" version. Clearly it is not for anyone on this side to attempt adjudication in such a delicate matter. But the episode is a pretty one as it stands.

A QUARTET by Mr. J. B. McEwen, a former pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, was an acceptable feature of the last Broadwood concert. Like many young composers, Mr. McEwen seems rather inclined to mistake extension for fullness, and his work would certainly gain by compression. "What I say three times is true" may be a sound rule in the Wonderland region, but it is apt to prove tiresome embodied in music—for all the examples of the great masters to the contrary. Most of the musical works in existence are too long—Wagner operas and Beethoven symphonies not excepted. Still Mr. McEwen has ideas and knows how to treat them, and his quartet, which is Scotch rather than Scotch in character, was quite worth hearing. A set of "pastorals" for vocal quartet, with an accompaniment of piano and strings, by Dr. H. Walford Davies were also introduced, and proved pleasantly melodious and expressive.

Art Notes

WITH regard to what I said in reviewing "Moot Points," the other day, Mr. Day writes to ask me if I "would tell him a little more in detail how it is that craft and not art has to do with the beautiful." Well, I had hoped that I had made this clear; but I will try to set it in as clear terms as possible. It may be conceded, to start with (I think Mr. Day and his opponent, Mr. Crane, would both concede me this), that *the most interesting thing to man is life*. Now, we can only know of life through two means (I am excepting the obvious fact that the best way to know life is to live it)—either by the intellect or by the senses. We cannot know of life by the intellect, that is to say, by the thinking machinery, until we can transfer ideas and facts to others, and they to us, by *speech* (or *language* if you will). And just as speech transfers thought from one to the other, so does art transfer the emotions (or the things felt) from one to the other—whether by the sense of sound, or taste, or form, or colour, or other human sense. The artist *cannot* transfer an emotion as he *can* transfer a thought by mere logical speech, but he can use speech to build up a sensation (poetry or prose), or he can make colour build up a sensation (painting), or he can make sound build up a sensation (music); and he must do so before he can transfer that sensation into the emotional receptivity of others. That act is art. But I have said he has to build it up, just as in appealing to the intellect he has to build up speech (*a language that his hearers can understand*). And it is in this building up of his art (*the means by which he transfers emotion*) that craftsmanship is born. And just as when a man would transfer thoughts to others, the craft of his transference (speech) cannot be too perfect if he would be fully understood, otherwise you would but have a Babel of strange sounds; so when a man would transfer emotion to others, the craft of his transference cannot be too perfect. In other words, craftsmanship requires perfection of statement as its essence, and will therefore always contain the essence of the beautiful. But art, which, undoubtedly, and I admit it, transfers emotion to others according to the perfection or power of its craftsmanship, need not in itself be beautiful, or seek after beauty—beauty indeed is only one of many sensations. An ugly thing, a gargoyle or an ugly woman, or a dwarf, or vengeance, or hatred, are just as artistic as any beautiful thing. Tragedy is just

as artistic as comedy. I hope I have made it clear, then, that beauty is almost an essential necessity to craftsmanship, and therefore, to the *manner* in which a work of art is created; also that this has probably been the chief source of error in confusing beauty with art. I do not know whether I have convinced Mr. Day, or even made him re-examine his own ideas as to beauty, and art, and craftsmanship. But once the attention is drawn to the plain fact that art is not beauty, and is as much concerned with ugliness, or horror, or vengeance, or death, or any other far from beautiful thing, as long as that thing is a human emotion, surely the truth-seeking artist will at once realise that, at any rate, art and beauty are not one.

MONSIEUR RODIN has taken the keenest interest in the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, and is being feasted and made much of by the Society, which is as enthusiastic about their president as he about it. A fuller notice of the exhibition I must leave over until next week. But I should like to say, before my space gives out, that in the midst of all this talk of the Society I regret to see no mention of the man out of whose guidance, brain, energy and resource, the Society was created—Mr. T. P. O'Connor's stepson—Francis Howard. One more word about Monsieur Rodin before I close: I am heartily glad to see that he reminds an interviewer that there were very few statues in Greece that were really works of art or very beautiful; indeed, there is no particular mention amongst Greek writers that the Venus of Milo was particularly appreciated! Critics generally speak of Greece as of a nation in which art was largely diffused throughout all classes. As a matter of fact, the youth of Greece were probably as Philistine as English public-school boys, and the average man as erudite as an undergraduate.

MR. GALLATIN's handsome catalogue of "Aubrey Beardsley's Drawings," with his list of criticisms thereon, is a rare prize for the Beardsley collector. I tested it by looking for certain articles which I wrote as "Hal Dane" upon Beardsley in "St. Paul's" long ago, and I found them correct in every detail, but what was a far more severe test, I looked carefully to see whether two or three headpieces and tailpieces of Beardsley's that were illustrations to my articles had been noted, and I am bound to say that Mr. Gallatin's keen eyes have missed no slightest detail. Beardsley designed in all, I think, three headpieces for "St. Paul's." When an American is an enthusiast, there is no man in the world to approach him for enthusiasm. I congratulate him on the large-heartedness of his collecting spirit, which has given all of us who collect Beardsleys, the opportunity of securing a reproduction of the strangely tragic portrait of Aubrey by Rothenstein, and two or three drawings, "Alvary as Tristan" and "Klafsky as Isolde," that even I did not know—and all this in addition to a catalogue which it is a very joy to possess, a catalogue which no lover of Beardsley's work can well do without. And I must add a word of praise for the good taste shown in the whole production of the book from cover to cover.

MR. NORMAN GARSTIN shows a number of water-colours at the Fine Art Society's in Bond Street, of Normandy, Brittany, and Holland, which he entitles "In Border Land"—though Julia does not appear.

MR. GEORGE CLAUSEN's lectures on Painting begin at four o'clock at the Royal Academy on Mondays and Thursdays. Monday 11th opens the series with "Some

Early Painters," to be followed by "Lighting and Arrangement," "Colour," "Titian, Rembrandt, and Velasquez," "Open-air Painting and Landscape," and, lastly, "Realism and Impressionism."

MISS BESSIE WIGAN is to have an exhibition of water-colours entitled "Wanderings and Wanderers" at Messrs. Dickinson's Galleries in Bond Street next week.

THE Women's International Art Club opens its doors to the public about the same time with their exhibition at the Grafton Galleries.

MR. JOHN BAILLIE's galleries in Prince's Terrace, Hereford Road, will also be open on Monday the 16th with shows of oil paintings by Connard, water-colours by Bellingham Smith, and Japanese colour-prints.

MR. CHARLES GORDON has written an interesting account of "Old Time Aldwych, Kingsway, and Neighbourhood" (Unwin, 21s. net), in which he not only sketches the historical associations of the ground covered by the Strand improvements of to-day, but gives a useful summary of the scheme for these improvements, and of the wrangles and squabbles that were the inevitable prelude to the work of the County Council. To me, personally, the most serious trouble as regards the improvements lies in the narrowness of Fleet Street at the point where that abortion of a monument stands to mark the site of the old Temple Bar—surely this place will always tend to congestion. The much-abused griffin on top is the only good piece of the monument. But I am not here concerned with anything but the artistic merits of the improvements. The feeling of fresh air and space is delightful; and, picturesque as was the old Bookeller's Row, the open space is far more pleasant. But I have always fears of "artistic improvements" in London city. In France they know the value of broad flat spaces for the walls of houses, relieved by the universal and picturesque rows of painted wooden shutters to the windows. But the English city architect hates the great flat front of stone—how he loves to put grooves along the edges where they meet, and to carve those heavy meaningless forms above doorways and about windows! There are house-fronts in Fleet Street that make the teeth ache. And to think that once upon a time, after the great fire, Sir Christopher Wren nearly designed a new London! But vested city interests (ah! those vested interests!) came between London and grandeur, and Wren's magnificent plan for a new London came to naught. Yet, though the great opportunity died, there grew up as London a wonderful patch-work and beautiful city. The Strand, built on the picturesque lines and charming colour of the temporary building known as "Short's," with its black beams and its green shutters, would have been a delightful place; but I see the hard-lined, gruesome, raw-edged, hideously "utilitarian" city-front rising in the near future to make of this romantic old dingy thoroughfare a show-place fit for the sale of ill-made things—a street relieved here and there by a picturesque Gaiety Theatre, where the pit-doors at which people await admittance in a row for hours is unprotected by a canopy of any kind, whilst the stall entrance, where nobody waits for the buying of tickets, is gorgeously protected. I quite realise that the fine lines of the Gaiety are not improved by the ironwork awnings; but that architect must lack genius indeed who cannot triumph over an awning. There are artistic possibilities latent even in a button-hook. Mr. Gordon has been generously merciful, and given us good maps to his book, besides a most interesting series of old plates of the

"neighbourhood." One cannot, on reading his pages, help regretting the "old town"—but the years pass and new conditions call for the burying of old cities and the rise of the new. And perhaps age has more than a little to do with the picturesque.

THE bust of Washington presented by France to the United States has reached America, and is to be set up in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington it is said.

Correspondence

The Date of Charles Lamb's Birth

SIR,—If Mr. Edric Webster would do me the favour of carefully re-reading my letter he would see that I *was* aware of the extract he quotes—and have been, though this is of no interest, any time within the last twenty-five years. It is the one I referred to in the following words:—"If further evidence is required to 'make assurance double sure,' this may be found in the extract from the Temple Register of the births of the Lamb family, which the late Mr. Charles Kent published in his Centenary Edition of the 'Works' so far back as 1875."

Further, your correspondent would appear to be in error in his statement that the copy of the extract was made at the instance of Mr. Charles Keene, this having been done by Mr. Charles Kent, as stated above.—Yours, &c.,

S. BUTTERWORTH, Major, R.A.M. Corps.

Keats Grecian Urn

SIR,—I have read the three letters in THE ACADEMY for January 2 in reply to my letter of December 19. With your permission I will answer them as briefly as possible.

In reply to the first letter, signed K. de Watteville. I cannot avail myself of his suggestion to examine the frieze of the Parthenon at the British Museum, an institution with which I am very familiar, because I am at the present time living in the Isle of Man. I am fully aware that it is thought by an authority at the British Museum that Keats probably imagined his urn by a combination of sculpture actually seen in the British Museum with others known to him only from engravings. When he proceeded to describe his supposititious urn, he let his imagination falsify nature.

Mr. A. J. Dawson gives an interesting account of the attitude struck by calves recently debarred from the use of the maternal udder. The attitude is this: feet planted well apart, tail lifting slightly, and so on. That posture is quite incompatible with the description supplied by Keats of the "mysterious priest" leading the heifer to the sacrifice. Mr. A. J. Dawson compliments me on my verse. He says it is passable. What does Mr. Dawson think of Keats for his rhyming "skies" with "sacrifice" and "drest" with "priest"? Both of these abortive attempts at rhyme appear in the extract of a quatrain which I gave you in my letter of December 19. Does Mr. Dawson think that they are "passable"? I don't.

The third letter by Mr. E. Knox Linton contains the gist of the whole matter. He says, "Keats's phrase refers to the slight lifting of the muzzle which accompanies the action of lowing. The skies do not, of course, mean the region of the Pole Star, but somewhere nearer the horizon." The popular and poetical definition of "sky" is given by Webster in the small edition of his dictionary thus: "The aerial region above our heads." It is customary both in poetry and prose to use the word "skies"—not "sky"—in a devotional sense; and it is in that sense it was used by Keats when he wrote about the sacrificial heifer "lowing at the skies."

There is a fashion in poetry as in everything else, and Keats happens to be in vogue to-day; in my youth, Keats was certainly not in vogue. As a matter of fact, Lord Houghton and Matthew Arnold "discovered" him for a mass of professed lovers of poetry-lovers who cannot see any fault in their Master for the time being, however flagrant it may be.—Yours, &c.,

Isle of Man,

January 8, 1904.

L. P. PATTEN.

SIR,—I am surprised that no one has come forward in defence of Keats's accuracy in the line—

"Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies."

I do not pretend to much familiarity with the ways of cattle, but I am sure the poet is perfectly right. Everyone but the objector must have noticed that the cow turns her face upwards (at least comparatively to its usual position) when she lows. Thomson, who, I believe, was brought up in the country, has a very similar expression in his *Winter*:—

"With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale."

—Yours, &c.,

INDEX.

Dante

SIR,—At page 12, column 2, line 10, of THE ACADEMY for January 2, occurs this passage on Englishing foreign-tongued classics: "How fine, how even classic, such things may be without [the Homeric translations of Mr. Andrew Lang and his colleagues." The apparent impiety is caused, of course, by a dropped line, which possibly runs thus: "the aids of rhyme and metre, is abundantly shown in" An article on Dante hints that there are extant several good prose translations of the "Divina Commedia." Would Mr. F. Kettle help us by mentioning them, distinguishing the best? By "best" I mean the most Andrew Langian. That scholar and poet is to me "the channel through which Heaven floweth" in such matters, and I should like to work him twelve hours a day for the rest of his life.—Yours, &c.,

S. HALE.

[I am away from my books, so cannot give Mr. Hale a full answer. Longfellow and Cary are good, though I do not myself read them with pleasure. Norton's is very faithful, but with little, I think, of the Dantesque feeling. Musgrave—we still await his *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*—is a translation abounding in good things, and quite the best for the Dante neophyte. Carlyle's *Inferno* is admirable, and in prose. None of these translations are (how could they be?) in the manner of Andrew Lang's *Odyssey*. Wicksteed's *Paradiso* is a fine piece of exquisite workmanship. Butler, Vernon and Wright have their special merits. Musgrave's *Inferno* is in the Spenserian stanza—I forget both publisher and price.—F. KETTLE.]

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me space to thank Mr. Kettle for drawing my attention in his review of my book, "Exiles of Eternity," to my omission to acknowledge my indebtedness to Father Rickaby's translation of parts of St. Thomas Aquinas, and Selfe and Wicksteed's translation of selections from Villani's *Chronicle*—an omission which surprises me much more than it can your reviewer. Not only was it unintentional, but until I read his review I was quite certain that I had made due acknowledgment in the footnotes, and I am extremely sorry that my memory played me so ungentlemanly a trick. They are both, as Mr. Kettle says, very valuable books for the English reader.

Most of the items singled out for criticism are matters of interpretation, in which, of course, Dante gives plenty of scope for differences. But in one point I think your reviewer quite misrepresents—no doubt unintentionally—my position. Speaking of Dante's unworthy treatment of Friar Alberigo in *Ptolomaea*, he says, "Mr. Carroll sees little in this act deserving of censure, and gives it an ethical interpretation." I confess I do not understand what Mr. Kettle wants. I expressly say that Dante's better feelings seemed to be chilled by the wind of Lucifer's wings; that he broke his promise, and that he acted treacherously. I explain his extraordinary conduct by saying that it was his "very abhorrence of treachery which betrayed him into treachery." That is my understanding of Dante's character, but your reviewer will have none of it. Nothing short of a "demonic seizure" will satisfy him as an explanation. Has Mr. Kettle no natural indignation against a man who invited his brother to a banquet, and gave orders to his servants to slay him when he called for the fruit? I am not concerned to defend everything Dante did, but to call his indignation against such cold-blooded treachery to brother and guest mere *Spas* or "demonic seizure" seems to me, to put it mildly, a strange misunderstanding of the whole moral situation.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN S. CARROLL.

Innisfail, Newlands, Glasgow.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music, and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and *briefly* in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

The prizes will consist of 5s. worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller as early as possible in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood, and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5s.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No Questions or Answers received after Monday will be considered eligible for the current week's competition.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE

SHAKESPEARE'S KNOWLEDGE [OF RED OR COLOURED SNOW.]—Can any of your readers inform me whether they have ever met in any old English chronicle, or in Hakluyt, or in any old book of travels, &c., a reference to this phenomenon, which Shakespeare was likely to have read, prior to 1595?—C.

***CLOUGH AND TENNYSON.**—In the volume of Clough's collected poems the date 1849 is attached to the verses entitled "Peschiera," in which occur the lines—

"'Tis better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all."

"In Memoriam" was published in 1850, but Clough had had an opportunity of reading it previously. The question I want to ask is this: Was Clough's poem "Peschiera" published anywhere in 1849? If so, we should have the possibly unique case of an imitation being published before the poem imitated.—W. A. L.

***THE TWO-AND-THIRTY PALACES.**—In a letter written to Reynolds [postmark, Hampstead, February 19, 1818] Keats writes: "When man has arrived at a certain ripeness of intellect, any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting-post towards all 'the two-and-thirty palaces.'" Query, where are these palaces, and why two-and-thirty?—*Comestor Oxoniensis*.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S GRAMMAR.—In an edition of the "Waverley Novels" in my possession (published by Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1861) I find in Chapter IX. of "Feveril of the Peak," in the letter addressed by Sir Geoffrey Peveril to Master Bridgforth, "you hold hard construction of certain passages between you and I." Can anyone tell me if this is seventeenth-century grammar or Scott's notion of it? Or can it be merely an exasperating transatlanticism which has crept into an American edition of this novel?—*Oliver E. Bodington (Paris)*.

***THE BOOK OF THE FOUNDATIONS.**—What book is this? It is referred to in an article on "Darwin and his Interpreters," by P. N. Waggett in the "Pilot" of November 7, 1903, thus: "It ['The Origin of Species'] is one of the books which, like Boswell's 'Johnson' and 'The Book of the Foundations,' bring one within the direct influence of a deep soul."—M. A. C.

GENERAL

HENRY VI.'S COOK.—A grave-stone expert tells me that Henry's VI.'s cook is buried in the old churchyard at Cookham-on-Thames. Who was he? Is there any inscription on his grave? Is he referred to by any contemporary or later writers?—*H. H. L.*

***THE MAN IN THE STREET.**—What is the origin of this now common phrase? I have seen the question asked but not answered.—*Index*.

***THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.**—This nursery rhyme is adapted from an ancient Jewish Passover hymn. What is the English rendering of its lines, and to what periods of Hebrew history do they refer?—*Caltha*.

***THE LION AND THE UNICORN FIGHTING FOR THE CROWN.**—What are the origin and signification (if any) of this famous rime? There was, indeed, once upon a time a battle fought at Flodden Field; but it is many a long day since that chaste and supercilious beast, the unicorn, has permitted himself to be chased round the town by a mere English lion (or leopard).—*A. R. B.*

***OLIVES.**—In a volume of old Scottish poems I have been reading, I find *olives* are mentioned as if they grew in Scotland. This, of course, they never did. But in the patois of a district in the Jura, primroses are called *olives*. Is it possible that in old French this word was used for primroses, and has been adopted in Scotland, as so many French words have been?—*M. M. (Birmingham)*.

***MARDY, MAUDY.**—In Nottinghamshire an ill-tempered child is often called a "mardy" child, and in the southern shires a "maudy" child. I do not find this word in English dictionaries. Is it not possible it is from the French, *maudit*—"cursed"? Can any correspondent give me a more plausible derivation?—*M. M. (Birmingham)*.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—Can anyone tell me when the title of "Father of his Country" was first applied to George Washington; and has it ever been applied to any other character in history?—*E. V. S.*

Answers

LITERATURE

***HABAKKUK.**—In his "Philosophical Dictionary," under the head of "Prophets," Voltaire says: "Habakkuk was transported through the air, suspended by the hair of his head, to Babylon; this was not a fatal or permanent calamity, certainly; but it must have been an exceedingly inconvenient method of travelling. A man could not help suffering a great deal by being suspended by his

air during a journey of three hundred miles. I certainly should have preferred a pair of wings, or the mare Boreas, or the Hippogriff." I am not aware that he refers again to this prophet.—*Index*.

***MALBROUK.**—The name of Malbrouk occurs in the "Chanson de Geste" and in the "Basque Pastorals."—*D. Levy*.

***LIVES OF THE SAINTS.**—"Miniature Lives of the Saints," by the Rev. H. S. Bowden, 2 vols., Burns and Oates, 1879, 4s., contains the information needed by "K. C.," and is the most complete for a moderate price work.—*W. P. (Bristol)*.

***BABY.**—The first writer to use the word in English and in the sense required was Sir Philip Sidney in his "Astrophel and Stella":—

"So when thou saw'st in nature's cabinet
Stella thou straight look'st babies in her eyes."

—*A. Gasourin*.

***BABY.**—In Farmer and Henley's "Dictionary of Slang and its Analogues" (revised) more than a dozen quotations are given of this quaint conceit. The first is from Sir P. Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," published about 1591. Similar quotations are given from the plays of Fletcher, and from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." Herrick and Mrs. Aphra Behn are laid under contribution. The phrase is classified as "Old Colloquial."—*W. B. L. (Stockport)*.

***ANDREA FERRARA.**—A sword or sword-blade of a kind greatly esteemed in Scotland towards the end of the sixteenth century and later. The blades are commonly marked "Andrea" on one side and "Farara" or "Ferrara" on the other, with other devices. The swords known by this name among the Scotch Highlanders were basket-hilted broadswords. It is now asserted by Italian writers that these were made at Belluno, in Venetia, by Cosmo, Andrea, and Gianantonio Ferrara, and that the surname is not geographical, but derived from the occupation. [Compare *Ital. ferrajo*, a cutler, an ironmonger = Eng. farrier, < Lat. *ferrarius*, a blacksmith.]—*M. A. C.*

***ANDREA FERRARA.**—A broadsword maker established at Belluno, in Italy, 1585. It is claimed for him that he tempered his blades by the same method as the swordmakers of Damascus.—*J. M. H. (Edinburgh)*.

***MY HEART CAME INTO MY MOUTH.**—The best authority is Burns, who expresses it most pithily in "Hallowe'en":—"Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool." The hool is the pod of a pea. Lizzie's heart almost leapt out of its enclosing sheath.—*J. M. H. (Edinburgh)*.

GENERAL

***WILLIAM UPCOTT.**—antiquary and autograph collector, died 23rd September 1845. His library, books, manuscripts, prints, and drawings were sold by Sotheby at Evans's auction-rooms, 106, New Bond Street, on 15th June 1846 and following days. They are said to have realised £4,125 17s. 6d.; a large paper copy of the catalogue is at the British Museum. Many of the autograph letters were bought for the nation, and now form Additional MSS. 15841 to 15987 at the British Museum.—*M. A. C.*

***KICKSHAW.**—This word is a corruption of the French *quelque chose* (something). It is sometimes spoken with contemptuous emphasis, and is used in English to describe a fancy dish in cookery, not one of the known "substantial English" dishes, but a "something" French. "A joint of Mutton, and any pretty little tinie Kick-shawes," Shak., "2 Hen. IV.," v. i. 29.—*W. P. (Bristol)*.

***OTHER-GUESS.** "OTHERGATES."—*Gate* = way, manner. "Ice, gada; Da, gade; Ger, gasse (compare guess)." "Twentieth Century Dictionary." *Othergates* (*ade*, and *ady*, ibid.), "survives as a north-country provincialism. Another form is 'other-guess,' used in Somersetshire." Aldis Wright on "Twelfth Night," Act V, sc. i. l. 185. But Scott puts "another guess job" into the mouth of Justin Foxley, of Cumberland. Atkinson quotes "other gates" from the "Townley Mysteries." *Other-gate* (*adv.*) occurs in "Fragment B" of the "Romance of the Rose," which fragment Skeat attributes to "a Northerner." "Another-gains, which was used by Sidney in his 'Arcadia,' seems to have resulted from the confusion of *anotherkins* (of another kind), which survives in the Whitby dialect, and *another-gates* (of another gate, winner)." Strong, Logeman, and Wheeler, "Introduction to the Study of the History of Language," chap. viii.—*B. M. G.*

***CHRISTMAS BOX.**—In the early days of Christianity boxes were placed in churches for pious charities, and opened on Christmas Day. The contents were distributed next day by the priests, and called the "dole of the Christmas box," or the "box money."—*G. E. D.*

***CHRISTMAS BOX** has been derived from "bakshesh," on the authority of Bishop Heber and Dr. Kelsall. It is more likely, however, that it was originally simply a sort of money-box with a slit in the cover, which was either placed on the hall table of country houses at Christmas for the benefit of the servants, or carried round the house by the children for the same purpose. Christmas Boxes of this description were sold in Dublin to shops thirty years ago—and possibly even to-day.—*Terence O'Brien*.

***YULE.**—Could you not find a way of impressing upon your correspondents that whenever an etymology is wanted, such books as "Chambers's Etymological Dictionary" or Ash's Dictionary of 1895 are of absolutely no use? They should consult either the big "Oxford Dictionary," edited by Murray, Bradley, and Craigie, or the "Concise Etymological Dictionary," by Professor Skeat. There can be no doubt that Yule was not originally the name for a (heathen) festival, but for a part of the old Germanic year. The old Germans counted by double-months, and Yule (Old English, *gylt*; Old Norse, *jöl*; Gothic, *giul-is*) undoubtedly was the name of one of these double-months, either November-December or December-January. (Comp. A. Tille, Yule and Christmas, London, 1899.) The original meaning of the word "Yule" has not been settled yet. But Chambers's suggestions, quoted by your correspondent, are philologically impossible. An etymology which answers the laws of phonology is given by Kluge and Lutz ("English Etymology," 1898) who connect the word with Old Norse *él*, "snow-storm." Then "Yule" would mean "the time of snow storms."—*Max Förster*.

***WALTHAM DISGUISES.**—In the eighteenth century the deer-stealers of Waltham wore black crape masks which were known as "disguises." The deer-stealers themselves were known as "Waltham Blacks," and the Act to put them down is called the "Black Act."—*H. W. (Manchester)*.

A large number of Questions and Answers is held over owing to want of space.

NOTE.—Will correspondents to this page be kind enough to observe the rules and mark their envelopes A.Q.A.?—otherwise delay and disqualification ensue.

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the four booksellers whose names follow:—

Mr. H. Burnside, 20, Tranquil Vale, Blackheath, S.E.
Messrs. W. Heffer and Son, 103, Fitzroy Street, Cambridge.
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The Comic Note

An Address delivered to the O.P. Club by Mrs. Craigie

I do not think many could have wondered about the general significance of the term "Comic Note." "A comic note—a tragic note"—we find both terms constantly employed in the criticisms of dramatic performances and in the reviews of fiction and verse.

So much then for its literary employment, but I will try to illustrate it still further by an anecdote I heard this morning about perhaps the most eminent surgeon in England.

He objected to a certain candidate for a post under him on the following score:—

"He is an affected ass," said he, "when he takes up the forceps, he curls his little finger!"

Now that assistant, in fact, struck the comic note. It was a false movement, and an inappropriate one, and, in rejecting his services the great surgeon was acting on a sound instinct.

Thus, a comic note is not infrequently struck in some of our most serious productions, and we have all heard ripples of ill-suppressed laughter or giggling run through an entire audience during some scene of intentional pathos.

Now, I believe I have traced this tittering to the want of dignity in many impersonations. And by dignity I do not mean pomposity, which is of course grotesque, and I do not mean what is called "a presence," and I do not mean "the grand manner." I shall make myself clearer by saying that many children possess it, if they have not been over-trained, and all animals, which have not been domesticated, possess it. I do not profess to have studied the wild beast at close quarters in his home life, but I always make a point of observing the caged beasts of every great city, and the difference between the dignity of these captives, even in imprisonment, and the dreadful humiliation of animals trained for the circus and music hall is, to me, not only marked but extremely painful. A caged lion is superb; a tame lion beating a drum or rolling an empty barrel round the stage is a degrading spectacle, in fact, undignified. And in the same way I feel it undignified when a human being of good intelligence, appearance, and gifts, is brought to think, by a false system of art, that he must play down—against his convictions—to a large, mixed crowd; this is an insult to the large mixed crowd, and this is why they titter.

It may seem, at first, a paradox to you if I say that many so-called low comedians possess this dignity which I want you to consider, and, although the house is often convulsed with laughter at their absurdities, it is legitimate laughter—it is not a guffaw. A very conspicuous example of this quality is in Dan Leno, who, because of his extraordinary naturalness, never seems to degrade humanity. I often think that but for his disguises, which are studiously preposterous, he would more often make us weep than shout. Of course, this association of dignity with humour goes back to the original idea of the Clown, or Pierrot. Pierrot is always terribly in earnest: he suffers; he is made a fool of; he brings many of his troubles upon himself; he is a type of heaven-born imbecile, and it is his dress and artificially whitened face alone which give us the charter to take his difficulties as a joke.

When we come to the impersonations in so-called tragedy and high comedy and serious drama—when the make-up is intended to be impressive, and the dresses are most elaborately designed with an eye to all that is picturesque and portentous, either the language put into the player's mouth or the player's own demeanour are so

deficient in right feeling, that while we restrain the outward expression of our amusement, we move uneasily and wonder whether the age is become flippant, or we ourselves are out of touch with these enormous emotions. Then, just as this doubt enters our heads, the comic note is struck unexpectedly and absurdly. We don't always call it comic—we call it false: the author is attacked—the actor, if he is not popular, is very much blamed. I think it wrong to blame anyone. All the modern traditions of the English stage are against the realisation of life as a very natural affair. If you give an emotional part to any intelligent actor or actress, they begin to think out the most elaborate business: they invent most ingenious tricks in the way of expression, gesture, and attitude. They want ten lines where as many words would be, perhaps, too much, and it is hard to convince the average stage-manager that the greatest and most terrible moments in experience are essentially untheatrical.

Frederick the Great was ardently fond of the drama, and, while he had the keenest appreciation for satire, he liked to lose himself, or be reminded of his own experiences, in watching what we should call a sensational play. "But," he writes, in one of his private letters, "the moment any actor over-acts and allows his art to stifle naturalness, I become chilled to the bone, I lose all interest, and I am no longer moved by the most pathetic situation." Now Frederick had lived all his life in an atmosphere of highly-charged emotions; no one will deny that his knowledge of the human heart under all conditions, strains, reverses, and passions, must have been altogether supreme. Yet he insists on simplicity—quietude even. A critic might reply that an ordinary patron of the drama has not the vast experience of Frederick the Great, and therefore he prefers exaggeration; he cannot be reached unless the performer indulges in really extravagant gestures and rhetoric. Here I would venture to disagree with such a critic. I grant that we have not all great experience, but we all have certain instincts for what is comic. We find this sense of the ridiculous very strong in many children, who can have no experience of the great passions which agitate mankind, and I have often observed them stifling their laughter during the efforts of some popular tragic actor or actress in a very strong third act. In other words, they detect, in their innocence, the burlesque of the human soul.

I am not pleading now for what is called realism, because the word realism has become almost exclusively associated with everything that is squalid. To call any work of art realistic is another expression for dismissing it as repulsive and ignominious. People are afraid of studies of so-called humble life or poor life because they might be disagreeable. I quarrel with this entirely, and I deny that poor surroundings detract from the dignity—I am using the word pretty often—of the individual. The things that are undignified are matters of the soul, they are not matters of the environment, and this is why gorgeous mountings, dresses, slow music, and the really splendid effects of the scene-painter's art, as we see them nowadays, only serve to bring out the inadequacy of many performances which are intended to be heroic. And, before I go any further, I hope you will all understand that I am attacking current ideas with regard to acting, I am not attacking individuals. English actors and actresses of the first rank compare with the actors and actresses of any other nation, but they have to contend against traditions which do not exist in any other country. They are the slaves of some secret body of conventions

which they dislike as much as I dislike them, and most of you dislike them, nevertheless, they regard them as unalterable. It is not too much to say that some of our most distinguished artists have zealously forced themselves to appear in plays which they are far too intelligent to think plausible, and to depend upon tricks in the creation of their own roles, which they are too well-informed to imagine could be acceptable to reasonable beings.

I have often questioned friends of mine—clergy, soldiers, members of the legal and other professions, who see, of course, much more of the effects of actual emotion than any one individual in an ordinary career can ever hope to see—about what are called “big situations,” and I assure you, that they all subscribe to the criticism of Frederick the Great, and I could give you some extraordinary overwhelming evidence to prove the quietness of the human being under the most terrible and tragic strains—and this is without reference to class or education or temperament.

I want to dwell particularly upon this last point of class, education and temperament, because we all know that the manners of those who are too exalted for correction, in common with those who are too humble to be trained, are remarkable for the want of self-discipline. An eminent statesman once remarked in a former century that certain exhibitions of feeling were possible only to empresses and pauper fish-hags. But, in the many intervening classes between these two extremes, we all know that certain kinds of education make for self-restraint, and other kinds make for an untrammelled display of feeling and thought which it is the habit to call vulgar. I can but speak from my own observation, and I have noticed sublime examples of self-command and dignity among the obscure and the uneducated, whereas the most highly educated can be violent in their tempers, gross in their language, and undisciplined in all their actions. These things are a matter of constitution—what I might call fibre. Beyond doubt certain temperaments have less self-control than others, and indulge in outward signs of emotion which are acknowledged to be effective, and possibly necessary, upon the stage. Still, this much is certain—and there is no exception to the rule—in moments of acute feeling, no one is in the very smallest degree, in spite of any peculiarity of dress or appearance or circumstances, comic. There is a terrible simplicity in any shock which is strong enough to overpower our self-consciousness. But it must overpower the self-consciousness, and that is exactly where these elaborate studies of the stage fail. We are not carried away; we notice the cleverness when we ought to have lost ourselves in the emotion. If people are really moved, whether in themselves as sufferers or as onlookers, they are entirely unconscious of what they are saying or doing.

But it might be objected by playwrights that a drama about well-behaved, wholly sane, reserved and fastidious natures would be no drama at all. I confess very little would be done; there would only be very long thinking parts. We should see the revival of the soliloquy in an aggravated form. We should soon have no dialogue at all. Well, I am not so sure, in many cases, that would not be a gain. It would rid us of this awful fear which haunts the composer of problems that his words would not “carry.” It must always be remembered in writing for the stage that a great deal must be allowed for the manner and expression of the actor. Three words written on a sheet of paper may signify little, but spoken in the right way by the right person they may convey a whole world.

This is the great reason why I think it is a mistake to allow managers to read the MS. of a play. A play is written to be acted. It is written for the voice; it is written for any amount of right by-play, and it is not meant at all for the reader in the arm-chair. I have seen some MSS. prepared for managers, and the stage directions were tedious to a degree that I should have thought inconceivable had I not read them with my own eyes.

Apparently the parts are written on the hypothesis that the players are mere marionettes. On the other hand, I must say, in defence of the author, that there is a kind of laziness now on the part of our actors. They are afraid to trust themselves for a second without a sentence. All English players dread a pause. Personally, I do not care how long a speech is so long as it seems to come spontaneously from the speaker. It is quite right to give certain characters long speeches because in real life we meet people from time to time who have a real gift for describing their feelings and thoughts at every turn. If one can think of such a person and make him or her into a one-man or one-woman part, one may be congratulated.

There is nothing to be said against rhetoric on principle. We have all met born rhetoricians, just as there are born sentimentalists, but the best rhetoric ever written loses its point unless it is plentifully punctuated by pauses. Often a speech which is not in itself outrageous is made to seem so because the actor hurries through it as though he were speaking faster than he thought, and then we get what I may call again the comic note. Each utterance should seem to be the result of some experience; it should be connected with some earlier line of a scene in the play, or it should itself be leading up to some further development: the whole essence, in fact, of composition turns upon this. Wagner, in his operas, brought it out clearly as a system of motives. The actor, therefore, should convey the effect of someone who knows what he is talking about.

My plea is for naturalness, and any study of an emotional or of a philosophical rôle ought to be taken from life and not—as is now the case—from our little catalogue of tricks. It is the trickery which provokes indifference. Say, someone comes on looking very much like—well—an ordinary lover—I will not take an abnormal type. But, I ask you, does the leading juvenile behave like a lover or speak like one? The author may give him the most touching and charming things to say, but for some reason we find ourselves wondering why we are so singularly uninterested in the failure or success of the young man's suit. I remember taking a French friend with me to see a highly successful farcical comedy. He said, at the end, “I know now what the British expression ‘love-making’ means. It is something like a quadrille for two. The couple exchange seats, join hands at intervals, cross at intervals, and talk at the top of their voices the whole time.” I then took him to a work of a less frivolous character, but he pretended to discover the same characteristics pitched in a more solemn key, and, to him, the gravity of the superior lovers was even funnier than the irresponsibility of the lighter pair.

Now, as an author, my sympathies are naturally with my own profession. I am fully alive to the difficulties of the playwright. If he decides to be serious, he is expected to be more serious than life itself. He has to conceal his humour, that decent gaiety which underlies existence always. And I maintain that if you do not give that decent gaiety in the dialogue or the demeanour of the players, you will get a scornful gaiety in the audience. The common sense of humanity—perhaps I should say the common wisdom of the pit—will assert itself.

A great change has been coming over the public in its attitude toward humour, toward sentiment, and toward all abstract ideas. In that striking work, “The Flood Tide,” which was, to me, one of the most remarkable signs of the times, Mr. Cecil Raleigh hit off with admirable daring the precise feeling which now exists with regard to the old traditions of moral and other conduct on the stage. I say other conduct deliberately, because there are so many shades of opinion on the subject of conduct which was formerly described as immoral—again, I must remind you that I am speaking

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of *stage* morals. In Mr. Raleigh's play no one behaved particularly well, some behaved badly, most were shameless, and all were frank. As a result, the audience knew where they were. The old sham stuff was being discarded and laughed at, and they were asked to join in the general relief.

In a recent production, of the two lines which bring down the house, one could not have been said on the English stage at all two years ago, and the other would have been permitted to the heroine only if she had been an adventuress. It will be interesting to watch further developments on this line of the least resistance. I think it would be a pity if we became, as a nation, flippant. It does not suit us, because it is only an outward flippancy. It is not in the race to take things, which we have been taught to regard as sacred, lightly, but the evident rebellion against utterly false conventions of which I have already spoken, is a sign of great health and vigour in the present generation. It will no longer stand nonsense; and I have not seen a genuine success in any department of art which has not had a great deal to recommend it on one score or another—either the spectacle, or the stage management, or the ability of the company, or the merit of the author's work has commanded support.

Mr. Tree's last production, "The Darling of the Gods," is a triumph of the scene-painter's and the stage manager's art, and the melodrama—to use a colloquial expression—gets along! Mr. Belasco has thought out a very peculiar art of his own, for which I anticipate some possibly great improvements. It will show you how unselfish I am in the matter when I add that I think the author will not figure to any large extent in the scheme. Mr. Belasco has mastered the secret of giving vitality—I do not mean atmosphere, I mean *vitality*—to a stage picture. That is to say, his scenes are alive, and they are so alive that the greatest vivacity is demanded from the actor who appears in them, in order to compete with the natural forces as understood by the eminent American manager. The vivacity of the sky, for instance, is almost unparalleled, and light no sooner goes out in one corner than it peeps out in another. The very earth opens and shuts and there is apparently not an inch of canvas in his theatre which does not "palpitate," as the reviewers say, "with actuality!" But it is all so admirably carried out and so pleasing to the eye that, quite honestly, one wishes as little said as possible. An author who wished to keep pace with ingenuity of this kind must condense his meaning and must be simple, because it is not a dumb show, and it is not pantomime. I think Mr. Belasco is on the right track in the simplification of his subject matter. I should like to see his method applied to a piece dealing with modern life and familiar scenes. His presentment of "Zaza" followed the French original closely, and it cannot be regarded as an English or American production at all.

I have the most sincere admiration for the work of our chief dramatic authors, but is there one of whom we can say, as the greatest French critic of the last century said of Béranger—that he expressed the soul of France as a race and as a nation? His good sense as a man kept him from insincerity as a poet. We all know the dangers of the poetical temperament in the direction of sentimentality. Have we a serious writer who expresses, in dramatic form, the soul and the life of the English people? Yet how can that soul be expressed while managers persist in the view that the public—and that means the English people—are densely stupid, vulgar, and unimaginative. The view is foolish, and its foolishness is proved by the fact that, in America and in England, clap-trap is no longer

tolerated by those who pay for their seats. When I see a full house applauding balderdash, I wonder how many of the enraptured have bought their tickets with hard-earned money. So far our strictly national theatrical art is found in Gaiety comedy and Drury Lane melodrama—these things are racy, thoroughly English and representative. There is nothing in the least resembling them elsewhere. The dialogue in Drury Lane melodrama is life-like—there may be violence in the situations, but the talk is at least human speech as we often hear it. As for Gaiety comedy and comedy at Daly's, I am never weary of praising them, and, as a national entertainment of a light class they stand on the highest plane in the world. There is nothing comparable to these productions in New York, Berlin, Paris, Munich, St. Petersburg, or in the East, and the reason is because it has not yet been sterilized, cramped, and ruined by traditions. It is a growing art. It is now at a very high point of prosperity, and it may begin to decline under the stress of a change in the popular mind, changes which occur in every department with almost mathematical precision. But when we turn to the drama proper, we find writers and players alike bound down by the fantastic notions of what will or what will not carry across the footlights.

I maintain that sincerity will carry anywhere, and that the curled little finger must inevitably fail. If I wished to condense my view of the present situation in England of theatrical affairs, I should say, with the eminent surgeon I have quoted, that all the little fingers were curled. The conventions have grown into affectations, and, until they are thrown aside, we shall have titterings in the auditorium and bitter complaints among authors, and bitter scenes among that lonesome and mysterious race known as "the backers."

Traditions, I admit, are useful, and they ought to be respected, but the two points in regarding any tradition of the stage are these:—In the first place, how shall it be understood, and, in the second place, how far shall it be maintained? Many traditions which suited the popular education twenty, or ten, or even five years ago, are really out of the question to-day. We may describe popular opinion as being in a transition stage on most subjects, and experiments must be tried. I do not recommend experiments in the way of dolorous and ignoble studies of humanity, but I do wish to urge experiments in the direction of greater naturalness in the written dialogue, and greater simplicity in the actor's business. There are two ways of being simple: one can be true to life or true to art. Sometimes it is possible to be true to both, and then we get the triumph of an actor or of an author, but such triumphs occur but seldom in the course of a whole century. We will not soar toward such ambitions. But I am speaking now of the good, workable, straightforward play about people as they are, or, if we are inclined to romance, people as they would wish to be if all things were equal. These can, at least, be true to life. Let us give Art a rest for a little. I think Art can take care of herself. I have always thought so. She never came to anyone for the asking, and in all her ways she is as capricious as Fortune. In this attention to life and the observation of humanity as opposed to the study of defunct canons of stage craft and obsolete sham heroics, I see all the hope for the British drama.

My entreaty, then, is not to write plays in imitation of other plays, and not to compare plays with other plays, but to test each separate play and every performance by the truths of life and experience.

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Literary Notes

THERE are many of us who have heard the East a-calling but who have not been able to accept the invitation to visit the far-distant lands of China, Korea and Japan. For us unfortunates, therefore, books have to suffice, and by good fortune there are few lands to which so many admirable writers have devoted themselves. Chamberlain, Lafcadio Hearn, Brownell, Mrs. Fraser, Huish, La Farge, Morse, Parsons, Sladen, Mrs. Bishop, Oliphant, Colquhoun, Douglas, Mrs. Little, Mitford, Rein, and a host of other names come gratefully to the memory of those who have read the literature of the Far East.

It may be questioned, however, if anyone, even of those who have dwelt among them, has ever really fathomed the minds of the Oriental races. Eastern people think differently to Westerns upon almost every subject of importance; the standpoint from which they view this life and the next is far other than ours. Many of their customs and habits, which to us seem unreasonable, are to them perfectly logical. The upside-downness of Japanese life is easily understood when we put ourselves in their place, endeavouring to look as far as may be upon affairs with their eyes and to judge them with their understanding. Who shall say whether East or West is right? "Put yourself in his place" is an admirable motto when attempting to see the sweet-reasonableness of the conduct of those of another race and clime. Actual experience is the best teacher, but literature lingers not far behind. A short list of "Far East" books is given on pages 93 and 94 of this issue of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE.

THE writer of fiction is wont to order his weather in accordance with the incidents of his story, which is surely neither true to nature nor artistic. Many a deed of blood has been perpetrated beneath a summer sky and is all the more ghastly by reason of the contrast; many a kindly action done in darkness and bitter cold. Nature has no sympathies. The novelist's thought runs, I imagine, in hereditary tracks, in ways trodden bare by remote ancestors who saw portents in the storms and signs and wonders in the heavens. This is only one of the many things in which we act irrationally despite all the advances achieved by increased knowledge.

THERE are many series dealing with the lives of great writers; but one more might be started with advantage. I have in mind a series of volumes containing no written words save the legends to the pictures, which would consist of reproductions of engravings and photographs of places of interest in the writer's life and of pictures and illustrations depicting events and the places where those events took place in the writer's works. The very excellent Bookman series most nearly approaches this idea, which could surely be carried out with profit to publisher and purchasers alike.

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[Photo, Frederick Hollyer, Kensington.]

travel books, and so forth which might well be re-issued cheaply in this form. British books are too often clumsy and uncomfortable to the hand as well as unseemly to the eye; America has set us many a good example in this matter.

It was argued recently that in course of time the daily newspaper would for the mass of the people take the place of books, of fiction at any rate. It is impossible to deny that there is some truth in this point of view, if to the daily press we add the numberless weekly papers of a more or less "tit-bitty" character. The present generation

is apparently anxious to have their reading done for them and to depend for their knowledge of at any rate new books upon reviews, "Books of the Week" with copious extracts, and so on. This is the age of "extracts," meat extracts and literary too; good, sound, all-round readers are becoming exceptional, and the spread of education has only increased the thirst for knowledge at second hand.

THE romance by Dr. Max Nordau, "Morganatisch," appearing in the "Kölnische Zeitung," will conclude about the end of March, and will be published in volume form, in the autumn, when also Alfred Schall, of Berlin, will issue a volume by the same writer called "Mahâ Rôg."

PROFESSOR MAHAFFY must surely be one of the hardest workers of the day; his volume on Trinity College has recently been issued, and he is now at work upon "The Ireland of Charles II.," a companion volume. The "Particular Book of Trinity College," containing accounts and entries made by the college officers, 1595-1660, in facsimile, with an introduction, will probably see the light during the summer. Professor Mahaffy has accepted an invitation from the Education Committee of the St. Louis Exhibition to deliver an address on Greek, a similar invitation with regard to English literature having been declined by Professor Dowden, who does not feel strong enough to face the journey; a double compliment to Irish scholarship.

A CORRESPONDENT sends a copy of a sale catalogue, issued in a famous city in Scotland, containing the following quaint entry: "Salmond (Professor S.D.F.), The Christian Doctrine of Immorality." This unique work fetched only two shillings and twopence!

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BOTH in this country and in America it is now the fashion for illustrated magazines to alter their cover from month to month. Publishers, of course, know all that is to be known about their business, but I feel sure that I am not solitary in being annoyed by the difficulty that now presents itself of picking out one's favourite magazine on the bookstall or the library table. Old acquaintance are apt to be forgot when they are continually changing their appearance.

JUDGING by the first number, Messrs. Newnes' new magazine "Technics" bids fair to become really useful to a large public. Of the contents we may note as particularly interesting the articles on Radium and Present Day Mural Decoration. The illustrations are numerous and practical.

THE "Quarterly Review" steadily pursues its mistaken course, as many think it, of signed articles. Curiously enough, in the article upon the late Lord Salisbury's contributions to the Review, it is pointed out that the

writer's work is all the more interesting in that he was free to express his real and full views, being covered by the shield of anonymity. In reviews such as the "Quarterly" and the "Edinburgh," just as in The Times, it is realised by the public that the cover of anonymity will not be abused, while it leaves distinguished public men at liberty to express their views upon current affairs. The present issue of the "Quarterly" is somewhat dull, while, on the other hand, the "Edinburgh" is singularly bright and interesting. In the latter the article upon the "Folklore of Human Life" is suggestive and admirably written. The Quarterlies may not be quite wells of English undefiled, but in the present day of rapid and too often slipshod writing they are usefully dignified and, in the good sense of the word, academic. Another most suggestive, and, in passages, illuminating, article is that upon the work of Robert Herrick; altogether the "Edinburgh" may be said to contain much sound meat for the reader hungry for good things.

A QUITE delightful portrait in colour of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, from a drawing by Mr. G. T. Tobin, forms the frontispiece to the January number of "The Lamp" (New York). In fact the whole number is good fare. Professor Brander Matthews discourses "Concerning the Quatrain," quoting among other lines these by Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman:—

Hark at the lips of this pink whorl of shell
And you shall hear the ocean's surge and roar;
So in the quatrain's measure, written well,
A thousand lines shall all be sung in four!

Then Mr. J. M. Bulloch writes suggestively of "Have Free Libraries Killed Literature?" Personally he does not seem inclined to answer his question in a pessimistic tone, thinking that the large number of reprints of English classics absorbed by the public shows that taste in literature is not declining. It is a difficult point to prove one way or the other; our forefathers had no opportunity of showing whether they cared to spend their shillings and sixpences on "good works," nor to-day have we any figures to teach us whether the number of readers of English classics is increasing satisfactorily in proportion to the increase of population and of those who can read.

It is understood that the autobiography which the late Sir Herbert Oakeley left behind him, being unrevised and incomplete, will not be published as it stands, but will be made the basis of a memoir of the composer from the pen of his brother, Mr. Edward Oakeley. This may be looked for shortly.

At the meeting of the English Goethe Society, at the Medical Hall, Chandos Street, on January 18, Mr. W. Irvine, I.C.S., in the chair, Mr. Iselin read a very interesting paper on two Swiss writers of the latter half of the nineteenth century as yet but little known in England. Conrad Ferdinand Meyer's historical novel, "Der Heilige," represents Thomas à Becket in a new light; whilst Gottfried Keller's "Martin Salander," written after his retirement from the post of Secretary of State, contains profound and good common sense on political subjects, although to thoroughly appreciate it the reader requires much general knowledge of Swiss public life.

MR. AND MRS. EGERTON CASTLE'S "Incomparable Bellairs" will be published on March 7.

BOOKSELLERS' Catalogues Received :—Mr. C. Richardson, Manchester (*Ancient and Modern*); Messrs. Probsthain & Co., Bury Street (*Oriental Catalogue, No. 3; India and Indian Languages*); Mr. Bernard Quaritch, Piccadilly (*General*); Mr. Albert Sutton, Manchester (*Shakespeare and Drama*); Mr. Charles Higham, Farringdon Street (*Theological*); Mr. Charles Goodspeed, Boston, Mass. (*First Editions*); Mr. William Downing, Birmingham (*Chaucer's Head Book Circular*); Messrs. Henry Sotherton & Co., 140, Strand (*Literature, Science and Art*); Messrs. Pickering & Chatto, Haymarket (*First and Early Editions*); Messrs. A. Maurice & Co., Bedford Street (*Biography, Travel, History, &c.*); Messrs. Myers & Co., High Holborn (*Rare Pamphlets, &c., relating to America, and General*).

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co. have ready for immediate publication a new volume by Mr. John Garstang, F.S.A., entitled "Some Tombs of the Third Egyptian Dynasty at Raqânah and Bêt Khallâf." The book, which is fully illustrated, contains an account of the archaeology of a very early period, and in particular of the results of the writer's own excavations during 1901-2 in the district north of Abydos.—Dr. M. Aurel Stein has undertaken, with the official sanction of the Secretary of State for India, a complete account of the results of his researches in Chinese Turkestan. The book, which the Oxford University Press will publish probably in the spring of 1905, will be in royal quarto form, of about 500 pages, and will be fully illustrated with upwards of seventy separate collotype plates, and with a very large number of other illustrations, both as separate plates and throughout the text.—Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is including in his "Lives Worth Living" series a re-issue of "Captain John Brown of Harper's Ferry," by Mr. John Newton.—"Kitty Costello," the last novel written by the late Mrs. Alexander, will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin on Monday, January 25. The volume will contain a brief memoir of Mrs. Alexander by her friend Miss Iza Duffus Hardy, and a few verses which were found among Mrs. Alexander's papers, and are an interesting expression of her outlook towards life.—Mr. John Lane announces that he will publish, on January 26, a new novel by Mr. Henry Harland, author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box." The title of the new book is "My Friend Prospero." The scene is laid at an old castle in Italy, and Prospero is an up-to-date young Englishman, of a whimsical nature, who has gone thither in quest of freedom and fresh air.—Mr. E. S. Boulton, of the Merchant Venturers' Technical College, Bristol, has prepared a "Geometry on Modern Lines." It contains many diagrams and will be published by Messrs. Methuen.

THE February part of "The Magazine of Art" includes among the principal contents reproductions, in colour, of Turner's "Totnes" and Whistler's wonderful unknown etching of his Mother's Portrait. The latter is from a unique proof in the collection of Mr. Menpes, which has never before been reproduced. This was sold for £250 recently. There are articles on "Town Houses," by Raffles Davison; "Good Furnishing and Decoration of the House: the Bedroom," by Aymer Vallance; "The Picture Sales of 1893," by W. Roberts; "A Chapter from an Artist's Reminiscences: The Oxford Circle," by Val C. Prinsep, R.A.; and "Art Forgeries and Counterfeits," by M. H. Spielmann, F.S.A. All these papers are profusely illustrated.

Continued from page 87.

The Far East— Books to Read Now.

KOREA.

By ANGUS HAMILTON.

Profusely Illustrated from Photographs by the Author. 1 Vol. 15s. net.

Mr. Hamilton, who was the special correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the Far East, examines in this important and timely work the political and economic conditions of the kingdom. There are chapters on the possibilities of the commercial development of the country, on the manners and customs and laws of the people, and, as a whole, the book may be considered to contain the latest and most authentic information upon the Russo-Japanese dispute.

RUSSIA,
JAPAN,
AND
KOREA.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

ENGLAND AND TIBET.

By A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR.

With a Map and 250 Illustrations. Cheaper Edition, 7s. 6d. net.

"A valuable storehouse of information on Southern Tibet and its people."—*Daily Chronicle*.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

THE
PAUPER
INVASION.

THE ALIEN IMMIGRANT.

By Major W. EVANS-GORDON, M.P.

With Illustrations from the Author's Photographs. 6s. net.

"Those who want a clear statement of the problem of the alien immigrant cannot do better than turn to this book."—*Daily Telegraph*.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

Nearly Ready.

A NEW AND COMPLETELY REVISED EDITION OF

The Imperial Russian Navy : ITS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

By FRED. T. JANE,

Author of "All the World's Fighting Ships" (*Naval Annual*).

With over 150 Illustrations from Sketches and Drawings by the Author and from Photographs. Royal 8vo, cloth extra, 25s. net.

W. THACKER & Co., 2, Creed Lane, E.C.

THE BOOK OF THE MOMENT.

JAPANESE PHYSICAL TRAINING.

The System of Exercise, Diet, and General Mode of Living that has made the Mikado's People the Healthiest, Strongest, and Happiest Men and Women in the World.

By H. IRVING HANCOCK.

Fully Illustrated. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s. net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,
24, Bedford Street, Strand, London; and New York.

Bibliographical

"WHILE there is little if anything we would wish away, there are some we would desire to have had included." Thus wrote THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE last week concerning "Songs of the Vine," and I should like to associate myself with that expression of opinion. I am grateful for what Mr. Hutchison has brought together in his volume, but I miss in it some favourites of my own. I think, for instance, that he might well have reprinted the drinking song in Sara Coleridge's "Phantasmion," beginning—

Never ask where knaves are mining
While the nectar plants are twining;
To pull up the vine
They never incline,
With all their deep designing.

I note that Mr. Hutchison reproduces Thackeray's "The Pope he is a Happy Man," but there is much more of the convivial spirit in Charles Lever's version of the same original (which may be found in chapter 43 of "Harry Lorrequer"). Again, I do not see how Mr. Hutchison is to be forgiven for omitting from his collection the "Word for Champagne" which figures in Whyte Melville's "Tilbury Nogo" (chapter 13). This, surely, is a classic in its way:—

Then give me champagne! and contentment be mine!
Women, wealth, and ambition—I cast them away;
My garlanded forehead let vine-leaves entwine,
And life shall to me be one long summer's day,
With the tears of the clustering grape for its rain,
And its sunshine—the bright golden floods of champagne!

Another omission for which Mr. Hutchison must be solemnly censured is that of "My Old Complaint: its Cause and Cure," a song in Harrison Ainsworth's "Flich of Bacon":—

I never indulge in fanciful stuff,
Or idly prate, if my flagon be full:
Give me good Claret, and give me enough,
And then my spirits are never dull.
Give me good Claret and no restraint,
And I soon get rid of my Old Complaint!

Talking of champagne, I think Mr. Hutchison might have found room for Edmund Yates' celebration of a famous brand:—

Blessedest of drinks,
Welcome, Pommery Gréno!

And is there not a genuine enthusiasm for beer in the "Fons Burtonensis" of H. Savile Clarke?

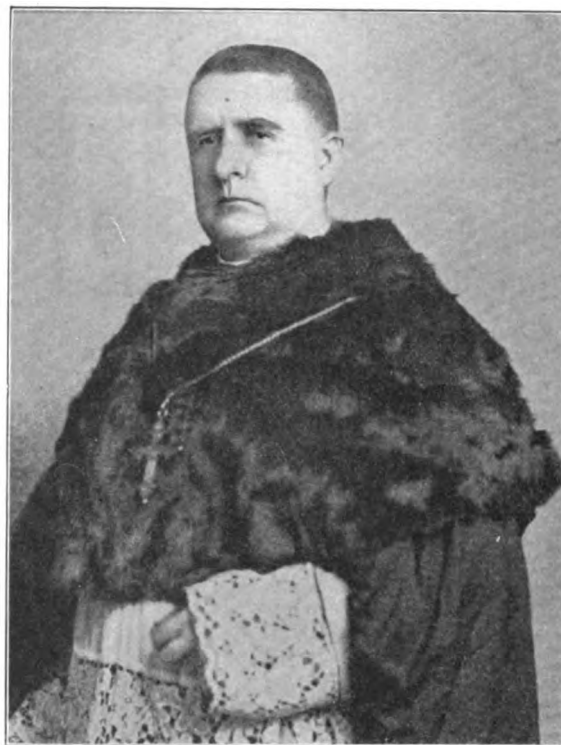
The yellow hand that Allsopp rears,
His cognizance on wood or glass,
I honour; but more fair appears
The scarlet pyramid of Bass.

Finally—lest the discourse grow more bibulous than bibliographical—let me express surprise that Mr. Hutchison has ignored Professor Blackie's "metaphysical song," "Concerning I and Non-I," in which the singer shows how, when he drinks,

—the object
Is lost in the subject,
Making one entity
In the identity
Of me, and the wine in my veins!

The fact that Dr. Robertson Nicoll has thought it worth while to issue a "Charles Kingsley" number of "The Bookman" would seem to suggest that, in his opinion, Kingsley's name is still one to conjure with. Only the publishers of Kingsley's works, and the custodians of free libraries, could give us a really trustworthy idea of the extent to which those works are nowadays read. That some of them sell well may be gathered from the number

of new editions (apart from Messrs. Macmillan's authorised ones) issued during the last few years. I find that in the case of "Westward Ho," there were three in 1898, six in 1899, four in 1900, one in 1901, and four in 1902. That is a remarkably good record. Then, in the case of "The Heroes," there were new editions in 1899, 1901, 1902, and



THE RIGHT REV.: ABBOT GASQUET

[Photo. The Studio, Neurgate Street.]

1903; of "Alton Locke" in 1899 and 1902; and of "Hypatia" in 1900. Of "Two Years Ago" there were no fewer than four new editions in 1899. Of course, the expiration of copyright often leads to numerous reprints of popular fictions.

The late Miss Hannah Lynch touched literature most closely, in her "George Meredith: A Study" (1891). She was also responsible for a couple of solid little books called "Toledo: The Story of an Old Spanish Capital" (1899) and "French Life in Town and Country" (1901). What appears to have been her first work of fiction—"Through Troubled Waters"—dates from 1885. After that came "Prince of the Glades" (1891, in 2 vols.), "Rosni Harvey" (1892, in 3 vols.), "Daughters of Men" (1892, reprinted in 1899), "Denys D'Auvrillac: A Story of French Life" (1896), "Dr. Vermont's Fantasy" (1896), "An Odd Experiment" (1897), "Jimmy Blake" (1897), "The Autobiography of a Child" (1899), and "Clare Munro: The Story of a Mother and Daughter" (1900).

Messrs. Pickering and Chatto have just issued "English Literature, noted Bibliographically and Biographically: a Catalogue, with Prices Affixed, of a very extensive Collection of the First and Early Editions of Ancient and Modern English Literature." This is very much more than a bookseller's catalogue of the ordinary sort. It runs to 504 large well-printed pages, and, apart altogether from the biographical and bibliographical particulars, is calculated to be of very much service to bookmen. The only drawback to it lies in the fact that there are 112 pages of "Addenda" (also arranged alphabetically); so that the book really contains two catalogues, both of which invite consultation.

THE BOOKWORM.

The Far East

Books about China, Japan, Russia and Korea

It is only natural that there should be at the present moment a large demand for books about the Far East—books new and old, books dealing with politics, race questions, national resources, manners, religions, and topography. There is perhaps too great a tendency to study politics in preference to topography, manners and customs rather than the inner life of the people. But in order to understand the aims, ideals and hopes of statesmen it is necessary to understand also the people whom they

represent. Japanese, indeed all Oriental, are far different from Western ideals, and this must be borne in mind by all those who would grasp the meaning and the probable future of the history that is now being made in the Far East.

The following list of books, with occasional comments, does not pretend to approach completeness, but it is given in the hope that it may prove useful to those of our readers who desire to increase their knowledge of the Far East.

JAPAN.

HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT:—

- "Japan in Transition," by S. Ransome. (1899. Harper.) A comparative study of its progress since the war with China; a sound, useful work.
- "Advance, Japan," by J. Morris. (1895. Allen.) General history and present condition, social and military.
- "The New Far East," by Arthur Diósy. (1900. Cassell.) Useful for the understanding of political conditions.
- "A History of Japan," by Sir F. O. Adams. (1874. King. 2 vols.)
- "The Real Japan," by Henry Norman. (1893. Fisher Unwin.)
- "The Story of Japan," by David Murray. (Fisher Unwin.)
- "Japan," by Dr. David Murray. (1894. Story of Nations Series. Fisher Unwin.) Only the later chapters are "topical."
- "Japan, our New Ally," by A. Stead. (1902. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Japan and China: Their History, Arts, Science, Manners, Customs, Laws, Religions, and Literature," by Captain F. Brinkley. (1903-4. To be completed in 12 volumes. T. C. & E. C. Jack.)
- "Feudal and Modern Japan," by Arthur May Knapp. (1898. 2 vols. Duckworth.)
- "A Maker of the New Japan: The Life of Joseph Hardy Neesima, Founder of Doshisha University, Japan," by Rev. J. D. Davis, D.D., Professor in Doshisha. (Revell.)
- "A Maker of the New Orient—Samuel Rollins Brown," by W. E. Griffis. (Revell.)
- "What will Japan Do?" by J. Morris. (1898. Lawrence and Bullen.)

THE JAPANESE POINT OF VIEW:—

- "Japan and the Pacific," by M. Inagaki. (1890. Fisher Unwin.)

JAPANESE SOCIAL LIFE:—

- "Things Japanese," by Basil Hall Chamberlain. (1902. Murray.) May be counted as an "essential" book.
- "Japanese Homes and their Surroundings," by E. S. Morse. (1888. Sampson Low.) A fascinating book.
- "Japanese Girls and Women," by Alice Mabel Bacon. (Gay and Bird.)
- "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn. (1902. Kegan Paul. 2 vols.)
- "Kokoro: Japanese Inner Life," by Lafcadio Hearn. (1902. Gay and Bird.)
- "Out of the East: Studies in New Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn. (1902. Kegan Paul.)
- "Kotto: being Japanese Curios," by Lafcadio Hearn. (1902. Macmillan.)
No one can understand Japan and the Japanese who has not read Lafcadio Hearn.
- "Queer Things About Japan," by Douglas Sladen. (Second edition, 1904. Treherne.) A picturesque account of Japanese life and manners.
- "The Soul of the Far East," by Percival Lowell. (Houghton Mifflin, and Gay and Bird.)
- "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," by Mrs. Bishop. (1900. Newnes. 2 vols.) A brilliant book; a peep into the "interior."
- "The Heart of Japan," by C. L. Brownell. (1902. Methuen.) A clever view of Japanese daily life.
- "The Evolution of the Japanese, Social and Psychic," by Sidney L. Gulick, M.A. (Revell.)
- "Japanese Physical Training," by H. Irving Hancock. (1904. Putnam.) Shows how the system of exercise, diet, and general mode of living has made the Japanese one of the healthiest, strongest and happiest races.

THE ART OF JAPAN:—

- "The Ideals of the East," by Okakura. (1903. Murray.)
- "An Artist's Letters from Japan," by J. La Farge. (1897. Fisher Unwin.) Admirably written; pictures seen with the eye of an artist.
- "Japan and its Art," by M. B. Huish. (1888. Fine Art Society.) An excellent book in every way.

GENERAL BOOKS OF TRAVEL:—

- "From Far Formosa: The Island, its People and Missions," by George Leslie Mackay, D.D. (New and cheaper edition. Oliphant, Anderson.)
- "The Gist of Japan: The Islands and their People," by the Rev. R. B. Peery. (Revell.)
- "Japonica," by Sir Edwin Arnold. (1891. Osgood.)
- "Seas and Lands," by Sir Edwin Arnold. (1894. Longmans.)
- "Japan As We Saw It," by M. Bickersteth. (1893. Sampson Low.)
- "Around the World through Japan," by Walter Del Mar. (1903. Black.)
- "Gleanings from Japan," by W. G. Dickson. (1889. Blackwood.)
- "On the Coasts of Cathay and Cipango, Forty Years Ago," by William Blakeney, R.N. (1902. Elliot Stock.) A record of surveying service; most useful for the understanding of the naval situation. Good charts and maps.
- "Lotus Time in Japan," by H. Finck. (1895. Lawrence and Bullen.)
- "A Handbook of Modern Japan," by Ernest W. Clement. (1903. McClurg.)
- "Handbook for Travellers in Japan," by Basil H. Chamberlain and W. Mason. (1903. Murray.)

ANGLO-JAPANESE LIFE:—

- "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan," by Mrs. Fraser. (1900. Hutchinson. 2 vols.) Very good and informative.
- "First American Envoy in Japan," by T. Harris. (1895.) The beginning of the New Japan.
- "Eight Years' Work and Travel in Japan," by E. G. Holtham. (1883. Kegan Paul.)
- "Half-Hours in Japan," by Rev. H. Moore. (1900. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Rambles through Japan," by A. Tracy. (1892. Sampson Low.)
- "Rambles in Japan," by Canon Tristram. (1895. Religious Tract Society.)
- "On Short Leave to Japan," by F. E. Younghusband. (1894. Sampson Low.)
- "Three Rolling Stones in Japan," by G. Watson. (1903. Arnold.)
- "Japan and Her People," by Anna Hartshorne. (1904. Kegan Paul.)
- "Among the Gentle Japs," by Rev. J. L. Thomas. (1892. Sampson Low.)
- "Verbeck of Japan," by W. E. Griffis. (1900. Revell.)

Fiction

- "The Stolen Emperor," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (1903. Long.)
- "A Japanese Marriage," by Douglas Sladen. (1902. Black.)
- "Kakemonos," by W. C. Dawe. (1897. Lane.)
- "A Sugar Princess," by A. Ross. (1900. Chatto.)
- "Kotaka," by J. Morris. (1885. Wyman.)
- "My Japanese Wife," by C. Holland. (1895. Constable.)
- "Mousmé" (*sequel*), by C. Holland. (1896. Constable.)
- "Wooing of Wistaria," by O. Watanna. (1903. Harper.)
- "Out in China," by Mrs. Archibald Little. (1903. Treherne.)
Mrs. Archibald Little tells one of those minor tragic tales which happily are not all tragedy. It begins with a misunderstanding—a case of mistaken identity—which time in conjunction with an Eastern setting nearly succeeds in developing into an unpleasantly familiar type of story of domestic infelicity. We need hardly add that the "local colour" is true to fact.
- "Fairy Tales from far Japan," by Miss Ballard, with Notes by Mrs. Bishop. (Religious Tract Society.)

KOREA.

- "Corea," by Dr. W. E. Griffis. (Allen.) New and revised edition, bringing history up to 1897. A standard chronicle of Korean development. Ancient and mediæval history; political and social life; modern and recent history.
- "Korea and Her Neighbours," by Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop). (1898. Murray. 2 vols.) A narrative of travel, with an account of the recent vicissitudes and present position of the country. Needs no commendation.
- "Korea and the Sacred White Mountain," by Captain A. E. J. Cavendish. (1894. Philip.) An account of a journey in 1891.
- "Life in Corea," by W. R. Carles. (1888. Macmillan.)
- "Korean Sketches," by the Rev. J. S. Gale. (1898. Oliphant, Anderson.)
- "Corea, or Cho-Sen, the Land of the Morning Calm," by A. H. S. Landor. (1895. Heinemann.)
- "Quaint Korea," by L. J. Miln. (1895. Osgood.)
- "A Forbidden Land," by Ernest Oppert. (1880. Sampson Low.) Corea, with an account of the geography, history, and commercial capabilities of the country.
- "Korea," by Angus Hamilton. (1904. Heinemann.)
- "Every-Day Life in Korea," by the Rev. Daniel L. Gifford. (Revell.)
- "Chosŏn: The Land of the Morning Calm" (Korea), by Percival Lowell. (Houghton Mifflin, and Gay and Bird.)

BOOKS ON THE FAR EAST (giving valuable statistics and information relative to Korea, Japan, &c.) :—

- "The Awakening of the East," by P. L. Beaulieu. (1900. Heinemann.) Siberia (Railway, &c.), Japan, China, &c.
- "The Far Eastern Question," by Valentine Chirol. (1896. Macmillan.)
- "Problems of the Far East," by Lord Curzon. (1896. Constable.) Japan, Corea, and China. Most useful.
- "A Brief History of Eastern Asia," by J. C. Hannah. (1900. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Peoples and Politics of the Far East," by Henry Norman. (1895. Fisher Unwin.) England, France, and Russia in the Far East, with chapters on Corea and Japan. Full of information.
- "The Progress of India, Japan, and China in the 19th Century," by Sir Richard Temple. (1902. Chambers.)
- "From Sea to Sea," by Rudyard Kipling. (1900. Macmillan & Co. 2 vols.)
- "The Path of Empire," by George Lynch. (1903. Duckworth.) The author was present at Japan's last naval review, crossed over to Korea, to which he devotes several chapters. His books deals mainly with the Siberian Railway.
- "The Story of Russia," by W. R. Morfill. (Fisher Unwin.)
- "The Russian Advance," by the Hon. Albert J. Beveridge. (Harper.)
- A work on the conflict of the various national interests in the Far East. Senator Beveridge has made an extended tour through China, Japan, Siberia, and European Russia, studying people and methods. His observations on the development of Russian and German influence have a significance for traders, and he is unsparing in his criticism of the apparent apathy of both the Anglo-Saxon Powers in relation to the vast political and commercial problems of Asia.
- "In the Uttermost East," by Charles H. Hawes. (Harper.)
- An account of investigations among the natives and Russian convicts of the Island of Sakhalin, with notes of travel in Korea, Siberia, and Manchuria. The author is the first English traveller to explore the northern interior.
- "Asia and Europe," by Meredith Townsend. (New Edition, with an additional chapter. Constable.)
- Studies presenting the conclusions formed by the author in a long life devoted to the subject of the relations between Asia and Europe.
- "Things Chinese: or, Notes connected with China," by J. Dyer Ball. (1904. Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged. Murray.)
- "The Expansion of Russia, 1815-1900," by F. H. Skrine. (C. J. Clay and Sons, Cambridge University Press.)
- "The Imperial Russian Navy: Its Past, Present, and Future," by Fred. T. Jane. (A new and completely revised edition, 1904. Thacker)

- "The Break-Up of China," by Admiral Lord Charles Beresford. (Harper.) An account of its commerce, currency, waterways, armies, railways, politics, and future prospects.
- "China in Transformation," by Archibald Ross Colquhoun. (Harper.)
- "The 'Overland' to China," by Archibald Ross Colquhoun. (Harper.)
- "China's Only Hope." An appeal by Chang Chih Tung, Viceroy of Liang Hu, with indorsement by the present Emperor. Translated by the Rev. S. I. Woodbridge. Introduction by the Rev. Griffith John, D.D. (Revell.)
- "China in Convulsion: The Origin; The Outbreak; The Climax; The Aftermath." A survey of the cause and events of the recent uprising, by Arthur H. Smith. (Revell. 2 vols.)
- "Korean Sketches." By the Rev. James S. Gale. (Revell.) A Missionary's observations in the Hermit Nation.
- "East of the Barrier, or Sidelights on the Manchuria Mission," by J. Miller Graham. (Oliphant Anderson.) Social habits and national characteristics.
- "Stanford's New Map of the Siberian Railway." Scale, 110 miles to an inch. (1904. Stanford.)
- "Stanford's Map of Eastern China, Japan, and Korea." Scale, 110 miles to an inch. (1904. Stanford.)

KOREA. By Angus Hamilton. (Heinemann. 15s. net.)

A TIMELY book, a well-considered, matured, and informing work by a man who knows the country from end to end and can put pictures on paper with consummate ease. Under his guidance Korea opens before us as a land of mystery and marvel—the "Hermit Kingdom" in very sooth. The Court, the country, the people, the princes, the trade, and the native temperament are so simply and straightforwardly described that henceforward Korea would seem to be almost as familiar—outwardly—as St. James's Street. No small credit is due to Mr. Hamilton in this matter—a more elaborate and erudite work would probably have failed in its object—but by its very frankness and directness the book is convincing and obviously right. Korea naturally has become a centre-point of interest, and the enquirer who has read the literature of the land turns up the index and almost involuntarily asks himself, "What has this man to say about McLeary Brown"—that "amiable and uncouth Sphinx" as a former Korean writer has described him. Mr. Hamilton is quite sound on Mr. Brown. He takes it to be understood that Brown's dictatorship is a matter of course, and that Korea without Brown would be Hamlet without the moody Dane. But this sketch of the man is illuminating, happy and quite polite. Mr. Brown could surely wish for no better eulogist. "A number of Englishmen are employed in the Korean Customs, their services contributing so much to the splendid institution which Mr. McLeary Brown has created that one and all are above criticism. Mr. McLeary Brown would be the first to acknowledge how much the willing assistance of his staff has contributed to his success." No one who has studied Korean matters can be blind to this truism. Seoul boasts an Electric Car Company, an Electric Light Company, and a Fresh Spring Water Company; all these are due to American enterprise, and Mr. Hamilton, quite fairly, attributes more success to American mercantile than to American missionary enterprise, although the two are occasionally curiously combined. The opening chapter of the book is by way of introduction to a bird's-eye view of the present state of affairs as between Japan and Russia. There are some excellent statistical tables, which have been compiled nearly up to the latest moment, and an entirely new map which is invaluable to all students of the present position. The illustrations are throughout good; the book cover, a portion of the ceiling of the Imperial Palace at Seoul, being quite beautiful in design. Altogether a thoroughly good book, full of information, well-written, and practically indispensable to those who are following affairs in that part of the world.

Reviews

A Vast Venture

THE DYNASTS: A DRAMA OF THE NAPOLEONIC WARS. In Three Parts, Nineteen Acts, and One Hundred and Thirty Scenes. By Thomas Hardy. Part First. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

THE astonishing title which we reproduce sufficiently indicates the ambitious and vast (there is no other word but "vast") scope of Mr. Hardy's latest venture in the regions of poetry. It is a great canvas upon which he seeks to unroll, after the fashion of a panorama, the whole drama of the Napoleonic wars. And this volume, reaching from the attempted invasion of England which ended in Trafalgar to the close of Napoleon's supreme battle—Austerlitz—is but the first instalment of it. With a project thus immense before him, we can well understand why Mr. Hardy has so long neglected novel-writing. The two were incompatible. A Shakespeare, a Dante, would have his entire powers engrossed by a scheme of such spaciousness. We understand, and regret it. Mr. Hardy's chief contentions we more or less admit. We believe that the time is come when the poetic drama should develop into a distinct species from the stage-drama, should frankly appeal to the reader rather than the spectator, the closet rather than the boards; we believe that in this way it could put forth potentialities scarce recognised as a purely literary form. We believe also that such a theme as the Napoleonic wars might furnish a grandiosely dramatic subject for such a work; a theme which should unite dramatic situation with no less than epical spaciousness. But—there is a but.

It would demand a poet of the largest power, the most uncompromising individuality, with the most practised and triumphant executive gift. Here it is Mr. Hardy fails. We can discern in him a great conception, an epical idea, which commands our respect. If it were worked out in that medium of the novel wherein he is master, we might have an imposing and enthralling trilogy of novels. Assuredly he has shown himself, by his previous verse, not without innate and authentic poetic gift. But he has not had the lifelong intimacy with the poet's craft which alone could confer on him the flexibility and dexterity, the range and ease of executive accomplishment demanded by so colossal an achievement as that on which he has adventured. In plan he has essayed originality most daringly. To extreme dramatic realism he has added abstract personifications which recall the most sculptural Greek tragedy, and are in fact (it should seem) designed to fulfil the functions of the Greek chorus. But the elements do not blend. These personifications are sometimes incongruously aloof, in their dignity, from the every-dayness of the dialogue which surrounds them; sometimes, in the realism of their speech, equally incongruous with the dignity of their own elemental abstraction. And again, while the whole poetic majesty of the drama resides in the historic issues, the instinct of the novelist has been unable to resist the temptation of a domestic sub-plot, which complicates and intensifies the *bizarre* effect of the whole. Lastly, the execution falls fatally short of inspiration. While there are numerous passages which rise to the level of a poetised rhetoric, not unworthy of the subject-matter, and occasional passages which exhibit Mr. Hardy's gift of romantic description, as a whole the dialogue is the prose of the novelist cut into lengths. Nay, it is a fact that Mr. Hardy is vastly more poetic as a novelist using his accustomed vehicle of prose. We can only say, with a sigh, that we would give many such dramas for one "Return of the Native."

A Forgotten Romance

VIEUX ÉCHOS D'UNE ÉTERNELLE CHANSON (L'ASTRÉE). Par Quill. (Paris: Clot.)

No one nowadays, except perhaps the student of literature, reads the lengthy romances in six, eight, or ten folio volumes that delighted Mme. de Sévigné, Dorothy Osborne, and Mrs. Pepys. And yet, if we had but the leisure, they would not be altogether unprofitable reading. The original edition of "Astrée," published in five volumes between 1609 and 1617, consists of about 5,800 pages. It had an immediate and enormous success and passed through innumerable editions. We are told that Richelieu said, "He was not to be admitted in the academy of wit who had not been before well read in 'Astrée.'" Huet, Bishop of Avranches, did not dare to open "Astrée," because he knew if he did he would be compelled to read it through again from beginning to end, and La Fontaine pronounced it an exquisite work.

Let us, then, state briefly some of the reasons for the great popularity of "L'Astrée de Messire Honoré d'Urfé où par plusieurs histoires et sous formes de bergers et d'autres sont déduits les divers effets de l'honneste amitié." In the first place it was a love story in which, for the first time in French literature, sincere love was regarded less as a weakness than as a virtue, and the most difficult of all the virtues to practice. For has not a great romantic poet well said, "Ce qu'il y a de plus difficile au monde, c'est se marier d'amour." Celadon was a more perfect specimen of the lover and hero than had as yet been portrayed; indeed, he incarnated the immortal type of lover who was a slave of love and faithful till death, and he thus became an ancestor of Werther and René and Saint-Preux and Des Grieux. Then it is an idealistic romance: it aspires to a world where society is purer, a world in which affairs of the mind and of the heart hold a larger place. The contemplative and sentimental life was a new thing in French literature, and was destined to prove attractive. A very real appreciation of external nature is manifested, again a new thing in French letters: the scenes constantly change; the love adventures have as background, now the grassy banks of a stream, now a rocky cave or druidical forest, a fantastic palace, or a battle-field. The romance does not lack variety; for besides the main theme of the loves of Celadon and Astrée, there are five or six other "intrigues galantes" after the manner of Sidney's "Arcadia," perhaps the only English work with which "Astrée" can be compared. The style, too, is charming; there is an harmonious rhythm about the prose that delights the ear. These, then, are some of the qualities that made "Astrée" the fruitful source of nearly all the French seventeenth century romances, that caused authors for thirty years or more to delve into it for subjects and that rendered it one of the books most loved and most read in France.

Therefore we owe much gratitude to the accomplished lady who, under the pseudonym of "Quill," has extracted from "Astrée" the story of Astrée and Celadon, and enshrined it, freed from all objectionable matter, so that it may be put into the hands of young people, in a beautiful quarto volume, decorated with black and white drawings of her own design. We heartily recommend the book to all who care to lose themselves for awhile in the joys and sorrows of old-world romantic adventures of love.

The Saints in Art

LIVES AND LEGENDS OF THE ENGLISH BISHOPS AND KINGS, MEDIEVAL MONKS, AND OTHER LATER SAINTS. By Mrs. Arthur Bell. (George Bell. 14s. net.)

THIS beautiful volume is the third and last of "The Saints in Christian Art," and Mrs. Bell has merited well of all lovers of a bygone age by the labour which, out of a full heart, she has bestowed upon it. For that she has a real feeling for her subject is evident. She writes, indeed, with a certain detachment, drawing a clear line of demarcation between what may fairly be deemed historical and what, to a mind shaped like hers upon later scientific principles, is incredible; yet always with a lingering fondness for an aspect of the world that has been folded away like a beautiful vesture that the change of fashion has left obsolete. Our world of immutable law and established order is dull by comparison with this, in which heaven was only just out of sight; in which neighbourly courtesy between celestials and the sons of earth were almost of daily occurrence. Here you have the Blessed Virgin presenting St. Ildefonsus with a beautiful new chasuble. "What, for me?" the saint, in Murillo's picture, seems to ask; and a kindly angel standing by explains on behalf of Our Lady that his treatise on her prerogatives had won quite a vogue. St. Isidore of Madrid was a poor ploughman. His master grudged the moments he spent in devout contemplation beneath the sky. He was astonished rather at his own lack of foresight than at any inherent improbability, when with his own eyes, he saw going lightly down the furrow behind his oxen, a gay and buoyant angel. The hind in the foreground gazes upwards; a lowly angel does not particularly interest him. The angel as naturally serves the servant of the Lord as the storks serve St. Agricola, or the eagle St. Bertulphus; as the waves and the winds obey the word of the righteous.

In the first part of this book considerable space is assigned to St. Dunstan, St. Alphege, Lanfranc and St. Anselm. Paulinus and Aidan, Wilfrid, Chad and Cuthbert are treated at large, though with regard to the last Mrs. Bell does not seem to be aware of the remarkable results of the latest inquiries into the history of his body. Similarly she reaches only the penultimate stage of the history of the relics of St. Edmund the King, when she records their late translation to this country with a view to their enshrinement in Westminster Cathedral. In the second part the great reformers of the eleventh and twelfth centuries are treated—the Italian contemporaries of Giotto, Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolommeo; and so forward to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and to SS. Ignatius of Loyola, Charles Borromeo, Francis Borgia, Philip Neri and John of God. The fifty-three illustrations are for the most part admirably chosen, but the modern specimens are rather out of place. We particularly dislike Ford Madox Brown's picture of the Baptism of St. Edwin, in which St. Paulinus seems to be trying to confirm, to absolve, to say Mass, to bestow a papal blessing and to preach a sermon to the world at large, all in one supreme gesture, but to have quite forgotten the hypertrophied barbarian waiting patiently in the bath.

Burns

BURNS' PASSIONATE PILGRIMAGE; OR, TAIT'S INDICTMENT OF THE POET, WITH OTHER RARE RECORDS. By David Lowe. (Glasgow: Frederick W. Wilson & Co. 5s. net.)

ROBERT BURNS. By T. F. Henderson. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

MONDAY next will be the anniversary of that day when "a blast o' Janwar win' blew hansel in on Robin," and thousands of Scottish throats, fortified for the occasion by haggis and whisky, will strain themselves in proclaiming that "We'll a' be proud o' Robin." And here, just on

the eve of the annual Saturnalia, comes Mr. Lowe, who professes himself an ardent admirer of the Scottish poet, with a volume which shows, if it shows anything, that Burns' lapse from sexual morality took place, a theory rejected by Mr. Henley, earlier than his other biographers have believed. As Mr. Lowe's compatriots would say, it's ill done of him. Does he not think that proposers of "The Immortal Memory" have a task already difficult enough on its apologetic side without the introduction of new charges calling for defence? Who is the accuser? One Saunders Tait, a tailor with a rough tongue and a faculty for versification, a man filled with inexplicable but bitter rancour against the poet's father (of whom everybody else spoke in terms of highest praise) and of quite explicable spite against the poet, his rival for local popularity. In revenge for a slighting remark of David Sillar, Burns' "brither poet," Saunders wrote some ribald verses in which he described his two juniors as the most incontinent youngsters in the parish; and it is these verses that Mr. Lowe has exhumed and has put in a suitable historic setting. We do not find them quite convincing, and even if they were, what does it matter? The greatly sinning, greatly repenting, and greatly aspiring poet must be taken as a whole, and a sin more or less need not affect the estimate that erring fellow-mortals have any call to make. The real student, the judicious admirer, of Burns, will feel gratitude to Mr. Lowe for the volume, and not least for the careful demonstration of the untenability of Mr. Henley's very characteristic allegation that Highland Mary was a mere "light-skirts." He will, indeed, be hard of conviction who, after reading the closing chapters, does not share the author's belief that "the relationship between Burns and Mary extended over a period of several years, and that it was neither a squalid nor an ignoble relationship, but one on which the muse of Burns could dwell in after years with the fondest reverence."

The collaborator of Henley in the preparation of the Centenary Edition of Burns' works, the man to whom "in memory of much difficult yet satisfying work, his fellow in Burns" is dedicated the much discussed essay, is in danger of being suspect by the "common Burnite." Let us say at once that this rather touchy individual will find nothing to offend him in the latest addition to the Methuen series of Little Biographies, which is, indeed, a model of its kind. To a plain unvarnished narrative, informed with sympathy for the man in the hard fortune that pursued him from the cradle to the grave, and with just admiration of his work, is added a discriminate and sane treatment of the controverted episodes of the poet's career. Mr. Henderson will not recognise "Highland Mary" as a "very paragon of womankind"; but he does not suggest that she was a "light-skirts"; nor does his collaborator's alternative theory that she was a Scottish Mrs. Harris appear to find favour; for he says that Burns' silence as to the earlier portion of his route to Inverary "suggests that one reason for his tour was a desire to visit the relatives of Mary Campbell." He defends Jean against the detractions of Chambers and Stevenson; and asserts that "there is no sufficient ground for supposing" that Burns' "constitution had been quite undermined by his excesses"—a condition more likely due to early hardships. A brief bibliography affords sufficient direction for the would-be student of Burns' works, and a dozen illustrations increase the value of the book.

MEDIEVAL ENGLAND: 1066-1350. By Mary Bateson. ("Story of the Nations." Unwin. 5s.)

MISS BATESON in this book avowedly takes different ground from that adopted in the other volumes of the "Story of the Nations" series, to which it is the latest addition. To put it briefly, she substitutes social for political history. It is a frequent modern attitude towards history; and is an attitude which naturally commends itself with peculiar favour to the woman's mind, who cares much for men and

their intimacies, little for politics and policy and the large hurly-burly of history. But though it be an important historical aspect, with much to be said for its adoption, we may be permitted to think it a misfortune that in a series seemingly planned—and at any rate executed—on the lines of political history, one volume alone should break the unity of purpose and be written with an entirely different aim. A series of social histories would be valuable: one social history in midst of a political series seems merely a solution of continuity. The feminine standpoint would appear again apparent when the writer says (with regard to the Middle Ages) that “we are apt to view with a half-pitying contempt the great folios of their theologians, philosophers, and legists, because for very wariness of the flesh we cannot read them.” We doubt whether most serious students of the present day would share that contemptuous pity, however slight their natural sympathy.

But let us not be supposed to share the view (once held) that women are sexually incapacitated for the serious writing of history, much less to allege any such incapacity against Miss Bateson. The opinion just cited is a casual detail; her choice of historical aim at most a flaw in judgment. She has given to the series a careful and sedulous volume, which more or less attempts to be like the famous chapter in Macaulay's history, a cross-section through historical England. We wish we could attribute to it any measure of Macaulay's brilliancy. Unfortunately it is in the style of a plodding antiquarian compilation. The chapter on “Dress,” for example, one feels to be elaborate gossip about the costume of our mediæval ancestors; and withal dry gossip. The detail is interesting enough; but the author has not the art of arranging and putting it interestingly. We have everything searched out for us: we are even told that a bishop ascribed the beard of Rufus' time to osculatory convenience—lest the stubbly chin should prick the lips of kissing damsels. There were fine free-spoken ecclesiastics in those days—though they considered somewhat too curiously. But it does not tempt us: we have a sense of the disturbing of dead bones, and they are not clothed with flesh. One would as soon read six hundred years hence the fashion-article in a ladies' paper of to-day—and sooner, for it would have touches of contemporary character and actuality. So is it throughout; a useful, a very commendable compilation and *résumé*, to which much knowledge and labour has gone, but scarce to be read for pleasure. Therein it differs from many previous volumes, which have united historical care with artistic handling. Largely, no doubt, this arises from the disadvantage of the subject-matter; and it is the only reproach we have to bring against the volume.

L'ÉMIGRÉ PAR SÉNAC DE MEILHAN, PUBLIÉ par MM. Casimir Stryienski et Franz Funck Brentano. (Fontemoing. 7fr. 50c.)

WHEN Sainte-Beuve in 1854 made Sénac de Meilhan, as the author of certain quasi-philosophical works like “*Considérations sur l'esprit et les mœurs*” (1787) and “*Portraits et Caractères du XVIII^e Siècle*” (1795), the subject of one of his “*Causeries du Lundi*,” he mentioned that M. de Meilhan had also composed a novel in four volumes entitled “*L'Émigré*” which he had not been able to find, nor had he ever met anyone who had seen it. Writing two years later on the Marquise de Créqui, he tells how a friend of his had met with the book at Berlin and had sent it him. “*L'Émigré*” was published at Brunswick in 1797, and owing doubtless to the date and place of publication is an exceedingly rare book; only seven copies of it can, so far, be accounted for. The library of the Louvre possessed one which was burnt in 1871, the Bibliothèque Nationale has acquired one since 1854, and five others are known to be in the possession of private collectors.

The period of the French Revolution has always the greatest attraction for biographer, historian, novelist,

dramatist, and similarly for the reader. But a novel by one who was contemporary with, and an actor in the events described, produces a distinctly new sensation. Gabriel Sénac de Meilhan was the son of Jean Sénac, Louis XV.'s physician. He had close relations with the Court, and held several important offices, chiefly in the provinces. In 1789 he was in Paris, and witnessed the events of June and October. The following year he emigrated, and after visiting nearly every country of Europe, died at Vienna in 1803.

The real interest of “*L'Émigré*” is historical rather than romantic. The period of the novel which, following the fashion of the time, is epistolary in form, is 1793, and the hero, a young French soldier of noble birth, fighting in the Prussian army, being wounded, finds shelter in a castle on the banks of the Rhine. There he falls in love with a fair lady, and after a number of vicissitudes is on the point of marrying her when he is taken prisoner and condemned to die on the scaffold, a disgrace he averts by suicide. Thus it will be seen that in the narration itself there is nothing original or striking. The value and interest of the book reside in the setting of the story. Meilhan was a born observer, and the pictures and scenes and persons described in the pages of “*L'Émigré*” are worthy to rank beside the best memoirs of the time. It is indeed a real historical study: under cover of his fictitious personages the author gives his personal impressions of the great events he witnessed. What is most striking, perhaps, is the curiously passive state of mind of the Parisians during the Revolution; with aristocrats and bourgeois alike there seems to have ruled “*une barbare tranquillité*.” On the night of October 5, the date of the king's entry into Paris, M. de Meilhan found himself at a party among the élite of Paris. Here is his account of the conversation: “*Avez-vous vu passer le Roi?—Non, j'ai été à la Comédie.—Molé a-t-il joué?—Pour moi, j'ai été obligé de rester aux Tuileries, il n'y a pas eu moyen d'en sortir avant neuf heures.—Vous avez donc vu passer le Roi?—Je n'ai pas bien distingué, il faisait nuit.*” The cannon is heard: “*Le Roi sort de l'Hôtel-de-Ville; ils doivent être bien las.*” And yet these were the same men and women who would willingly have died at the King's feet. Another interesting feature of the book is the incidental light thrown on the treatment awarded the emigrants in the different countries of Europe. They were not invariably accorded a warm welcome.

The romance is considerably abridged, but the editors have done their work so well that nothing material seems to have been lost.

OLD TESTAMENT PROPHECY. By the late A. B. Davidson, D.D. Edited by J. A. Paterson, D.D. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS work by the late Professor of Hebrew in New College, Edinburgh, which is ably edited by his successor in the same chair, represents more than one series of lectures on this important subject. It is in fact an amalgam of many courses, in one of which one, in another another, facet was especially elaborated. It represents, therefore, a formative influence upon the minds of the present generation of Scottish clergy. And it is especially interesting because it elaborately develops the present attitude of a conservative school towards the Scriptures read more or less reluctantly in the light of a revolutionary and audacious criticism. To our forefathers the prophecies of the Old Testament, except so far as they prefigured with a more or less striking picturesqueness incidents in the life of Christ, were left involved in obscurity. That they had some reference to the current complications of the people of Israel was conceded; but that was not the side of them which was felt to concern the Christian man. Between this attitude towards the utterances of the Hebrew prophets and that more modern one which excludes every supernatural and mystical sense, the orthodox expositors

of to-day steer tentatively a difficult course. Dr. Davidson elaborately distinguishes the race of Hebrew prophets from the corresponding classes among other primitive peoples. He considers, only in order finally to reject them, the explanations of the prophetic mind which have been put forward by sceptical philosophy; and in that august series of which Elijah, for the fulness of his perception of the Lord as the One, is taken as the first and Jesus of Nazareth as the crowning example he discerns, mingled with the occasional and the temporary, a revelation of the Infinite and the Absolute.

To him it seems that by the mouths of the prophets a revelation was indeed given, but a revelation of a progressive and germinating character. It was given mediately, through the forms and occasions of a personal and national life. Thus are objections over-ruled such as that which is urged against Psalm ii., wherein the Messiah is painted as a warrior breaking the nations with a rod of iron. "All that incongruities of description prove is that the writer, though referring in his own mind to the coming King, was not enabled in all respects to conceive Him as He came, but conceived Him as if He had come perhaps in relations like or liker those of his own time."

But the book is a book for the specialist. That there is little parade of extrinsic authorities rather bears witness to the completeness with which Dr. Davidson had assimilated the vast quantity of speculation which, particularly in Germany, has been made articulate, than to any neglect of contemporary work. And if we dare not believe his work to possess the virtue of finality, that is only because, on the still shifting sands, permanent stability is in the nature of things hardly to be so much as dreamed of.

THE PRINCIPLES OF MORAL SCIENCE. By the Rev. Walter McDonald, D.D. (Dublin: Browne and Nolan.)

WHATEVER may be said against Confession, as sacramentally practised in the Roman Catholic Church, it must be acknowledged that we owe to it a living tradition in the principles of moral science by which the most stalwart Lutheran may usefully check his own conduct. Dr. McDonald's essay is for the most part too technical to be of general interest. He has been for many years a professor of moral theology at the venerable College of Maynooth. His close attention to Gury and Lehmkühl, and comparison of them with the older theologians upon whom these text-books are founded, have convinced him that in the fundamental tractates "Of Human Acts" and "Of Conscience" there are points of the received teaching which are inconsistent with the conclusions drawn in the treatises dealing with special subjects. But this is for the specialist. For the general public we take a single point which is of intelligible interest to everybody. As is well known, Catholic theologians are more strict in the prohibition of lying than are others. The most truthful of Protestant Englishmen occasionally finds himself in a position which seems to him to justify him in saying point blank the thing which is not. The Catholic theologian recognises, indeed, that there are times when it is expedient or even obligatory to mislead; but in such circumstances he cannot find justification for more than equivocation, or at the most for the practice of mental reservation. Into the respective merits of the two systems—the battle-field of Newman and Kingsley—we need not enter. We merely note that our author on the one hand notes a serious flaw in the utilitarian argument of Mill, and on the other finds not wholly convincing the argument of St. Thomas Aquinas, founded on a certain lack of order or harmony inseparable from the use of words for any purpose but one—to express certain ideas. A necessity is conceivable which would justify one in turning into lime the Apollo Belvidere; what is a word more than a statue that it should not be applied, where necessary, to the benefit of man? But this does not satisfy him either,

and finally he would seem to leave the question very much as he found it.

On the whole the book leaves on the mind of a layman a notable conviction of the thoroughness of the Scholastic methods and a sincere respect for the pains and acumen brought by the theologian to bear upon these difficult problems of daily life.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE CHARACTER AND AUTHORSHIP OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL. By James Drummond, LL.D. (Williams and Norgate. 10s. 6d.)

WE may as well say at once that in the Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, is found a strong defender of the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel. The fact seems to be realised with something of surprise by himself; so we gather from the tone of his introduction. For, as he tells us, his two principal teachers in theology were the Rev. J. J. Tayler and Dr. Martineau; men who, opposed in temperament, were equally confident in rejecting the Johannine authorship. But yet it must be said in justice to the present author that his view seems not to be the resultant of any violent reaction; that he approaches the evidence, to all appearance, in an eminently judicial frame, and that he marshals the forces for the defence with no less temper than spirit.

Against the authenticity of the fourth evangelic record, the position of Baur marks the extreme swing of the pendulum. Baur, some fifty years ago, tried to show that the whole document is an unfolding of the dogmatic idea of the Logos formulated in the proem, and that the deviations from the facts truthfully narrated by the Synoptics are due to this cause. Presupposing the reconciliation of Jewish Christianity and Paulinism, and transporting the reader into the times of Gnosticism, Montanism and the Paschal controversy, the book could not, according to Baur, be of earlier date than the second half of the second century. Twenty years later Keim, though a strenuous opponent of the genuineness of this Gospel, conceded that it had been used by Justin Martyr, and brought back its date to the days of Trajan, 100–117 A.D.; he supposed the author to be, not a Gentile, but a Jew. There was a tendency to meet this view from the conservative camp, while the Johannine authorship was still maintained, by an acknowledgment that the purpose of the composition was not primarily historical. And this is the position that Dr. Drummond very ably supports. He neither admits that, if the book is John's, it must be strictly historical, nor the converse, that if it be not historical it cannot be John's. He goes so far as to confess himself unable to believe that such miracles as that of Cana and the raising of Lazarus were really performed. And such lapses from accuracy (if lapses they are to be accounted) cannot, he confesses, be instances merely of an old man's failing memory. Thus he is forced to the hypothesis of a deliberate construction of the narrative as a pictorial embodiment of spiritual truth. Such an hypothesis, he reminds us, is not out of harmony with ancient views of the nature of history, and is supported by the traces of an original belief that the Gospel was not so much a chronicle as a theological treatise in the guise, more or less, of allegory. Plato gives us a picture of Socrates founded, indeed, we may suppose, on genuine reminiscence, but still presented through a series of ideal scenes. May not an apostle, it is not unreasonable to ask, have portrayed the master of his heart's devotion in colours drawn from half a century of vivid experience of his indwelling spirit, and have blended together the actual and ideal in lines which are no longer separable? That there is a truth higher in the order of thought than any record of objective realities no one would care to deny.

Fiction

THROUGH SORROW'S GATE. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Unwin. 6s.) Mr. Sutcliffe knows and loves his Yorkshire moors, and the moor is the best part of his story. With artistic skill and restraint, the author suggests its many moods, from the desolation of the untrodden snows to the wide jubilation of purple heather beneath the sunlight. When he comes to this human drama, he is less successful. We miss the strenuous passion, the brooding mystery of "Shameless Wayne," in this tale of Griff Lomax and his penance. Griff, labouring solitary at his "intake"—the redeeming of wild land from the moor—is an impressive figure, but when he is drawn back into human relationships his stature dwindles. His life tragedy, told at length in an earlier book, is here given in glimpses, with the result of making his penance seem disproportioned to his crime, and his crime foreign to his nature. Nell Nethercliff, the woman whose love brings peace to the lonely man, is not strongly individualised, and her motherhood is a thing altogether incredible. It was a cardinal mistake to endow her with a child, since its passing out of her life in so tragic a manner leaves so little mark. Far more vital and moving than the main story is that of Hester Royd's frustrate love. But the book touches "the sense of tears" in one scene and one only, that where Joshua Royd dies among his cattle, in dumb, faithful service to the dumb things he loves. Indeed, Mr. Sutcliffe's four-legged creatures are always delightful, as witness Trash, the dog, who brings about his master's happiness. "Through Sorrow's Gate" is sane and sweet with moorland winds, but we expect stronger work from the chronicler of the Waynes and Ratcliffes.

JOHN BLANKSETT'S BUSINESS. By Joseph Clayton. (Brown, Langham. 6s.) John Blanksett at twenty-two is one of the unemployed; the gates of the iron-works are closed against him by reason of his share in promoting a strike which fails. At forty-five, John Blanksett has a large income derived from his business—money-lending. He is head of the Accommodation Loan and Deposit Bank, and finds it profitable as far as his income is concerned. But otherwise he derives no pleasure from it, his wife and children have their own interests, their large establishment is kept up for the purpose of dispensing hospitality to people he does not care about. Sitting in his library on his forty-fifth birthday, John Blanksett "pondered these things, and doubts that had long lurked in his mind concerning his business began to assume definite expression." He is not elected to a seat on the town council because some undesirable facts connected with his business are published in the local paper. His only brother he finds living in the lowest depths of poverty, the daughter dead of starvation, and another worse than dead through falling into a fellow money-lender's clutches. John Blanksett is not the usual grasping hard-hearted money-lender, but he has hitherto failed to see the many tragedies for which his loans pave the way. The book is full of hard facts about John Blanksett's business, pitiful scenes of poverty and weakness are disclosed, horrible pictures of vice yielding profitable returns are drawn. The whole is a tragedy of money, written simply but with force, a faithful study of life which holds our unflagging attention. We cannot too highly praise the restraint and simplicity with which the story is told.

TOR GODS. By Percival Pickering. (Long, 6s.) "Toy Gods" is an interesting book that just stops short of high attainment. The story opens well and claims instant attention, but towards the end the interest is somewhat relaxed. Amelia Bradshaw is the offspring of an unequal marriage, that of a distinguished Admiral who late in life marries his cook. Of course the Admiral's family refuses to countenance the marriage, and when the Admiral dies leaving no provision for his widow, Amelia and her mother return to their own level. When the story opens Melia is an assistant at a small drapery establishment in the Edgware Road. She is pretty but vulgar, showily dressed, and speaks with a terrible Cockney twang. One night she borrows a pantomime dress with little or no skirt and boldly forces her way into her half-sister's house when there is a fancy dress ball. She thus attracts her sister's not very favourable attention, and is politely requested to retire. Subsequently, however, the sister rescues Amelia, and as an experiment has her educated and brought to her own house. The character of Amelia is carefully and truthfully drawn, her treatment of her two lovers is amusing and full of clever touches. But Amelia, vulgar and pert, is more amusing than Amelia with a veneer of refinement. There is humour and insight in the author's sketches of her life at the draper's, of her aunt, Mrs. Burgess, who does "close" and odd jobs, and of her room-mate, Mab Higgins, which is somehow lacking in the description of Amelia's transition to Albert Gate.

There is also a tendency to touch and retouch a picture until the workmanship becomes too apparent, and a too great insistence on personal appearances. But the book in spite of its faults is well worth reading; it is clever, bright, and often original.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND. By George S. Astins. (Drane. 3s. 6d.) Fifty years ago this novel might have been called a "shocker." To-day its well-worn artifice is pathetically powerless to cause a tremor. The plot depends on the extraordinary resemblance between an actor and a clergyman, which favours a monstrous deception. The villains of the piece—"piece" is a diplomatic word—are the actor and the clergyman's wife. Between them they break the sixth, seventh, and eighth commandments, and even the patient clergyman "blurts out" that the actor's "conduct" is "reprehensible." Mr. Astins' heart is liberally on the side of the angels, but his natural politeness is such that he "Misters" his male villain in the hour of his exposure and when the brand of Cain is on his brow.

Short Notices

Some Recent Verse

THE DIVINE VISION AND OTHER POEMS. By A. E. (Macmillan. 3s. net.) **GUIDO AND VERONICA AND OTHER POEMS.** By Kaufmann C. Spiers. (David Nutt.) **POEMS AND IDYLLS.** By John Cullen. (Elliot Stock. 4s. 6d.) **FRONDES CADUCEÆ.** By Montagu Lomax. (H. J. Glaisher. 3s. 6d. net.) **SONGS OF LOVE AND LABOUR.** By Sir William Allan. (Brown, Langham & Co. 6s.) From this sheaf of books in verse two stand prominently forth. One is the latest volume of the Irish poet who is known under the pen-name of "A. E." It shows the writer to be developing more and more exclusively in the direction of specific mysticism. We have not encountered in it anything with quite so much of intimate poetry as was possessed by his most successful previous verse. As in the case of a brother-poet, Mr. Yeats, there seems a tendency to overweight his work with mysticism; in the eager pursuit of its intellectual conceptions, and the desire to expound—or rather embody them, the emotional element suffers somewhat for the sake of the intellectual idea. The pure poetry is partially clouded and thickened. By which we do not intend to accuse "A. E." of obscurity; though that charge will doubtless be brought by the general reader. At the same time there is much of poetic fancy, and that dreamy note of regret and desire common to most poets of the "Celtic movement." The book is, indeed, steeped in an atmosphere of dream. But, as a whole, it misses somewhat of that elusive magic proper to such work; the quality which (we have said) this writer's best poems have shown. Even this comes by fits and gusts. A peculiar feature is the extent to which the poet is dominated by two or three ideas. These are repeated and turned about, from various aspects, in poem after poem. It is all work of distinction and refinement, with an individuality upon it. The other book with a voice of its own is Mr. Spiers' "Guido and Veronica." It is very slender: the title-poem occupies near some half the volume, and there are but half-a-dozen poems besides. But in some of these there is a real poetry. This is evident in the narrative-poem which gives name to the book; but it appears with more concentration in some of the longer lyrical poems which adopt the irregular metre of the ode, though they cannot be called odes. "Watch-Night," a kind of prothalamion (one might call it) sung by a maiden waiting for her bridegroom, is full of a true and rich fancy, striking imagery, and choice diction. These are throughout Mr. Spiers' qualities at his best. Sometimes the diction is somewhat over-wrought or even (but more rarely) fantastic. Nor is Mr. Spiers very careful of form and proportion; his poetry is rather vagrant and apt to sin by diffuseness. In his smaller and slighter lyrics he is less distinguished, more nearly commonplace. But at its best his poetry has the colour and glow of youth. Of the remaining volumes let it suffice to say that one (though in a third edition) is ambitious and obvious, another obvious and unambitious; while the third, "Frondes Caduceæ," merits mild commendation. If nowhere rising to the height of original poetry, it is cultivated in expression and modestly unpretentious. But none of these last volumes call for serious attention.

BROWNING'S ESSAY ON SHELLEY. Edited with an Introduction by Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D. (Moring. 2s. 6d. net.) This is an attractive reprint of the essay prefixed by Browning in 1852 to the forged letters of Shelley, published by Moxon, a volume which is now a prize of book-collectors. Dr. Garnett, with his

accustomed fullness of knowledge and sound judgment, tells in his introduction the story of that publication. It may be stated with confidence that Browning had not seen the originals of the forged letters—so Mr. Wise was informed by Browning himself. The attribution to Browning of the "Life of Strafford" is, on the other hand, expressed too strongly by Dr. Garnett; Browning could hardly have praised as "subtle and eloquent" work of which he was himself the author. That Browning's feelings towards Shelley changed is a statement which does not rest only on Mrs. Orr's testimony. He wrote in 1835 to Dr. Furnivall, "I painfully contrast my notions of Shelley, the man, and Shelley, well, even the poet, with what they were sixty years ago." He had been unfavourably impressed by a letter from Harriet Shelley to Hookham, shown to him, the real significance of which was not apparent without the examination of other letters which Browning had not seen. As to Shelley's poetry, Browning, in his elder years, thought much more of accepting our human limitations and making the most of which lies within them than he did in earlier years. The author of "Ferishtab's Fancies" could not value the poetry of Shelley as highly as the author of "Paraselsus" had valued it.

THE STORY OF PET MARJORIE (MARJORY FLEMING). By L. Macbean. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.) To have lived a month less than nine years, and yet in that space of time to have earned a place in the "Dictionary of National Biography," to have provided material for two separate biographies, and to have inspired in John Brown's pamphlet "the best book about a child that ever was written," is a fate that is surely unrivalled. Marjory Fleming's fate does not transcend her desert. Mr. Macbean's book was not necessary to prove this, but the volume should be read by everyone who has made the acquaintance of the little maid through John Brown, and by everyone who has not. For Maidie's friends and admirers have conspired to make it a definitive edition of her "life and works," complete in every detail, and embellished by illustrations that really illustrate, including five portraits of the little poetess-moralist. Here we have her 200-line "epic" on Mary Stuart, a wonderfully concise and accurate summary of the leading events in Mary's troubled life; and her briefer rhymed history of the Scottish Jameses, embracing one example of Maidie's amusing treatment of difficult rhymes. James II., we are told,

"Was killed by a cannon splinter
In the middle of the winter;
Perhaps it was not at that time,
But I could get no other rhyme."

But Majorie's letters and her four journals (written to improve her penmanship) are the "real self-revelation of a human soul in the shaping, charged with her piquant personality." From them we learn of her joys and her sorrows, her loving nature and her ebullient temper, her Calvinistic gloom and her mild profanities, her literary tastes and her love affairs! To those who would know perhaps the most attractive child of whom record has been written, we say: Read this book. But first read, or re-read, John Brown's essay.

THE NIEBELUNGS: A Tragedy in Three Parts. From the German of Friedrich Hebbel. By H. Goldberger. Illustrated by G. H. McCall. (A. Siegle.) To the student of German dramaturgy the name and the works of Christian Friedrich Hebbel are so well known that it has always seemed curious that, beyond some excerpts in a school book published in 1852, nothing of his should have been translated into English. For the man was an interesting personality, and did some rather fine work. Born in 1813 at Wesselburn in Holstein, the son of a very poor bricklayer, with a genius for telling *Märchen*, he grew up in the direst need, and until he went to Hamburg as a lad he practically educated himself. Once launched, however, as poet, dramatist, and journalist, his fame grew rapidly. Among his best known plays are "Michael Angelo," "The Diamond," "Moloch," "Judith," and the "Rubin"; of his many detached poems the "Sacrifice of Spring" is of especial beauty. His great compilation, or free rendering into modern German of the Niebelung legend, was first produced in the Grand Ducal Theatre at Weimar on May 16, 1861. The author's wife, a well-known actress, played the leading part, and a contemporary critic said of the trilogy, "No one hitherto has collated the whole dramatic treasure of the Niebelung legends and made it playable on the modern stage." As a matter of fact it is, within certain limitations, a very fine work, especially considering the somewhat narrow times in which it was written and played. The translation now published is adequate and painstaking. The translator has chosen to be merely matter of fact and straightforward. He gives us practically a literal translation without the slightest attempt to reproduce the poetry, the glamour, or the verbal fascination of the original. He is content to be bald and accurate; in places indeed his accuracy leads him into pitfalls of something nearly approaching bathos. For students and those who desire to possess what is really a "crib" to

Hebbel, this most excellently bound and printed volume may be recommended.

CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION: THE TEACHING OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AS INTERPRETED AND ILLUSTRATED BY THE WRITINGS OF THE REFORMERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By T. W. Drury, B.D. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.) The Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, in this volume has linked together a catena of authorities sufficient to demonstrate finally, we think, the limits of what, with regard to the ordinance which before the Reformation was called the Sacrament of Penance, may be held in "our pure and reformed Church." We do not suppose that his well-intentioned work will go far towards modifying the practice of High Church clergymen. If this voluntary and partial confession, this seeking of advice, this declaratory absolution are all that is comprised in the ordinance, it is simply not worth fighting for; they are the obvious natural right of any man who desires them. As to the English Reformers, they are simply held of no account when found in opposition to the rather vague entity to which such of their descendants apply the name "Catholic Church." If there is any sacramental ministry of reconciliation, it is that (it seems to them obvious) defined by the Council of Trent. If, on the other hand, the ministry is not sacramental but merely natural, no wonder that in the Fulham Conference, "with few exceptions, the acute differences which arose turned on the expediency of making a more or less frequent use of private confession." But we should do Mr. Drury less than justice if we left it to be supposed that he goes no further than is indicated by his professed purpose. The Reformers built upon the New Testament and the writings of the primitive Fathers; and it is, of course, not difficult to gather out of this latter storehouse enough matter to constitute a strong case against the fully developed doctrine of Rome. This they did; and this, following his leaders, Mr. Drury has done in a perfectly temperate and cogent way that should commend his book alike to those of his own school of thought and to those of another way of thinking who can appreciate the value of straightforward and scholarly controversy on burning questions.

THE EXPOSITOR. Vol. VIII. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) It is not easy to give any sort of just idea of a volume of "The Expositor," concerned as it is for the most part with difficult and intricate problems of criticism or philosophy treated by practised hands with sublime disregard of the convenience and limitations of the "general public." It is not possible barely to enumerate the contents of the present volume, but let us hasten, in the first place, to render thanks to Professor Garvie for his exposition and criticism of the theory of the value-judgments which play so leading a part in that Ritschlian theology which at the present time is dominant in Germany. His article (in four papers) ends on a note of faith: "Only if we believe that God has so revealed Himself to us that in the light of our knowledge of Him we can understand the meaning and worth of all finite existence as otherwise we could not, can we confidently make our consciousness of God regulative of all our thought"; only so subordinate that science, of which the object is the world, and the philosophy of which ourselves are the object, to theology, which is "the vision of God as revealed in Jesus Christ." The authorship of "Hebrews" is treated by Professor Vernon Bartlett; whose conclusion is that the epistle was written from Italy by Barnabas, of whom, in a previous number of "The Expositor," he had maintained that he was in the eyes of his contemporaries a greater figure than is recognised to-day. The date he assigns is the spring of A.D. 62; and the occasion a tendency among communities of Jewish Christians to a practical apostasy due to a habit of mind which failed to do justice to the Gospel as the absolute form of religion, to which Judaism was but preparatory. Dr. Denny treats of the new facet of the doctrine of Atonement which the modern mind has learned to perceive and reverence; and akin to his paper is the Rev. G. S. Streatfeild's on "The Fatherhood of God." Points of critical scholarship are treated by the Rev. Arthur Carr (John vii. 52), Professor Driver (Jerem. xxii., xxiii.), and Mr. Goodspeed (that mysterious harbour of Crete that looked *κατὰ λίβαν κατὰ χάρπον*). The many disciples of Martineau will read with interest the Rev. J. Hoatson's inquiry into the influence exercised upon him by Frederic Robertson. Professor Bennett's experimental reading of the life of Christ from the pages of St. Mark alone arrests attention. Of high technical value are Professor Moulton's "Notes from Papyri"; the essay on "The Name of Jehovah in the Abrahamic Age," by the Rev. C. H. W. Johns; and Dr. Moffatt's résumé of "Recent Foreign Literature on the New Testament." The Rev. David Smith begins, with "The Evangelic Testimony," his examination of the evidence for the Resurrection, and Professor Zahn concludes his "Missionary Methods in the Times of the Apostles."

Reprints and New Editions

a. THE NATIONAL SPORTS OF GREAT BRITAIN. With fifty coloured plates by Henry Alken. **b. THE ANALYSIS OF THE HUNTING FIELD.** Illustrated by Henry Alken. ("The Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books." Methuen. 4s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net respectively.) These additions to an admirable series of reprints are in every way worthy of their predecessors. In "National Sports" one can read all about racing, the points of a horse and its training, fox-hunting and its excitements, coursing, shooting, angling, fly-fishing, prize-fighting and other forms of sport. All keen sportsmen who have not the books already should certainly buy them in this handy form.

KING'S LETTERS: FROM THE DAYS OF ALFRED TO THE COMING OF THE TUDORS. (King's Classics. Moring. 2s. 6d. net.) This volume, edited by Mr. Robert Steele, is not merely a reprint of Halliwell's Letters of the Kings of England, but includes many new letters, and the whole has been carefully revised and compared with the original documents. To those who already know the King's Classics, this present volume will need no introduction. It is tastefully bound, well printed, and makes a valuable addition to the series.

a. AN EMERSON TREASURY. b. A TREASURY OF TRANSLATIONS. By William E. A. Axon. (Broadbent. 3d. each.) Tasteful booklets issued at a moderate price. A selection of thoughts from Emerson requires care and considerable ability, otherwise the result is unsatisfactory and scrappy, as is the case with the present booklet.

a. A CALENDAR OF LYRICS IN 1904. b. DR. JOHNSON'S CALENDAR FOR 1904. (O. Anacker. Each 1s. net.) The first is quite the most charming little almanac we have seen this year; beautifully bound and beautifully printed; an admirable gift for a dainty lover of dainty books. The Dr. Johnson is suitably bound in staid brown paper cover and printed in old-world type.

New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

- Drummond, M.A. (James), *An Enquiry into the Character and Authorship of the Fourth Gospel*.....(Williams and Norgate) 10/6
Montagu (Lily H.), *Thoughts on Judaism*.....(Brimley Johnson) 2/6
Swete, D.D. (Henry Barclay), *Studies in the Teaching of Our Lord*.....(Hodder and Stoughton) 3/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Wilcox (Ella Wheeler), *Poems of Power*.....(Gay and Bird) net 3/6
Tattersall (John), *The Lost Paradise and Other Poems*.....(Morton) net 2/6
Chase (Wilfrid Earl), *Poems*.....(Chase, Madison, Wis.) 50c.
Grein (J. T.), *Dramatic Criticism, Vol. IV., 1902-1903*.....(Nash) net 3/6
Paterson (A. B.), *Rio Grande's Last Race and Other Verses*.....(Macmillan) 6/0
Butterfield (F. W. L.), *The Crevasse: A Dramatic Study*.....(Parker) net 2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Paul (Herbert), *A History of Modern England, Vols. I. and II.* (Macmillan) net 8/6
Morris (Henry), *The Life of Charles Grant*.....(Murray) net 12/0
Ford, B.L., Ph.D. (Guy Stanton), *Hanover and Prussia, 1795-1803: A Study in Neutrality*.....(King) net 8/0
Lee, Ph.D. (Guy Carleton), *The True History of the Civil War* (Lippincott) net 10/6
Curtis (William Elroy), *The True Abraham Lincoln*.....() net 10/0
Wright (Thomas), *The Life of Edward FitzGerald, 2 vols.*.....(Richards) 24/0
Gosse (Edmund), *Jeremy Taylor. (English Men of Letters Series.)*.....(Macmillan) net 3/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

- Fountain (Paul), *The Great North-West and the Great Lake Region of North America*.....(Longmans, Green) net 10/6
White (Stewart Edward), *The Forest*.....(Grant Richards) net 7/6
Hamilton (Angus), *Korea*.....(Heinemann) net 15/0

ART

- Witt (Mary H.), *The German and Flemish Masters in the National Gallery*.....(Bell)
Halsey (Ethel), *Gaudenzio Ferrari. (Great Masters Series)*.....(Bell) net 5/0
Sketchley (R. E. D.), *Watts. (Little Books on Art Series)*.....(Methuen) net 2/4
Great Masters, Part VII.....(Heinemann) net 5/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

- Leighton, M.D., F.R.S.E. (Gerald R.), *The Life-History of British Lizards*.....(Morton) net 5/0

EDUCATIONAL

- Loos (Beatrice A.), *History in Biography, Vol. I., King Alfred to Edward I.*.....(Black) 2/0
Webb (Sidney), *London Education*.....(Longmans) net 2/6

MISCELLANEOUS

- Flora and Sylva, Vol. I., 1903.....(Robinson)
Head (Brandon), *The Food of the Gods: A Popular Account of Cocoa*.....(Brimley Johnson) 3/6
The Survey Gazetteer of the British Isles, with Maps and Plans, Part I., edited by J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S.(Newnes) net 0/7
Northcroft (George J. H.), *How to Write Verse* (Smith's Publishing Company) 2/6

MISCELLANEOUS—cont.

- The "Daily Mail" Special Map of the Far East.....(Philip) net 1/0
Pleasure Guide to Paris for Bachelors.....(Nilsson) net 2/6
Report on the Budget of the Empire for 1904.....(Imperial Academy of Science, St. Petersburg)
Bardswell (Mrs. F. A.), *The Book of Town and Window Gardening* (Lane) net 2/6
Roundell (Mrs. Charles) and Roberts (Harry), *The Still-Room*.....(Lane) cloth, net 3/0; leather, net 4/0
Kechie (W. J.), *Protection and the People*.....(Dicks) 0/6
Letts's Office Diary and Almanac, 1904.....(Casell) 10/0
The Freehold Farm, No. 1.....(Reeves) 0/6

FICTION

- "Entrapped," by Alice M. Diehl (Long), 6/0; "Devastation," by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan (Long), 4/0; "Four Red Roses," by Sarah Tytler (Long), 6/0; "Monsigny," by Justus Miles Forman (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "The Foolish Virgins," by Alfred Sutro (Chatto and Windus), 1/0; *The Ways of the Millionaire*, by Oswald Crawford (Chapman and Hall); "The Little Afrikaner and the Great Queen," by Maynard Butler (Sonnenschein), net 1/0; "The Sirdar's Oath," by Bertram Mitford (White), 6/0; "A Magdalen's Husband," by Vincent Brown (Duckworth); "Slaves of Passion," by Helen Baylis (Long), 6/0; "A Canadian Girl," by Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Haggard (Long), 6/0; "A Criminal Crepuscule," by George Griffith (Long), 6/0; "My Friend Prospero," by Henry Harland (Lane), 6/0.

JUVENILE

- "Boys' Second Book of Inventions," by Ray Stannard Baker (Harper), 6/0.

NEW EDITIONS

- "A Short History of the English People," by John Richard Green, Part 40 (Macmillan), net 0/6; "The Life of Robert Burns," by John Gibson Lockhart, edited by J. M. Sloan (Hutchinson), net 1/0; "The Faston Letters, A.D. 1122-1503," edited by James Gairdner, Vol. 2 (Chatto and Windus), net 12/6; "Poems and Idylls," by John Cullen (Stock), 4/6; "Sam Shick the Clockmaker," by Judge Haliburton (Routledge); "Black Sheep," by Edmund Yates (Routledge); "Tom Bulkeley," by R. Montague Jephson (Routledge); "The Mysteries of Udolpho," by Ann Radcliffe (Routledge); "Whitefriars," by Emma Robinson (Routledge); "The Compleat Angler of Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton" (Methuen), net 3/6; "The Heart of Japan," by Clarence Ludlow Brownell (Methuen), 6/0; "The Poetical Works of Christina Georgina Rossetti, with Memoir and Notes," by W. M. Rossetti (Macmillan), 7/6; Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," Vol. II., D-G, edited by G. C. Williamson, Litt.D. (Bell), net 21/0.

PERIODICALS

- "Our Poultry," "Animal Life," "Church Quarterly Review," "Independent," "International Journal of Ethics," "Edinburgh Review," "English Historical Review," "Girl's Realm," "Photo Miniature," "Lippincott's," "Technics," "Smart Set," "The London," "Mind," "North American Review," "Journal of Theological Studies," "Review of Reviews," "Atlantic Monthly," "Pall Mall Magazine," "Woman at Home."

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Literature.

- The Vatican and the Abbe Loisy II.
A History of Modern England.
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The Psalms in Human Life.
Edward FitzGerald.
Some Recent Verse.
Between the Acts—Judaism as Creed and Life—Julius Ferry.

Fiction.

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The Centenary of a Blue-Stocking

THE centenary of the death of the author of "The Female Quixote" ought not to be overlooked. Few now read that rococo novel, but Charlotte Lennox does not depend solely on her own fame for remembrance; she "shares the triumph and partakes the gale" of Dr. Johnson's swelling progress.

She was the daughter of Colonel Ramsay, Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and came to England at the age of fifteen to be trained by a "well-to-do aunt." Before she put her girlish foot on our shores the well-to-do aunt had taken leave of her wits, a calamity that was soon followed by the death of her father on the other side of the Atlantic. Charlotte deserved the pity of two hemispheres. Happily she was taken up, we know not how or why, by Lady Rockingham, and to some extent by the Duchess of Newcastle. Better still, she began to earn money by her pen. All of which sounds like a novelette in being. It is true that she did not marry her publisher, he being married already, but she accepted his assistant, a Mr. Lennox. "Mr." Lennox lives in history as the husband of Charlotte Lennox. Charlotte soon detected the romance in her lot, and wove it into her first story, "Harriot Stuart."

By this time she had joined that select circle of ladies who basked in the smiles and growls of Dr. Johnson. From first to last Johnson was partial to her, and the fuss he made about the launching of "Harriot Stuart" is literary history. The book was ready in the spring of 1751. Johnson proposed to his friends at the Ivy Lane Club that they should celebrate the birth of "Mrs. Lennox's first literary child" by a supper and an all-night carouse. Hawkins, who tells the story, weakly objected that he had never been out of bed a whole night in his life, but being answered by the Doctor that he "would find great delight in it," he promptly gave in. The supper was ordered at the Devil Tavern, Fleet Street, for eight o'clock. Mrs. Lennox and her husband, and a lady friend, together with some twenty others, sat down in great good humour, and the Doctor carried all before him. He had ordered a magnificent apple pie, which he insisted on decorating with bay leaves. After this and other ceremonies he crowned Mrs. Lennox with a wreath of laurel. The night passed "in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth," Johnson being at his best at five o'clock in the morning, when his face "shone with meridian splendour." By this time most of the company were helpless, and only the daybreak put them in mind of their bill; but the waiters were overcome with sleep, and not until the street door opened at eight o'clock was the twelve hours' festivity ended.

With "Harriot Stuart" Mrs. Lennox "arrived." Thenceforth she lived the literary life, still helped and trumpeted by Johnson. She edited, she translated, she dramatised, and she justified much of the attention she received by writing "The Female Quixote: or the Adventures of Arabella." Fielding thought this novel "a most extraordinary and most excellent performance" and a "work of true humour." It is concerned with a lady whose sensibility and dignity would not permit her to listen to any declarations of love. "I do not know," she says to her would-be lover, "what sort of ladies they are who allow such unbecoming liberties; but I am certain that Statira, Parisatis, Clelia, Mandane, and all the illustrious heroines of antiquity, whom it is a glory to resemble, would never admit of such discourses." So Arabella resembles and Glanville dissembles, and in a comedy of distance and respect the novel progresses to a happy ending. The book was a great success. Not so her drama "The Sisters." Epilogued by Goldsmith and produced by Colman, it fell flat at Covent Garden, but was plagiarised by General Burgoyne in his "Heiress" to an extent at once shameful and complimentary. To name Mrs. Lennox's other works would be only to demonstrate how much she is a forgotten author in her own right. Who has read "Philander: a Dramatic Pastoral," who "Euphemia, a Novel," who the Duchess de la Vallière's "Meditations and Penitential Prayers, with some Account of her Life"?

In the "Ladies' Pocket Book" of 1778 are engraved nine female figures, each—of course—in the character of a Muse. They are Elizabeth Carter of "Epictetus" fame; Mrs. Barbauld, who wrote many books, and lives by one short poem; Angelica Kauffman; Mrs. Sheridan; Mrs. Montagu, the original blue-stockings; the saintly Hannah More; Mrs. Macaulay, whose "History of England" was such a flash in the pan; Mrs. Griffith, whose "Letters of Henry and Frances" had their day; and last, but not least, the lady whom Johnson crowned at the Devil Tavern. One night in his last year the Doctor dined at Mrs. Garrick's house in Adelphi Terrace with Elizabeth Carter, Hannah More, and Fanny Burney. "Three such women," he told Boswell, "are not to be found: I know not where I could find a fourth, except Mrs. Lennox, who is superior to them all." A few months later he passed away, and Mrs. Lennox soon found that she was out-living not only her friend, but her fame. She knew poverty, sickness, and neglect, and died a pensioner of the Royal Literary Fund on January 4, 1804.

Egomets

I HAVE recently been browsing in bed upon "Barchester Towers" and "The Three Clerks." How old-fashioned these stories of Trollope are compared with those of some of his contemporaries, say with those of Thackeray and Dickens. The immortals never grow old; it is to be feared then that Trollope will not prove to be an immortal; in fact I fancy he never thought that he was such. To him letters were a mere means of earning money: he had no artistic emotions that drove him to express himself by means of his pen. Had he been able to paint pictures that would sell or to compose music that would prove acceptable he would doubtless have done such work for a consideration.

For many years I refused to read Trollope, for I had refused his ineffable life of Thackeray in the "English

Men of Letters." It angered me, as it must have done—did in fact—everyone who loved and honoured Thackeray. Who was this bourgeois, jog-trotting Trollope, that he should set himself up to preach upon idleness with Thackeray's life as text? Every genius is in his own way industrious, but every man of industry is not a genius—Trollope for one. Another work that angered me was his Autobiography, in which indeed he did himself scant justice. He was not altogether the money-seeking hack he there made himself out to be.

He can be quite amusing, as for example in the character and adventures of Charley Tudor in "The Three Clerks"; he can touch sentiment deftly and pathos deeply on occasion, as is shown by some of the incidents and descriptions in "Barchester Towers." But his moments are few

and far between, and if his work have a value for future generations it will not be as fiction but as fact, for he painted the manners of his time very truly and minutely. He lived in an interesting era, the parting of the ways between the old days and the new; in his pages we travel by train and by coach; duelling is a mode of days near past; the telegraph is an innovation; the country round London then is suburban now, and so forth.

But he is old-fashioned, and much as I love many old fashions and many old-fashioned writers, Trollope annoys me. Thackeray can call a pause, preach to his readers and chat of his puppets, without disturbing our equanimity or destroying the illusion of the narrative; Trollope jars upon me rudely when he plays such pranks and he plays them only too frequently. Then when Trollope is in need of a name for a medical man he will probably call him Dr. Cureall, or by some such title; a hard-up baronet will be Sir Penniless Lackall; a profligate peer, Lord Moraless; a talkative landlady, Mrs. Manywords, and so on! This trick I can forgive in Dickens—I could forgive him almost anything, save the, to me, unreal sentiment of some of his death-bed scenes and his straw-stuffed gentlefolk. I suppose it comes to just this, that I can forgive much to those I love and little to those I dislike, or do not love. Trollope I do not love, and I fear me never shall do so, much as I should like to be at peace with all writers.

It is of course wrong of me to allow dislike for the personality of a writer to influence me in my judgment of or liking for his work. But though this may be the best of all possible worlds for a bookman, it is not perfect. Trollope is a thought too good in his own opinion, a little too much of a would-be saint to be lovable to this sinner. Thackeray and Dickens I love for their broad humanity and their soft hearts; I am sure either of them would have lent me a guinea if I had gone to them in my trouble. Trollope would have looked me up and down through his spectacles, would have demanded if my way of life were thoroughly methodical, and on receiving my truthful answer would have written me down a miserable sinner. Sinner I am, but not miserable. I verily believe he could have found it in his heart to have forgiven any sinner an he had been a man of method.

E. G. O.

Science

The Love of Truth

WHEN a Darwin, or a Huxley, or a Spencer dies, it is commonly and properly asserted of him that his leading characteristic was a love of Truth. And if you listen to those who are, for one reason or another, in opposition to such men, you will hear that to claim a love of Truth as a man's leading characteristic is to insist on the obvious, all healthy-minded people being endowed, as a matter of course, with some measure of this high passion. These critics are prepared to maintain that, in all decent persons, themselves included, there is the love of Truth: by which phrase we mean a dominating affection, so that to have learned the real facts in the course of an argument affords far more satisfaction than to have proved your opponent wrong, and so that it causes a grief of soul to see the thing that is not offered in the guise of the thing that is, even to a schoolboy at the Antipodes or a savage in Fiji.

But I think it can be shown that this belief in the widespread prevalence of a love of Truth is by no means confined to the protagonists on one side in the conflict between science and dogmatic theology. Let me quote,

for instance, from a French educationist, M. Laisant, who is referring to the teaching of religion and ethics in schools:—

L'éducateur habile, en stimulant dans l'esprit de son élève le culte de la vérité, en tirant parti de tous les exemples, de toutes les observations, de l'expérience quotidienne, arrivera sans peine à façonner graduellement cette conscience d'enfant pour en faire une conscience humaine.

The reviewer in last week's "Nature," quoting this sentence, says that it will commend itself to and will gain the assent of most men of science.

Now it appears to me that this sentence implicitly contains at least one very questionable assumption. The author appears to regard a love of Truth as a natural appanage of a schoolmaster. His pupils are constantly to see this passion exalted above all others and are thereby to obtain a firm foundation in ethics. I believe, on the contrary, that it would be a terrible—perhaps the most terrible of disasters, if the formal and explicit teaching of morality—or of religion, for is not that "morality touched by emotion"?—were to cease from within our schools. I do not for a moment believe that the love of Truth, displayed either overtly or covertly by the teacher could ever be a substitute for this, and I gravely question the assumption that such a love of Truth may be taken for granted as a necessary ingredient of the teacher's temper.

On the contrary, I humbly subscribe to the opinion of Spencer that love of Truth is one of the rarest of virtues. I know the struggle within myself when, as in controversy, the love of Truth is in conflict with self-esteem, with the love of *appearing* to be on the side of Truth. You may say that I am particularly unfortunate, and that my case does not furnish an adequate argument against the exclusion of formal ethical teaching from our schools. I do not think so. Is not the difficulty with which the average man acknowledges himself to be wrong simply notorious, and is not such an acknowledgment just exactly a homage to Truth? Yet, if we loved Truth as we think we do, the mere demonstration of our error would be unable to cause any emotion of chagrin, for the emotion of joy in having found Truth, our heart's desire, would utterly possess us.

And, finally, I think it may easily be shown from our present educational system that the great majority of us prefer Convenience and Ease to Truth. A recent writer, for instance, urges that the time has now come for the facts of Organic Evolution to be taught in schools. It seems a reasonable proposition, does it not? Organic evolution is infinitely more certain—since it is derived from evidence of a totally different order—than is the accuracy of any single historical fact. It has been part of Truth any time these forty years; it had received final proof when most of the parents of the present generation of school-children were themselves at school. Yet so far are men from loving Truth, so far are they from even mere expediency in this matter, that there is absolutely no desire worth mentioning amongst parents that their children should be taught this great and significant Truth. I say expediency, since it seems to me to be better that a child should be taught the truth about human origins, and be taught it with some appreciation of its glorious implications for the future, than that the child, now adolescent, should learn from the Rationalist Press Association that man is a monkey and may as well swallow the fact without making a wry face.

One other proof of my contention that the love of Truth is not common property. I assert, as an astounding and to me utterly incomprehensible fact that there do exist—and you will not believe me, I know—in this present year and in this land of England, a whole host of parents who do not believe in the historical accuracy of Adam and Eve and who repudiate the doctrine of eternal torment, the most immeasurably horrible and inhuman of all human conceptions, who yet consciously permit their children to be taught

and to believe in the literal truth of that Babylonian legend and of a dogma which conceives of Deity as the very opposite to a God of justice.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

THE theatre-going public is divided into two distinct classes, by far the larger consisting of those who thirst merely for entertainment and the smaller of those who wish to be spectators of plays which transfer to the stage the problems and difficulties of life. The problem play has unfortunately come to mean a piece that deals with one problem only of life, an important one undeniably, but at the same time one of which it is easy to exaggerate the importance, and which also cannot be discussed candidly in public. Readers may be divided similarly into two classes, those who resort to literature simply for amusement, for that end demanding light works of fiction, anecdotal biographies, adventurous works of travel and "tit-bitty" newspapers and periodicals; the few, on the other hand, turning to books for the consolations and stimulations of literature. The writer of serious books, even if his public be comparatively small, can count upon a certain public for support and can reasonably expect, if his work be of good quality, to find a publisher. With the writer of plays which deal with the realities of life, serious and comic too, it is far otherwise; he can indeed count upon a certain measure of public support, but his chance with the managers of our playhouses is but small. Why?

WELL, in the first place the manager cannot fairly be blamed, he is a business man and has to make his business pay. Where, then, is the fault? With the public? Scarcely, for the public has never shown any reluctance to support true tragedy or true comedy; but they refuse rightly to pay for seats to witness plays which are serious only in the fact that they do not amuse. They neither interest nor entertain. If we want mere entertainment we are provided with plenty of fare. I spoke recently of the excellent entertainment supplied by "The Country Girl," and would now draw attention to "The Orchid" at the Gaiety Theatre. This piece does not stimulate thought, makes no call upon our critical faculties, does not anywhere touch life, but it does entertain. The music is bright if not distinguished, some of the songs capitalily written, the dresses artistic, in colour wonderfully so, the dancing, though there is too little of it, first rate, the acting and the singing most of it good, though the funny men depend rather too much upon buffoonery. But in such entertainments as these I seem to see, as does Mrs. Craigie, the possible beginnings of a new form of theatrical entertainment—new and national. It is a gradual growth from the formless and senseless musical comedies of a few years ago; it is still formless, and probably will remain so, but it is beautiful to look at, pleasant to listen to, and it may develop, evolve, into something as clever and as national in spirit as the satires of Aristophanes. Only Aristophanes is lacking, but he may be in our midst though unrecognised. There is hope then for the comic drama.

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES is responsible for the quite delightful revival (referred to in Musical Notes) of "Ib and Little Christina" at the Lyric Theatre. Captain Basil Hood has written a touching and sympathetic "book," Signor Franco Leonis has composed music which taken as a whole is dramatic and melodious, and the manager has provided a cast of extraordinary excellence, including Mr. Ben Davies

and Miss Susan Strong. This is light opera at its very best, and if Mr. Edwardes can bring his various forces into line, he may prove to be the founder of a new and good school of musical pieces, filled with good humour, good writing and good music.

ON the serious side of the stage the outlook is not so bright. With the solitary exception of "Cousin Kate," recently withdrawn, the past year produced nothing which approached true comedy; serious drama or tragedy was entirely absent from the boards. Of tawdry melodrama decked out in fine feathers we were given only too much. Mr. Barrie's fairy tales stand in a class apart. "Letty," which has not proved altogether a success from the managerial point of view, was the most interesting example of a serious play which attempted to deal with the verities of life. In the cause of its failure may, I think, be found the whole cause of the present depressed condition of dramatic literature. As I sat and watched the adventures of Letty and her lovers I was not, who could be, interested in her or them, but merely in studying the workmanship and the skill of Mr. Pinero. I did not feel that the characters were anything else than well-dressed puppets, whose emotions were no more real than those of marionettes. The cleverness of the acting was enjoyable, but one pitied the actors who had to struggle to make unrealities appear realities. In brief, the play did not ring true, its comedy was superficial and its tragedy untrue; it was all studied, but not from nature. The smaller public, of whom I have spoken, stand aloof from the theatre of to-day because dramatic literature and nature have parted company; until they are once more joined together they will stand aloof. I do not ask for the nastiness of some modern French writers or for the pessimism of Germany and Norway, but I do ask for flesh and blood men and women, and tragedy and comedy based on human nature.

OTHER sides of this question are the bad plan recently grown up of engaging actors and actresses merely for the run of the piece—which means that performers grow into a groove and are called upon to play merely one specific type of character—the heavy rentals that have to be paid for theatres, the large salaries that have to be given to popular performers, and the vast expense of the gorgeous scenery and dresses that are called for to cover the dramatic nakedness of our plays. Various schemes have been put forward for remedying this state of affairs, but all unfortunately ignore the practical politics of the theatre. The only scheme that seems to me to hold out any hope of success is that the London County Council should build upon land belonging to them a moderate-sized not over-decorated playhouse, which they could let at a reasonable rental, representing, say, five per cent. on the capital outlay and on the loss of rent for the land which would otherwise have been let. The playhouse could be let on certain terms, which would include a veto upon musical pieces, the representation of a certain number of Shakespeare's plays and the production of a certain number of new dramas and comedies per annum. The manager could doubtless provide his Shakespearean and other old dramatic fare by aid of the Benson, Tree and other travelling dramatic companies, assisted by some of his own players, of whom he could engage a competent company at yearly salaries. His own company could play country engagements while the boards of his own theatre were occupied by others. And—why should there not be a subscription season in the summer and in the autumn? Among other subscribers I would suggest the metropolitan newspapers. This is the scheme in outline; with the details I hope to deal later.

THERE was an interesting revival at Toynbee Hall on Saturday evening last, when Addison's "Drummer" (originally produced in 1716) was presented by the Balliol House players for the first time for over a century. To be precise, the last London performance was at Drury Lane in 1794.

THE latest, and quite the most charming of little children's plays, was performed for the first time on Saturday last by half-a-dozen remarkably clever youngsters at a juvenile party in Lowndes Square. It is called "The Legend of the Lazy Gardener," and is by Mrs. Stepney Rawson, who has given so many other hostages to literary fortune. The play is of the simplest, half-prose, half-verse, and Miss Muffet plays a part therein; the scene is in Jack Melon's garden, and his two assistants, Tomato and Potato, together with the Golden Archer, the Frog, and the Dew Fairy, tell a pretty tale of childish sympathy with flowers and garden life. It is a charming conceit, and should be seen in print for the enjoyment of generations of children and parents.

THE Hebbel Society at Heidelberg lately gave a performance of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" in the Elizabethan manner, without scenery. The effect was excellent, and the actors scored a distinct success.

A NEW play by Felix Philippi, "Der Grüne Zweig" (The Green Branch), has been produced at the Royal Theatre, Berlin. Leaving aside the somewhat stormy melodrama he usually affects, Philippi endeavours here, but, we think, with doubtful success, to be symbolic and poetical. Only a *succès d'estime* attended the representation of August Strindberg's historical drama "Gustav Adolf," at the Berliner Theatre.

A DATE in April has been fixed for the production of Mrs. Craigie's "The Flute of Pan," by Miss Olga Nethersole and a special company.

THE Stage Society's second production this season will be Brieux's "Les Bienfaiteurs," which has been christened "The Philanthropists." The performance takes place on February 2 at the King's Hall, Covent Garden. Early in March the Society intend to produce "A Soul's Tragedy," by Robert Browning, and a one-act play by Frederick Fenn and Richard Price, entitled "Op o' my Thumb."

Musical Notes

THE Philharmonic Society's programme for the coming season is not wildly exciting. The performance of a choral work in the shape of Brahms's Rhapsody for contralto solo and male choir will indeed be something of a novelty at a Philharmonic concert, but otherwise the season promises no very remarkable features. Sir Charles Stanford's new clarinet concerto should, however, be worth hearing, as should Mr. Edward German's "Rhapsody on March Themes," while Mr. A. von Ahn Carse's symphonic prelude to Byron's "Manfred" will serve to introduce a younger composer, who is, however, despite his name, also of native origin. Richard Strauss will be represented, I notice, by his "Tod und Verklärung," though one of his less familiar works, "Don Quixote," or "Also sprach Zarathustra," for instance, would surely have been a preferable choice. Perhaps the directors may be disposed to reconsider their decision in this regard.

THE revival of "Ib and Little Christina" at Daly's Theatre, with an excellent cast, including Mr. Ben Davies, is an experiment of quite exceptional interest, especially if it be true, as has been stated, that it constitutes the first step in the direction of a much bolder scheme in Mr. George Edwardes' mind, having for its end something very little short of permanent English opera. The idea at present, it seems, is to get together a repertory of works adapted to a smaller theatre than Covent Garden; but from this to operas of a bigger class would obviously be merely a step—though a step which would certainly be rendered all the easier if the further rumour of ultimate co-operation in this particular enterprise on the part of Mr. Edwardes and Mr. Manners should prove well founded.

Who knows but that while some are clamouring for the State-endowed opera, which they are never likely to get, the foundations may have been laid already of an enterprise the ultimate development of which may disprove the necessity of any such appeal at all? At the same time I cannot avoid certain misgivings as to the wisdom of this suggested policy of building up a repertory piece by piece. If one thing seems more firmly established than another, it is that an opera cannot hope, as a rule, to attract audiences night after night as ordinary pieces do, and the instances in which they have done this in London—Sullivan's "Ivanhoe" was one such, while Humperdinck's "Hansel und Gretel" was another—have simply gone to show, in my judgment, that Londoners would prove in reality quite an exceptionally good opera-going public if they once were given the chance.

At the same time it would be injudicious to the last degree to repeat the late Mr. D'Oyly Carte's mistake by building upon this assumption and taking it for granted that any work good enough for inclusion in a repertory should be good enough also to stand the ordeal of a run. There are any number of operas worthy of occasional performance, but unsuited for continuous representation; wherefore it would be deplorable if a promising project were once again to come to grief through neglect of this obvious truth. "Ib and Little Christina," for instance, is a charming little opera, which is being most admirably given at the present time, and which is certainly well worth seeing. But, frankly, it is not a work which I for one should expect the general public to run after. And if, therefore, it does not enjoy a success of any great length, it would certainly be absurd to argue from this that English opera on repertory lines would not attract support.

I CANNOT quite understand, indeed, why, while he was about it, Mr. George Edwardes did not choose an opera of assured and established popularity instead of a comparatively unknown work, and make his initial experiment with that. Perhaps, however, this will be his next step. But the essential point is, that no single opera, however popular, can hope to enjoy a prolonged run. A repertory of some extent or other is absolutely the first condition of success, so far as the establishment of anything like permanent English opera is concerned, and enterprises started in defiance of this fact are far more likely to prejudice, by failure, the whole idea, and deter others embarking on like ventures, than to achieve any more useful purpose.

THE proposed new Concert-goers' Club should fulfil quite a useful function if the scheme is carried out on the lines talked of. Indeed, the announcement of the project follows on the very heels of a suggestion which I recently let fall in these columns to the effect that some such body would do much good by bringing music lovers together and thereby stimulating, perhaps, their patronage of

concerts. Undoubtedly people are much more ready to go to concerts if they know that they are likely, when doing so, to meet friends and acquaintances, while if in addition they had in prospect a lively debate on the works heard at the subsequent meeting of the "Concert-goers," who shall say how their interest might not thereby be stimulated? The society should form a useful meeting ground, too, for the discussion of musical topics of the day, from the exclusion of unpunctual concert-goers, to the misdeeds of the musical critics, and in other ways should prove a useful body.

THE reported recent discovery of a long-lost Bizet score is pleasant news, though it must be confessed that reports of this nature which get into the daily papers are usually to be received with a certain amount of suspicion. If, however, it should turn out that a work by Bizet, hitherto unknown, has really been discovered, the fact is certainly one of interest. The work is hardly likely, indeed, to prove a second "*Carmen*"—what a gold mine it would turn out for someone if it did! But Bizet was one of those children of genius whose slightest creations are worthy of attention, and a posthumous opera from his pen would assuredly attract uncommon attention.

"THE fall of the Spanish Cabinet at an early date is probable as a result of the campaign of anti-ministerial songs." Thus a recent telegram from Madrid. It is not the first time, of course, that street ditties have proved powerful political weapons. "*Ça ira*," whereby such execution was done, in more than one sense of the word, at the time of the French Revolution, and "*Lilliburlero*," which contributed not a little towards the revolution of 1688 in our own land, are, of course, the classical instances under this head. It was of the latter doggerel that Dr. Percy, of "*Reliques*" fame, remarked that it had exercised "a more powerful effect than either the philippics of Demosthenes or Cicero," though it is exceedingly likely that Purcell's brisk and catchy tune had a good deal more to do with the success and popularity of the song than Lord Wharton's words. The latter refer to King James having nominated the Earl of Tyrconnel to the Lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686. Afterwards many other songs, political and otherwise, were written to the same tune, which makes a capital quick-step march.

In the case of "*Ça ira*" the words in this case are said to have been suggested to a street singer called Ladré by General Lafayette, who remembered Franklin's favourite saying at each successive stage of the American insurrection. The tune, on the other hand, which was the work of a certain Bécour, a side-drum player at the opera, had enjoyed previous popularity under the title of "*Carillon National*." The refrain of the ditty was sufficiently sanguinary:—

Ah! *ça ira*, *ça ira*, *ça ira*!
Les aristocrat' à la lanterne
Ah! *ça ira*, *ça ira*, *ça ira*!
Les aristocrat' on les pendra.

The Spanish songs referred to, the singing of which the Government has, it seems, vainly endeavoured to suppress, are directed, it would appear, against certain returned clericals from the Philippines who had been given preferment at home against the wishes of the people. Do our own politicians make as much use of music as they might? A song called "*John Bull's Store*" is, indeed, said to be enjoying considerable vogue in relation to the Fiscal controversy, but I have heard no vocal Free Trade counterblast.

Art Notes

THE honours and the excitement of the week have been with Rodin and the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers. There have been dinners and speeches and junketings. Monsieur Rodin was met at the station, feasted, interviewed; students unharnessed the horses from the great sculptor's carriage and dragged him in triumph; and they have sent him off again to France amidst enthusiasm. And now, out of the whirl, one begins in the cold light of the calmer day to ask what was said concerning art, that was suggestive or illuminating or helpful; and what impression has been left, apart from the well-merited ovation to Rodin? Well, first of all, one is again struck by the strange incapacity of a great artist to express himself intelligibly in speech about the inner meaning of his art. One sits and broods and wonders as before at this great man's self-bewilderment in trying to define art and to give a message to art students: one is surprised that he also, who killed the academic law as to the need for sculpture to be in calm repose, should allow himself to be harassed by the weight of these early school-taught catchpennies about the Beautiful. Rodin, like Whistler and the rest, can show us what is art in and through that art alone. When they come to write or speak about it they mouth and grimace—they are dumb or they are garrulous—but they seem unable to yield the key of the mysteries. Here is Rodin talking vague platitudes about "art and nature, the real source of all beauty," and so on. They *will* do it—they *all* do it. But what does he *mean*? The fact is that Rodin knows full well that the masterpiece which dominates all else amidst the work of his fellows in this exhibition in London to-day, a masterpiece which holds one, grips one, keeps one in homage before it, is the huge and wonderful figure that sits in that great central hall, crouched in thought, *Le Penseur*—The Thinker. And he knows as well that this superb thing has no particular claim to Beauty. It is far greater than that. It has a dignity, a greatness, a vast power of emotion that is majestic and thrilling. But beauty as such it holds neither in its vastness nor in the glorious modelling. Emotion it holds to a colossal extent, and thereby stands out as the majestic thing it is. Amidst all this speech-making and large talk, the man who got nearest to this great truth, and he was the last man from whom I should have expected it, was Mr. Edmund Gosse—he did not say in explicit terms that beauty was not art, but he did not repeat the cant that it was. He showed that, since Rodin came, the academic fallacy as to great sculpture necessitating a dignified repose was dead; and in saying that very true and very revolutionary thing, he not only gave Rodin the name of greatness, but he showed that the old Greek tradition of the Beautiful was in its death-throes. It was the only illuminating essay at the dinner; and it was the speech that showed where Rodin's great position and power lay. Rodin has grasped, in the creative part of him, that art is the speech of Emotion. He brings to the making of his great art the most remarkable combination of exquisite gifts—his sense of composition is enormous, clean-cut, definite; his modelling is eloquent and large as it is subtle; his mastery remains in his fingers to the utmost finish—and his last finished touch is as fresh as his vigorous sketch. But his highest achievement lies in the majestic grip of the Emotions. In Beardsley we had one of the greatest masters of eloquent musical line that the world has ever seen; but he never became a *great artist*, for he never expressed the great emotions. In Rodin we have a sculptor who has the most exquisite feeling for form, but he is also a great artist, for above all things he expresses in terms of sculpture the great human emotions. Go and stand before that huge statue of "*The Thinker*," and you can hear the majestic

figure *thinking*—it grows into a live thing, glows in a strange vital way. I am not mad fool enough to try and write down what it expresses, for Rodin alone can do that, and not in words but in the sculptured form. Indeed, I would suggest to the Council of this Society that when the bronze statue is set up in the hall, the plaster should not be taken away, but should be set up at the other end of the hall, for the white plastic mass takes and gives out lights and reflections and marvellous beauties that no metal ever approaches, just as the gem-like colours of porcelain can never be approached by any other paint for translucency and brilliancy. It is good to hear that this majestic bronze has been secured for the South Kensington Museum. It is to be hoped, for the benefit of the Academy students, that the plaster may be secured for the Royal Academy. And I should like again to call attention to the simple fact that in the midst of all the enthusiasm concerning this fine Society, I should like to have seen a more handsome tribute paid to the man whose fertile brain and dogged energy created it—Mr. Francis Howard. Mr. Swann, R.A., said it was “a great work to bring together the best artists of all countries”—but with academic magnificence the name of the man who has done it was “keerfully kept from us.”

JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME is dead. To the art student of Paris this means much more than that one of the most dramatic of French painters has gone out of Bohemia; for Gérôme's keen interest in the students and all his fierce enthusiasms were an important part of the breath that bred the hot discussions of the Quartier Latin and the Hill of Montmartre. His genial spirit was largely concerned in the rollicking pageants of the students' quarter; and the men of his studio were amongst the most original of them that danced and revelled in the Bals des Quatre Arts. His grey soldierly head will be seen in his beloved Paris no more—his “boys” will take their troubles to him no more—his fierce partizanship for the arts he loved, and his keen criticisms of the arts for which he had no sympathy, are alike silenced. His wild enthusiasm for Phidias, his contempt for Donatello, his abomination of Canova's lions at St. Peter's, Rome, his hatred of the insincerity of Raphael, whose genius alone saved him from being detestable as an artist, but could not even save him from being a detestable example to the student; his caution to the young students that Michael Angelo was a master to admire, not to imitate; his passionate adoration of Rembrandt—all his praise and blame are spoken for the last time, and the young students of his school must turn to other masters. Gérôme was a man who made an inspiring teacher, for he believed in the spirit of the age to create as fine art as was ever produced in the past; he very rightly, and, for so academic a painter, surprisingly rightly, held that there was no virtue or power in the Old Masters that should not be, and indeed *was* not, present in the modern man; and he would hold up Menzel and Raffet and Gavarni and Doré as fine masters in their own province, and, had he known English art better he might have added Turner. Had his eyes been as clear in old age as in youth he might have added Rodin and Whistler and Sargent and others to-day; but in his old age his belief in his generation grew cold, and the lost fire left his heart gloomy for the future. The revolutionary movements in art that broke up many accepted academic conventions, movements largely due to the discovery of Velasquez, instead of rousing his admiration only alarmed him. Everything, said he, was become topsy-turvy; it was all a turning of art upside down, a distortion, a madness—the youngsters are all trying for garish short-cuts to fame; the one ideal is to be Original, to stand out eccentrically from the others; but they have not the elements of training in them, and their work is nerveless by consequence, and without

substance, and devoid of foundation. So he would rail against Manet's paint and arrangement, sneer at Monet's impressionism and shrieking gaudinesses, thunder against Rodin. In fact, Gérôme was bred on the distorting idea that mistook beauty for Art, and it landed him in the great morass which prevented him from seeing that even his own greatest successes were dependent not on beauty but on the emotions evoked by the accident of his literary attitude to art and of his bias towards historic incident as motive for his masterpieces. For, make no mistake about it, he achieved masterpieces. His “Death of Marshal Ney” recorded that disgraceful political crime (which even the courage of Wellington shrank from preventing), with a simple power and a feeling for the mood of the thing that makes a fine achievement—the dead figure of the great heroic man who lies on his face before the dingy wall, done to ignominious death by the squad of men who march away musket on shoulder careless of the villainy and of the broken justice that ought to have seen them hanged on the first lamp-post; the grey sombre note of tragedy; the sense of a disgraceful act and of the ignominy of France in the doing; all these things are emotionally rendered in terms of colour, and this being so, they reach fulfilment in the masterpiece. His “Bellona,” that shrieks the red-mouthed lust of war, and his beautiful “Tanagra,” showed him a fine sculptor. And not the least part of his immortality, if indeed he be of the immortals, will be the memory, as with so different a genius as Whistler, that he treated our solemn Academy with some contempt; and who shall say him nay to his thunders, for was he not himself an academic man and a member of that august body, and ought he not therefore in some fashion to know?

At the general assembly of the Royal Society of British Artists, held for the special election of six water-colour painters to that body, there were elected as members: C. Horsley, Edward Brown, W. H. Allen, Arthur Richardson, Walter Tyrwhitt, and George Carline; and the two miniature painters, Hugh Nicholson and Cecil Quinell, were also elected at the same time.

It is an excellent move on the part of the Board of Education, and of the Society of Arts, to organise, at the South Kensington Museum, an exhibition of engravings produced by mechanical means, including specimens of colour-printing. Their most instructive display of engraving and etching, and all that pertained thereto, last summer, makes the promise of the coming show a bright one. A committee has been formed with Sir William Abney as chairman.

MR. ROBERT GORDON HARDIE, the well-known American portrait painter, has died at Battleboro in Vermont. His wife had died three days after the birth of a son, and Mr. Hardie had returned home but a few hours from her grave, overwhelmed with grief, when he fell dead. He was a pupil of Gérôme's in Paris, and his master has died also within a few hours of him. He was a member of the Society of American Artists. Tragedy was his to the full at the last.

“THE BURLINGTON MAGAZINE” for January contains an excellent article on John Sell Cotman as a painter in oils, by Mr. C. J. Holmes, with at least two very finely reproduced pictures that convey Cotman's manner and brushing marvellously well. Mr. Holmes has also a convincing little article as to the genuineness of the Gassiot Constable, showing that the present picture overlies a tentative sketch for the now well-known “Salisbury,” which in

many details it much resembles. The papers on the Normanton collection, by Mr. Max Roldit, are concluded in the number, a good reproduction being given of Titian's "Venus and Adonis" amongst other masterpieces. How Titian could paint a woman! The change of ownership of "The Burlington Magazine" promises a more interesting and less precious review of art matters. Mr. Holmes's co-operation in the editorship must be of value to the brilliant group of men who form the consultative committee; and his knowledge of process and reproduction in "The Studio," and his taste in placing the illustrations on the printed page, promise well for the future of the venture.

MESSRS. MULLER AND Co., of Amsterdam, send me the catalogue of their sale of drawings by the old masters; there ought to be some good work going under the hammer.

University Extension

A New Development

TO the many who pass odd moments of regret at having been deprived, as was Charles Lamb, of the "sweet food of academic institution," any opportunity of making amends, in however minor a key, for that "defrauding" of their earlier years will come with especial meaning. For the last thirty years the University Extension Movement has been doing capital work in providing this means of giving something, at least, of that esteemed "institution" to those to whom it was denied in its full "academic" form.

"Centres" are now developed all over England, from the University towns themselves to the smallest villages; Toynbee Hall stands as a monument of fine work in the East End of London; and a glance at the list of lectures arranged by the Extension Board will at once show the large number of courses both in the London suburbs and in the Home Counties.

But lectures do not necessarily mean either attendance or attention. A scheme of work, emanating from the highest authorities in the kingdom, and partaking of so extensive a nature, should possess more unity than it does at present.

Here I propose to restrict myself to Extension work in London. Since the movement has come under the ægis of the University of London it may be said to have entered upon a new phase. Indeed it is recognised that the work of the Extension is becoming so important that special means must be taken to canvass it. It is with this object that a new Association has been formed, to which reference was made in last week's ACADEMY.

The new Association is primarily concerned with the central courses of lectures, but its work will have a considerable influence on the Extension Movement as a whole, and what can be called the unique course pursued at the opening meeting will no doubt lead to other centres adopting similar "tactics." It is worth putting on record a brief summary of the proceedings on January 6, when the Association was inaugurated. This meeting was held at the University of London, and the programme contained the first germs of the work proposed to be accomplished by the new body, in so far as Dr. R. D. Roberts, Registrar of the University, as chairman, gave a general introduction on the scope of the forthcoming courses on "The Humanities," and the lecturers themselves followed with brief anticipations of their individual spheres in the course of study. I would make it clear that these addresses were not résumés in any sense, but rather were put forth as succinct prefaces to the ultimate matter.

Surely this is a unique idea in the history of lecture work?

In truth, such a new force in the University Extension work must produce some stimulus toward a serious course of study and, most important of all, help to develop the proper spirit in which the lectures should be taken up. Dr. Emil Reich expressed the matter clearly when he said that the object of the new Association was to induce the student to take an active interest in the lectures, not merely to be a passive listener.

The Association can well feel satisfaction at the start that has been made, but the campaign it has entered upon is not yet fully developed. What may be called the next move and an outcome of the formation of this body is a "Bibliographical Visit" to the British Museum on January 30. This will be conducted by Dr. Reich (whose conception it was), who on this occasion (for this is only the preliminary to a projected course of such demonstrations) will ask for questions from the students on subjects connected with "any science whatever," by which means, with special facilities granted him by the Museum, Dr. Reich proposes to demonstrate the underlying principles of bibliography. I hope to have an opportunity of referring again to so interesting and important a scheme.

I may add that it has been decided to invite local associations, committees, and other bodies interested in the Extension Movement to become affiliated to the Central Association. The Hon. Sec., Mr. Max Judge (7, Pall Mall), can supply any further information.

Correspondence

Keats' Grecian Urn

SIR,—It appears somewhat strange that any man of apparent intellectuality, such as Mr. L. P. Patten appears to be, should take exception to what is practically one of the most graphically correct lines in English poetry. To "low at the skies" is certainly the characteristic action of the heifer, and I invariably think of Keats' line whenever I see and hear one in the act—neck outstretched upwards, eyes somewhat dilated, and nostrils quivering. Keats was a veritable master at such word-pictures—indeed, they constitute not the least part of his eternal charm—and he would be the last to make a mistake with so simple a circumstance.

Mr. Patten thinks the ode over-rated; possibly it is. Shakespeare frequently suffers from the same complaint. Yet, to those of us who love Keats, it remains a singularly beautiful expression of that consolation with which the spirit of everlasting beauty tempers the consciousness of change, and the evanescence of all earthly things. Mr. Patten says "there is a fashion in poetry . . . and Keats happens to be in vogue to-day," a statement which is very wide of the truth. Keats never was, is not, or ever will be, the "fashion" or the "vogue" either. He is deeply loved by those who can appreciate good verse, that is all. And they are singularly few. He is more successful than "popular," and one must be "popular" to be the "fashion."

The statement that Matthew Arnold and Lord Houghton "discovered" Keats raises a smile. If anyone "discovered" him it was himself.—Yours, &c.,

Hampstead,
January 16, 1904.

ARTHUR COLES ARMSTRONG.

SIR,—The Parthenon frieze contains two, if not three, figures of cows being led to sacrifice that bear witness to the accuracy of Keats' lines. Of course if Mr. Patten is prepared to assert that Pheidias overlooked this falsification of nature, there is really nothing more to be said.

For my part, I consider those who elevate Keats to the position of master and refuse to see any blemish in his work as somewhat less ridiculous than that of those who indulge in quibbling criticisms and vague depreciations.—Yours, &c.,

K. DE WATTEVILLE.

SIR,—The "ridiculous Keats" (God save the mark!) has, as authority for his exquisite lines, 1 Samuel vi. 12; and Doré's illustration confirms the "lowing at the skies," as must every other witness that has seen a heifer low. That this is "prayerful exercise" none ever imagined till your correspondent wrote. It is he that has "falsified nature," not Keats.—Yours, &c.,
JOHN B. TABB.

The Odyssey

SIR,—Mr. Kettle and Mr. Hale do me too much honour in speaking of "Andrew Lang's Odyssey." They might just as well say "Henry Butcher's Odyssey," as except in one book, there is perhaps not a sentence in the volume which is not a mosaic of Mr. Butcher's version and of my own.—Yours, &c.,
A. LANG.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music, and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy Questions and Answers."

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and *briefly* in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

The prizes will consist of 5s. worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller as early as possible in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood, and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5s.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No Questions or Answers received after Monday will be considered eligible for the current week's competition.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions LITERATURE

AUTHORS WANTED:—

(a.) For poem beginning—

"When the gloom is deepest round thee,
And the chains of grief have bound thee,
And in loneliness and sorrow
By the poisoned springs of life
Thou sittest, yearning for the morrow
That will free thee from the strife."

(b.) For German ballad (? Die Befreiung von Wien) beginning—

"Ein Falke vom dem Felsenest
So weit so weit ins Land,
Er späht nach Ost, er späht nach West
Hinab hinauf den Strand."

The quotations are from memory, and are probably not quite exact.—C.

Where can I find the poem in which the following couplet occurs:—

"When the Rudyards cease from Kipling
And the Haggards ride no more?"

I should like the whole poem, or information as to where it may be found.—C.

THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA" IN JAPAN.—It was recently stated that 1,500 copies of The Times "Encyclopædia Britannica" were sold in Japan. Captain Basil Hall, in his well-known "Account of a Voyage of Discovery" (published 1818) describes a visit paid by a Korean chief to H.M.S. "Lyra." On entering the cabin one of the chief's attendants "appeared desirous of passing for a literary character; and observing us hand the books about in a careless manner, ventured to ask for one, by drawing it towards himself with a begging look. As he happened to select a volume of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' I was under the necessity of refusing; but offered in its stead a less valuable, though more showy book, which he accepted with much gratitude." Are there any other instances in early times of an interest shown by the Far East in this work?—H. W. M.

"LORDS OF HELL."—Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Section LIII., last line:—

"Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procress to the Lords of Hell."

Is the expression "Lords of Hell" intended to be a translation of *di inferi*?—A. T.

LEE PRIORY.—Can anyone tell me what became of the great collection of books at Lee Priory, owned by Henry Oxenden? I have some Aldines and other books bought at the sale in 1834, but I can find no trace of the Lee Waryl books. It is said most were bought by Sir Egerton Brydges; has a catalogue of this sale been heard of in recent years?—K. M.

THREE-VOLUME NOVELS.—What were the first and last novels issued in three-volume form, and what were the respective dates?—Smudie.

"JOSEPHI SCALIGERI OPUS DE EMENDATIONE TEMPORUM."—What is known of an edition of this work said, in the "Dictionnaire Bibliographique," to have been printed at Cologne in 1623, in folio? Is this not a mistake? I have an edition in folio of the same date, but printed at Geneva, "typis Roverlanis," and I do not believe in the other edition existing.—K. M.

ENIGMATIC DATE.—A copy of the "Fasciculus temporum," containing 97 leaves, folio, without name of printer, has the following date in its colophon—*mccccirca*. This has been queried as 1484. Can anyone explain this, or prove the attributed date is wrong?—W. P. (Bristol).

"ALDUS."—Is the edition of "In Epistolas M. Tullii Ciceronis," with the date of 1582, the same as that of 1579, which I have, with merely a fresh date, or is it a different edition?—K. M.

"RASSELAS."—How did Dr. Johnson obtain the title-name of his "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia"? The name is a plausible corruption of "Ras-Alula" now current, also with a Sultan Alula, and there was a Ras-alu in the Punjab. Ras means "head," and is applied to generals and chieftains; there is also "rais," the ship's-captain; but what is Alula?—*Quertit*.

"VINCENT OF BEAUVAIS."—Is there any modern edition of "The Sermons of Vincent of Beauvais," and, if so, by whom edited and where published?—M. C. N.

PROVERBS.—Can anyone refer me to a book dealing with "the history and derivation of proverbs"?—E. A. E.

"MUSIC AT THE CLOSE."—Can any of your readers give me the French version by Madame Necker, of the verses quoted in THE ACADEMY some weeks ago entitled "Music at the Close," translated by G. Du Maurier, or say where I could find them?—C.

THEATRE

JAPAN ON THE STAGE.—Apropos of the production of "The Darling of the Gods" at His Majesty's Theatre, I should like to find out when and at which theatre the first play dealing wholly or in part with the subject of Japan was produced in London.—E. N. S.

*"VANITY FAIR."—In chapter fifty-one of "Vanity Fair," in which the charades are acted, we read that the captain's coat-tails fly about as if in the wind, and that when he leaves go of his hat it flies off in the gale that is supposed to be blowing. Has the effect of the wind ever been reproduced on the stage proper in a serious manner, such as the whirling of leaves on the ground, the swaying of trees, &c.?—M. J.

GENERAL

CROMWELL'S STATUE.—Can anyone supply the name of the sculptor of the Westminster Cromwell statue, unveiled about two years ago by Lord Rosebery?—Signature illegible.

"PANATTONK."—This is an Italian cake prepared for Christmas only. What is the etymology?—A. H.

PELIGREE AND GENEALOGY.—I am trying to trace the pedigree of the W. Dawkins who was English Minister at Florence in 1822, and got the order for Shelley's remains to be given up to Trelawney for cremation. Again, I am trying the same as to Francis Eyre, who wrote "Remarks on the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," &c. Again, the same as to Huntingdon Plumtree, who wrote "Epigrammaticum Opusculum," &c., in 1629. Can anyone give me references?—K. M.

"PARIS VAUT BIEN UNE MESSE."—What is the origin and meaning of this often-quoted French phrase?—Sapsa.

*"THE OX WITH THE CRUMPLED HORNE."—In Aubrey's "Remaines of Gentilisme," 1686-7, it is stated that on Twelfth Night, when they wassail, the ploughmen "goe into the Ox-house to the oxen, with the Wassell-bowle and drink to the ox with the crumpled horse that treads out the corne." Why was an ox with a crumpled horn chosen for this purpose of threshing, and why was it the only beast wassailed?—H. M. Batson.

Answers

LITERATURE

APULIUS.—The Bipsatina notes; 1510, Parisina I, in quarto. 1512, Parisina II, folio notidippina: "Metamorphoses cum Iulippi Beroaldi Commentariis," &c., ap Jo-Philippi Magistram. "Metamorphoses sive de Asino Aureo," Libri xi., is the right title.—Dr. M. Maas (Munich).

QUOTATION FOUND.—

"The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
In gentle stream."

These lines, whose author's name is asked for by "W. H. O." in THE ACADEMY of 2nd January, are in the Rev. Jas. Grahame's poem "The Sabbath." The lines are given in Chambers's "Cyclopedia of English Literature," Vol. 2nd of the edition of 1860.—A. A.

"SIR WALTER SCOTT'S GRAMMAR."—Shakespeare has:—"All debts are cleared between you and I."—"Merchant of Venice," III., 2, 321. E. A. Abbott ("Shakespearean Grammar") says that the inflections of personal pronouns are frequently neglected or misused by Shakespeare, and that "I, 'Tween you and I" seems to have been a regular Elizabethan idiom. Is it not a fact that archaisms of grammar and orthography lingered in the correspondence of persons even of high position long after their disuse in printed books? Surely Sir Walter merely intends to reproduce the epistolary style of the period.—M. A. C.

[Similar reply received from E. A. Innes (Oxford).]

*"THE BOOK OF THE FOUNDATIONS."—This is one of the writings of Santa Teresa, the Spanish mystic (1515-1582). In it she describes with much shrewd wit and passionate devotion her travels, and the travail of her soul, in visiting, governing, and reforming the convents of the Carmelite order. Froude tells her story in one of the papers included in his "Spanish Story of the Armada, and other Essays." Dr. Alexander Whyte's little book "Santa Teresa" is very informing and sympathetic; but translations of Teresa's own writings, including "The Foundations," can be obtained for a very modest sum.—F. P.

GENERAL

"MARDY," "MAUDY."—"Mardy" a spoiled child. See under "Mar" (3), Dr. Joseph Wright's excellent "English Dialect Dictionary."—Joseph Knight.
[A similar reference is given by Oomestor Oxoniensis.]

* **"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."**—The Hebrew Passover hymn from which this is adapted runs as follows:—

"This is the kid that my father bought for 2 zuzim (= 3d)
 "This is the cat that ate the kid, &c.,
 "This is the dog that bit the cat . . .
 "This is the stick that beat the dog . . .
 "This is the fire that burnt the stick . . .
 "This is the water that quenched the fire . . .
 "This is the ox that drank the water . . .
 "This is the butcher that killed the ox . . .
 "This is the angel of death, that slew the butcher." . . . &c., &c.

This dates from the age of the cycle-year ruled by the Pole-star god, and Basque and Talmudic versions of it are said to be still in existence.—*H. M. W.*

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."—The original of "The House that Jack Built" is presumed to be a hymn in "Sepher Haggadah," fol. 23. The historical interpretation was first given by P. N. Leberecht, at Leipsic, in 1731, and is printed in the "Christian Reformer," vol. xvii., p. 28.—*W. P. (Bristol).*

"THE LION AND THE UNICORN FIGHTING FOR THE CROWN."—In Geener's "Historie animalium" (1581-87) we read—"The unicorn and lion are always like cat and dog, and as soon as a lion sees his enemy he betakes him to a tree. The unicorn, in his blind fury running pell-mell at his foe, darts his horn fast into the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and devours him." Also referred to by Spenser in his "Faery Queene" (ii. 5).

"Like as a lyon, whose imperial power
 A proud rebellious unicorn defies."

And by Shakespeare, in "Timon of Athens," iv. 3. "Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would contond thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury."—*W. P. (Bristol).*

"THE LION AND THE UNICORN FIGHTING FOR THE CROWN."—The lion and the unicorn in the Royal Arms signify England and Scotland. The popular interpretation of the supporters of the Crown probably had its origin in the distinction between the two, and their racial animosity, quoted by Spenser in the "Faery Queene." The Unicorn was first represented in the Royal Arms under James I. Previously the place had been filled by a greyhound, a dragon, a bear, a bull, and an antelope, the family badges of the respective monarchs.—*S. C.*

"THE MAN IN THE STREET."—In "Literature and Dogma," Matthew Arnold refers to certain persons who talk as familiarly of God as if He were "a man in the next street." May not the phrase in question, which came into use some time after the publication of the above-named work, have had its origin in an imperfect recollection of this passage?—*Index.*

"THE MAN IN THE STREET."—Emerson, writing about 1840, uses the expression "the man in the street" in his essay on "Self-Reliance." He does not use inverted commas, as his custom is, when quoting from others.—*Sapsa.*

"FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY" not only applied to George Washington, but has also been given by the Dutch to Prince William of Orange (1533-1584). They called him "Vader des Vaderlands." See preface to Putnam's "William the Silent, Prince of Orange," 1895.—*D. S. (Amsterdam).*

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."—The title of "Pater Patrie" was first bestowed on Cicero on the suppression of the conspiracy of Catiline, and subsequently on Julius Caesar, and on the Emperor Augustus. Afterwards other Emperors obtained it, few because they deserved it, as Fucciolati trenchantly observes.—*Harmatopogus.*

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."—It is difficult to find the first use of the title "Father of his Country" in connection with George Washington. Other characters in history who bore the name, and many of whose virtues were represented in Washington's character, are Cicero, Julius Caesar, Augustus, Cosmo de Medici and Andrea Doria. The legend is inscribed on the base of Doria's statue at Genoa.—*S. C.*

"HENRY'S VI'S COOK."—In Ashmole's "Berkshire" (1718), Vol. II., pp. 480-1, I read of Cookham Church:—"Against the North side of the Chancel is erected a large Altar Monument of Grey Marble, upon the Stone set within, against the Wall, has been [sic] Plates of Brass, Bearing the Figures of a Man and a Woman, and an Inscription under their Feet, but now torn off [sic]. On the top stone there yet remain Plates of the Figures of a Man in Armour, and a Woman in her usual Habit, under whose Feet is this Inscription [In black letter except for the names and figures in italics] "Of Your Charite pray for the Soules of Robert Pecke, Esq; sumtyme Master Clerke of the Spycey with King Harri the Sixt, and Agnes his Wyfe. Robert deceased the 14th Day of January, in the Yere of our Lord God, a Thousand CCCC. and XVII. Whose Soules and all Cryston Soules, Jhesu have Mercy."—*Harmatopogus.*

"MALBROUK."—I am glad to tell "Comestor Oxoniensis" that the name of "Malbrouk," as designating a certain kind of monkey, has completely disappeared from the French language, if it were ever in use. Not only is it quite unknown to-day, but even in the contemporaries of Cuvier, I never met with it. The only trace the great English general left in French folk-lore is the celebrated popular song "Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre." This was not intended to be a comic song at all, but a sentimental and pathetic one.—*P. Forné, M.A. (Paris).*

"SO LONG."—I venture to suggest that this is derived from the Norwegian, "Saa Længe," a common form of farewell, equivalent in meaning to "au revoir," and pronounced like "so long" with the "g" softened. There was a fair number of Norwegians among the settlers in America, as also in this country, to judge by names, and it is quite likely the phrase was picked up from them. It is in general use among the Dutch out here, but though given in several Taal vocabularies as a translation of "good-bye," I can find no trace of it in High Dutch.—*W. K. (Johannesburg).*

"THURROCK" AND "NAILBOURNE."—*Thurrock*, early Modern English, also *thorrock* from M.E. *thurrock*, the hold of a ship, from A.S. *thurric*, a small boat, also probably the hold of a ship, also, according to Lye, a drain (*canalis*)—but see *Thurrock*. *Thurrock*—a further variation of *furrow*, or else a variation and particular use of *thurrock*. The A.S. *thurric*, defined by Lye as a canal or drain (*canalis*) does not appear to have had that sense. *Nailbourne*—formerly also *naylbourn*, from *nail* + *burn*, *burn*, a stream—an intermittent spring in the Cretaceous, and especially in the Lower Greensand. . . . The running of one of these bournes was formerly considered "a token of derthe, or of pestilence, or of great batayle." Also called simply *bourn* and *bourne* both in Kent and Surrey; also *bourne* and *winterbourne* in Hants and turtel west.—*M. A. C.*

"LIVES OF THE SAINTS."—Replies also received from L. Liebich and M. M. S.

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"ANDREA FERRARA."—Replies also received from B. M. G. and H. T. B. (Beckenham).

NOTE.—Some misconception seems still to exist among contributors as to the scope and object of this page. Questions have been received without name or address; this is against the rules. One enquirer asks for the words of two perfectly well-known and easily found folk-songs; another wishes to know the value of certain old engravings and books; and, again, "Young Hopeful" desires to be informed "authoritatively" whether a blank-verse play by a new writer stands the least chance of being considered on its merits at any of the leading theatres. Such questions are entirely outside the design of this page, and can only be ignored. There are special publications to which they might well be addressed. Certain foreign and provincial contributors fear that owing to the time taken by the post they lose their chances of prize-winning. This is not so. The prizes are awarded quite independently of priority of receipt of answers, and contributions too late for the current issue are held over for the next.

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Literary Notes

SIR WILLIAM ANSON, M.P., delivered a suggestive address at the fifteenth annual meeting of the National Home Reading Union, held at the Mansion House on January 20. Among other things, the truth of which cannot be denied, he pointed out that many people regarded education as a little book-learning acquired in early life, which might be forgotten without much loss. Although this is called a practical age it is saddening to mark how few there are who realise the practical value of general education. There has been so much talk lately of technical that general education has been thrust somewhat into the background. The reading of history, biography, books of travel, and poetry is looked upon by busy men as the unprofitable luxury of the leisured few, much to the loss of the busy man. The wider the cultivation of a man's mind the wider his outlook on life, and his ability to grasp the essentials of questions that come before him and to understand the thoughts and motives of those with whom he has to deal.

But the temptations to scrappy, desultory and unprofitable reading are many and strong. The daily press is the greatest of all tempters in this matter; the average man believes he has no time for serious reading, and is too easily contented to learn about books at second hand. How many—or rather how few—have read a chapter or a line of Herbert Spencer? Yet how full are his works of practical knowledge. The National Home Reading Union is engaged, therefore, on a most worthy work, and the larger the scope of that work the better will it be for this generation and the next. University Extension is another line of progress in education that calls for the strenuous support of all those who would see our country in the forefront of those races who realise that general is as essential to prosperity as technical and business education.

Two of the evil results of desultory reading and the perusal of "tit-bits" are the accumulation of inaccurate information and mental indigestion of accurate information, which, owing to the many methods of acquirement, cannot be properly assimilated and therefore add no strength to the mind. For the former bad effect the best cures are provided by the courses of the University Extension Movement and the Home Reading Union; for the latter, some system of memory training is extremely useful. Of such there are many, and probably most of us have some simple system of our own, probably not entirely adequate, though more useful than the old-fashioned knot in the handkerchief. Of the many advertised systems of memory training, that of Mr. Pelman seems to be quite one of the best, having met with much practical success and being founded upon scientific principles. It is, I understand, used in many of the higher educational institutions on the

Continent, and, indeed, memory training might well be added to the ground covered by our own school and college courses.



MR. COSMO HAMILTON

[Photo. Langher.]

DEAN KITCHIN's collection of papers written during the past five years is now ready for publication (by Mr. John Murray) under the title "Ruskin in Oxford and Other Studies." The Dean of Durham is preparing for the Victoria History of the Counties of England a paper on the Saint Cuthbert relics at Durham, and an article from his pen on the Romanticist era of English Literature will appear in the "Saint George's Magazine."

MR. COSMO HAMILTON has written a "novel" version of his play "The Wisdom of Folly," which will be issued towards the end of next month. A serial in dialogue by the same writer will appear in "Black and White" under the title "According to Cocker."

It is good news that Mrs. Sarah Grand is so far recovered from her recent serious illness as to be at work again and that she is at present engaged upon a short novel and a play. It is always pleasant to hear of a writer of established reputation devoting time to the art of the playwright and it inspires hope that *the* great comedy (or tragedy) may some day see the footlights.

Two of the most interesting of the Dante Society's lectures should be those on "Dante and the Traveller," by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, on February 10, and on "The Art of Portraiture: Dante and Goya," by Mrs. Craigie, on April 13.

MR. JOHN MURRAY announces many highly interesting works for immediate publication, among which I may mention "The House of Quiet," by an anonymous writer who really desires to remain anonymous; "Ireland in the New Century," by Sir Horace Plunkett, who has almost entirely rewritten the book consequent on the changed condition of affairs brought about by the recent Land Bill and other political changes; "William Shakespeare: His Family and Friends," by the late Mr. Charles I. Elton, who brought his expert knowledge to bear upon various incidents in the dramatist's business life; and "Impressions of Japan," by Mr. G. H. Rittner.

On February 4, Messrs. Chatto and Windus will issue "V.C.: A Chronicle of Castle Barfield and of The Crimea," by Mr. David Christie Murray, a writer who has hardly done justice to his gifts. Perhaps—? The same firm will publish, on February 11, "British Violin-Makers," by the Reverend W. Meredith Morris, with numerous illustrations, portraits and facsimiles.

To the number of about forty, the members of the Elizabethan Literary Society and their friends assembled at the Salisbury Hotel, on the 22nd, for their annual dinner; the President, Mr. Sidney Lee, being in the chair. The guest of the evening was Mr. W. J. Craig, whose enterprise in devising editions of Shakespeare for every conceivable form of pocket was commended by the chairman. Appropriate songs and scenes from Marlowe, Dekker and Vanbrugh, enlivened the after proceedings. The company included Mr. A. H. Bullen, Professor W. P. Ker and Mr. Thomas Seccombe.

THE "hangers" of the Royal Scottish Academy are at present engaged in adapting to their space the works which have been sent in for the exhibition which will open about a week hence. Several important loans have been obtained, including examples of Whistler's work, difficult to get, just now, when everybody is worshipping the once-neglected master. The show of the Royal Glasgow Institute, which rivals in importance the older body in the "capital of the other side of Scotland," will, owing to change of habitation, not be opened till the first of March, a good deal later than usual. The loan collection here promises to be of unusual excellence.

At a meeting of the Gaelic Society of Inverness the other day, extreme differences of opinion found expression regarding the decay of the language, one speaker asserting that it was dying out, while another viewed matters more hopefully, but urged that the Education Department should be called upon to give more practical assistance in

disseminating a knowledge of Gaelic among children. On the historic side of Celtic investigation there is no lack of industry in Scotland. Last year, Dr. Magnus Maclean published the first series of his Glasgow University Maccallum Celtic lectures, and now the second series is announced by Messrs. Blackie. "The Literature of the Highlands," as it will be named, will deal largely with the Gaelic literature of the Highlands after the '45, which, it seems, is the golden age of Highland poetry. Professor Kuno Meyer, of Liverpool, is at present delivering his course of Maccallum lectures in succession to Dr. Maclean.

THEN Messrs. Blackwood announce a work on "The Celtic and Scandinavian Antiquities of Shetland," by Mr. Gilbert Goudie. This book deals with the archaeology of the Shetland Isles from the earliest times, and its author is a recognised authority on all Shetlandic matters, being the possessor of a wonderful collection of Northern literature and curios.

WHATEVER the origin of the Scottish clan—whether it was patriarchal, or whether, as has been suggested, the owner of the largest number of cows, who was also a good fighter and speaker, imposed himself upon the tribe as its legal father—it is evident that nowadays a clan which has no natural head must elect one. So, when the scattered remnants of the Clan Macmillan gathered themselves into a modern society for preservation of their name and history, they turned, in default of a hereditary chief, to one of the two sons of the Arran peasant-farmer who had founded the great publishing business of Macmillan & Co. But age and infirmity were upon Alexander Macmillan, and the Rev. Dr. Hugh Macmillan was selected as first chief of the re-embodied clan. On his retirement, however, Mr. George Macmillan, the son of Alexander, succeeded to the Chiefship, and last week he presided over the annual meeting of the Clan, devoting his address mainly to a eulogy of the work of his predecessor, who died last year. It is a far cry from the belligerent cow-owner of old days to an author and a publisher as successive heads of a Clan Society; but few will deny that here the last state is better than the first.

DR. DUNCAN writes:—"Having been entrusted by the late Mr. Herbert Spencer with the writing of his biography, I shall be greatly obliged to persons who may possess letters from him of interest or value, if they will kindly lend them to me for the purpose of such biography. All letters addressed to Dr. Duncan, c/o H. R. Tedder, Esq., Secretary, The Athenæum, Pall Mall, London, S.W., will be carefully preserved and returned in due course to their owners." Interesting as is the autobiography, there are many things to be said of Herbert Spencer which he could and would not say himself. Dr. Duncan's book should prove valuable and interesting, and readers of THE ACADEMY who can assist him will be facilitating a good work.

THE sale of the original MS. of the first book of Milton's "Paradise Lost" ended in the "lot" being bought in at £5,000. The following note was given in the auctioneer's catalogue:—"This manuscript is the property of Henry Clinton Baker, Esq., of Bayfordbury, and it has been in his family since 1772, when it was inherited by his great-great-grandfather, William Baker, from Richard Tonson, brother of the younger Jacob Tonson. William Baker was the eldest son of Sir William Baker, M.P. for Herts, who married Mary Tonson, daughter of the younger Jacob Tonson, in 1742." The highest bid was £4,750; blessed are the dead authors!

As already announced, it was decided at a meeting recently held in Dublin, "that it is desirable to commemorate the services rendered to letters and to history by the Right Hon. W. E. H. Lecky, and that to this end a Committee be formed to promote a public memorial in Ireland." A committee has now been formed, which has been joined amongst others by Sir Edward Carson, M.P., Professor Dowden, Professor Mahaffy, and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Subscriptions should be sent to the Honorary Secretaries, The Lecky Memorial Committee, 36, Molesworth Street, Dublin, or per The Editor, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.

Bibliographical

THE other day I expressed in this column the hope that the then forthcoming "Poetical Works of Christina Rossetti" would be a complete collection, pointing to the fact that the volume of Miss Rossetti's "Verses" published in 1893 was issued, not by Messrs. Macmillan, but by the S.P.C.K. I am glad to see that the "Works" as now brought out in one substantial volume by Messrs. Macmillan are really complete, or at least as complete as one could rationally desire. Arrangements have been made by which the "Verses" of 1893 are included; and not only that—Mr. W. M. Rossetti, the editor, has reproduced no fewer than thirty-two pieces from the privately printed "Verses" of 1847. He has likewise included in the "Works" eleven pieces not hitherto put in type. Of these last, only one, called "Downcast" (page 328), is more than a trifle; even "Downcast" is a fragment only. Personally I should have been well satisfied had Mr. Rossetti contented himself with reproducing the volumes of 1862, 1866, 1872, 1881, 1893, and 1896; but as he has thought fit to present us with forty-three pieces in addition, it would be churlish to make objection. Here at any rate are all the poems by Christina Rossetti which were deliberately given to the world.

In arranging the "Works" Mr. Rossetti has put aside the strictly chronological method, preferring a method of his own, by which the book starts with "The Longer Poems" ("Goblin Market," "The Prince's Progress," &c.), and then sets before us in succession the "juvenilia," the Devotional Poems (grouped according to subjects), the General Poems, the Poems for Children and Minor Verse, and, lastly, the Italian pieces. Each piece is, where possible, dated. Further, Mr. Rossetti, who is nothing if not thorough, supplies a list of the contents (in order) of the collected edition put together by Miss Rossetti herself; also a list of the poems by Miss Rossetti still extant in manuscript only; and thirdly, a list of the published poems grouped under the head of the seven "leading themes or key-notes of feeling" which he believes he detects in those poems. Then there are thirty-six pages of notes to the poems, full of interesting information.

Lastly, to the collected poems Mr. Rossetti prefixes a memoir of his sister, running to twenty-six pages. This is notable as furnishing, for the first time, some details of the two "affairs of the heart" which made so marked an impression upon Miss Rossetti; a list of her chief friends and acquaintances; a description of her personal appearance; a list of the portraits of her; and finally, a sketch of her character, temperament and habits. Altogether, this volume (barring the last two paragraphs of the preface, which seem unnecessary, and the question whether the volume of 1847 and the manuscript poems should have been touched at all) is a model of its kind and a very great boon to the admirers of Miss Rossetti's poetry. I may add, however, that in my opinion it does not render

at all superfluous the "Life of Christina Rossetti" which Mr. Mackenzie Bell published in 1898—a work which contains much biographical matter not supplied by Mr. Rossetti's memoir, and which, moreover, includes a very useful bibliography from the pen of Mr. J. P. Anderson.

The "fine and large" edition of Ben Jonson's works which the Oxford University Press intends to give us will be welcome, obviously, to those who propose to give their nights and days to the study of "rare Ben." That the number of such students will ever be very great I take leave to doubt. It is true that currency has just been given to two editions "de luxe" of "The Alchemist"—one in this country and one in the United States; but enterprises of that kind have no bearing upon the general popularity (or the reverse) of any classic. For the average reader of Jonson there are the well-known three volumes in the Mermaid Series; these contain all the Jonson plays which can be said to be alive. Editions of the poet's lyric verse are not, curiously enough, numerous, and might well be increased. For those desirous to possess the "Works" within a moderate compass and at a moderate price, there is the three-volume issue—still obtainable, I believe—of the edition which Lieut.-Col. Cunningham based on that of William Gifford.

The prose introduction which Mr. Swinburne has written for the Collected Edition of his poems will assign to that edition a peculiar value, rendering it necessary that the edition should be acquired even by those who are so lucky as to own a complete set of his successive publications. I confess, however, that I should like to see something done for the popularising of Mr. Swinburne's poetry. The Collected Edition will probably be, in price, beyond the reach of the average book-buyer, and it is not absolutely certain that it will find its way into many of the Free Public Libraries. Apart from what those libraries contain—and I doubt if Mr. Swinburne is fully represented in any one of them—what chance has the ordinary young man of literary tastes of making acquaintance with Mr. Swinburne's poetical works? The volumes containing those works are all issued at a price absolutely prohibitory in the case of slender purses. The experiment of a cheap edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems (omitting his dramas) has, so far as my information goes, never been tried.

To be sure there is a volume of "Selections from the Poetical Works" of Mr. Swinburne, issued originally in 1887, and I believe, still on sale. But anything more inadequate for its purpose it would be difficult to conceive. It would be interesting to know by whom this selection was made. Should any other Selection be contemplated in future, the task of making it should be assigned to some independent critic, with a knowledge of the public's wants in this direction. I am quite sure that a Selection made on broad popular lines would be a pecuniary as well as an artistic success.

I notice in the list of the forthcoming "Dryden House Memoirs" the "Memoirs and Travels of Count de Benyowski." This work is by no means a rarity, seeing that it was reprinted by Mr. Fisher Unwin in 1893. It was written by William Nicholson and first printed in 1790. It has more than a literary interest. Kotzebue based a drama upon it—"Count Benyowsky, or the Conspiracy of Kamtschatka"—and on that drama were based two plays in English, one which is attributed to Charles Kemble, and another which was put together by James Kenney and duly performed at Drury Lane. Kotzebue's drama was also twice translated into English—by the Rev. W. Render in 1798 and by Benjamin Thompson in 1800.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

"Fitz"

THE LIFE OF EDWARD FITZGERALD. By Thomas Wright. With 56 plates. 2 vols. (Grant Richards. 24s.)

NEXT to Lamb (whom he called "the dear fellow") FitzGerald, of all the literary men of the nineteenth century, ranks in the twentieth as the most popular, even the most loved. The reason is, perhaps, a little difficult to discover. Lamb was loved for his misfortunes; but FitzGerald had a sound mind (for all he spoke of "the FitzGerald madness") in a sound body, sound despite his "grisly abstinence" (as Tennyson called it) and his vegetable diet—the diet of worms. He had a balance at his bankers; and the first copies of his adaptation of "Omar Khayyam" might be hawked for a penny without leaving him a penny the foolisher. True he had not a successful first wooing; but this was a well-in-hand passion, for Caroline Crabbe "continued to be his friend"; and, when, at the age of fifty, he did marry Lucy Barton (with the same tale of years), only to go through a parting with her as inexplicable as the form of union, all is unexpected even to the absence of anything like tragedy on one side or the other. The parted couple continued to make kind inquiries after each other, Mr. Wright rather naïvely records to clear the air.

FitzGerald, then, has "no pageant of a bleeding heart" to draw men and women after him. That vaunt—it was almost a vaunt—about the family madness marked him off from Lamb, who had to endure the abominable thing, unmentionable because there—in the very room with him. Nor is the endearing quality of Lamb's literature to be found in FitzGerald's; he is not our mind's playmate; there is nothing of the "frolic and the gentle" in the verses, nor even in the letters. Greater men than Lamb or FitzGerald have less of our love; we do not make an intimate of Wordsworth, though his poetry is with us all our days. Not by right of suffering, not by supremacy of genius, FitzGerald yet rules. Perhaps some worship is given him—the paradox may be adventured—on account of his own refusal of worship for things unworthy, or even for things merely conventional. He never could have written Tennyson's letters to Queen Victoria; and it is something of a key to his character, and to its influence on his habits and manners, that, whereas Tennyson and he held very much the same creed, Tennyson's personality, in all memorials, is associated with abbeyes, crosses, a coronet, croziers and bishops-in-lawn; FitzGerald's with the Suffolk shore, the old boatman Posh (the "greatest of men"), his yachts, and the very titles of his yachts, a hundred simple and natural things, and, finally, a disappointment about a crematorium.

One suggestion remains: peradventure some of FitzGerald's hold on the young men who came after him was kin with that which religious leaders and teachers wield. The nineteenth century stands for perplexity in religion; and he, in verse of majesty, in verse that almost reared itself a cathedral ("architecture is frosted music," someone says), gave voice to that perplexity. The pot spake to the Potter by the mouth of FitzGerald, High Priest. Not Kingsley, not Maurice, not Newman himself—with his eye turned towards "those many young men, whether I know them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by thought or by deed"—had a flock of "acolytes" greater than this unconscious man, who never counted his people. He gave them their hymn. He put their question—flamboyant in form, but one in spirit with the line which devout Catholic poetry addresses to its Creator:—

Come to our ignorant hearts and be forgiven!

Yet we hesitate when we begin otherwise to estimate the influence of FitzGerald as a man of letters. We do

not find ourselves following Mr. Wright in all the opinions put forward in his two entertaining and sympathetic volumes. His is a book breezy with pleasant breezes, pleasant even when they blow you out of breath, as these now and again do.

It is curious to notice how, almost without demur, scholars have accepted his verdicts. There is a general tendency to regard his pronouncements on the authors who have stood at his bar as absolutely final. Where would Crabbe now be but for FitzGerald? He said "Admire this author," and men admire him, some of them, perhaps, making wry faces. He said: "Newton's 'Letters to a Wife' is a great book," and people echo that it is a great book. He saw little worth in Tennyson's later poems, and it is more than the critic dare do to see anything better in them than "The Lady of Shalott." He set up this idol and toppled down that. What a tyrant it is!

This is all a little too innocent. Take the following sentence from a letter of FitzGerald's to Lord Houghton and where lurks the final word of criticism?

I wonder Messrs. Browning, Morris, Rossetti, can read Keats's hastiest doggerel and not be ashamed at being trumpeted as great poets by the "Athenæum" and elsewhere.

FitzGerald may persuade local enthusiasm to include Crabbe among great poets, but his preference for Keats's doggerel—the worst in the world—over the abiding work of Rossetti or of Browning must remain an eccentricity. Indeed instances could be multiplied to show what a very random critic FitzGerald commonly was. Not as a critic does he hold firm empire over the hearts of men.

Mr. Wright's volumes are packed with topics on which there is here no room to touch. Where there is so much it seems churlish to suggest there should be any more; but the notice of Lucy Barton-FitzGerald seems to be inadequate without the quotation of an article about her contributed to THE ACADEMY by Mr. E. V. Lucas. Mr. Wright's collocations want occasional mending, but his general style fits admirably with his vivacious treatment of his subject.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

A Great Work

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY. Planned by Lord Acton; Edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, and Stanley Leathes. Vol. II.: The Reformation. (Cambridge University Press. 16s. net.)

THIS volume is a fresh reminder of how much England lost when Lord Acton died. It would have been greatly enriched by the chapter on the Council of Trent which he had intended to write. Even if one be not of the Ancient Faith, one would fain have in any account of the Reformation some sign of how that series of great episodes appeared to a Catholic so highly educated and so gifted as the scholar who planned the Cambridge History. As things are, one feels that the Catholic side of the subject may not have been quite adequately presented. For aught we know, some of the contributors may be of Lord Acton's faith; but, even if that be so, it can hardly be said that they have scope and verge enough. Although the Reformation, like all great changes, sprang from feelings common to many thousands of men rather than from the agitations of one man, or of two or three, it is prominently, and permanently, associated with the propositions of Martin Luther and of John Calvin; and these the Editors entrusted to the exposition of the Rev. T. M. Lindsay, Principal of the Glasgow College of the United Free Church of Scotland, and the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford.

Necessarily, then, it is the Protestant view of the Reformation that dominates this history. That is to say,

there are thousands of scholars by whom the work cannot be regarded as the last word on the subject. We make this point, however, not in order to depreciate the value of the work, but rather to explain one of the difficulties under which the writing of history must always labour. Who could be a perfectly judicial appraiser of the Reformation? Probably no such person lives. Even as the Protestant is biassed the Papist would be biassed also; while the Agnostic would be a judge equally open to question, inasmuch as his theory of the universe raises in him what may be an unfounded distrust of all interpretations of Christianity whatsoever. Still, whilst, from the very nature of man, all histories involving religious disputations must be prejudiced, some are less so than others; and on the whole the writers of this volume are as fair-minded as it is in mortal man to be. Here and there, perhaps, Dr. Fairbairn, in his ardour, forgets that he is a judge, not an advocate: as when, for example, he remarks of Calvin that "there is nothing more pathetic in the literature of the period than his hesitations and fears" when recalled to Geneva, where, at the instigation of his teaching, a man had been put in the pillory for card-playing and a hire-woman and a mother and bridesmaids had been arrested for having adorned a bride too gaily: but as a rule one does not feel, on reading any of the seven hundred pages of this work, that the history is a partisan performance.

On the contrary, one is astonished to find, even in the chapters written by professional Protestants, what a very great deal of cogent reasoning Catholic dialecticians had, and still have, to present. Besides the portions alluded to, there are chapters which, between them, overtake all the countries that were affected by the revolt from the Papacy and by the romantic movement in literature. Medicean Rome is dealt with by the late Professor F. X. Kraus; Hapsburg and Valois, and Poland, by Mr. Stanley Leathes; the national opposition of Germany to Rome, the social revolution and the Catholic reaction in Germany, the conflict of creeds and parties there, and the religious war, as well as the Reformation in England under Edward VI., by Mr. A. F. Pollard; the Reformation in France, by Mr. A. A. Tilley; the Helvetic Reformation, by the Rev. J. P. Whitney; the Catholic South, by the Rev. W. E. Collins; Henry VIII., by Mr. James Gairdner; Philip and Mary, by Mr. James Bass Mullinger; the Anglican Settlement and the Scottish Reformation, by Dr. F. W. Maitland; Scandinavia, by the Rev. W. E. Collins; the Church and Reform, by Mr. R. V. Laurence. It will thus be seen that the subject has received categorical and comprehensive treatment. The only chapter which strikes us as being cramped or incomplete is the closing one, on the Tendencies of European Thought in the Age of the Reformation. Probably that is because the writer, our facile Dr. Fairbairn, was very narrowly limited as to space. So is the present reviewer; yet three more lines must be seized in order to express very high appreciation of the style of this instalment of the Cambridge History. At a time when so much writing is ecstatic, or "smart," or otherwise slipshod, the simplicity, accuracy, and strength of the style in which the historians have presented their learning and their thoughts are an invigorating delight.

W. EARL HODGSON.

Jeremy Chrysostom

JEREMY TAYLOR. By Edmund Gosse. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)

THIS contribution to the "English Men of Letters" series is a worthy monument to one of the greatest of Anglican divines. Bishop Rust's funeral sermon, Heber's memoir prefixed to the collected edition of Taylor's works, afterwards revised and annotated by the Rev. C. P. Eden, and the Rev. R. A. Willmott's history of Taylor and the

English Church in the seventeenth century are the inadequate attempts to supply the gap in the personal records of the Anglican Church which in this volume Mr. Gosse has, we think, finally filled.

He approaches his subject in a frame of mind at once sympathetic and detached, as a man of letters, not as a theologian. One dare not think of the kind of polemical pamphlet that he might have made of the matter, and of the way in which the human interest of the subject might easily have been swamped in apologies of auricular confession, or the real presence or the real absence, or the divine right of bishops, or in denunciations of the Pope. It is rightly with his present biographer a small matter what precise shade of opinion was held by Taylor of the varieties that still fight for predominance in the Established Church, and a matter of vast importance that he contributed greatly to the building up of the English language and added an imperishable treasure to its literature. His character is of greater interest than the policy of which he was an instrument; his quiet days of retreat among the Welsh mountains than the few and evil years he spent in the endeavour to force upon Presbyterian Ulster the yoke of a detested episcopacy.

It was in Wales, in the retreat furnished for him by Lord Corbery during the years that followed the failure of the King's cause and the rule of the Protector, that he gained at once the knowledge of the intimate life of men and women and the discrete sympathy with nature that transformed him from the mere pedant of the "Liberty of Prophesying" to the clairvoyant of "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying." This was the season during which he learned to look for the illustrations that studded and bejewelled those homilies that even now men read and marvel at, beyond the shelves of his library into the fields, the river and the sky. His was a genius that fed on pictures and impressions. For example:—

He writes with extraordinary happiness about light and water. Nothing would be easier, if we had the space, than to produce an anthology from his works, and confine it scrupulously to those two themes. He is quick, beyond any other man then living, in observing the effects of flashes of lightning in a dark room, of beams of the sun breaking through the vapour of rain, and divided by it into sheaves of rays, of wax candles burning in the sunshine, of different qualities of beautiful radiance in the eyes of a woman, of a child, of a hawk. Light escaping from, or dispersed by, or streaming through, a cloud, is incessantly interesting to him. But perhaps it is in all the forms of water that he most delights: water bubbling up through turf, or standing in drops on stone, or racing down a country lane; the motion and whisper of little wandering rivulets; the "purls of a spring that sweats through the bottom of a bank, and intemperates the stubborn pavement till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot." He seems to have been for ever watching the eddies of the Towy and the windings and bubblings of its tributaries, and the music of those erratic waters passed into his speech.

The end of his life was in sufficiently striking contrast with its opening years. Then he had suffered hunger and thirst for the Church; even bonds and imprisonment. He had been the centre of a circle of admirers among the shining lights of his day and of his country. The night closed in amidst an unwilling flock, upon whom, with a staff of alien hirelings, he had been forced by a high-handed ill-advised Government. The young Fellow of All Souls in his "Liberty of Prophesying" had gone dangerously far ahead of his age in his advocacy of general tolerance; the Bishop of Down and Connor preached the gospel of episcopacy at push of pike. He felt, as no other man perhaps of his contemporaries would have felt, the bitterness of the task: he begged more than once to be released from it. But the Government, if wise in nothing else, at any rate justly reckoned that in the eloquence, the devotion and the personal charm of their ecclesiastical representative they had instruments upon which, if upon

any, they might rely for the issue. And so, cut off from those of his valued friends who still survived, it was his lot to die, as indeed in some sense he had for the most part lived, in exile.

Worth While ?

SONGS ASCRIBED TO RAFTERY: being his Fifth Chapter and his Songs of Connaught, now for the first time collected, edited, and translated. By Douglas Hyde, LL.D. (Dublin: Gill & Co. 3s. 6d.)

We yield to no man in our admiration of Dr. Douglas Hyde as a poet and man of letters. As a poet, it is but little to say of him that his metrical adaptations of songs and stories are often very much better worth attending to than the translations of the Gaelic rhymesters whose verses he so sedulously collects. As a man of letters, he has not merely done useful work in his "Literary History of Ireland," but by his heroic insistence on the merits of the minstrelsy of the Irish provinces, more particularly of Connaught, and his zeal in publishing its remains, he has enabled the enthusiast and the blasphemer alike to say with equal knowledge both what these remnants of popular Gaelic poetry are, and what they are not, worth.

Our quarrel with Dr. Hyde—for in spite of our admiration we have a quarrel with him—is neither as poet nor man of letters, but as editor and annotator. Since he chooses to narrow his mind to the lower office, he must be content to be judged by the lowlier but withal more exacting standard applicable to his choice. We may think that so much of Raftery's work as was really worth printing has already been sufficiently illustrated by the "Aithreachas" of the blind musician of Mayo, already published in Dr. Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connaught," and that what is now added has no particular merit. But that is not our point at present. Our objection is twofold. It is, firstly, that the poems are in many cases not Raftery's, and cannot be even reasonably ascribed to him; and, secondly, that the notes and illustrations supplied by the editor are in many cases historically inaccurate. We will give some illustrations of our meaning. As to the first point of our objection:—there is a poem in the book called "The Drowning of Annach Doon," page 147. It describes the capsizing of an old boat with a number of people on board on its way to the fair of Galway in 1828. We say nothing of the merit of the verses in their English form; and we do not understand the Irish. But here is Dr. Hyde's account of the origin of the version he prints: "Raftery said that he would leave a remembrance for ever on the story, and he put it into verses. I got the greater part of these verses from Frank O'Connor, who heard them from an old woman who was born in Annaghdown herself, and who well remembered how the misfortune came about, and some more from a blind man near Tuam. Conyn had them by heart, too, and there are some of them in the manuscript in the (Royal Irish) Academy. I put it together as well as I was able, but it is greatly mixed up, and the order in which I have placed the verses is only conjectural. One or two of the verses come in twice under a different dress, as different people had them, but I did not like to leave them out. It is certain that it did not come from Raftery's mouth as it stands now, but that it was more neatly shaped." One admires Dr. Hyde's candour, enthusiasm and loyalty to his author. But is it not obvious that we have more of Hyde than of Raftery in the poem?

The verses entitled "The Whiteboys," page 195, refer to a once eminent and unpopular personage in the West of Ireland, the Hon. Denis Browne (not, as Dr. Hyde spells it, Brown), who was High Sheriff of co. Mayo in the year when the well-known desperado, "Fighting FitzGerald," was hanged. Dr. Hyde writes as follows: "Denis Brown is not forgotten in the county Mayo yet.

He was High Sheriff over the unfortunate county in the 'year of the French.' . . . He hanged his enemy FitzGerald. The rope broke and FitzGerald fell to the ground. He opened his eyes, looked round and said, 'I am saved.' 'You are not,' said Denis Brown, 'if there is another rope to be had in the county of Mayo!' and he hanged him again. It was small wonder that the people detested him." This is picturesque; but it is mostly apocryphal. Denis Browne was High Sheriff in the year FitzGerald—the nephew of an English peer—was hanged for a savage murder. And the rope broke at the executioner's first attempt. But the other details have no foundation. The story of FitzGerald's romantic life and tragic death has been twice told. First with fulness and sympathy by the author of "Legends of Connaught," a book published as long ago as 1839; and, secondly, in a careful article in the "Dublin University Magazine." There is no warrant in either narrative for Dr. Hyde's statement. On the contrary the writer goes out of his way to refute in a note the popular rumour that the Sheriff had a reprieve for his prisoner in his pocket at the moment of his execution.

Our last example of Dr. Hyde's editorial inaccuracy shall be neither critical nor historical, but etymological. It is surprising to find Dr. Hyde astray in this field. He notes at page i., "The Irish for Dublin is Bally Athcliath." This is not the case, except in the sense in which it would be true to say that the Scotch for Edinburgh is "Auld Reekie." Athcliath—"the ford of the hurdles"—is the old name for the point at which the Liffey was crossed in pre-Danish times, before any town had been built. And Dublin is referred to in the annals of the Four Masters for the year 795 A.D. as Bally-Athcliath. But Dublin is, literally, Dubh (black) linn (pool or pond), and signifies the inlet formed by the junction of the Liffey with its tributary, the Poddle, which in old days formed the harbour of Dublin.

Couleur de Russe

THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE. By Albert J. Beveridge. (Harper. 10s. 6d.)

MR. BEVERIDGE has had a great opportunity and has made very little of it. As an American, he was given a chance of seeing Russian methods as they are, of accumulating materials for a book on the Asiatic advance of Russia with the assistance of officials, and of bringing an impartial judgment to bear on the facts. For Russia is governed by a bureaucracy and the bureaucracy by traditions. One of these traditions, formulated in the time of Nicholas I., if not before, is that the United States are to be encouraged and favoured as a counterpoise to the traditional enemy, Great Britain. This tradition is out of date now that the two Anglo-Saxon Powers are one in maintaining the policy of the "open door" in Manchuria, and resisting the monopolising and encroaching methods of Russia. Even a bureaucracy changes with the times, and it is probable that the next American who travels over Siberia and the Russian Far East will not be allowed to see so much as Mr. Beveridge saw, or could have seen if he had chosen.

He saw and has described very much; and his book is therefore interesting. But he seems to have seen very little for himself, and to have refrained from exercising his own judgment. He saw what the Russian officials showed him, and he has repeated what they told him. Further, he has a very slovenly literary style. He splits his infinitives more often than not and his grammar is casual in the extreme. He stars his pedestrian journalistic manner with patches of "fine writing" of the American newspaper pattern. To sum up the character of his book, he had the chance of being an observer and a judge, and has chosen to be a phonograph.

For all that, his work is worth reading. It contains a good many facts that may help us to understand the ideals of the Russian officials and soldiers in their gigantic visionary plan of making all Asia Russian. Mr. Beveridge has been brought into contact with Pobyedonostseff, Tolstoi, Witte, Admiral Alexeieff, and other great men of modern Russia, and he has faithfully reproduced their views and aims. It is, indeed, rather amusing to listen to Pobyedonostseff's eulogies of autocracy. He, above all men, must know how the gilded weathercock that crowns the social edifice of Russia is blown about by ministerial gales. But the Procurator of the Holy Synod admired "the late Charles A. Dana, of the New York 'Sun'," and so must be taken with due seriousness.

A characteristic instance of Mr. Beveridge's passive mental attitude may be seen in the chapter called "The Red Day of Blagovestchensk," most of which, by the way, has nothing to do with that famous massacre. Mr. Beveridge makes a great parade of impartial inquiry, and then reports the events of the "Red Day" in the baldest outline, which Russophobe and Russophil alike would accept, except, perhaps, in his estimate of the number of unarmed Chinese driven by the Cossacks into the Amur. His excuse for the butchery is, practically, that the Russian inhabitants of Blagovestchensk were in a state of panic terror owing to the "Boxer" rising and the ineffectual fire opened by the Chinese across the river. Their fear made them cruel, and that is Mr. Beveridge's justification or palliation of the massacre. "Call you that backing of your friends?"

Perhaps Mr. Beveridge's style of reasoning may be best exemplified by a brief passage on the Ussuri district. "A curious phenomenon has occurred in this region. On the advent of the Russian, it was occupied by Chinese agriculturists. These were driven out, not by force, but as an inferior race naturally disappears before a superior people. And yet within the last few years the Chinese farmer has been re-invading the Ussuri littoral—very humbly, modestly, inconspicuously, it is true." And the author refers to "the well-grounded fear that he" (the Chinaman) "will in time, by his thrift and more intelligent industry, oust the Russian farmer." In that case I suppose Mr. Beveridge would regard the change as an instance of a superior race naturally disappearing before an inferior people.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

IDÉES VIVANTES. Camille Maclair. (Paris: Librairie de l'art ancien et moderne.)

THE space of a "Quarterly" article would scarcely suffice to do justice to the ideas set forth in this book of essays. M. Maclair discusses the sculpture of Rodin, Eugène Carrière and the psychology of mystery, classicism and academism, the religion of the orchestra, the scientific spirit and contemporary letters, the identity and fusion of the arts. We propose here only to say a few words about the two last. Certain French scientists, chiefly the great chemists, declare that science is slowly but surely gaining the moral and material direction of society. M. Maclair does not entirely support that view, but he believes that literature should regard the new scientific spirit with sympathy, that it is the task of men of letters to transpose into the domain of expression the new ideas of scientific symbolism, and instances the authors J.-H. Rosny as those who have profited most by science. Science should be considered the natural ally of letters; instead of antagonism there should be agreement between them. In fact literature should go out to meet the knowledge that reconciles æsthetics, metaphysics and ethics. Since newspapers and the pseudo-literary press have paralysed the influence of books of real worth, and no one now reads a deep or serious book, literature has nothing to oppose to the careful and methodical organisation of science;

instead, then, of beating it back from her gates, she should arise and welcome it in. Up to a certain point M. Maclair is right, perhaps, but to us it seems that though an art may be influenced by science, it can never under any circumstances submit to the same sorts of rules that prevail in the sciences. Inspiration and experiment do not hang together. M. Maclair very cleverly tries to show the relations between the theory of the solar spectrum and the impressionism of Claude Monet, but, all the same, we feel sure that had the theory of the solar spectrum never been discovered we should still have had Monet's paintings.

In the last essay he seeks to prove that the identity of the arts is not necessarily the fusion of the arts. Wagner attempted the fusion of the arts in his music-dramas, but without success, for, admirable as is the principle, it is not to be realised. The arts are identical in so far as the sensations they impart are equivalent: the bronze and the colours are no more sculpture and painting than the score and the book are music and poetry. Baudelaire, Beethoven, Donatello, Rembrandt, each use a particular sign by which they give expression to their ideas. M. Maclair concludes with the conviction that it is the duty of the critic to teach us each time we contemplate a particular work of art how it is identical with the other arts. And that reflection leads him to animadvert on the decadence of contemporary criticism which has sunk to the level of a trade advertisement. The critic, he considers, is in no way inferior to the creator. The ideal critic is a man who knows, who is acquainted with all the arts, all the sciences, and yet a man who can still say to himself, "I shall learn." To criticise rightly is to understand rightly, and to understand rightly is to love greatly. But until the semi-commercial criticism which is the order of the day falls into disrepute, that ideal is, M. Maclair fears, unlikely to be realised.

AN ANGLER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Frederic M. Halford. With an introduction by William Senior. (Vinton & Co. 21s. net.)

MEMORIES of halcyon days will crowd upon the mind of every fisherman who reads the *apologia pro vita sua* with which "Detached Badger" has completed his "Dry Fly Series." Mr. Halford has erected to himself a monument more enduring than bronze in this masterly tetrad. "Dry Fly Entomology" established his reputation as a scientific observer. In "Dry Fly Fishing" he became the patient and kindly teacher of the most advanced school. "Making a Fishery" showed him as a practical pisciculturist. But great as was the debt under which he had placed the angling world by these contributions to its literature, this volume of reminiscences was demanded with its universal voice. "An Angler's Autobiography" is the most engrossing work that has been added to the angler's library since Francis Francis wrote his immortal "Book on Angling." It is a record—a homely and modest record withal—of the triumphs of the dry fly. A diorama of scenes from the banks of the Test, the Itchen, the Kennet, made the more vivid by photogravure reproduction of photographs, for the most part by Major Cooke Daniels, himself a famous fisherman, passes before our eyes, recalling to most of us memories of days when the victory remained for the most part with the finny Trojans of those famous streams. There is a grim satisfaction to anyone who has essayed the hopeless task of beguiling "travellers" on the Itchen, in reading of contests when heavy toll was taken of them by these masters of the craft. Not that these records are by any means all *couleur de rose*. Now and again we read of days when not even the most perfect patterns were of any avail, of days when fish after fish was missed or lost, a comforting reminder that even masters are mortal, and an example of veracity which fishermen would do well to emulate. Mr. Halford

pays a loving tribute to the memory of, perhaps, the greatest fisherman who ever lived, George Selwyn Marryat, the stories of whose prowess read like a fairy tale to all but those who have had the privilege of seeing for themselves his marvellous watercraft. Mr. Halford is perhaps a *laudator temporis acti* in his memories of fishermen and fishings, but while he mourns the loss of so many good men and true and the decline of so many streams, he does not preach a gospel of despair. He is accused of being a purist, but that there is sound sense in his most advanced theories can hardly be denied in the face of the proofs he adduces. Education has not advanced merely among men. The trout of to-day, taught by hereditary traditions, trained by, it may be, painful experience from their babyhood, exact a degree of skill and a nicety of method not dreamt of twenty years ago. But the tyro need not despair. Mr. Halford's story of his first perch and his sea-fishing days—he used a sea-rod in 1864, surely here, too, a pioneer?—may give heart of grace to the humblest votary. "An Angler's Autobiography" is a classic.

W. MORRIS COLLES.

TWO CENTURIES OF COSTUME IN AMERICA. By Alice Morse Earle. (Macmillan. 21s. net.)

MRS. EARLE has made a close study of her subject, not only in America, but in England during the two centuries covered by her research. The book traces carefully the changes in costume from the ruffs, jewelled robes and farthingales of Queen Elizabeth, the stays, stiffened waists and stuffed breeches of her courtiers, through the pseudo-classical scantiness of the Empire period. To those interested in technical detail the book is a treasure house of obsolete fashions and quaint phraseology, descriptive of the customs, habits and whims of our forbears. We have the evolution of French hoods and steeple crown hats, the adoption by women "of doublets and jerkins as men have buttoned up the breast, and made with Wings, Welts and Pinions on shoulder points as men's apparel is for all the world, and though this be a kind of attire appropriate only to man, yet they blush not to wear it." We learn of the glamour of lace "whisks," the amplitude of "virago sleeves" and the social elegance of "night rails." From contemporary journals we have descriptions and enumerations of ward-robes to rival the pages of that small-souled, keen-eyed diarist Pepys, and from sermons and sumptuary laws learn the proneness of woman nature to succumb to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, albeit fortified by the faith of Puritans, Saints or Quakers. The book, so crowded with detail, is saved from dullness by Mrs. Earle's wide historic outlook and by her sympathy with the human dramas of the wearers—long since dust—"samares," "potto-foo petticoats" and "yellow lace doulas."

Mrs. Earle begins with the dress of American Puritans, which she finds less stamped by austerity than is popularly accepted, the vagaries of fanatics having been oftener reproduced than the sensible Colonial dress, which was that of prevailing English modes adapted to the demands of a more rigorous climate. In the modification of dress from the exaggerated forms and extravagant costliness of Tudor times to the grace and harmony which characterised the costumes both of the Cavaliers and ladies of the court of Charles I., the author recognises the influence of Van Dyck. At the time of protest against the cumbersome unsightliness of inherited modes, the artist gave creative touch to the costumes of his courtly sitters. Fashions crossed quickly from the Mother Country, and the aristocratic Governors of the Colonies kept up a semi-regal state. The "sad coloured" raiment of the Puritans allowed, according to the author, many æsthetic tints—dull green, dead-leaf, and orange; and scarlet hooded

cloaks flashed colour across the sombre seemliness of Puritan congregations. The portraits reproduced bear out the claim for a sense of beauty and a recognition of fashion not only among Colonial dames, but on the part of governors, soldiers, and statesmen. Even the Reverend Cotton Mather, the typical Puritan gospeller, appears in full, flowing robe, and elegant curled periwig. The letters, both from New England and Virginia, written to friends in England, evince an ardent interest in the changes of fashion, and even Quaker caps, bonnets, and shawls, attested, in slight variations of form or folding, feminine allegiance to the sway of style.

Following out her theory that dress is a symbol language of the age, the author finds the stamp of Hanoverian dullness on the costumes and social usages of both Mother Country and the Colonies during the reign of the Georges. The American Revolution, in rousing protest and patriotic enthusiasm, influenced the mode towards a national independence and self-expression, as witness the graduation of the Harvard class in 1768 in home-spun, home-made suits, that "they might take their degree dressed in the manufactures of the country."

Space forbids following out the subject through the violent changes wrought by the French Revolution in efforts to obliterate class distinctions in dress, and the reactionary affectations of the Empire. The charm of the book is in its sense, through mask and fan and sword-knot, of human life and love; love frailer than the bride's veil centuries folded in the cedar chest, love more evanescent than the scent of musk which lingers faintly sweet in the bride's yellowing brocade.

L. STUDDIFORD MCCHESENEY.

ENGLISH AND INDIAN LAW OF TORTS. By Ratanlal Ranchhoddas and Dhirajlal Keshavlal. Second Edition. (The Bombay Law Reporter Office. 9s. net.)

THIS book claims notice for more than one reason. In itself it appears to be an excellent treatise on the subject; as carefully compiled and clearly expressed as might be expected from an English text-book writer. But, as a matter of fact, we believe that neither of the joint authors has even visited this country. Their familiarity with the language and their knowledge of the law have both been acquired at Bombay. They belong to that class of native practitioners of whom little is known in England, who rise to large practise in the Indian Courts, and not infrequently to a seat on the bench, without ever attempting to qualify as barristers at an Inn of Court. Their proper title is that of *vakil*, which comprises the humblest lawyer in rural practice and the High Court advocate who earns an income estimated in lakhs of rupees. They have taken the fullest advantage of the educational system in India, and of the field opened to them by the impartial administration of justice. In other professions, including Government Service, Indians had for the most part failed to realise the expectations that have been formed of their character and ability. But in law they find a subject adapted to the subtlety of their minds, and it is only just to add that no suspicion has been breathed against their integrity on the bench. The three Hindu judges who have successively sat in the Bombay High Court—Telang, Ranadé, and Chandavarkar—have been alike distinguished for legal acumen, general scholarship, and force of character. But to return to the subject immediately before us. The English law of torts, or civil wrongs, being based upon general principles, but little modified by statutory enactments, has been adopted in India almost in its entirety. It is, however, interesting to observe that in certain cases the rigour of the common law has not been followed. Two examples may be given. From very early days English judges have laid down the doctrine that "tort merges in felony," which is interpreted to mean that a party wronged by a crime cannot sue for damages

in a civil action until public justice has been vindicated by prosecution of the criminal. The High Courts of Madras and Bombay have refused to accept this hard doctrine. So, again, with the maxim of English law that no right exists to undisturbed privacy, so as to prevent a neighbour from opening a new window looking into another's courtyard. Indian judges have allowed such an easement to arise from local custom, founded on the Oriental seclusion of women. Finally, we may quote the headnote of a case which is eminently characteristic of Indian litigation: "Where the plaintiff enjoyed the exclusive right of breaking a curd-pot in a temple on a certain day it was held that the breaking of another curd-pot in that temple on the same day by the defendant was a violation of right entitling the plaintiff to damages."

WAITING UPON GOD. By the late A. B. Davidson, D.D. Edited by J. A. Paterson, D.D. (I. and T. Clark. 6s.)

THE sermons of the late Professor of Hebrew in the University of Edinburgh differ widely from the type most generally represented by the volumes sent to us for review. The tendency of the modern preacher is more and more to give voice to the *communis sententia* that floats in the air of the time. He is popular in proportion as he is able articulately to express what the regular churchgoer of his persuasion has vaguely felt, and as he is more or less successful in adducing reasons to support it. The Bible is no longer to the average British citizen the treasury of the Divine oracles. The august traditions of the Hebrew patriarchs are a cheap and easy jest to the music hall. The popular preacher appeals to them, if at all, only by way of illustration. Dr. Davidson approached the Scriptures in another spirit. He was before everything else an exegete. He was not unaware of the progress of the world; modern thought was familiar to him, and it is a matter of course that he had read the modern books. But he possessed in a wonderful way the power of detachment and almost of voluntary isolation; there is nothing about him of that elusive quality, which in a man's own day counts for so much and for so little with posterity, which has been examined under the title of "modernity." A man who lived his life in an atmosphere of criticism, he preserved intact a reverence that would have seemed more natural in one of an earlier generation. His spirit is the spirit of an Augustine or an Aquinas alike in the unfaltering faith which accepts and in the devout concentration which examines and deduces. These sermons are for the most part upon subjects taken from the New Testament; Isaiah and Job also furnish texts. The sermon on "The Power of Christ's Resurrection" gives the reader an insight into his view of Pauline Theology, and that on the Apocalypse is remarkable both in grasp and content. The style of the sermons is simple and scholarly, but they demand of the reader a close attention.

Fiction

MONSIGNY. By Justus Miles Forman. (Ward, Lock. 6s.) In his latest book this popular American writer has placed the action of the story, or should we say play, in a beautiful old château near Versailles. If it were a play, and it reads very like one, we should praise the mounting of the piece: it is pretty and graceful. But the play itself is none of the best, sometimes the action of the piece is almost unintelligible, and the actors conduct themselves with little reason and less sense. The attractive heiress, Isabeau de Monsigny, the most beautiful woman in Europe, is the daughter of an English viscount by a French wife. At twenty Isabeau has "an endowment of beauty probably as extraordinary as any woman in Europe could boast, and with a knowledge of the world—or at least such aspects of the polite world—as a girl may safely see." Naturally, she is not long without a lover, who appears in the person of an Englishman, once the co-respondent in a famous divorce case. He is invited to the château and there

meets as a fellow guest the woman who figures in the divorce case, now living under an assumed name and anxious to marry Isabeau's widowed father. Then the action of the play commences, and for motives we have love and jealousy. The motives are sometimes rather mixed and some of the scenes are not well knit together, but the action moves along briskly with frequent "curtains." We are sure from the beginning that the nice Englishman will emerge without a stain on his character, which proves to be the case. "Where is the 'tristesse' that hung over Monsigny?" "Oh! gone, my queen, gone, gone." Here the final curtain falls, and the author meets with a mixed reception when responding to his "call."

A CANADIAN GIRL. By Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Haggard. (Long. 6s.) The book opens with the burning of St. John, New Brunswick, in which the heroine, Phyllis Frere, loses her father and with him their affluent living. Henceforth she is the poor but pretty heroine, and her adventures are many. She is courted and loved by a millionaire, who is coveted by her girl friend, a handsome unscrupulous French-Canadian with a taint of Negro blood in her veins. The latter tricks him into marriage and the desertion of the poor but pretty Phyllis. The heroine, bereaved of her mother by death and her lover by perfidy, becomes a ballet girl in New York. The reader will by this time guess that by an accident which happens to the bright particular star of the piece, Phyllis, at a moment's notice, takes her part with immense success. Jewels are thrown into her lap, cheques arrive by every post, and she lives in a veritable bower of bouquets. Then it is that she meets the unfaithful lover, who by this time has realised the trick played by his wife, and explanations ensue. Intrigue follows intrigue, everybody is more or less entangled, and the tangle can only be straightened by the death of several of the principal characters. Lovers of incident will revel in this very melodramatic novel; it is long, but it will not be too long for them, for every chapter has its surprise, most of the characters come to unexpected ends, and in the conclusion the game is won by "The Odd Trick."

FAMILIE P. C. BEHM. Roman von Ottomar Enking. (Dresden: Reissner. 6 m.) While Frenssen's "Jörn Uhl" circulates by thousands Enking's novel attracts probably only some hundreds of readers. And yet the latter possesses some qualities entirely lacking in the former. Enking is less diffuse, and he understands the art of selection far better than Frenssen does. The *milieu* is much the same, Frenssen depicting the tillers of the gound, Enking the toilers in the small towns of Schleswig-Holstein. The main figure is a girl, Anna Behm, the daughter of commonplace parents. Anna unhappily possesses an individuality of her own, and yet is without the strength that would enable her to break away from her narrow home. The family history and circumstances are inextricably mingled with her strivings after free development, they prove too strong for her, and that way lies the tragedy of her life. Her old father, P. C. Behm, had been a peddler, and now, too old to bear the fatigue, had set up a little shop which was looked after by his wife, Anna doing the necessary housework. Frau Behm was devoted to her husband and her children; her one desire was to make them all as materially comfortable as the scanty income would allow. P. C. Behm employs his leisure in indulging his patriotic strivings; he founds a society for the purpose of raising Koggenstedt, his native village, into an important seaport, and to that end begins to write an interminable letter to the Emperor, parts of which he reads aloud to his friends whenever he gets the chance. There is a delightful Pickwickian vein about this. Bernhard, the son, is a small assistant in the post-office, and is the type of the subaltern, absolutely contented with himself, taking a purely philistine joy in life. In such surroundings Anna grows up. She becomes acquainted through her brother with Dr. Körting, a young physician, who seems to her a denizen of another world. They fall in love in somewhat idyllic fashion and Anna develops fast under Körting's refining influence. Their intercourse—on the ice in the skating season, and later in the pleasant spring time, with the stolen steamer excursion—is delightfully described. But all is spoiled when Körting unwillingly accepts an invitation to spend an evening with the family of his betrothed. The scene is full of humour and of the pathos that ever lies near true humour. Poor Anna suffers terribly from the conjunction of Körting and her people, and oppressed by them she appears to Körting an entirely different creature from the girl with whom he skated on the ice or walked the country lanes. With their separation ends the first and best part of the book. Things then go from bad to worse. Anna marries a worthless man whose fraudulent speculations bring the whole family to ruin: he decamps, the old people do not long outlive the disgrace of bankruptcy, Anna attempts suicide, but is not of those who succeed even there, and, crippled for life, carries on as best she can her mother's little shop. Put thus briefly, the story amounts to little enough, but Enking's sincerity and humour, his

simple narrative style, make the characters live, and they haunt us with a strange persistency long after we have laid aside the book. The tendency of the later chapters is undoubtedly pessimistic, but it is not the pessimism of the problem-monger, it is rather the pessimism of a lover of mankind who at the same time realises how hard a thing it is for the average man or woman to burst the iron bands of circumstance.

Short Notices

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR. By Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D., of Johns Hopkins University. (Philadelphia and London: Lippincott. 10s. 6d. net.) The title of this work is, as the author owns, rather pretentious, and he is careful to state in his preface that it is due to his publishers. What he means by "true" is "fair," and he has striven to enter into the feelings of the combatants on political or military fields of battle, and present each side of the case rather than the frigid judgment of a neutral. This is a method which enables the reader to understand the importance once attached to particular events and disputes far better than if these were presented as they appear now to cool and unbiassed observers. Dr. Lee has quoted a good deal—for the size of his book a great deal—from speeches, pamphlets, newspapers, and other contemporary material. This is a good way of making his work "true" in the sense of rightly reflecting the state of opinion at the time of which he writes; it is a very bad way of compiling a "true" history in the sense of accuracy. His book can claim no higher credit than being an unprejudiced and interesting popular sketch of a great epoch. The military part of the story is the most defective. The account of the fall of Fort Donelson is given as if it was due entirely to an assault planned by General Grant. "Had Floyd made a sally before Grant strengthened his thin line . . . it might have been successful," Dr. Lee writes. Floyd *did* make a sally, and it *was* successful, and the Confederate force might have escaped; but no preparations had been made for evacuating the fort, or rather entrenched camp of Donelson, and Grant was allowed to re-occupy his lines and restore the investment, having meanwhile broken through the Confederate earthworks by a counter-attack at a weak point. Dr. Lee quotes a spirited description of this attack, but never mentions the early Confederate success of the day, which had been gained by stripping the fort of defenders. The illustrations in the volume, chiefly portraits of leading men in the conflict, are well reproduced. The maps are less satisfactory, as they try to show too much on a small scale. There is one rather curious insertion of a picture of the "Battle of the Crater," the murderous and mismanaged assault on Lee's lines at Petersburg, made on July 30, 1864, after exploding a mine. Dr. Lee does not mention this affair at all in his text.

CENTRAL ASIA AND TIBET: Towards the Holy City of Lassa. By Sven Hedin. (Hurst and Blackett, Ltd. 2 vols. 42s. net.) Four times has Sven Hedin penetrated to the interior of Asia, and this, the record of his last journey, which began on Midsummer Day, 1899, and terminated on June 27, 1902, is, in its way, the crowning point of his adventurous career. Previous Central Asian and Thibetan travellers (with two notable exceptions) have told us in their subsequently published books strange tales of hardships, stress, and hair-breadth escapes, which stretched the imagination to the verge of incredulity. Sven Hedin tells a plainer tale with no literary adornment, little or no attempt at picturesque description, and only sufficient word-painting as came naturally to a man of culture recording strange sights and little-known peoples. He had his adventures too, some of them of a decidedly drastic character, but his infallible good luck, his tried experience as an explorer, and his ready resource enabled him to return safely to Europe with his notes, sketches, maps, and invaluable store of interesting information intact. These two solid heavy volumes are enriched with 420 illustrations from drawings and photographs; eight full-page coloured illustrations from paintings, and five maps, mostly by the author. The maps in themselves are a storehouse of new facts about almost unknown districts, such as Tibet and Eastern Turkestan, the Tarim river, and the Taklamakan desert. The illustrations throughout are excellently reproduced, the coloured ones in particular (an idyllic journey down the Tarim, for instance) having considerable beauty and refinement. The work, in so far as the English and American editions are concerned, is dedicated to the Viceroy of India, to whom, as well as to King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, who "with his accustomed generosity and enlightenment made possible the inception of the undertaking," and the Czar of Russia, the author offers his thanks for assistance "such as money alone could

not repay." The translation of the book by Mr. J. T. Bealby, who also translated Sven Hedin's "Through Asia," is a model of what a translation should be, a thoroughly sound piece of work.

MEMOIRS OF M^{LE}. DES ÉCHEROLLES; being Side-lights on the Reign of Terror. Translated from the French by Marie Clothilde Balfour, with an introduction by George K. Fortescue. (John Lane. 5s. net.) The first edition of this book was published in 1843, under the title "Quelques Années de ma Vie pas Alexandrine des Écherolles." It was republished in 1879 and re-christened "Une Famille noble sous la Terreur," which is fully descriptive of the matter, but conveys no idea of the unconventionality and convincing simplicity of the style. The story of the French Revolution is told by a passive and unwilling actor therein, who was also very nearly a victim. Mademoiselle des Écherolles was only a girl of thirteen at the beginning of the Revolution, but her perception was acute, her education excellent, and her memory marvellous. She was one of the few persons capable of describing what they saw, who witnessed the whole of the revolutionary torrent which swept over Lyons, from the murder of the officers of the Royal Polish Regiment in September 1792 to the end of the period of judicial murder in the spring of 1794. Lamartine said that we owe to the pen of this authoress "some of the most dramatic and touching episodes of the siege." She herself writes: "I can only tell what I myself saw or heard, without attempting to thread the mazes of politics, which were beyond my age and understanding. I relate the effects, though I was ignorant of their causes." The translation by Miss Balfour is fluent, simple, and artistic. It could not be better done.

ARCHIV FÜR REFORMATIONSGESCHICHTE. TEXTE UND UNTERSUCHUNGEN. Herausgegeben von Walter Friedensburg. 1 Jahrgang. Heft 1. No. 1. (Berlin: Schwetschke. 4m. 40pf.) This is the first number of a new serial publication issued in connection with the Society for the History of the Reformation. Its purpose is to print the text of documents relating to that period which are not easily accessible, to publish the results of critical research by qualified scholars, and to give general information as to what is being done in the way of research and criticism in this particular department of historical study. The number before us contains two papers: the first, by P. Kalkoff, deals with "Die Vermittlungspolitik des Erasmus und sein Anteil an den Flugschriften der ersten Reformationszeit"; and the second by Paul Tschackert is entitled "Antonius Corvinus ungedruckter Bericht vom Kolloquium zu Regensburg 1541." (German publications of this kind contain mines of information for the historical student.)

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN, by J. H. Bernard, D.D. ("Bell's Cathedral" Series. 1s. 6d. net.) A very welcome addition to the series, which is too well known to need any recommendation. The history of the cathedral and the description of its various architectural features are more than adequate for the enjoyment of the visitor, and the illustrations are admirable.

Reprints and New Editions

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER OF IZAAK WALTON AND CHARLES COTTON. The Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.) The note which prefaces this volume is somewhat misleading, assuredly unintentionally so. It says "this issue is founded on the second edition, published by John Major in the year 1824." At a casual glance, to many people it would seem that the present edition is founded on the second edition of the Compleat Angler, but this is not so. It is founded on John Major's second edition of the book, a very different matter. This point once settled we can praise the general get up and printing, which leave nothing to be desired. Quite the most delightful reprint of this most delightful book.

NEW ENGLAND ROMANCES (THE SCARLET LETTER, THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE). By Nathaniel Hawthorne. (Newnes. 3s. 6d. net.) Such a volume as "New England Romances" would have considerably astonished our grandfathers. Here are three books between two covers and the volume none of the thickest. The lightness and smallness of the book is amazing even in these days of thin paper editions. The frontispiece portrait of the author is charming, as is, indeed, the whole reprint. Quite the best possible way in which to place Hawthorne on our shelves.

THE CUP. By Lord Tennyson. With Introduction and Notes, by H. B. Cotterill, M.A. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.) "The Cup," in some respects the most successful of Tennyson's dramatic pieces, is here reprinted with an excellent introduction. The notes are interesting and well written, and although half the slender volume is occupied by Mr. Cotterill's sketch of Tennyson's life and remarks about the acting of "The Cup," and the source of Tennyson's inspiration, we are well content.

New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

- Fry, D.D. (Rev. T. C.), Old Testament History for Schools (Arnold) 2/6
 Todd (Rev. J. C.), Politics and Religion in Ancient Israel: An Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament (Macmillan) 6/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Howard (Newman), Savonarola: A City's Tragedy (Dent) net 4/6
 Pollock (W. Herries), Animals that have Owned Us (Murray) 5/0
 Hyde, LL.D. (Douglas), edited and translated by, Songs Ascribed to Raftery (Gill, Dublin) net 3/6
 Bowen (Chas. Inniss), The Wandering Jew (Walter Scott) 1/6
 Ellis (Havelock), A Study of British Genius (Hurst and Blackett) net 7/8
 Pertwee (Ernest), compiled by, The Reciter's Treasury of Verse (Routledge)
 Rossetti (D. G.), translated by, Dante's "La Vita Nuova" (Ellis and Elvey)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Ely, D.Lit. (Talfourd), Roman Hayling: A Contribution to the History of Roman Britain (Taylor and Francis)
 Vignaud (Henry), The Real Birth-Date of Columbus, 1481 (Stevens, Son, and Stiles) net 6/0
 Jacks, LL.D. (William), The Life of His Majesty William II., German Emperor (MacLehose) net 9/0
 Men and Women of Soho: Famous and Infamous, by the Rev. J. H. Cardwell, etc., etc. (Truslove and Hanson) net 6/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

- Garnett (Lucy M. J. G.), Turkish Life in Town and Country (Newnes) net 3/6
 Rapallo, Past and Present: Walks and Excursions, by P. I. A. (Phillip) net 2/8
 Williams, Jr. (Egerton R.), Hill Towns of Italy (Smith, Elder) net 10/8

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

- The Geographical Journal, Vol. XXII. (Royal Geographical Society)

EDUCATIONAL

- Mason (late H. C. F.), edited by H. H. West, Compositions and Translations (Cambridge) net 3/6
 Flather, M.A. (J. H.), edited by, Kenilworth (Cambridge) 2/6
 Atherton, M.A. (R. P.), Bell's French Course, Part II. (Bell) 1/6

MISCELLANEOUS

- Palmer, B.A. (W.), edited by, Hazell's Annual for 1904 (Hazell, Watson and Viney) net 3/6
 Wo Chang, Leaves from the Notebook of: England through Chinese Spectacles (Cotton Press) 3/6
 Liverpool Cathedral (Church House, Liverpool) 0/3
 Miller (G. G.), Business Success (Walter Scott) 1/0
 "One and All" Gardening, 1904. (Agricultural and Horticultural Association) 0/2
 The Antiquary, Vol. XXXIX. (Stock) 7/6
 Willoughby, Ph.D. (Westel Woodbury), The Political Theories of the Ancient World (Longmans) net 6/0
 The Wimbledon and Merton Annual (Trim) net 2/6
 Smith (Bartholomew), Chamberlain and Chamberlainism (Long) net 1/0
 Cassell's Cabinet Cyclopedia, Part I. (Cassell) net 0/6

FICTION

- "Stromboli and the Guns," by Francis Gribble (Ward, Lock), 3/6; "The Captain's Daughter," by Gwendolen Overton (Macmillan), 6/0; "Iphigene in Fetters," by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds (Murray), 6/0; "His Little World: The Story of Hunch Balaun," by Samuel Merwin (Barnes, New York), \$1.50; "The Boss, and How He came to Rule New York," by Alfred H. Lewis (Barnes), \$1.50; "The Circle in the Square: The Story of a New Battle on Old Fields" (Barnes), \$1.50; "Tennessee Todd: A Novel of the Great River," by G. W. Ogden (Barnes), \$1.50; "Countess Ida," by Fred Whishaw (Long), 6/0; "Nurse Charlotte," by L. T. Meade (Long), 6/0; "In Steel and Leather," by R. H. Forster (Long), 6/0; "The Story of Tonty," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood (Grant Richards), 3/6; "The Rise of Roderick Clowd," by Josiah Flynt (Grant Richards), 6/0; "The Mark," by Aquila Kempster (Hutchinson), 6/0.

JUVENILE

- "Uncle Ranger's Yarns: Tales of a Spirit," by A. H. Biggs, M.A. (James), 1/0.

NEW EDITIONS

- "Handy Andy," by Samuel Lover (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "Courtship," by Hawley Smart (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "Caleb Williams; or, Things as They Are," by William Godwin (Newnes), net 3/0; "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance" (in one vol.), by Nathaniel Hawthorne (Newnes), net 3/6; "Clear Round: A Story of World-Travel," by E. A. Gordon (Sampson Low), 2/6; "Air, Food, and Exercise: An Essay on the Predisposing Causes of Disease," by A. Rabagliati, M.D. (Belliere, Findall), net 7/6; "Lovely Woman," by T. W. H. Crosland (Grant Richards), net 1/0; "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," by Oliver Wendell Holmes (Blackie), 2/6; "Essays in Verse and Prose," by Abraham Cowley (Methuen), net 1/6; "Essays," by Thomas Carlyle (Blackie), 2/6; "Harry Lorrequer," by Charles Lever (Blackie), 2/6; "Caxtons," by Lord Lytton (Blackie), 2/6; "The Pathfinder," by J. Fenimore Cooper (Blackie), 2/0.

PERIODICALS

- "Pictorial Comedy," "Jewish Quarterly Review," "Cassell's Magazine," "Magazine of Art," "Longman's Magazine," "Leisure Hour," "Sunday at Home," "Girl's Own Paper," "Boy's Own Paper," "Friendly Greetings," "Home Management," "Connoisseur."

Foreign

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Vivien (Renée), La Vénus des Aveugles (Paris: Lemerre) 3 frs.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Bognaud (Paul), L'Origine des Idées Éclairées par la Science du Langage (Paris: Alcan) 1fr. 50c.
 Dumas (F. G.), Almanach des Gourmands (Nilsson) 5fr.

MISCELLANEOUS—cont.

- Borrmann (Richard) and Neuwirth (Joseph), Geschichte der Baukunst (Seemann) 8 marks 50 pf.
 Mitteilungen der Altertums-Kommission für Westfalen, Heft III. (Aschendorff) 10 marks.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Du Terrage (Baron Marc de Villiers), Les Dernières Années de la Louisiane Française (Paris: Guilmoto) 15 frs.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

Dr. JOHN SCHMITT has edited "The Chronicle of Morea" and it is to be issued in Messrs. Methuen's series of Byzantine Texts almost at once. In the series of Books on Business published by the same firm will be issued immediately Mr. Douglas Owen's "Ports and Docks." Mr. H. C. Minchin has written the introduction and notes for an edition of "The Essays of Abraham Cowley," to be published in Messrs. Methuen's Little Library this week. The first serious attempt at historical romance by Mr. Eden Phillpotts will be issued by the same firm in a day or two under the title of "The American Prisoner." It deals with the Great War Prison on Dartmoor and the life of that famous limbo during the early years of the last century. History has not been departed from, and scarcely an incident among all the remarkable ones recorded but has foundation upon fact. The story itself is a love story of self-sacrifice.—In connection with Rita's attacks upon the "smart set" will be published early in February "Sandford of the Smart Set, or Sin and Scandal," by Belinda Blinders. The book is to be "edited" by Desmond F. T. Coke, and Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. are to publish it at 1s. net.—A memoir of the late Rev. Walter Senior will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock under the title "A Faithful Minister." With the memoir will be included some representative sermons preached at Dewsbury, Durham and Margate.—On Tuesday, February 1st, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish a new novel by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, entitled "Thyra Varrick." It is a tale of "The Forty-Five" and "Bonnie Prince Charlie."—The two next volumes of the Mermaid series (to be issued by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on February 1st) will supply a want which has long been felt, viz., that of an edition of Dryden's best plays. The volumes, which have been edited by Professor Saintsbury, who contributes an introduction and notes, will contain the following plays: "Almanzor and Almahide, or the Conquest of Granada," "Marriage à la Mode," "Aureng-Zebe," "All for Love," "The Spanish Friar," "Albion and Albanus," and "Don Sebastian." Dryden's own prefaces will be given in full.—The delegates of the Clarendon Press are making arrangements for a thorough revision of Liddell and Scott's "Greek-English Lexicon," quarto edition. They have obtained a promise from Mr. Arthur Sidgwick to undertake the active duties of editorship as soon as he is free from certain other literary engagements, and the collection of materials has been begun. Several scholars have sent, and some have promised to send, the corrections or additions which they have accumulated, and it is hoped that any other scholars who are willing to give similar help will communicate with the secretary to the delegates, Clarendon Press, Oxford.

"FOR SPORTSMEN, BY SPORTSMEN" will be the keynote of a new illustrated monthly magazine, devoted to sports and outdoor life, which Messrs. Newnes will shortly publish under the editorship of Mr. C. B. Fry. Not confined to any one or two of its branches, the periodical will deal authoritatively and popularly with the whole field of recreation, as well as with its physical and educational aspect. The need of such a magazine, priced at a figure within the limits of sportsmen of all classes, has long been apparent, and its forthcoming fulfilment will doubtless excite considerable interest.

The Salad in Literature

... and after that they yede about gadering
Pleasaunt Salades which they made hem eat,
For to refresh their great unkindly heat.

THAT the eating of green meat is and always has been closely bound up with healthy human life is a fact which needs no demonstration; but the constantly recurring references to it in the literature of all ages would seem to point the moral in so far as salads must always have appealed peculiarly to those leading a more or less sedentary life.

In a serious biblical commentary of the eighteenth century, Baron von Vaerst, a German savant, refers to Nebuchadnezzar's diet of grass as a punishment which did not in any way consist in the eating of salad, but in the enforced absence of vinegar, oil, and salt. That salad adds a zest to life is proved by St. Anthony, who said that that pious old man, St. Hieronymus, lived to the green old age of 105, and during the last ninety years of his life existed wholly upon bread and water, but "not without a certain lusting after salad." This is confirmed by St. Athanasius.

In Shakespeare's "Henry VI." Jack Cade remarks that a salad "is not amiss to cool a man's stomach in the hot weather." Cleopatra, too, refers to her "salad days, when she was green in judgement, cool in blood." In "Le Quadragesimal Spiritual," a work on theology published in Paris in 1521, these lines occur:—

La Salade moult profitable
Signe la parole de Dieu
Qu'il faut ouyr en chascun lieu.
Pêcheurs, entendez ce notable!

All writers agree as to the cooling properties of salads, and particularly lettuce, on the blood. In his "Acetaria: a Discourse of Sallets" (1699), John Evelyn says that lettuce: "though by Metaphor call'd Mortuorum Cibi (to say nothing of Adonis and his sad Mistress) by reason of its soporiferous quality, ever was and still continues the principal Foundation of the universal Tribe of Sallets, which is to Ccol and Refresh. And therefore in such high esteem with the Ancients, that divers of the Valerian family dignify'd and enobled their Name with that of Lactucinii."

Another quaint book on Salads is entitled "On the Use and Abuse of Salads in general and Salad plants in particular," by Johann Friedrich Schütze, Doctor of Medicine, and Grand-Ducal Saxe-Coburg-Meiningen, Physician at Sonnenburg and Neuhaus: Leipzig, 1758. The learned doctor adopts the classical division of humanity into the Temperamentum Sanguineum, or warm and damp, the Cholericum, or warm and dry, the Phlegmaticum, or cold and damp, and the Melancholicum, or cold and dry. To each of these classes a particular form of Salad applies, and none other.

When Pope Sixtus the Fifth was an obscure monk he had a great friend in a certain lawyer who sank steadily into poverty what time the monk rose to the Papacy. The poor lawyer journeyed to Rome to seek aid from his old friend the Pope, but he fell sick by the wayside and told his doctor to let the Pope know of his sad state. "I will send him a salad," said Sixtus, and duly dispatched a basket of lettuces to the invalid. When the lettuces were opened money was found in their hearts. Hence the Italian proverb of a man in need of money: "He wants one of Sixtus the Fifth's salads."

Charles Kingsley describes many varieties of salads in olden times: "And behold in the kitchen beyond, salads in stacks and faggots; salad of lettuce, salad of cress and endive, salad of boiled coleworts, salad of angelica, salad of scurvy-wort, and seven salads more; for potatoes were not as yet;" but even some of these strange salads are eclipsed by the following recipe for a sallet, temp. Richard II.: "Take parsel, sawge, garlyc, chibolles, oynons, lettes, borage, mynte, poirettes, fenel, and cressis; lave and waishe hem smalle wyth thynne honde, and myng hem wel wyth rawe oyl, lay on vynegar and salt and serve ytt forth."

Fourcroy and Chaptal, notable chemists of the end of the eighteenth century unite in praise of salads, and have written disquisitions on the dressing thereof. Rousseau says that a perfect salad must be dressed by a maiden between 15 and 18 years old, of course with her fingers; whence the familiar French saying which remains in the language to this day. Rabelais opines that the best salad-dressing is Good Humour, which is just the sort of thing that one might expect from him.

Everyone knows the tale of the French emigré who went about to noblemen's houses mixing delicate salads at a high fee. Most authorities refer to him as one d'Albignac, but Grenville Murray, who generally knew what he was writing about, says that his name was Gaudet. To come to more recent times few people nowadays read Mortimer Collins' "British Birds by the Ghost of Aristophanes" (1872), a delightful poetic tourney for the Laureateship of Cloud-Cuckooland, the subject of which is Salad. This is the best known verse:—

Take Endive—like love it is bitter,
Take beet—for like love it is red;
Crisp leaf of the lettuce shall glitter,
And cress from the rivulet's bed:
Anchovies, foam-born, like the Lady
Whose beauty has maddened this hard;
And olives from groves that are shady;
And eggs—boil 'em hard!

Many salads have been mixed on the stage; the most famous perhaps is the Japanese salad which occurs in Alexandre Dumas fils' "Francillon" (produced at the Théâtre Français 17th January 1887). It is not orthodox, and, even when deftly mixed, not particularly nice, the flavours being coarsely blended.

A few years ago Mr. Charles Brookfield mixed an admirable salad on the stage of the Haymarket in the course of his clever monologue "Nearly Seven." On January 31st, 1831, "La salade d'oranges, ou les étrennes dans la mansarde," by M.M. Varin and Desvergers was played at the Palais Royal. The first-named author was a sort of gastronomic playwright, for he wrote plays called "Le cuisinier politique," "J'ai mangé mon ami," and others. Finally, in Beaumont and Fletcher these lines occur:—

Three several salads have I sacrificed
Bedewed with precious oil and vinegar,
Already to appease thy greedy wrath!

These extracts, picked at random from casual reading, have been put together merely to show that salad has not lacked in honour throughout the tale of centuries. Authors and quotations might be centupled and the total meed of praise would not even then be cited. Which, after all, is only just and proper, for the salad is one of the necessary luxuries of life.

Egomet

THE hour, the place, and the book, all must be in accord if I am to appreciate rightly the worth of any writer's work. I remember, for example, that I made several attempts to read "Lavengro" before I succeeded in making way with that fascinating book. It was not the fault of the book or mine; it was simply that the hour, the place and the book were never in accord until that third or fourth triumphant effort. I recall well the occasion. It was upon a dank, dreary, muddy November day in London; I had been to pay a visit to a sick friend and had walked from his house, through dripping streets, to the club; the pavements were slippery, the horses splashed the mud around, the wind was cold and raw, the lights shone dimly through the mistiness.

How very welcome were the warmth and bright cheerfulness of the club library. I turned over the magazines on the big round table, glanced at the new books, peered out of the window at the foggy river and the dim line of lamps along the Embankment, shrugged my shoulders at the old member who was peacefully snoring before one of the blazing fires, and turned to look over the nearest shelves. There stood the works of George Borrow, not many, but how much. Again will I attack "Lavengro," said I to myself, and picking out the volume I went across the room and settled down before another fire, well out of the ear-shot of Mr. Snorer.

I read steadily from the beginning and soon to my delight was caught in the toils. East Anglia, Ireland, Scotland, highways and byeways, London. Dinner was no interruption for I took my book with me. Each time as I re-read "Lavengro" I endeavour to decide which passages are most fascinating; at that first reading the portions concerning the adventures in London most appealed to me. With "Lavengro" I struggled and toiled, with him I hated that overbearing publisher, delighted in the company of the young man about town, was mystified by that curious Eastern merchant, sat with him upon London Bridge and talked of Defoe and Moll Flanders; with him I trod the streets I know so well, and now sometimes as I walk them I fancy that great, burly man is by my side. I am a weakling and therefore, perhaps, admire the strong and sturdy. What a glorious fellow he must have been, despite his moods and tempers. I might have known him; I may have passed him in the street, rubbing shoulders with him unknowing.

I love the country in a way, but I love the town better. Country books appeal to me, but none so greatly as those of George Borrow. I never met a gipsy, I never dwelt in a dingle, I never rode a horse, of my fists I know not the use save for the purpose of holding a pen. Yet I love George Borrow, admiring him this side of idolatry. Not so long ago it was suggested that a statue of the man should be placed in Norwich. Why? I am not a lover of monuments of writers; to my mind they build in their books their own monuments, which each one of us can have upon our shelves, ever with us. If I visit the places where great writers have lived and worked, to me the atmosphere there is full of them, I look for no statue or monument, I desire none, I avoid them where they exist. Who wants a statue of Thackeray, or Dickens, or De Quincey, or George Borrow in London town? Not I for one. I lay down my pen and again take up "Lavengro," offering up a book-lover's words of gratitude to a whole-hearted, whole-souled writer of great books.

E. G. O.

Science

Tolstoi and the Babies

PERHAPS it is worth while to consider the attitude of modern science and the philosophy based upon it toward an idea with which we are all familiar—the idea that the "fever called living" is not worth while. Universal suicide has been suggested as a remedy; a tyrant of the past desired, whatever his motive, that mankind had but one collective neck, which he might sever; and a modern poet has made his hero, with a hint of the same idea, ask "What if the world should end to-night?" And two modern thinkers have approached the same question, each from his own point of view. Huxley declared, as he surveyed the lot of his time, that if there were no better prospect in store he would welcome as a desirable consummation the advent of some kindly comet, which should sweep the whole affair away. And Count Tolstoi, as I understand, has his own grounds for wishing the present generation to be the last.

Without discussing the attitude of these various men, and whilst recognising that, whatever their conclusions or ours, the stream of babies, at the rate of some seven per minute, will certainly persist, we may try to make some impartial inquiry into the question, as a purely academic exercise. "What if the world should end to-night?"

The question we might put to ourselves, I suppose, would centre upon the relative proportions of happiness and pain in human life. If there be more sorrow than joy in the world to-day, and if there be no reason to suppose that the ratio is likely to alter in time coming, then why not end it? Take your "last ride together," like Browning's lover, and let the world end to-night. If, on the other hand, there be a preponderance of joy in human life, then let "the great ages onward roll." Omitting all question as to some "far-off Divine event to which the whole Creation moves"; omitting all consideration of another life than this, and taking the question as a purely rational and terrestrial one, what course would we pursue, had we the power?

Well, I think it might be shown that men are disposed on one side or other of this question according to temperament. I almost fancy that the theologians, the poets—Keats, "here, where men sit and hear each other groan"; Tennyson "never morning wore to evening, but some heart did break," and the Hellenists would incline to the view that there is a balance of sorrow in human affairs, and that there is no present indication that that balance is in process of redress. As to the last point, on the other hand, we have a representative scientist like Tyndall declaring that the history of humanity is a history of amelioration, and that the lot of each generation is happier than that of any of its predecessors. With all my heart do I believe in this latter view. But let us look at the history of humanity—as the biologists and not the historians call history.

Man as we know him is the latest product of a long series of lower forms, whose capacity for suffering—and for happiness—was smaller than his own. I will not attempt to answer the question whether the life of a cow, let us say, is or is not happier, on the whole, than the life of a typical East-ender. Nor will I attempt to decide whether civilised man is happier, on the whole, than savage man, with his much smaller capacity for physical pain and his entire mental ease. But I do certainly believe that if we take the history of civilisation, Tyndall's words are justified. Perhaps we owe our happier lot, as compared with the Middle Ages, to the ethical ideal of the Church, perhaps to other causes. But whatever the verdict of Tolstoi or anyone else on human society as it is at present, I fancy that a healthy man would rather be alive than dead, rather human than simian or vegetable. It is not begging the question to say a healthy man, for

disease as a great factor in human affairs is assuredly doomed. Tuberculosis and malaria, the two most deadly of known maladies, may be disposed of whenever the race pleases.

But you will tell me that disease is relatively a very unimportant matter; that the evil in the world is not material but moral; that "highways of smooth electrical ease" and pure milk are hardly enough to end the *Weltschmerz*; that if you probe the malady to the bottom it is human nature that the All-Good Father has made "desperately wicked"—as the theologians assure us; and that human nature is the same in all ages, so that any millennial dreams may be discounted forthwith. And I agree with all but your last assertion.

If there is any popular error which modern knowledge and wisdom have totally and finally exposed, it is that "human nature is the same in all ages." We believed that glib assertion up to the time of Comte. The man to whom alone we owe the assertion and proof that human nature is *not* the same in all ages is Herbert Spencer, though a serious monthly magazine, in the number published after his death, began its first page with that shallow and hopeless lie.

Human nature was once simian, once amphibian, once much lower still. The ridiculous assertion which many of us still believe—and quote, as if it were wisdom—is historically coeval with the ridiculous chronology of Archbishop Usher. If man was indeed created, as a learned divine has calculated, at nine in the morning, on the twenty-first of October, in the year 4004 B.C., then certainly we cannot demonstrate much alteration in human nature during the past six thousand years. But that has gone the way of all myths, and has been replaced by a gospel of hope: hope not merely for the individual but for the race. And it is because human nature is responsible for humanity's greatest evils, and because I know that human nature is ever climbing "the world's great altars, that slope through darkness up to God," that I believe Count Tolstoi—who despises and denies Evolution and its exponents—to be wrong. I give you the one artist that, so far, has discovered Evolution:—

Red of the Dawn!

Is it turning a fainter red? so be it, but when shall we
The Ghost of the Brute that is walking and haunting us lay
yet, and be free?

In a hundred, a thousand winters?

Ah, what will our children be,

The men of a hundred thousand, a million summers away.

If life is not worth living to-day, it will be *then*: so we welcome the babies, Tolstoi notwithstanding.

C. W. SALEEBY.

The Provost of Trinity College

DEATH has been busy of late with the most eminent of Irish intellects. Yesterday it was Lecky, to-day it is Dr. Salmon. But though the former, in spite of an eminently retiring disposition, had a much more familiar reputation among the general public, the latter is a far greater loss to the internal intellectual life of Ireland and particularly of the Irish capital. Dr. Salmon's was one of those great academic figures whose greatness is infinitely more than academic. As Provost of Trinity College he dominated his colleagues as admittedly, and was in himself as truly the essence of the institution over which he presided, as the late Master of Balliol was the foremost figure in the Oxford of his day. But the power of Dr. Salmon's masterful, yet singularly winning, personality was exhibited in a larger world, and won a wider conquest. He was not merely a profound master and teacher in the two dissimilar sciences to which he contributed, respectively, his "Geometry of Three Dimensions" and his "Historical Introduction to the New Testament." He was also a great man of affairs. The same gifts of strength, sagacity and humour which enabled him

to rule the smaller world of Trinity College with an authority which has never been surpassed and a popularity which has never been equalled, made Dr. Salmon, quite apart from the splendid service of his theological writings, the foremost Irish churchman of his day. It was the same in the world of Dublin society. No one could have expected of a man who had lived almost up to his seventieth year the life of a scholar and a student, that on assuming the headship of the college he would exhibit not only the qualities of a successful ruler, but those of a brilliant conversationalist, a delightful after-dinner speaker, and the most charming of hosts. Yet such was the verdict unanimously passed when, in 1891, it fell to Dr. Salmon's lot to take the lead as Provost in the festivities which celebrated the Tercentenary of the University of Dublin. And such was the position which he enjoyed, without seeking it, in the far from homogeneous society of Dublin. Yet to all these qualities were united the strongest of wills, the most steadfast principle, and the most unflinching courage. Dean Bernard, in his admirable appreciation from the pulpit of St. Patrick's on Sunday last, most happily illustrated his controversial vigour when he applied to the Provost what Goldsmith said of Dr. Johnson: "If his pistol missed fire, he knocked you down with the butt of it."

In even so brief a notice as this it is not inappropriate to the pages of a literary journal to note that among the chief of Dr. Salmon's relaxations was an insatiable delight in novel-reading. Few men have had so wide or so familiar an acquaintance with English fiction. While his chief allegiance was given to the older novelists of the last century, especially to Scott and to Miss Austen, he had an unusual familiarity with the earlier Victorian novelists of the second rank. Among these Anthony Trollope was a special favourite.

Dramatic Notes

CHARLES LAMB complained that artificial comedy had been killed by sentimental comedy, and we of the present day may add our complaint that it has not been resuscitated. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is a writer who might, as he would, render the stage this service, for a service it would be, but he is fatally tainted with the sad seriousness of to-day and will not dare to let his genuine gifts have free play. A notable example of his fearfulness is the new comedy at the Haymarket Theatre "Joseph Entangled," in the third act of which he has introduced that good character, that single gush of moral feeling, that revulsion of the judgment to actual life and actual duties, at which Lamb points the critical finger of scorn as ruinous to artificial comedy. It is the real pump and the real water, which in its surroundings not only is unreal itself but upsets the balance of the play.

The first two acts of "Joseph Entangled" are quite first rate artificial comedy; the dialogue is witty and amusing, the characters well drawn, the situations well devised. Lady Verona Mayne, a highly irresponsible person, and Sir Joseph Lacy, a light-hearted lady-killer, are accidentally led into a compromising situation, from which quite logically arise a series of entanglements which we watch with glee, for never for one moment do we take them or the characters of the comedy as *real*. Then in the fatal third act, Mr. Jones sounds the jarring note of reality, he appeals to our sentiment and to our morals, the house of cards collapses, and the play, becoming drama, stinks in our nostrils. The pity and the needlessness of it! Mr. Jones might have continued on his merry way to our great contentment, for he was under no compulsion to adopt the plan he has followed, the third act might have been as artificial as those preceding, and the husband of Lady Verona as high a comedy character as the husband

of Lady Teazle. In fact Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has come very near to giving us a present day "School for Scandal," so near as to make me, for one, bitterly regret that he has fallen at the last fence.

I HAVE said that the characters of "Joseph Entangled" are well drawn; indeed they compare favourably with the very high standard he has set himself in those brilliant comedies "The Crusaders" and "The Liars." Sir Joseph Mayne is the entertaining modern counterpart of Joseph Surface, Lady Verona a metropolitan twentieth-century Lady Teazle, Jermyn Pyecroft a *flâneur*, with a slightly too disagreeable cynicism, Professor Tofield an amusing caricature of a philosopher who overstrains his philosophy when he applies it to everyday affairs, and the two servants, Knapman and his wife, are splendid creations. The actors, one and all, with the single exception of Mr. Herbert Waring, whose failure was no fault of his, gave us a fine example of modern comedy-acting at its best. Even where everyone was so good it may be permitted me to praise especially Mr. Frederick Volpé and Mrs. Charles Calvert: as the two above-named servants they created two characters which will linger long in the memory and in which they sink their own individualities so entirely that we remember the characters not the players.

CAPTAIN ROBERT MARSHALL'S "The Duke of Killicrankie" is founded upon a central idea strong enough for a one-act farce, but not so for a three-act farcical romance. Remembering with pleasure the same writer's "His Excellency The Governor," "A Royal Family" and "The Second in Command," I watched, and came away from "The Duke of Killicrankie" with a sense of disappointment. Captain Marshall has certainly not done himself justice in his latest production; the first and third acts are mere talk and that none of his best, the intermediate act has some action, utterly improbable and not touched with that whimsical fancy which this writer has led us to expect from him. Such a piece as this can only be saved from failure by brilliant dialogue; unhappily this has not been provided. Rudeness is not witty; we do not want blows from a bludgeon, but thrusts from a rapier. Two ladies, social antagonists, are brought together at the table of the Duke, and they indulge in a royal battle of words, which, but for their costumes, would appear to be a "slanging match" between fishwives; the claws of cats without the soft furry sheaths. Captain Marshall can do so much better than this that it is our duty to speak plainly and ask him to give us of his best. The acting as a whole was neither finished nor persuasive, with the exception of Miss Eva Moore, whose performance was excellently pretty.

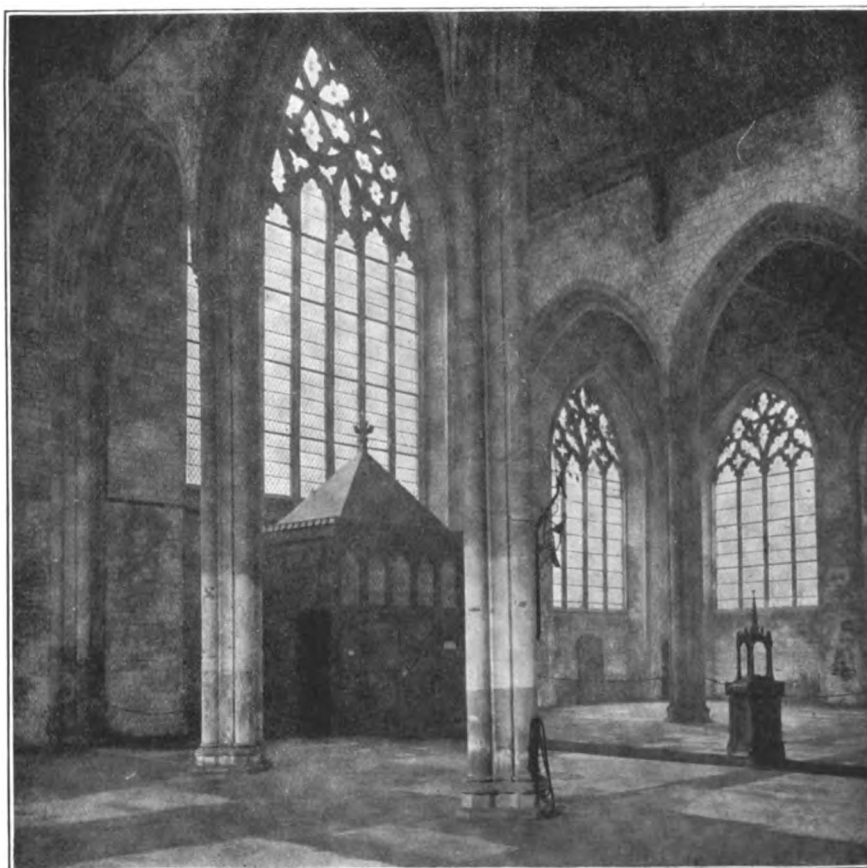
TO-MORROW (Sunday) Mr. J. H. Leigh will lecture the playgoers upon "Reading versus Acting." This club is doing good service to the stage by its discussions, and there is surely some hope for

the future of the drama when dramatic art is seriously discussed by playgoers?

A NEW comedy by Franz von Schöthan, "Maria Theresa," won the approval of the audience at the Berliner Theatre, Berlin.

GUTZKOW'S "Uriel Acosta" has been revived at the Schiller Theatre, Berlin. Forty years ago—the play was written in 1846—it aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the playgoing public, but to-day its influence is less strong, and the success of the revival is mainly due to the admirable acting. Still, it is a moving story and technically an excellently constructed drama. Some few years ago it was rumoured that Mr. Beerbohm Tree intended to produce it, and doubtless he would give us striking pictures of 17th century Amsterdam and its Jewish Synagogue, and find in the martyred hero a part exactly to his taste.

THE new "musical comedy" for Daly's Theatre, to replace "The Country Girl," which ends this week, is in active rehearsal, and will probably appear about the end of February. The authors and composers are the same as that of the piece just ending. The part of the Baboo lawyer, Chambhuddy Ram, taken by Mr. Huntley Wright, has been revised by "F. Anstey," the creator of Jaggerjee, while Mr. Rutland Barrington is appropriately massive



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON: THE DUTCH CHURCH, AUSTIN FRIARS

[Photo. Booker and Sullivan, Chancery Lane.]

and dignified as a Kandyan noble, Boobhamba by name. Native festivities are to be a striking feature of the second act.

Musical Notes

A BODY which ought to be better known, and whose labours ought to be more actively supported, is the Folk Song Society, concerning which I notice some correspondence in a contemporary. As Mr. Fuller Maitland observed at the second of his interesting lectures at the Royal Institution last week, it becomes yearly more imperative for the old tunes scattered about the country to be collected and noted down if they are not to be lost or changed beyond recognition, and this is the work to which the Society in question addresses itself. Unfortunately, while several hundreds of beautiful old songs have been rescued, want of funds has so far prevented their publication. This should not be. Perhaps, on the other hand, the Society, whose vice-presidents are Sir Hubert Parry, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, and Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, might push its claims a little more energetically with advantage. Many readers of *THE ACADEMY* would, I am confident, be glad to further such an excellent cause if put in the way of doing so.

It is not very clear why the Hallé band should be brought from Manchester to play at the Elgar Festival at Covent Garden in March next. If Manchester were to give a festival and the Queen's Hall band were to be sent there for that purpose, Manchester folk would be the first to exclaim at such an arrangement—and rightly. The Hallé band is a very good one, but no one can pretend that it is superior to orchestras which we possess in London; wherefore its importation in the manner proposed seems quite unnecessary. It is true, of course, that Dr. Richter is to conduct, which is doubtless the explanation of the arrangement; but this will hardly mitigate the natural soreness of London orchestral players which is likely to be engendered over the matter. But perhaps after all London has largely herself to blame. Our neglect of Elgar has been Manchester's opportunity, and this is one of the results. The Hallé band and the Hallé chorus know their Elgar; London instrumentalists and singers do not.

It must be agreed, however, that the forthcoming festival will do much to redeem London's reputation in this regard. Perhaps, indeed, no other composer has ever been the subject of quite such a remarkable tribute as that which this festival, organised by Mr. Schulz-Curtius and the Grand Opera Syndicate, will constitute, and it will be highly interesting to note the amount of support which it secures. In a way it was an odd sort of venture for the syndicate to embark on, since neither "The Dream of Gerontius" nor "The Apostles" can be reckoned a work exactly in their line, or as calculated to make any very particular appeal to their supporters. None the less, it is apparently assumed, judging from the scale of charges, that the fashionables will cheerfully flock to the festival (as a kind of solemn prelude, perhaps, to the brighter glories of the season proper), and I sincerely hope that they will. For musicians the production of Dr. Elgar's first symphony seems likely to prove the most interesting feature of the festival.

As to the opera season proper, many will be disappointed to learn that no "Ring" cycles are to be given this year. But doubtless we may look for single representations of "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried," as usual, while compensation is promised also in a series of special performances under Richter which may well prove even more interesting than a repetition of the "Ring." Performances of "Die Meistersinger" and "Tristan" under Richter would, for instance, be well worth hearing, while if a little extra

attention could be given also to Mozart, even if we do not actually get to the length of that long-delayed "Mozart Cycle," this would be matter also for satisfaction.

THE Eolian Hall, opened last week, constitutes an acceptable addition to London's smaller concert rooms. It will not serve to take the place of St. James's Hall, when the building goes (if it ever does) its threatened way, but it is of a size admirably adapted to recitals and less important concerts, and since it is also conveniently situated, and has, moreover, been most tastefully decorated and equipped, it may be expected to become very popular. The room holds 400, and is thus of about the same size as the Bechstein Hall. At the concert with which it was opened Miss Parkina, Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies and Mr. Johannes Wolff had no difficulty in showing that its acoustic properties are excellent, while Mr. Max Schulz excited general admiration by his deft manipulation of the pianola.

Has the modern orchestra yet reached its limits? Or must it see the addition of still further instruments? Such was the subject of a recent interesting discussion in the columns of a contemporary. The conclusion came to was, I think, that nothing like finality in this matter has yet been reached, which in view of past experience and present tendencies certainly seems reasonable, even though it must become more difficult than ever to give orchestral concerts at a profit if their bands are thus to be continually increased in size. Even as it is the works of the more modern masters, including in this term Richard Wagner as well as Richard Strauss, can seldom be given precisely in the manner intended.

PERHAPS composers of the future will find a way out by resorting rather to a greater variety than to a greater number of instruments. In which event they might gain ideas perhaps from some of those ancient instruments of Hawaii, of which current report tells in connection with an orchestra in formation at Honolulu. The *ahu*, or nose flute, for instance, described as possessing (perhaps mercifully) a compass of something less than an octave, suggests infinite possibilities in the hands of, say, Richard Strauss, while the *kilu*, to the construction of which it seems a coconut is essential, sounds like another instrument which might confidently be relied upon to do execution.

If Miss Paula Szalit, the new pianist, has any sense of humour she must have been considerably amused by the diverse judgments of two of her critics last week. Thus in the "Daily News" one found the usually hypercritical "E. A. B." rhapsodising as follows:—

She is mistress of her instrument in every respect; she understands its genius. As far as technique in the ordinary sense goes she has nothing to learn. . . . Her phrasing had the quality of inevitableness, which can never be the effect of the mediocre mind in music. . . . Miss Szalit has also the mind that grasps the inner meaning of the art; the spirituality that sees in it more than sensuous tonal beauty.

On the other hand hearken unto the judgment of the "Pall Mall Gazette":—

Miss Szalit attacked the work with a free sense of irresponsibility, and evidently was not distracted by any possible subtleties which might have existed in the intention of Beethoven. She played like an extremely clever school-girl.

It is only just, however, to Miss Szalit to add that the majority of her critics leaned much more to the "Daily News" than to the "Pall Mall Gazette" estimate of her powers. By almost universal consent she has been recognised as an artist of quite exceptional attainments.

Art Notes

THE appointment of Mr. Clausen, A.R.A., to the Professorship of Painting at the Royal Academy has already borne good fruit; and the attendance at his lectures, to say nothing of the sudden enthusiasm amongst the students and others to attend lectures on painting, and the space devoted to those lectures by the press must be a welcome change in that room where so much voluble cant has flowed. Now, at any rate, the student, hearing good talk, ceases to yawn; and it is good to read that Mr. Clausen's mention of Whistler roused thundering applause from the youngsters—a cheer which showed a good example to many an Academician. The Academicians who attended the lectures, however, as given by the press, seem to have been just the men that least required them—I should like to have seen, for instance—Ah! but there are so many immortals who want their art furbishing, and it seems invidious to name one or two. The advice to the students to study the old men, “but not too systematically and not as a task,” was excellent. I was glad to see Mr. Clausen daring to speak of an artist's *sentiment and poetry* in these days when scarcely a critic realises that there are such things, far less realises that they are the basic essence of art; indeed so far from realising it, do they not actually pride themselves on eliminating the essence out of art? Mr. Clausen's lecture on Titian, Rembrandt and Velasquez was most sound. I would only say that I think Whistler was quite as fine an etcher as Rembrandt in actual technique—indeed there are some etchings of Whistler's that it would be impossible to surpass in thrill and nervous feeling and in the emotional statement which is the essence of art. In his lecture on Lighting and Arrangement I was glad to see that Mr. Clausen dwelt strongly on the absolute need to put the general statement of the picture before perfection in the rendering of the details. No student can have this truth drilled into him too often—and still more into her. The general arrangement, (what for want of a better phrase we call in the studios the black and white of the thing,) enters into how few of the brains of such as write letters after their names on the official roll-call of art to-day! But when you get a man who sees the picture as a whole, men like Sargent and Whistler, Clausen himself, Edwin Abbey, Howard Pyle, Steinlen, Guthrie, how their work stands out and sets them into the rank of those that reach the best achievement of their time! Mr. Clausen, speaking of the development of Turner's artistic eye, praises his ever-increasing worship of light, his “growth of perception of the beauty of light.” That seems to me a rather canting and foolish phrase—surely he means *the emotion of light*! But we are all the slaves of cant, the most revolutionary of us, nay, did not even Swinburne get one of his most superb effects with a sublime use of cant in his sonnet to Cromwell—“the Enthroned republic, more kinglier than a king, spoke; and its voice was Cromwell”! Still, this misuse of the word beauty was all the more strange, coming from the man who, in his next lecture, stated that “*the expression of colour may be defined as the emotional side of art, the expression of form by drawing as the intellectual side.*” Here is a man at last, a remarkable artist, who sees that his art is not beauty but emotion—and it accounts for his pronounced mastery in the realm of colour. Year by year Clausen's grip upon colour has increased—year by year his gamut has become larger, the harmony more splendid, the music more resonant. When he speaks of colour being the emotional side of art, he of course only speaks of the art of painting. If the colour is not used to express the mood of the picture, it is at best but merest fireworks. But, whilst in a way, it is illuminating to that statement to say “as drawing is the intellectual side of art,” it would be

more proper to say “as drawing is the intellectual side of *painting*”; for drawing is just as much an emotional statement of life as is colour. The line of a Beardsley is absolutely musical, emotional, rhythmic—it transfers the emotion of Beardsley's art as definitely and as beautifully as any amount of colour could. Altogether the Academy is to be congratulated on its Professor of Painting, and in nothing more cordially than in that he has pointed the students' gaze to the fact that colour is the statement of human emotion and temperament, not a thing to be acquired by the use of academic line and plummet, that it is a personal statement, and that colour is not an actuality but an emotional statement, and relative in its values to the thing stated, not a mere copying of the colours of nature.

It is most sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Clausen will publish his lectures in book form and with good reproductions of his illustrations—say a book in quarto shape, and at a reasonable price. It would and should have a good influence in every art school throughout the country. I am judging before the series is finished; and I would suggest some reproductions from his own best work, and a few colour reproductions from his sketches. He requires editing, to prevent his own work being under-stated.

MR. ANDREW LANG in an article on “Art and Civilisation” in the “Morning Post” very rightly shows the wrongness of Dr. Grosse's theory that when a barbaric people are in the hunting stage they produce finer art than when they settle down into the agricultural and more civilised stage. As a matter of fact, no section of the community has worse taste all round, no section of the community has produced less really good art than the sportsman. It is a strange and curious fact that the men who live the out-of-door life, who see Nature in her most exquisite moods, should be the most indifferent observers and recorders of her moods, whilst a Turner comes out of a barber's dingy house in a shabby London street and creates masterpiece after masterpiece of colour—to be laughed at by the sportsman—when the said sportsman does not gaze at it in dumb bewilderment.

THE foundation stone of the cathedral of Liverpool is to be laid this summer; and the city is to be congratulated on the architects whom she has chosen to create the masterpiece. The Cathedral Committee chose Mr. Bodley, R.A., and Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., as Advisory Architects, who, out of the competitors, selected five men for the final competition—Messrs. Austin and Paley, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Gilbert Scott, Mr. Malcolm Stark and Mr. Tapper; and from the resulting competition Mr. Gilbert Scott came out triumphantly with the “best design and finest conception” as to the cathedral's “real effect,” “the dimensions and proportions of its different parts,” “its practical aspect,” its “fine and noble proportion combined with an evident knowledge of detail,” and above all in his grip of “that power combined with beauty that makes a great and noble building.” The Committee thereupon appointed Mr. Bodley, R.A., and Mr. Gilbert Scott to be the joint architects of the new cathedral, thus securing the experience of the greatest modern exponent of Gothic architecture and the brilliant talents of Mr. Scott. And I am bound to say that, judging by the sketches in the pamphlet issued by the Committee, the judgment of the cathedral experts is likely to be well rewarded.

EVERY vessel that beats up the Mersey will see arising from the midst of the city, high above its topmost habitation, a vast cathedral, the two mighty towers of

which will stand sentinel over the great water-gate of England; for there is to be built upon the hill that dominates the city a mighty and imposing edifice whose great height and lofty transepts will make it stand out with majestic symbolism above the everyday life of her busy thoroughfares. It is full time that so splendid a city as Liverpool should be crowned with the emblem of her spiritual life. And from the designs it would almost seem as though she were about to come into possession of a lofty edifice that will have as glorious a site as Durham Cathedral, and much of the massive grandeur of that great cathedral that is the pride and the glory of Paris.

MR. M. H. SPIELMANN delivered an address at the London Institution the other evening on "British Sculpture of To-day"—a sound, sensible estimate of the modern school. It is sincerely to be hoped that he will publish it, with full illustrations from his slides. But there is one part of it in particular which I should like to see in the possession of the public; and I think Mr. Spielmann owes it to us all to publish it, with its illustrations—his description of the Queen Victoria Memorial. It is useless to criticise the business when it is done; whilst criticism of the plans and designs might not only prevent blunders, but is often of the greatest value in the making, especially where a number of details have to be kept in dependent harmony the one on the other. At any rate, it is satisfactory to know from so good a judge as Mr. Spielmann that Mr. Brock's work is so excellent in the sketch state. I was glad to see also that Mr. Spielmann had done justice to Leighton's "Sluggard" and "Athlete struggling with a Python," two works in which the genius of Leighton almost reach its highest achievement.

MR. DERWENT WOOD is a sculptor who made his mark early by winning a travelling studentship out of the Academy schools; and he has now won in the competition for the marble statue of the great preacher Spurgeon. His torso of a woman at the International Society is a very exquisite and beautiful piece of work; and the rhythm of its line and form suffer nothing even in the presence of the master work of Rodin hard by.

THE Women's International Art Club, at the Grafton Galleries, shows some excellent examples of the achievement of woman in the arts of painting and of sculpture. Such vigorous strong work as Helène von Beekerath's "En Bretagne" would make its mark in any exhibition; and at the Grafton Gallery it stands out with remarkable power—the jesting, talking group about the table with the light of the lamp sending a warm glow over their bucolic faces, are painted with rare dash and power, and the whole mood and atmosphere of the event finely rendered. Miss Bethia Clarke's "The Watcher" is another good, well balanced piece of work. Miss Emmeline Halse's modelling in her small sculpture of "A Victim to Art" is full of character, a rare gift amongst women-artists, as well as being very beautifully rendered; and Miss Gwendolen Williams' marble of "Dawn," were it not for that dreadful tree-trunk, is a very exquisite study of a young girl in that difficult period of awkward beauty—the early teens. Miss Alice Robertson's "La Mère Marie," Miss Knapping's "The Bridge," Miss Garrido's "Household Cares," Miss Boughton-Leigh's "Barrington," Miss Gertrude Leese's "The Mother," stood out from amidst much good work; whilst Miss Labouchere's sketch "Perseus" was one of the finest pieces of colour in the whole place, even beside her own excellent "Le Petit Cour" and "Church Interior."

IMPORTANT Art exhibitions have been thrown open to the public in such numbers during the last week or two that I am putting off the survey of the details of two of them until next week; but I would just jot down for the art-lover's guidance meanwhile that the "International" at the New Gallery has added a couple of Whistlers to its strength; that Mr. Baillie, at Hereford Street, is showing work by Mr. Counard which no one should miss; that the Pastel Society is open at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours in Piccadilly; that Mr. Grosvenor Thomas has an exhibition at the Woodbury Gallery in Bond Street, as also has Mr. Elgood at the Fine Art Society's; and that the Hon. Walter James has a show of his work at the Ryder Gallery in Albemarle Street.

THE first number of the new art quarterly, "The Artist and Engraver," is out; and it will be interesting to see whether a magazine at such a high price will repay Messrs. Macmillan for their venture. Its claim upon our seven-and-sixpences is that it is a quarterly magazine of Original Work. And, high as the price may seem, it must be remembered that we get for our money, in number one, the work of A. Legros, a fine etching if somewhat weak; an example of C. H. Shannon, a dainty wood engraving; an original of Mr. Strang, in the shape of an engraving on copper which is studiously clumsy in the modelling, yet a fine thing; an example of Joseph Pennell in the shape of an excellent lithograph full of airiness and movement and breeziness; and an etching by D. Y. Cameron in his markedly individual style. No man can call this expensive fare for seven shillings and sixpence, yet the price is undoubtedly a high price, and I doubt if Messrs. Macmillan will find the effort a paying one. However that may be, the portfolio contains some very beautiful work; and it has this claim to existence that it is original creative work and not reproductions in engraving from the paintings of others. The general effect left upon me, however (and I say this though I am an admirer of each of the men whose work appears), is a feeling that they have not given of their most characteristic work; and I think this is nearly always the case in such ventures. Mr. Pennell's work is the most characteristic; yet if Pennell had sent his superb "Segovia" from the International, for instance, how much more telling would have been his contribution. There is throughout, to me, a sense of thinness in the efforts of each contributor; and it is a relief to turn to one or two Gordon Craigs that lie about my room and breathe their strength and their enthusiasm—it is a change of artistic climate. Nevertheless a book of beautiful things is this new art magazine. Mr. Binyon's enthusiasm for original engraving as against mere reproductions from the paintings of others is founded on the more solid ground, since the engraving of reproductive work has now no reason for existence, for the photogravure can state the picture perhaps more accurately whilst it retains much of the velvety mezzotint quality.

University Extension

The Position of Oxford and Cambridge

UNTIL the reconstitution of the University of London in 1900 the University Extension Movement in London had been organised by a society founded in 1876, soon after the original idea of "extension" had taken root at Cambridge. Cambridge was the first to take up in a practical way suggestions originally put forth at the Oxford Commission of 1850. Oxford followed the example of the sister University and the extension work of the two Universities has since been carried on, at

Cambridge under a syndicate, at Oxford under a delegacy, both being the direct outcome of the University. Thus, until lately the extension work of the ancient universities had been on a different footing from that carried out in London. Now, however, it seems that London is going to become the centre of the movement, under the University of London, and such a development may be the ultimate means of binding together the various branches and making for that unity which is felt to be lacking at present.

But if London is to take up this position of central authority Oxford and Cambridge must not drop behind. Their work remains just as important. Without it they would lose much of their national character which the extension movement has done so much to recover.

Since 1876 the scope of the intellectual influence of both Oxford and Cambridge has become considerably widened. Successful courses of lectures have led to the foundation of permanent University Extension Colleges—at Exeter and Colchester for instance, and the growth of local colleges of university rank (colleges instituted entirely by private enterprise and munificence) in the large industrial towns cannot wholly be explained without some reference to the influence of university extension. The University Extension College at Reading was the first of its kind, and is now affiliated to Oxford University. So too is the University College at Sheffield.

But it is easy to see that the real work of university extension will not be effected by the formation of local colleges. The work in the smaller towns cannot have such an outcome, and indeed it is not wanted; neither is it the underlying idea of the movement, which primarily concerns those to whom, from a multitude of reasons, a university career is impossible. But that does not mean that there should be no other opportunity of benefiting from the methods and character of university teaching. There is a great deal to be done in the development of class-work as a necessary supplement to the lectures, and in the direction, too, of individual reading. The students attending the centres scattered over the kingdom must be made to feel that they are part of a scheme—that the organisation does not emanate from each separate town but from the universities themselves.

It will be interesting to watch if the recent stimulus given to the movement in London will have any echo in Oxford or Cambridge. For there is opening for much more to be done in the way of organisation. Apart from the "Summer Meetings" it can hardly be held that the extension movement is one of a general influence or that its *modus operandi* is any too widely known.

Correspondence

Clough and Tennyson

SIR,—With regard to the Clough and Tennyson parallel, I am inclined to think, for it is of course only possible to speak conjecturally, that Clough had heard the couplet in MS. and perhaps unconsciously echoed it. As you are aware, the sections of "In Memoriam" in which it occurs—indeed, it occurs twice, were written some years before they were published, and Tennyson was in the habit of reading the MS. sections to friends as they were composed. Among those friends were several who knew Clough, and Clough himself. I expect that is the solution of the problem.—Yours, &c.,
J. C. COLLINS.

"Shakespeare and Bacon"

SIR,—As a Baconian who has studied the "Shakespeare Problems" for many years, will you allow me a little space to answer Dr. Engel, whose book you reviewed recently.

You say: "Engel brings forward some new arguments to show how slight was Bacon's general culture." Against Engel's "new arguments" I place the "old argument" of Edmund Burke—

whose "arguments" were not made in Germany, like Engel's—when he asks, "Who is there that hearing the name of Bacon, does not instantly recognise everything of genius the most profound, of literature the most extensive, of discovery the most penetrating, of observation of human life the most distinguishing and refined?" No "culture" in Bacon! May I ask Dr. Engel where "the man of Stratford" got his "culture"? For, according to Dr. Engel, the London actor seems to have been the only man of "culture" of the Elizabethan age—had it been "agriculture," his verdict might have been allowed to pass without comment.

Then you say: "Nowhere does he [Bacon] mention the great English writers who were his contemporaries or forerunners. We hear nothing in his writings of Chaucer or Spenser, or Sidney, or More, or Achan, and as little of the great names of European literature—Dante or Petrarch, or Ariosto or Tasso." Where had he the opportunity of doing this in his works? Did Shakespeare refer to them in any of his plays? And if Shakespeare did not, why should Bacon be expected to do otherwise. Bacon and Shakespeare appear to have been so wrapped up in their own affairs that no other author had any interest for either of them.

Again you assert: "According to Engel, even his [Bacon's] claims as a man of science rest on slippery ground." This is absolute nonsense—even when given as the dictum of a German critic.

I would be sorry to appeal to Germany for an opinion of Bacon as a man of science. Dr. Engel says Bacon "borrowed his science." Can he inform me where he borrowed the science in the "Novum Organum" (section 36), of which Professor Fowler says: "This paragraph does great credit to Bacon's sagacity, and is one of those which give him a claim to be regarded as a pioneer of science. He ought to have the credit of having detached the conception of attraction from that of magnetism."

This opinion of Bacon as a man of science—an original man of science—is confirmed by Professor Tyndall, Professor Gardiner, Professor Playfair, Professor Adamson, Dean Church, Mr. Morley, and others, who are as competent judges as Dr. Engel, though they are not Germans.

In conclusion, I notice that you say: "Bacon was no poet is clear to all who read him . . . and Engel is probably right when he says that more poetry may be found in Bismarck's speeches and letters than in Bacon's works." The German who can find no poetry in Bacon's works needs an English education, and disagrees on this point with Shelley, Lord Lytton, Landor, Spedding, Taine, and others. Dr. Engel may know a lot about Shakespeare. He knows precious little, however, about Bacon, when he says Bacon borrowed his science and was not a poet.—I am, &c.,

GEORGE STRONACH.

Keats' Grecian Urn

SIR,—Let me drive yet another nail into Mr. L. P. Patten's coffin. Has he never seen the little wooden carvings of cows wrought for the summer tourists by the Swiss cowherds on their long winter evenings? I would undertake (for adequate consideration) to provide him with a thousand examples of heifers with necks outstretched and eyes raised to the zenith, "lowing at the skies," from the hands of these craftsmen familiar with bovine habits from their cradles.—Yours, &c.,

G. S. LAYARD.

An Error Corrected

SIR,—In the appreciative notice of the "Burlington Magazine," published in your issue of the 23rd inst., you pay me the compliment of identifying me with the well-known editor of "The Studio." In the interests of the "Burlington Magazine," I ought, perhaps, to leave the mistake uncorrected, but possibly Mr. Charles Holme might think differently. As I am not personally responsible either for my Christian name or my surname I can only hope that he will bear me no ill-will for their resemblance to his.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES JOHN HOLMES,

17 Berners Street, W.

(Managing Director of the
"Burlington Magazine" Limited.)

THE Directors of the London, City, and Midland Bank, in their half-yearly report just issued, declare a dividend at the rate of 19 per cent. After making provision for bad and doubtful debts and depreciation of consols, a balance of £118,319 12s. 9d. is carried forward. The paid-up capital is £3,000,000, with a reserve of equal amount.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music, and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and *briefly* in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

The prizes will consist of 5s. worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller as early as possible in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood, and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5s.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No Questions or Answers received after Monday will be considered eligible for the current week's competition.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE

"GLASTONBURY."—What justification is there for those writers who identify Glastonbury with "Insula Pomorum," and deduce from the last name the well-known Arthurian Avallon, or Avilion, through the Welsh *afal* = apple? William of Malmesbury is not a credible chronicler. Is it entirely to him that we owe the inception of this theory?—A. S. B.

COMMA.—When, and in what work, did the comma make its appearance?—W. P.

MARITAL LOVE.—Can any of your readers point to passages in Roman literature which give substantial evidence to the existence of a strong love, apart from mere affections, existing between man and wife?—M. T.

LITERARY GODFATHERS.—Recently there has been a notable increase in new editions of standard authors "introduced" by well-known critics. When did this custom first come into vogue, and is any writer generally credited with its initiation?—E. N. S.

* "HUMPHREY HOUR."—What is the explanation of the following dialogue between Richard III. and his mother, in Shakespeare's "Richard III., Act iv., Scene iv. :—

Duchess of York.—What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me in thy company?

Richard.—Faith none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

The folio of 1623 reads "Humphray Hower." The commentators do not get beyond the well-known expression of "dining with Duke Humphrey"; but it does not seem likely that Richard would have suggested that his mother would have left him in order to go without her breakfast; such a retort would lack point.—H. C.

"OHNE PHOSPHOR KEIN GEDANKE."—I believe this expression was used by Goethe. Can any of your readers inform me in which of his works it is to be found?—H. C.

RABELAIS.—Is there any key, in English, to the many cryptic allusions in the works of Rabelais?—H. D. B.

"PROSERPINA."—

"O, Proserpina!

For the flowers now that, frighted, thou let'st fall

From Dis's waggon!"

—Winter's Tale, Act iv., Sc. iii.

Can anyone tell me the exact source of this allusion? One knows the myth alluded to, but does anyone know if this is merely a poetic fancy, or what was Shakespeare's authority, and what the exact legend from which he took the idea of Proserpina's dropping the wreath of flowers as she was conveyed away?—C.

HISTORY

CALIGULA.—Can any reader help me to a reference about a dream of Caligula (or possibly some other Roman emperor) to the effect that "the sea came up and spoke to him"?—A. W.

WATERLOO.—An old book of reminiscences, "Sunterings in London," 1853, refers to "the famous house at the corner of Kink Street (St. James's Square), from the steps of which George IV., on the night of 20th June 1818, proclaimed the news of the victorious battle of Waterloo." Of course 1818 is a mistake, but is it on record that the King publicly proclaimed the victory? If so, what are the contemporary references? Curiously enough this corner house is only three doors from that in which Napoleon III. lived many years afterwards.—S. S. S. (Yeovil).

POPE'S NAMES.—Why do popes assume new names on coming to the papacy? Giovanni de' Medici became Leo X. and the present pope Pius X., though the former was not named Leo nor the latter Pius before becoming pope.—M. R.

MUSIO

AMBROSE AUSTIN.—An MS. I am editing alludes to this gentleman's "annuals"—meaning concerts at St. James's Hall or elsewhere. Query: geographical details.—W. H. C.

GENERAL

* "NOT FIT TO HOLD THE CANDLE TO HIM."—Is this a pure colloquialism, or can it be found in standard writers? In my own reading I have come across an incident which may throw light on the subject. "Being call'd into his Majesty's closet when Mr. Cooper, the rare dinner, was crayoning of the King's face and head, to make the stamps for the new mill'd money now contriving, I had the honour to hold the candle whilst it was doing, he choosing the night and candle-light for the better finding out the shadows." "The Diary of John Evelyn," January 1662.—Clericus.

"COUNTING-OUT" VERSE.—Can anyone tell me the origin of the children's "counting-out" rhyme—

"Ene, dena, diner, duse,
Cattler, weeler, wiler, wuss,
Spit, spot, must be done,
Twiddleum, twaddelum, twenty-one—
O-u-t spells "out"
Out goes He—"

—A. M. S. (Paddocke).

Answers

LITERATURE

* "LORDS OF HELL."—I would suggest that "Lords of Hell" is intended to be a translation of *di inferni*; but like most expressions of any worth it has other meanings and suggestions. Taken with its context the term signifies and includes any form of evil insidious and dominant in high places in defiance of sober opinion and right judgment elsewhere. Such evil could not flourish but that it is fed upon victims supplied by the base for gain; the large acceptance of the "philosophic mind" must not so confound good and evil as to encourage laxity because it is sometimes seen that past sin does not render generous goodness impossible. If it does so it is actually helping to sustain secret evil and weakening the total moral force which it is the "divine" mission of philosophy to strengthen.—S. C.

"SIR WALTER SCOTT'S GRAMMAR."—Whatever it may be, the phrase cited from "Peveril of the Peak" is not an "excruciating transatlanticism." "Between you and I" is very commonly used everywhere in Britain. It will be found scattered all over Dickens' works, and is twice used in a couple of consecutive sentences by the little lawyer in Chapter X. of "Pickwick."—H. R.

"RASSELAS."—The name "Rasselas" was probably taken from Lobo's "History of Abyssinia," from *Ras Sela* Christos, printed *Rassela* Christos, page 102.—N.

* "MUSIC AT THE CLOSE."—The original French poem is entitled "L'Agonie," and is by Sully-Prudhomme. Du Maurier translated only a part of this, which in the original runs to 48 lines. The poem appears in "Specimens of Modern French Verse," by H. E. Berthou, published by Macmillan. The French publisher is Lemerre, passage Choiseul, Paris. I wonder how these lines came to be ascribed to Madame Necker. Did she write a similar poem?—Young Hopeful.

QUOTATION FOUND:—

"When mankind shall be delivered
From the clash of magazines,
And the inkstand shall be smothered
Into countless smithereens:
When there stands a muzzled stripling
Mute, beside a muzzled bore:
When the Rucyards cease from kipling
And the Haggards Hide no more."

From J. K. Stephen's "Lapsus Calami" (1891 edition, page 3).—A. R. B.

[Similar replies received from A. M. E. Seeley (Torquay), M. L. B. (Malvern), M. S. (Oxford), F. (Cambridge), T. E. T. (Heaton), Sapsa, M. S. (Paddocke), W. H. C., M. A. O., and W. B. L.]

PROVERBS.—See King (W. F. H.), "Classical and Foreign Proverbs," 1887; Christy (H.), "Proverbs of all Ages," 2 vols., 1888; Middlemore (G.), "Proverbs in Various Languages," 1899; Webster (W. G.), "Quotations, Words and Proverbs rendered into English"; Webster's "International Dictionary."—F. (Cambridge).

PROVERBS.—See Isaac D'Israeli's "Philosophy of Proverbs." There are also the collections of Prose, Ray, and Fuller, and incidental treatment of much interest is to be found in the writings of Trench and the authors of "Guesses at Truth."—S. C.

PROVERBS.—The best book in English on the history and derivation of proverbs is "Proverb Lore," by F. E. Hulme (Elliot Stock, 1902). The origin of some English proverbs will also be found in Bohn's "Handbook of Proverbs," 1867, pages 197-225. See also "Sprichwörter der germanischen und romanischen Sprachen," by Rheinsburg-Duringsfeld (1872-75).—W. P.

PROVERBS.—Consult Archbishop R. C. Trench's "On the Lessons in Proverbs: Five Lectures," 1853, and "The Handbook of Proverbs" in Bohn's Antiquarian Library, 1840.—A. R. B.

GENERAL

"PARIS VAUT BIEN UNE MESSE."—Henry of Navarre—less conscientious than our James II., who lost three kingdoms for a mass—said "Paris is well worth a mass." Never a bigoted Huguenot, Henry IV. of France abjured the Protestant faith, and was solemnly received into the bosom of Holy Church on July 23, 1593, by the Archbishop of Bourges in the Abbey Church of St. Denis.—A. R. B.

[Replies also received from H. P. Humphry, A. H. W. F. (Cambridge), and Harmatopogon.]

"PANATONE" is not "prepared for Christmas only," at any rate in the Italian Lake district. It is a simple kind of currant loaf, and is eaten all the year round. Its derivation is from the Latin *panis*, through the Low-Latin, *panetarius* or *panatarius* (baker), and is akin to Italian, *panatillo* (a little loaf).—Harmatopogon.

"MALBROUK."—M. Forné, who says that this name, as applied to a kind of ape, "has completely disappeared from the French language, if it were ever in use," and "is quite unknown to-day," will find, in the "Nouveau Dictionnaire Encyclopédique" of Jules Troussot (Vol. III., s.e. "Guenon") the following:—Le genre guenon, dont le nom scientifique est *ceropitheque*, comprend une trentaine d'espèces, dont les principales sont: le talapoin, la mone, l'ascagne, le monstac, le grivet, le callitriche, le vervet, le malbrouk et le patas. Surely the loose general statement (it seems to be no more) of Cuvier's note on Pliny (H.N. VIII., 21, 30) cannot be the sole justification for this specific application of the name? But what did Cuvier say?—B. M. G.

PRIDGEE AND GENEALOGY.—References to all three surnames—"Dawkins," "Eyre" and "Plumptree"—will be found in "The Genealogist's Guide," by Dr. George W. Marshall (Rouge Croix), of which there has recently been a new edition.—A. R. B.

NOTE.—Further replies referring to "Mardy," "Maudy," and to the "Lives of the Saints" have been received from A. L. G. (Leek) and C. B. (Bristol). Also several inquiries which are inadmissible.

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the four booksellers whose names follow:—

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MESSRS. P. S. KING AND SON are issuing a catalogue of Parliamentary Papers, 1801-1900, with a few of earlier date, rightly believing that it will be of service to librarians and students. Parliamentary papers have always appealed to me, and surely to many others, as very often fascinating reading. It is not that their literary style is frequently of a high order of merit, but they present to us facts and not fancies, records and not rumours. And to the student of history, manners, economics, sociology, parliamentary publications are a gold mine of information of a character to be depended upon.

It may appear that this is an oft-told tale; it is; but a tale that has not had sufficient hearers as yet. These publications are too often looked upon as dry-as-dust, sometimes they are so, but not often; usually they are very much alive.

GLANCE, for instance, through the pages of this catalogue. I light upon the entry "Japan," and there find that in parliamentary papers of one kind and another, the political, social and economic history of the new Japan is written down for me. The same may be said of the numberless entries directly or indirectly applying to London of the last century; anyone setting about the writing of a history of that wonderful century of London's life will find abundant material here ready to his hand. There are two columns of entries under the heading "Copyright," dating



M. EUGÈNE BRIEUX

[Photo. Gilbert & Co., Paris.]

from 1843 to 1900. What of parliamentary papers—possibly including a bill—concerning copyright will this year of grace provide for us?

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN hopes to have ready for publication this spring, by Mr. John Murray, a novel which deals with country life on a lonely part of the English coast at a date some thirty years back. The book is named after the heroine, "Sabrina Warham."

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, whose life of Edward FitzGerald was reviewed in last week's ACADEMY, is engaged on a Life of Walter Pater, to form two volumes, and will be very glad to receive assistance from any who were privileged to know Mr. Pater.

AN effort is being made to complete the rebuilding of the church of Lower Brixham, Devon, which was commenced thirty years ago in memory of Henry Francis Lyte, its first vicar. £2,000 is still required to complete the work, and surely there should be no difficulty in collecting this sum from those who have found consolation in "Abide with Me," which was written by Lyte on the last evening he spent at Brixham. Donations should be sent to the Reverend Stewart Sim, The Vicarage, Lower Brixham, Devonshire, or per the Editor of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, East Harding Street, London, E.C.

WHILE it is impossible to agree with all the following passage quoted from an interesting article in "The Independent Review" on George Gissing, most of it can be accepted as true. "Gissing is usually called a realist and a pessimist. If idealism means the deliberate misrepresentation of life as being what the writer knows it not to be, Gissing is certainly no idealist: nor is he an optimist if those alone can claim that title who, through natural or acquired obliquity of vision, see the good always triumphing over evil. But if, having a firm conviction of what is noble and what is base, and holding fast a high conception of what human life might be, a writer with fine analysis, clear intuition, and undaunted fidelity paints the picture of life as he finds it, showing the true issues in the complex conflict of forces, he may at least claim the gratitude of those whom he has helped to a better understanding of themselves and their surroundings. This is what Gissing did; and London, above all, will remember him as her second great interpreter after Dickens. His works and Charles Booth's 'Enquiry' are our generation's contribution towards a fuller knowledge of the mysterious city: indeed, it is in the alembic of such brains as Gissing's that the 'subtler alchemy' is to be found which shall make the dead facts live."

THE destruction by fire on the 26th of last month of the Turin Library is an international loss; scholars will mourn the destruction of many valuable Latin MSS., including a palimpsest of Pliny's Natural History, and a splendid collection of Oriental MSS. As with the recent theatre fire in America, the disaster in Turin will probably raise doubts in many minds as to the safety of other public and private libraries. Books are not easy to burn, and if the buildings in which they are stored are reasonably fire-proof there need not be much risk. But are the buildings of, for examples, the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the Vatican reasonably fire-proof? Are due precautions taken against fire and proper provisions made for its rapid extinction if it should occur?

INDEED the Government would be doing good service if it were to appoint a properly qualified commission to enquire into the safety, as regards fire, of all our public

collections and to report upon the most reasonable course to pursue to ensure such safety. Probably, however, no such necessary precautions will be taken until a disaster has taught us that all is not as it should be. Had we a Ministry of Fine Arts the safety of our national museums, libraries and art galleries would come within its scope, as well as many other matters of public import and value. But, then, as a nation we do not care to spend money upon art or letters.

MR. CHURTON COLLINS' letter in our last issue, concerning the Clough and Tennyson parallel, throws no new light upon the difficult question of plagiarism, though it does lighten the particular difficulty in question. In truth, it is not so much matter for wonder that apparent plagiarism should occur as that it does not occur more often. Considering the vast amount of literary matter that is more or less assimilated between the days when reading comes upon a child as a new delight and the arrival at years of literary discretion, or indiscretion, and bearing in mind the vast number of quotations that are current in ordinary conversation, is it not unreasonable to expect that a writer should be able to avoid occasional repetition of phrases or ideas from the works of other authors? All that we have a right to blame is sustained, repeated borrowing of thoughts or sentences, or the unacknowledged pilfering of the results of other men's research. It speaks well for the honour of literary men that such blame is seldom called for.

IN response to the appeal made by the committee of the Max Müller Memorial Fund subscriptions have been received to the amount of £2,500. Professor Hubert von Herkomer, R.A., Honorary Fellow of All Souls' College, has, in addition to a contribution to the memorial fund, presented a portrait, painted by himself, of Professor Max Müller which has been hung in the hall of All Souls' College. Under these circumstances it was considered that there was no further need for a personal memorial and the funds raised will be applied, under a decree of Convocation, to the promotion of learning and research in all matters relating to the history and archaeology, the languages, literatures and religions of ancient India.

THE establishment of a Sociological Society in London, now announced, with the prospect of a Quarterly Journal, is to be welcomed on many grounds. It is part of an international movement tardy in reaching this country. In an initial pamphlet descriptive of the project to form an English society, it is pointed out that "in the last decade of the nineteenth century there was a very considerable development of interests and studies specifically sociological. It was a time of growth characterised by the customary symptoms both of expansion of studies and of co-ordination of them—the establishment of chairs, lectureships and institutions; the multiplication of literature (much of it, to be sure, calling itself sociological with little justification), and the founding of sociological journals. . . . In Great Britain, almost alone of leading nations, sociology is to-day unrepresented by any special institution or periodical of scientific studies, and our Universities stand in conspicuous isolation, whether on the implicit assumption that sociological studies are adequately pursued under some other title, or that means and men are needed we need not for the moment enquire."

THE aims of the Sociological Society are scientific, educational and practical. The society seeks to promote investigation and to advance education in the social sciences in their various aspects and applications. It aims

at affording a common ground on which workers from all fields and schools concerned with social phenomena may meet—geographer and naturalist, anthropologist and archaeologist, historian and economist, psychologist and moralist; as also physician and alienist, criminologist and jurist, hygienist and educationist, philanthropist and social reformer, politician and cleric.

AMONGST the executive committee of the new society are the names of E. W. Brabrook, C.B.; Dr. J. H. Bridges; Dr. C. M. Douglas, M.P.; Professor Geddes; Dr. A. C. Haddon, F.R.S.; Mr. L. T. Hobhouse; Dr. Scott Keltie; Mr. Benjamin Kidd; Mr. C. S. Loch; Mr. Graham Wallas and Mr. H. G. Wells. The gift of £1,000 by Mr. Martin White, to establish experimental courses in sociology in London, enables the University of London to take the lead in developing sociology as an academic study in this country. Extra-murally, however, two or three movements have been inaugurated. The first of these was in Edinburgh, which city, Dr. Charles Douglas remarked at the Sociological Conference in June last, "Professor Geddes has made a home of sociology." The other movement springs from the Social Education Committee of the Charity Organisation Society.

THE scheme of lectures under Mr. White's benefaction in London University began on Friday, February 5, with a course by Professor Geddes at the London School of Economics. Professor Geddes is also giving a course of ten lectures on General Sociology at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, in connection with the School of Sociology and Social Economics, the title assumed by the new organisation brought into existence this winter by the Social Education Committee of the Charity Organisation Society. On application to the Secretary of the Sociological Society, 5 Old Queen Street, Westminster, S.W., a pamphlet may be obtained, giving a detailed account of the origin, purpose, programme and constitution of the society, and a full report of the speeches at the conference.

STRONG support to views recently expressed in this journal is given in Mr. William Watson's article on "The State Discouragement of Literature" in "The Fortnightly," from which I quote some passages. The writer says: "To the vast majority of the people the most real and abiding glories of our country are virtually non-existent. To the vast majority of the people the very names of all but two or three, at most, of the supreme masters of our language—the two or three of world-wide acceptance and honour—are unknown. The phenomenon of so huge an illiteracy, at once too palpable to escape us and too familiar to surprise, is a remarkable one." And, "The country is hugely illiterate; the country is not incurably illiterate; the country needs a cure for its huge illiteracy." "Literature is, after all, the most usual gateway by which the whole house of knowledge is approached. Ignorance of it is apt to connote ignorance of much else, which every citizen might profitably know. Indifference to it is apt to connote indifference to most things that are momentous." "If foreign nations are anywhere outpacing us, they are outpacing us by dint of qualities which, in homely phrase, have less to do with the length of a man's legs than with the length of his head. To amplify the mental prospect of the multitude is to vivify their whole existence, with results favourable to effective citizenship and of good omen for the commonwealth. But ignorance of all the larger thoughts of the world will in the end weaken the stroke of the hammer and dull the edge of the blade."

MR. WATSON believes that the neglect of the State in the conferring of honours upon literary men has to some extent, at any rate, been the cause of the apathy with which the general public regards literature, but here I cannot agree with him. The general public does not admire fine art or fine music because honours have been showered upon artists and musicians, nor is the popularity of the theatre dependent upon the knighthoods conferred upon eminent actors. The root of the evil is far deeper than this, and the cure rests, I believe, with those responsible for the education of the people.

THERE are other interesting articles in this strikingly good number of "The Fortnightly": a sane appreciation of George Gissing by Mr. Arthur Waugh, a paper on Eugène Sue by Mr. Francis Gribble, and a poem which is mistakenly said to be unpublished before, by Edgar Allan Poe, with a note by Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace. Here are four of the sixteen lines:—

In a solemn night of summer, when my heart of gloom,
Blossomed up to greet the comer, like a rose in bloom,
All foreboding that distressed me, I forgot as joy caressed
me,
Lying joy that caught and pressed me, in the arms of
doom.

The lines ring something like Poe, but the evidence that they are his is wanting; in fact it is certain they are not from him. The poem was printed in a morning paper some years ago. Perhaps some of my correspondents can throw light further on the matter!

THE first number of "The Extensionist," the record of the Central Association of University Extension Students, is published this week, and contains much matter of interest to all concerned in the welfare of University Extension work. Included in the contents are the papers read at the inaugural meeting of the Association by Dr. R. D. Roberts, Dr. Emil Reich, Dr. J. Holland Rose and Major Martin Hume. "The Extensionist" is published at the office of the Association, 7 Pall Mall, London, S.W.

THE "Monthly Review" (Murray) contains an interesting article upon Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, by the Hon. Emily Lawless, from which a quotation will surely be forgiven: "His schoolboy life is said to have been a not particularly happy one. For games or sport he had at no time any affinity, and it is easy to understand that the rough ways of ordinary schoolboys would have been a small purgatory to a nature so inveterately gentle and sensitive as his must always have been. At college, on the other hand—where it may amuse his readers to know that his address was '13 Botany Bay'—he quickly contracted a number of friendships, nearly all of which remained an integral part of his life ever afterwards. Upon this account, and still more because it was there that his own great powers first revealed themselves, to himself no less than to others, this period of his life was evidently a thoroughly enjoyable one. He became a member of the Historical Society, whose coveted gold medal for oratory he obtained in the first year of his joining it. The effect produced upon that society by the sudden emergence of their tall, shy, and hitherto inveterately taciturn member, has been well described recently by one of his own contemporaries: 'He spoke, much as he spoke all through his life, with an extraordinary wealth of language, and a marvellous affluence of illustration. . . . And he spoke—one could see—with the strong conviction that he was saying what he believed to be right, and what he held to be true.' Such a success, Lord Ashbourne goes on to say, he had

never known in the whole course of his long connection with the society."

"DICKENS AND HIS ILLUSTRATORS," an excellent brochure by Mr. F. G. Kitton (Dickens Fellowship Publications, No. 2, Second Edition, 2d.), calls to mind the often debated and very debatable point—whether readers do or do not appreciate illustrations in their favourite works of fiction. The truth seems to be that sometimes they are acceptable, sometimes not so. Who would wish away the original illustrations to "Pickwick" or "Vanity Fair"? They have established for ever the outward forms of the characters in those works. On the other hand, there must be not a few who prefer, say, Fielding and Miss Austen unillustrated; all of us have formed our own conceptions of the various characters, we all have our mental pictures of Sophia and Emma, and do not desire to have them tampered with. Nor do most of us appreciate the new views of old friends given us by the successors of Cruikshank and "Phiz."

An interesting collection might be made of passages from works of fiction, dealing with various aspects of the streets and life of London. The field is wide from which to glean—Fielding, Richardson, Scott, Beaconsfield, Thackeray, Dickens, Gissing, Morrison, Borrow—to name but some of the many. Well done, and well illustrated, such a book would be a delight to those of us who live in the fascination of London town.

"DICKENS AND THE DOVER ROAD" is the subject of a well-illustrated article by Mr. Walter Dexter in the February number of "Cassell's Magazine." How many places in our country owe the greater part of their interest to their connection with characters that never lived in the flesh.

Such local publications as "The Wimbledon and Merton Annual" can justly claim to possess more than merely local interest when they contain such excellent contributions as "Eagle House" by Mr. T. G. Jackson, R.A., "Nelson's Home at Merton" by Professor J. K. Laughton, and "King's College School" by Professor J. W. Hales. There are other interesting contributions and many appropriate illustrations. The annual is published by Messrs. Edwin Trim & Co., Wimbledon.

THAT very useful annual, "Hazell," is now more useful than ever, in that it possesses an index, which certainly renders it easier to find the exact detail of information sought for. One sometimes marvels how our grandsires kept in touch with the events of their days without "Hazell" or "Whitaker."

THE Anglo-Russian Literary Society announces some interesting lectures, notably the following: March 1, "Manchuria," by A. Hall-Hall; April 5, "Twenty-five Years in Russia," by W. Barnes Steveni; May 3, "A Servian Hero of the Olden Time," by Malcolm Burr; June 7, "The Pamirs," by Captain H. E. Raymond; and July 5, "A Russian Howard," by Mrs. S. Howe.

Bibliographical

Now that definite announcement is made of the imminent production at the Imperial of Mr. John Davidson's version of "Ruy Blas," we may expect that there will be demands on the part of many unlettered playgoers for those English translations

of Hugo's drama which are already in existence. These are not so numerous as might have been supposed. In fact, I know of two only that are easily obtainable by the English reader. One of these was contributed by Mrs. Newton Crosland to the volume of "Dramatic Works of Victor Hugo" published by Messrs. Bell in 1887. This forms part of Bohn's Standard Library, and is, I presume, in print. The other version, also in verse, by W. D. S. Alexander, was published in 1890. "Ruy Blas," it may be as well to point out, does not figure in the "Select Poems and Tragedies by Victor Hugo" included in 1890 in the Minerva Library (Messrs. Ward and Lock). I presume, however, a version of it appears in the edition of Hugo's dramas, "fully translated" by I. G. Burnham, the publication of which began at Philadelphia in 1895. An adaptation of "Ruy Blas," in verse, by E. O'Rourke, is in Lacy's series of acting dramas, in which there is also a prose adaptation by Charles Webb. It will be remembered that Marchetti's opera of "Ruy Blas" was produced in England eighteen years ago, with an English libretto from the pen of Mr. W. Grist. There has been more than one travesty of "Ruy Blas." Hugo's own countryman, Hanotelle, burlesqued it in "Le Sixième Acte de Ruy Blas." In England we have had the "Ruy Blas Righted" of Robert Reece and the "Ruy Blas, or the Blasé Roué" of Fred Leslie, the actor.

I had occasion the other day to consult the two volumes which contain the Poems and Essays of William Caldwell Roscoe. These were issued in 1860, and excited much interest at the time among all students of the belles-lettres. So recently as 1891, Miss E. M. Roscoe re-issued her father's Poems, with a few hitherto unpublished additions; a very welcome volume it was. I wonder if a public could now be found for a re-issue of the Essays? I should like especially to see a reprint of the papers on Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Browning, Samuel Rogers, Tom Moore, Gray, Crabbe, Defoe, Thackeray, the Brontës and Bulwer Lytton. There are comparatively few critical estimates extant of Rogers, Moore and Bulwer. As a young man I found Roscoe very stimulating, and I should think he would have the same effect upon the young readers of to-day. It will be observed that the Essays are now outside the radius of copyright.

Persons with plenty of leisure might do worse than devote a few hours to the verse published by Clough's colleague in the production of "Ambarvalia" (1849). Mr. Miles, in his appendix to an appendix in the tenth volume of "The Poets and the Poetry of the Century," gives that colleague's name as Burbidge; it was, of course, Burbidge. He makes mention of Burbidge's volume of "Poems Longer and Shorter" (1838). There was also a verse-volume by Burbidge called "Hours and Days" (1851)—a title which recalls that of Frederick Tennyson's "Days and Hours" (1854). Mr. Miles accords only a few lines to Burbidge, from whom nothing is quoted, though I think he ought to be represented, however slightly, in every anthology of nineteenth-century verse.

The advertisement of a volume on Matthew Arnold and his influence on his time suggests that that influence has been greater than is generally allowed. We have already had two books devoted to the subject: "Matthew Arnold: the Message and Meaning of a Life," by T. W. M. Lund (1888), and "Matthew Arnold and the Spirit of the Age" by Greenhough White (1898). There is also a section on Arnold in R. A. Watson's "Gospels of Yesterday" (1888). The short essays on the topic are, of course, numerous.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

A Brilliant Historian

A HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLAND. By Herbert Paul. In five vols. Vols. I. and II. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net each vol.)

MR. PAUL regards our era of modernity as having begun about 1846. At that time the life of England was beginning to change in many ways. Although far from being established, "Free Trade" had been arranged for. Stage coaches were being displaced by railway trains. Inventors were about to become active and successful in a measure quite unprecedented. Reviving the best ideals of the Monarchy, Queen Victoria was restoring the State to self-respect. Also, Literature and the Church were waking. Was England really entering upon new courses? One feels that she was; yet it is not easy to define the notion. It is not the State that causes revolutionary enterprise in mechanical contrivances. Mechanical genius causes modifications, or revolutions, first in the fabric of society and then in the State by which society is sanctioned. Similarly, it is not to the State that a people ever owe the coming of an exemplary Sovereign. It is the rise of such a Sovereign that conditions the character of the State. Between Literature and Polity the relations are more obscure; but, even if we leave out of account the considerations discussed by Mr. Watson in the new number of the "Fortnightly Review," it is not easy to believe that Literature is influenced by Polity. Like Trade it has periods of decline; but these are independent of changes in the Constitution and the actions of Parliament.

Are we, then, to conclude that the neatness of Mr. Paul's beginning is more apparent than real? Is his choice arbitrary? It would be gratifying, in a way, to think so. A nation does not object to vicissitudes, which, indeed, are essential in a romantic or otherwise creditable history; but it likes the idea of continuity, the idea that there are centuries of unbroken tradition to its credit. Why not? The New Age, a phrase of which restless but ambitious mediocrities in all times are fond, expresses an aspiration which is either insincere or repulsive. To indifferent honest Philistines it is just as antipathetic as hymnology about the Green Hill Far Away and other chill or inhuman ideals. A quite new England would really mean the end of the old and the rise of another State with the same name. Patriots do not yearn to believe that this has happened. Mr. Paul, we imagine, is at one with them. He chose 1846 simply because, having to begin his history somewhere, that stage seemed better than any other. Wary persons may have observed that in hinting a doubt as to whether there was any breach of continuity in 1846 we have made no mention of what was achieved by the Anti-Corn-Law statesmen. There is no sophistry in the omission. The abolition of protective measures, or the institution of them, is exactly work of the sort to which Parliament is confined. It is not within the scope of this brief reflection. It is work of a kind that affects the life of the nation much less than in times of political strife we are apt to suppose. Let Mr. Paul himself bear witness. Concluding his masterly account of the Crimean War, he says: "Unprepared for a distant and offensive campaign as England was in 1854, the resources of the country proved more than equal to the trial. The real cause of the phenomenon is inherent in the British race." The partial repeal of Protection, over which the whole country had been previously excited for years, had nothing to do with the matter. It seems to be Race, rather than Legislation, that makes a State strong or weak.

Mr. Paul's remark just quoted is a good example of a remarkable power that glowingly distinguishes the first

two volumes of his History. Often in a single sentence he sets forth some great truth to define which less gifted writers would need pages. "A State which does not make Education its business will," he says, "forfeit its business to States which do." Again, Lord Palmerston thought that the Pope should not be allowed to re-enter Rome until he had promised to govern in a Constitutional way. "But," Mr. Paul remarks, "a Constitutional Pope is almost as unthinkable as a Constitutional God." After a summary of Louis Napoleon's doings before he reached the throne of France, we read, "It is the way with saviours of society to begin by taking other men's lives, to proceed by taking other men's goods, and to reserve the deprivation of other men's liberties for the last." Mr. Paul, it will be perceived, is a wit; and his wit is of a kind that has become rare. He does not manufacture epigrams in the manner of those who overdeck their pages with witticisms as a woman may overdeck herself with diamonds. His wit is unforced, spontaneous, springing out of the garden of intellect as in due season flowers spring from the tilled earth. In short, Mr. Paul is a very remarkable man. His style, the simple and straightforward style which looks so easy and is so difficult to acquire, is admirably adapted to his subject and is almost wholly free from slips. Then, his scholarship is nothing less than amazing. The annals of England from 1846 to 1865 are before us in these volumes as vividly, and almost with as much minuteness of detail, as if what we have been reading were merely a first-class descriptive and exegetical account of yesterday's proceedings in Parliament.

W. EARL HODGSON.

"Precursors"

HILL TOWNS OF ITALY. By Egerton R. Williams. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN his recent biography of W. W. Story, Mr. Henry James discoursed in suggestive fashion of the "Precursors," by which name he designated those Americans who were first to settle in Italy, drawn by intellectual or temperamental affinities, and who made the way easy for a later generation of confessed and self-condemned exiles. Those early enthusiasts, English as well as American, were possessed of a somewhat indiscriminate enjoyment foreign to our day—"Robert Browning and his illustrious wife burnt incense to Domenichino," observes Mr. James—and the freshness of their impressions made amends for lack of specialised and critical knowledge. "Hill Towns of Italy" may best be classified as a book which might have been written in the days of the Precursors, when foreign travel was in itself an adventure, and when the travellers yielded themselves with unabashed ardour to their experience. Perhaps Americans must always feel more keenly than others the impact of the ancient world which, to them, comes whole and sudden. Certainly Mr. Williams writes of his Italian wanderings with an exaltation and an awe which is somewhat out of date. His raptures are candid, not guiltless of exclamation marks; he cannot escape from the wonder of Italy's long-continued pageant of human life; most significant of all, he is not above quoting Byron at length.

It must not be supposed that "Hill Towns of Italy" consists merely of rhapsodies. The author has given no little study to his subject and has gone decidedly off the beaten track in his rambles across Etruria; his book would be a charming companion and guide for a summer spent in Tuscan and Umbrian towns. We read there not only of Perugia, Assisi and Siena, with their familiar treasures, but of such out-of-the-way eyries as Montefalco, which holds a few rare altar-pieces hidden away on its height.

On one occasion, indeed, Mr. Williams appears to have discovered an Etruscan city of his own, an almost needless achievement, since his delight in each newly-visited town is as intense as though it were newly discovered. In the course of the narrative we gain a fair amount of historical information concerning the past of the various cities, from the days of the Pelasgians to those of Victor Emmanuel, liberator of Italy. It must be confessed that some of Mr. Williams' historical generalisations are dangerously positive, considering that his studies do not appear to have been profound. His artistic appraisements are more to be trusted, though his taste evidently inclines towards the wistful tenderness of Perugino and his school, and his comments on Signorelli's "Last Judgment"—that amazing tragedy of naked souls—are painfully inadequate. In fact the entire chapter on Orvieto is unsatisfactory; the least adequate in the book. Perugia fares better at Mr. Williams' hands, and so does Siena, though the brief sketch of St. Catherine is unsympathetic to a degree, in marked contrast to the impassioned tribute to St. Francis, which takes up much of the space devoted to Assisi. After all, it would be impossible to indulge in minute historical or technical studies in the space which the author has allowed himself, and if he does not go deeply into such subjects, he is sensitively responsive to beauty alike of art and nature. His descriptions of those immemorial citadels holding guard above a country of vine and olive, riotous with the scarlet poppy, are full of the sense of colour, of the sense, too, of the shadows of the past. In the end the book leaves its reader little inclined to quarrel with its limitations, even with its absence of style, since that very lack contributes to its effect of spontaneity and sincerity. The illustrations add greatly to the charm of the volume.

DORA GREENWELL MCCHESENEY.

The Prologue-Play

THE SIN OF PRINCE ELADANE. A story of Early Britain told in Narrative, Dialogue, and Song. With an Introduction. By Oswald Crawford, C.M.G. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d.)

So far as we know, this volume is unique in this respect—that it contains two differently-constructed versions of the same story. Both versions are in blank verse and in dramatic form; but, in the case of that which comes first, there are three acts, the first two of which are each introduced by a long prologue from the lips of a single speaker; while, in the case of the second version, there are four acts and no prologues, the particulars supplied by the aforesaid speaker being put into the mouths of certain of the *dramatis personæ*. In other words, the second version conforms to the ordinary rules of dramatic composition, while in the first the author makes such use of his prologuist as Shakespeare makes of his Chorus in "Henry V." Both versions, it should be explained, have been written for perusal, not for representation in a theatre. "The judgment of the reader," says Mr. Crawford in his introduction, "is invited as to which is the preferable form of a play intended for the reader only, and as to whether this prologue-form of drama is not a legitimate literary mode, having certain advantages over other ways of telling the same story." We may say at once that, for our part, we see nothing illegitimate in the use of the prologue as preliminary narrative, whether the play be for the study or for the stage. There are, of course, sticklers for the "classic" form of drama, in which everything must be told as well as done by the actors therein, without any assistance from outside. Our own sympathies and judgment, however, go with Mr. Crawford, who, it should be noted, is as far as possible from being a revolutionist in theatrical matters. On the contrary, he is on the side of the conventions. He argues, quite truly, that absolute realism is impossible on the boards, and that, moreover,

when the real cab is presented side by side with the unreal lamp-post and curb-stone, the illusion is destroyed. The theatre being the home of artifice, everything in it should be artificial. That we take to be Mr. Crawford's main contention, though we dare say he would like the stage to get, like Caleb Plummer's toys, "as near to nature as it can for sixpence." Ibsen has shown us that it is possible so to contrive plays of modern and familiar life that they shall have the least possible measure of theatricality. With broad, romantic themes, such as that dealt with in "The Sin of Prince Eladane," the conditions are different and convention must be accepted. The reader, we have no hesitation in saying, is helped by Mr. Crawford's narrative prologues, which prepare him suitably for the dramatic action that follows. Very much the same principle has been adopted by Mr. Hardy in the construction of "The Dynasts," though with him the prologue usually takes the shape of a kind of choral dialogue.

LE DÉDALE. Pièce en cinq actes, en prose. Par Paul Hervieu. (Lemerre. 3 fr. 50 c.)

FRENCH novelists and dramatists are greatly attracted by the subject of divorce. Sometimes it is treated from a comic point of view, sometimes the novel or drama is a serious dissertation on the moral or legal aspect of the matter. It would not at first sight seem a subject that offered much variety of treatment. But so far as we are able to make out, the changes in the French divorce laws are so frequent that a middle-aged married woman in this play who tries to dissuade her daughter from seeking a divorce, describes the law as "une loi passagère qui n'existait pas encore lorsque je suis entrée en ménage avec lui [i.e., votre père], et qui n'existera peut-être déjà plus quand ton fils prendra femme." But despite the opportunity seemingly offered by such variations, most writers base their plots on the chances of reconciliation between the parties either just before or just after the proceedings in the Divorce Court. Hervieu treats the question from its most serious aspect—there is not a spark of wit or a touch of humour in the whole of the five acts—and endeavours to prove the futility of divorce where there is a child, because, he believes, a woman never entirely ceases to love the man who is the father of her child. It is not necessary to discuss here that particular view, but every thoughtful person feels that where there are children, divorce is nearly always undesirable. Yet with all its didactic intention, Hervieu's drama is little more than an ordinary "drame de passion." The persons who yield to their passions happen to have been divorced, and that is all. And the passion as portrayed by Hervieu lacks sincerity and inevitableness, it is of an ignoble kind, and not at all the "dæmonic power" of Turguéneff, "the fire which reck not if it burns comfortably on the hearth or destroys the whole house." With one exception, the nerves of all the persons in the play are the whole time strained to the uttermost, and from people in such an abnormal condition it is absurd to expect either sincerity or reasonableness.

Max de Pogis, the husband, is the guilty person, and Marianne, his wife, in her righteous anger insists on a divorce, which she obtains. Her mother, on religious and moral grounds, dislikes such proceedings, and frankly disapproves Marianne's second marriage with Guillaume de Breuil, auguring from it all sorts of evil. Max had before that married the lady who had been the cause of the rupture, but she died a year or two after; he had long repented the whole business, and now, a lonely widower, insisted on having his child with him half the year instead of the few weeks that had previously been arranged. To this Marianne feels bound to agree. The little boy goes to his father's country house, where he falls dangerously ill with diphtheria. The mother is sent for. The boy recovers, but not before over his sick bed love has once again sprung up in the hearts of the divorced husband and wife, and

overcome by memories of the past, the woman yields, and so becomes the mistress of her *quondam* husband. It is indeed a labyrinth. Not of those who can bring themselves to carry on an intrigue, Marianne confesses all to Guillaume, at the same time stating her determination to live in retirement with her child, and never to see again either of the men who loves her. But Guillaume is fiercely jealous, and his one idea is to kill Max. In successfully accomplishing the deed, he compasses his own death. The last act shows the most invention, and is the most dramatic. Marianne's unconsciousness of what is going on almost before her own eyes, her solicitude being entirely for her little boy, who, she fears, has stayed out too late in the meadows, lends pathos and poetry to what might easily have been melodrama.

Whatever Hervieu writes is literature. Ideas, deep thought, artistic expression and style are never wanting. Yet "Le Dédale" with all its qualities leaves us cold; neither in its tragedy and pathos nor in its literary power does it equal "L'Énigme."

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST AND THE GREAT LAKE REGION OF NORTH AMERICA. By Paul Fountain. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

WRITTEN primarily no doubt for the naturalist and sportsman, the book has the enthusiasm, unusual observation, and personal method which makes it at once a human document: with nothing of commonplace, indeed much of it almost a romance, not weighed down with scientific data, but with all the evidences of accuracy which carry weight.

The author, who has spent years in the vastnesses of the world, finds himself doubting much of what is called science, and his manner is sometimes intentionally aggressive. And if of wildernesses and great forests the author's keen observation and robust thought are often in conflict with accepted ideas, with museum authorities, and with naturalists of the arm chair, it is more than likely that when dealing with the human family his microscope will require some tactful adjustment.

The strong personal point of view of the author is the more remarkable when it is realised that the book records the observations of a young man of twenty, but the author hastens to say that the impressions made, and made honestly, thirty-seven years ago when he was a mere boy are firmly adhered to now. He speaks boldly on many matters, more or less controversial, but on no subject with more vehemence than of the lonely Indian and of the Hudson Bay Company. He holds that the company, like the twelve Hebrew spies of old, raised up deliberately an evil report of a goodly land; that their policy was selfish, if not absolutely dishonest; that they strove to keep a thirtieth part of the earth's surface a private hunting ground and for their own profit; and that they did not pay the trappers a fair price, &c. And as to the Indian, brutal and savage when on the war path he may be, and it cannot be denied; but there was provocation. The Indian is affable, hospitable, and the solitary white may wander from one end of the land to the other and be far safer than in some of "your rascally cities." The Indian is not a brute, not a savage, only he does not want civilisation. The author asks what is the feeling of those men who for countless ages have roamed about the desert, at seeing their hunting grounds seized by land-grabbers; at being turned out neck and crop, commanded to live as the white man lives, to worship the Great Spirit as the white man does or does not, and in the end simply to be wiped out? The author makes no apology for what some may regard as mere squeamishness. "I look upon the wanton destruction of trees as a crime, as I do on the useless and unnecessary destruction of animal life. To me it is an abomination for man to consider the natural productions of the earth as an encumbrance thereon . . . tens of thousands of

square miles of timber have been destroyed by fire . . . to clear the land . . . millionaires can be spared better than beans and deers."

The second half of the book is rather of people in the States. "The Yankee is an unqualified idiot over his womenfolk." He dislikes the Yankee boastfulness, their snobbery, their i-dollar-try: he speaks harshly of the improprieties of "husking bees" (a variety of "spelling bee"); and a chapter is given to "shakers and religious mummers." America, he says, was always the dust-heap to which all that was abominable in politics and religion has found its way.

This is amusing enough, but racial criticism is not always free from prejudice. As stated above, the microscope is seen to better advantage in the wilds of the Great North-West, with the free sky above and bears and wolves and foxes for subjects.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF LONDON. Edited by Richard Mudie-Smith. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

THIS handsome volume, amply furnished with maps and statistical tables, is the final development of the results of the late "Daily News" religious census. It constitutes a monument of journalistic enterprise, and a document of enduring value worthy to be set side by side with Mr. Charles Booth's heroic work. The figures have given *furieuse*ment *à penser* to divers well-known writers; and their essays on the facts they suggest are conceived for the most part in an admirable spirit of fairness and restraint, and sometimes with singular picturesqueness. One would wish that Mr. George Gissing might have lived to read the essay on the religion of South London contributed by Mr. Masterman, author of "From the Abyss."

In South London, the census shows, one man in six and one woman in five attend a place of worship at least once on a Sunday. Of these the greater part are not furnished by the poor. "In all central South London I have only seen the poor in bulk collected at two places of religious worship—Mr. Meakin's great hall in Bermondsey and St. George's Roman Catholic Cathedral." And this is for no want of energy on the part of the workers:—

If the works done in South London to-day, one is inclined to assert, had been done in Sodom and Gomorrah, they would have repented in sackcloth and ashes. To all this the great unknown multitude remains entirely unresponsive. So far as a conscious spiritual life is concerned the results seem almost negligible. The key to the heart of South London has not yet been found; its interminable streets and desert of crowded dwellings wait for some outpouring of the spirit as yet withholden; and against its amiable acquiescence and passive resistance to the exhortations, threatenings and promises of the churches all these energies beat themselves in vain.

Among the middle classes, "stretching in a kind of skeleton framework through the cities of labour," is found a survival of the Puritan element. It fills the great Baptist tabernacles. It is the residents in the suburbs that furnish the largest proportion of church attendance in any district in London. And it is remarkable that so far as members of the Established Church are concerned, a considerable progress of ritualism is marked. "Here, if anywhere, is to be found the ritualistic grocer whom Sir William Harcourt once challenged his ecclesiastical opponents to produce." Of larger interest is the general reflection that, in striking contrast with what is going on among other nations of Western Europe, the claims of religion are still acknowledged by the rich and governing classes, while they are altogether inoperative upon the lives of the poor.

Among other subjects admirably treated are The Problem of East London (Percy Alden), The Settlement Ideal (P. W. Wilson), and The Problem of West London (Arthur Sherwell). The Religious News Editor of the "Daily News" treats of Facts and Forces not Enumerated, and

"Lorna," of the "British Weekly," compares, with discouraging results, the present census with that which in 1886 was carried out by the latter paper.

The quietness and confidence of the writers is the more impressive by reason of the breadth of their outlook and their obvious determination to face the stubborn facts.

Fiction

MY FRIEND PROSPERO. By Henry Harland, (Lane. 6s.) The mechanism is nothing, the manner everything in Mr. Harland's latest novel. An English aristocrat and an Austrian princess meet as informally as might Robinson and Schmidt, and develop the beautiful sentiment which the hero distinguishes from cupboard love by calling it "love-love." The setting is an Italian castle and the time to-day, yet is their pretty story a pastoral delightfully like that of Curan and Argente in old Warner's chronicle. We trifle with "degrees of unbirth" or plebeianism till we arrive at the expression "furiously unborn," but we are well advised that happiness is inexorably their lot. The most original character in the novel is an Italian child, who would impress one even more than she does by her fascinating ingenuousness and superstition, if Baron Corvo had not already presented Toto, the one lad worthy to mate her. When the reader is pondering instead of perusing, he finds himself distinctly annoyed by the hero with his blue-eyed laziness, his perorations to the pictures of "lost ladies of old years" and his habit of talking over a child's head to an imaginary adult in the gallery while pretending to converse with her alone. But while he reads he is delightfully inveigled into the author's dream, and when he wakes from it, is a little surprised to find that he has a book in his hand and a critique insurgent on his lips.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER. By Gwendolen Overton. (Macmillan. 6s.) A pleasant, if not particularly forceful, picture of army life in the Wild West. The heroine of the story, Marian, is the young daughter of the Captain, a fearless rider and well acquainted with all the ins-and-outs of garrison life. She by chance surprises a young recruit in the act of plundering the drawer of her father's writing desk in which he keeps troop funds. She lets the thief escape for the moment, intending to put the whole matter before her father. But on reflection she inclines to giving the thief a chance to retrieve what may be his first theft. So by substituting her own savings she gives the recruit time to return the money. Unfortunately, the youth is not worth her sentimental action, and many complications ensue, which at one time seem likely to end in serious disaster. The sketch of old Haggarty, the troop crank, who had grown old in the Captain's service, and who rescues Marian from a compromising situation, even though it means disgrace if he is discovered absent from his post, is particularly well done. He is a true Irishman even though he lives in the West. The book is written in an easy flowing style with admirable restraint, and may be safely recommended to the young reader.

THE CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE. By Baldwin Sears. (Barnes. \$1.50.) "The Circle in the Square" is a striking book, if only for its singularly vivid and unvarnished picture of life in the Southern States of America. The struggle of Shan Morgan against the circumstance of his birth, against the languor and inertia of the atmosphere around, is the story of the South. In Madison Square, the select quarter of the town, live most of the characters in this story. "It is suffocatingly hot in those houses on summer nights; noisy with brawls from the river road beneath the hill where the Negro settlements are, from the midnight bells of the monastery on the ridge above the city, and oppressive with the mists and foul odours which rise from the river at nightfall." "Love-making, fighting, politics—indiscriminately cause and effect—fill the round of life in the Circle"; and also fill the pages of this book. Shan Morgan's life is the story of a man who breaks through his environment and pursues the good which he dimly perceives in his soul. His struggles and his temptations, his triumphs and his downfalls, are vividly and truthfully told. And through all, his love for the woman who has been his sweetheart from a little child keeps his heart pure and his temper sweet. Shan returns after three years absence to the Square, a fully fledged M.D., just in time to fight a terrible outbreak of fever, for death is no respecter of the little Circle in the Square. And it is to Shan Morgan, once rejected and deprived of his rights, that the little town looks for help, help in obtaining the sanitary improvements which will stop the ever-recurring outbreaks of fever, help in making politics "a matter of statesmanship instead of a matter of purchase," help in ending "the shameful and paralysing farce of free suffrage." The story of Shan Morgan is not a new story, the various social and political

problems touched upon have been written about before, but the picture of Southern life is so remarkable that it will probably linger in the memory when the characters of the story are forgotten.

THE IRON HAND. By James MacLaren Cobban. (Long. 6s.) The opening chapters of this story give one a somewhat misleading idea as to the ultimate intention of the author. The opening is fantastic, quaint, with much promise of delicacy, and certainly indicates none of the horrors which develop in extravagance. Maybe the reader will regret that the author belittles his ability and writes down with deliberation to a level where fineness of touch is lost in an intoxication of incident. The story is of one Townsend, a man of mystery, a member of that fraternity who advertise in the Agony Column, and who has done service before in Mr. Cobban's work. As a detective he is not very promising, but he succeeds at least in disguising his intelligence. It is for him to prove the innocence of a pale, dark man who is accused unjustly, but on good circumstantial evidence, of breaking into a local bank. Separation from wife and penal servitude follow in course. The sorrows of this heroic person do not move one to tears, and his diary written within prison walls is without pathos. Not once, but twice he escapes his warders, mad with fury to avenge himself on those responsible for the deed for which he so innocently suffers. His task is made easy. He has but to double up his knee joints and strap back his legs to become a torso, unrecognisable to pursuers and persecutors alike. Thus artificially maimed, dead to the world, he becomes a person of importance on the Stock Exchange, and makes the acquaintance of his sometime wife, now wedded to a pawnbroker. This pawnbroker has a horrid past and is mixed up undeniably with the aforesaid bank robbery. But virtue will ever triumphant be, even though balked for sixteen long years, and in a pandemonium of improbability and amid alarms and excursions, hero, detectives, bigamist, pawnbroker, bank breakers, police and others are brought together in dangerous proximity to a patent hydraulic lift, which possesses the rare quality of distinguishing between good and evil. The parties are distributed to their several rightful belongings, much to the relief of the torso who is at liberty to unstrap his stiffened knee joints.

THE BOSS. By Alfred Henry Lewis. (Barnes. \$1.50.) There is one interest and one section of life only presented in this book, namely, the inner history and workings of that New York organisation known as Tammany Hall. To the student of politics it should prove interesting, to the average reader it will hardly appeal. The book is well written in a strong, forceful fashion, and the life of the man who, from being a child-vagabond roaming around the Bowery, becomes by various stages the chief of Tammany Hall, is carefully and fully depicted. With him as a man we have nothing to do, with him as a political factor only are we interested. The boy sits at the feet of Big Kennedy, whose place as chief he afterwards wins, and draws in as the breath of life the moves of the political game. "City Government is but a game; so's all government. Shure, it's as if you an' me were playin' a game av ca-ards, this politics; your party is your hand, an' Tammany is my hand. In a game of cards, which are ye loyal to, is it your hand or the game? Man, it's your hand av coorse." The boy marks and learns, and in the end plays his hand so well that he wins to be head of Tammany Hall and a millionaire to boot, but in the struggle he loses happiness. "The Boss" is the story of the struggle: it is full of incident and force from cover to cover.

Short Notices

Verses

SAN FRANCISCO, AND OTHER POEMS. By F. W. Groves Campbell. (Gay and Bird. 3s.) This slender volume consists of a few poems in blank verse, narrative in form; and an equally few very brief lyrics. The lyrics fail of lyric effect because they are too compact of thought, with inadequate ardour and spontaneity of emotion. But the longer poems in blank verse have a certain unquestionable measure of poetic power. It is not mere poetised eloquence or rhetoric. It is poetry itself, of an elevated and subtle kind. But it is not of a popular kind. The author tends towards mysticism, and is full of a recondite fancy, passing at times into veritable imagination. He exhibits a great research of rich and classic diction and has often felicitous imagery. He has, too, often the imaginative emotion of youth; a Keats-like fervour, divorced from actuality and based on visionary passion. The gift of vision is his chief and nowadays not too common gift. His defect resides in an over-aesthetic strain of imagery and allusion.

He is fowl of referring to specific pictures, specific composers, which suggests the critic and the aesthete rather than the poet. There is an element of "preciousness," in fact. But the slight volume is distinctly above the bulk even of good minor verse.

RIO GRANDE'S LAST RACE, AND OTHER VERSES. By A. B. Paterson. (Macmillan. 6s.) **THE LOST PARADISE, AND OTHER POEMS.** By John Tattersall. (Edinburgh: George A. Morton. 2s. 6d. net.) **SAVONAROLA, A CITY'S TRAGEDY.** By Newman Howard. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.) **THE WANDERING JEW, A POEM.** By Chas. Inniss Bowen. (Walter Scott. 1s. 6d.) **LA VÉNUS DES AVEUGLES.** Par Renée Vivien. (Paris: Lemerre. 3 frs.) Mr. Paterson, like Mr. Lawson, is one of the best known of modern Australian poets. Like well nigh all of them his chosen medium is the ballad in its various forms—in other words, he is a narrative poet. On the whole, he has done better things than this volume. In the most of the poems, the narrative is frank, direct, and of a certain spirit, but the diction is apt to be the conventional diction of the journalist—fatally unpoetical. One cannot but compare it with the diction of Mr. Kipling, which (even when he uses the decadent slang of the British soldier) is racy, vivid, and vital, with that soul of rightness in it which makes for poetry. Here the phrases are customary, blocked out, with no intimate relation to the thing uttered, no quick and alert intention. Yet there are ballads which attain a more spirited execution, and this is especially liable to be the case where Mr. Paterson treats of the horse. "Father Riley's Horse," for instance, has a ring which recalls the verse that made Mr. Paterson's name. But as a whole the book is too facile.—Mr. Tattersall's "Lost Paradise" is a cultivated and tasteful little collection of poems. It has thoughtfulness; it has poetic feeling; it has classic and restrained expression. Only it has not that fulness of ardour, that sense as of closed furnace-doors which we call plenary inspiration. A certain mild inspiration, none the less, may be accredited to it.—Of Mr. Howard's "Savonarola" it may be said that it is clever; it shows a research of historic character, a grasp of historic period; the dialogue is characteristic and human. All which is much. But there is little dramatic and cumulative power; there is nothing which can be called poetic gift, and on the whole it shows talent rather than genius.—"The Wandering Jew" may briefly be dismissed as mediocre.—Not so the "Vénus des Aveugles" of the French poet (or, we believe, poetess) who assumes the name of Renée Vivien. The verse is polished to the last degree, and has a certain perverse imagination. But it is decadent and corrupt to a funereal pitch; morbidity reigns triumphant. No healthy English taste can suffer this impearling and adornment of all that is unnatural, nay, downright vicious. It is the poetry of death and decay, and we can but regret very genuine gifts misbestowed. Of the handful of books we have reviewed, it is by far the strongest, the most authentically poetic. It is also, alas, the most repellent, the most tainted. "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds" might be the motto of the author, who shows a tendency to English quotations and titles.

POEMS OF POWER. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Gay and Bird. 3s. 6d. net.) The name of Mrs. Wheeler Wilcox is already known. In this book she shows a regrettable fluency—we had almost written feminine fluency, but it is not confined to women. Regrettable, because there is often substance in these poems; which is not so common a thing that it should go forth to the world carelessly arrayed. In the best of this verse there is thought, but the author is lax as to form, content with common feminine impetuosity and trivialities of utterance—or too often so content. Yet the inherent truth of thought (as is wont happily to chance when thought is truly felt) intermittently presses the verse into shape which arrests attention. "Fate and I" (for instance) has occasional couplets which suggest Blake, and suggest him not unworthily:—

"My immortal will was born
Part of that stupendous cause
Which conceived the Solar Laws,"

for example; or again, "Who most loves has most of Force"; or still more, "He who harbours Hate one hour Saps the soul of Peace and Power." That last couplet might well have come from Blake's "Songs of Experience." The pity is that these things are casual; that she pours out strong, weak, and indifferent together, as though she did not recognise the difference between them. But, we repeat, there is pith in these poems; and that is not a common thing.

TURKISH LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By Lucy M. J. Garnett. (Newnes. 3s. 6d. net.) Although the authoress has nothing very new to tell about Turkey and the Turks, she has collected a large amount of interesting information, the result obviously of long residence in the country and careful study of its very mixed population.

Miss Garnett's views as to the good conduct of modern harem life are sound and informing, and it is only when she touches upon politics that one ventures to differ with her conclusions. The descriptions of domestic interiors, the everyday life of the middle-class Turkish family, the general standard of culture, and the extraordinarily repressive and retrogressive policy of the Sultan, are all most lucidly set forth. There is a comprehensive *Index Expurgatorius* compiled by the Ottoman Government which prohibits the introduction into the country of such books as Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," Chateaubriand's "Martyrs," Victor Hugo's "Les Orientales," La Fontaine's Fables, and all the works of Shakespeare, Voltaire, Dante, Rabelais, and Zola. This is somewhat drastic, but the wily Turk circumvents this by importing his Zola ready-bound, with a neat label on the back: "Traité de la langue Française." It is not stated under what disguise Shakespeare figures. In its 222 pages this little book contains a vast amount of excellently digested information, and its value is enhanced by twenty-two good reproductions of photographs, a glossary of Turkish words, and an index.

DER KAMPF DER WELTANSCHAUUNGEN IM 19 JAHRHUNDERT. Von D. Wihl. Schmidt. (Berlin: Trowitzsch. 3m. 60.) The views are here stated of the eight modern philosophers whom Dr. Schmidt considers to have had most influence during the past century. For instance, Comte represents positivism, Büchner materialism, Darwin and Haeckel the theory of evolution, Strauss the belief in monotheism. The main interest of the book lies, we think, in the sketches of the philosophies and lives of lesser men like Feuerbach, Büchner, Hart and Lange. The notion that a fierce and continual fight about these eight varying philosophies of life is going on around us is disconcerting to the thoughtful man, who would prefer some sort of reconciliation to perennial strife. Yet since there are adherents to each philosophy, it is useful to have these sketches in the space of one little book. Dr. Schmidt is sometimes more of the partisan than is consistent with the calm demeanour to be expected from a philosophic guide; his method of exposition, too, is lacking in literary art, but he states his points clearly, and keeps our interest alive. He pays to Darwin the very highest tribute, for he concludes the essay on him with this passage:—

"The enormous increase of general interest in science in almost the whole of the civilised world is due to Darwin. If the past century is called the most scientific it is entirely through him."

ALMANACH DES GOURMANDS. Fondé par Grimod de la Reynière en 1803. Continué sous la direction de F. G. Dumas. (Paris and London: Librairie Nilsson. 5 frs.) Exactly one hundred and one years ago the immortal Grimod de la Reynière, cook, gourmet, poet, and philosopher, published the first "Almanach des Gourmands." About twenty years later it was continued by A. C. Périgord, who did not invent the pâtés. In 1865 the unfortunate but well-meaning Charles de Monselet revised the almanach with the valuable collaboration of Alexandre Dumas père, Aurélien Scholl, Albert Glatigny, Victor Cochinet, and other leading lights of literature and the stew-pans. Now, M. Dumas, no mean authority himself, comes on the scene, and proposes to issue the almanach annually—until the coming of the Cocqsigrués. If he is able to keep up the standard of this, his first issue, his success should be assured, and the debt to him of all clean-palated gourmets will be incalculable. The almanach is a doughty tome of over 200 big square pages; the cover a charming coloured design by Jan Van Beers; articles on Wines, Truffles, Dessert, Fruit forcing, Laughing at Table, Restaurants of bygone times and to-day, pictures in last year's Salon referring to cookery, and papers on culinary painters such as Jan Steen, are interspersed with delightful reproductions of old engravings, original drawings by Ribot, Rossi, Maurice Leloir, and others. Menus—royal, republican and eccentric are given; and the card of the dinner offered to King Edward by M. Loubet at the French Embassy in London, designed by M. A. Gorguet, with its chains of amorini and flowers, is exquisitely beautiful, and a worthy work of art in itself. The almanach is not a "greedy" book, but a valuable collection of interesting literature—artistic, poetic and philosophical. A work to be studied, treasured and loved.

JOHN DRYDEN. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by George Saintsbury. (Mermaid Series. Unwin. 2 vols. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net each volume.) An admirable addition to this already admirable series. The selected plays are "Almanzor and Almahide," "Marriage a la Mode," "Aurung-Zebe," "All for Love," "The Spanish Friar," "Albion and Albanus" and "Don Sebastian." Professor Saintsbury's Introduction is a noteworthy contribution to Dryden literature, discussing suggestively many interesting points in the history of

the drama. The plays of the Restoration period are largely read, but too little attention has as yet been given to the connection between the Elizabethan drama and the writers of Charles II. It is a gap in dramatic history and criticism which it may be hoped Professor Saintsbury will fill for us.

RUSSIAN SELF-UGHT. By C. A. Thimm and J. Marshall, M.A. (Marlborough. Cloth, 2s. 6d., paper 2s.) A very useful little manual, especially at the present time, as it deals with phonetic pronunciation, naval, military, commercial, and trading terms, and is altogether a handy and compendious volume. The vocabularies are strikingly practical.

Reprints and New Editions

ESSAYS. Carlyle. With an introduction by Frederick Harrison. **THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.** Holmes. With an introduction by Gilbert K. Chesterton. (The Red Letter Library. Blackie. 2s. 6d. each) The four essays of Carlyle which have been selected for this reprint are "Goethe," "Burns," "Boswell's Life of Johnson," and "Sir Walter Scott," together with the author's notes. Mr. Harrison in the preface tells us that one of his reasons for this selection is that they contain "hardly a sentence which could provoke controversy or indignation, hardly a word that is not full of admiration, love, generous defence, in lieu of the fierce sarcasm of his later time." "No reader will find his principles offended, be he Tory or Democrat, evangelist or free thinker." So that these selected essays may safely be relied upon not to produce any irritation in the mind of any reader! Of the binding and letterpress we need only say that these two volumes are in every way the equal of their predecessors in this series.

THE NEW LIFE. Dante. With a prefatory note by William Michael Rossetti. (Ellis and Elvey.) Mr. W. M. Rossetti in his note mentions the small share which he himself took in the translation of the "Vita Nuova," namely, "Collating the Vita Nuova with the Original, and amending inaccuracies." He opines that this may possibly have been the first important work that his brother translated from the Italian, though, needless to say, not the last.

ESSAYS BY ABRAHAM COWLEY. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Harry Christopher Minchin. (The Little Library. Methuen. 1s. 6d. net.) Of these essays, Mr. Minchin says: "Their writer plays upon our language as a skilled player upon an organ, extracting from it what harmonies he pleases, now in a minor key touching on human disappointments: now in swelling strains calling us to battle for liberty and virtue; now sinking into resignation; now rising to the instrument's full compass in echoing scorn of knavery and servility." This is not saying too much.

a HARRY LORREQUER. By Charles Lever. **b THE CAXTONS.** By Lord Lytton. **c THE PATHFINDER.** By Fenimore Cooper. (Blackie. a and b, 2s. 6d. each; c, 2s.) We are glad to note that the editor in his introduction to "Harry Lorrequer" would not have us take Charles Lever as the unrivalled portrayer of Irish life, but recognises what false conceptions of Irish character a perusal of his novels may give. That there is always a reader for "Harry Lorrequer" we do not doubt, but it is not for the essential truth of the pictures, but for its fun and brightness. It is pleasant to have so excellent a reprint of "The Caxtons," in our opinion by far the best of Lord Lytton's many novels. The illustrations are good and the print clear and grateful to the eye. "The Pathfinder" will no doubt be chiefly read by young eyes, which makes it all the more deplorable that so small and so tiring a type should have been chosen.

New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

Stoll (Oswald), <i>The Grand Survival: A Theory of Immortality by Natural Law</i>	(Simpkin, Marshall)	3/0
Atchley, L.R.C.P. (Cutlbert), <i>The Parish Clerk, and his Right to read the Liturgical Epistle</i>	(Longmans)	1/6
Mudie-Smith (R.), edited by, <i>The Religious Life of London</i>	(Hodder and Stoughton)	6/0
Ross, M.A. (J. M. E.), <i>The Self-Portraiture of Jesus</i>	" "	3/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

Pyle (Howard), <i>The Story of King Arthur and his Knights</i>	(Newnes)	net 10/6
Gregory (Lady), arranged and put into English by, <i>Gods and Fighting Men: The Story of the Tuatha de Danaan and of the Fianna of Ireland</i>	(Murray)	net 6/0
Bullen (A. H.), introduction by, <i>An English Garner: Shorter Elizabethan Poems, and Some Longer Elizabethan Poems</i>	(Constable)	each, net 4/0
Kitchin, D.D. (G. W.), <i>Ruskin in Oxford, and Other Studies</i>	(Murray)	net 12/0
Campbell (F. W. Groves), <i>San Francisco, and Other Poems</i>	(Gey and Bird)	3/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Smith (George Gardner), edited by, <i>Spencer Kellogg Brown: His Life in Kansas and his Death as a Spy, 1842-1863</i>	(Heinemann)	6/0
Thompson, M.A. (Rev. Henry L.), <i>The Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, in its Relation to some Famous Events of English History</i>	(Constable)	net 3/6
Corbett (Julian S.), <i>England in the Mediterranean, 1603-1713, 2 vols.</i>	(Longmans, Green)	net 24/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY—continued.

Griffith (Rev. Joan), <i>Edward II. in Glamorgan</i>	(Western Mail)	5/0
<i>Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, written by his Widow Lucy</i>	(Kegan Paul)	net 3/6
Lee (Sidney), <i>Queen Victoria: A Biography</i>	(Smith, Elder)	6/0
Williams (A. M.), <i>Our Early Female Novelists, and Other Essays</i>	(MacLehose)	net 2/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

Ca'ri (Edward), <i>The Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers. Vols. I. and II.</i>	(MacLehose)	net 14/0
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TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

Fraser (John Foster), <i>The Real Siberia</i>	(Casell)	3/6
Watson (W. Petrie), <i>Japan: Aspects and Destinies</i>	(Grant Richards)	net 12/6
Gardner (Edmund G.), <i>The Story of Siena and San Gimignano</i>	(Dent)	net 4/6
Rittner (George H.), <i>Impressions of Japan</i>	(Murray)	net 10/6

EDUCATIONAL

Frazer (Mrs. J. G.), <i>Notes by F. B. Kirkman, B.A., Contes Des Chevaliers—French Medieval Legends</i>	(Black)	1/6
Rob Roy ("Sir Walter Scott" Continuous Reader).....	" "	1/6
Clark, Ph.D. (Charles Upson), <i>The Text Tradition of Ammianus Marcellinus, with Five Manuscript Facsimiles</i>	(C. U. Clark, New Haven, Conn.)	
Adamson (J. W.), <i>Our Defective System of Training Teachers</i>	(Ginn)	0/3
<i>Spanish Self-Taught (Thimm's System)</i>	(Marlborough)	1/0

MISCELLANEOUS

Saltus (Edgar), <i>The Poms of Satan</i>	(Greening)	net 3/6
<i>Scheme for recording Ancient Defensive Earthworks and Fortified Enclosures</i>	(Society of Antiquaries)	
<i>Facts versus Fiction: The Cobden Club's Reply to Mr. Chamberlain</i>	(Casell)	net 1/0
<i>London University Guide and Calendar, 1904</i>	(University Tutorial Press)	
<i>Guide to the Horniman Museum and Library</i>	(London County Council)	1/1
<i>Parliamentary Papers, 1801 to 1900</i>	(King)	net 7/6
<i>Transactions of the Essex Archaeological Society, Vol. IX., Part II.</i>	(Essex Archaeological Society)	8/0
<i>Congregational Historical Society Transactions, No. 5</i>	(Congregational Historical Society)	net 1/0
Browne (Robert), "A New Year's Gift," an Hitherto Lost Treatise (Congregational Historical Society) net 1/6		
Wood (J.), <i>Imaginary Conversations of Three White Letter Days in the Anglo-Saxon Cloisters</i>	(Leadenhall Press)	2/6
<i>A Study of English Turcophobia. Translated from the Turkish. (P.-L. S. Series, No. 1.)</i>	(Pan-Islamic Society)	0/6
Clarke (John), <i>Short Studies in Education in Scotland</i>	(Longmans)	net 3/6
<i>The Stamp Collectors Annual</i>	(Nisnen)	1/0
<i>The Ancestor. A Quarterly Review of County and Family History, Heraldry and Antiquities. No. 8.</i>	(Constable)	net 5/0
Geoffrey, Junior (edited with an Introduction and notes by), <i>The Marvellous History of King Arthur in Avalon and of the Lifting of Lyonesse: A Chronicle of the Round Table, communicated by Geoffrey of Monmouth</i>	(Murray)	net 2/6

FICTION

"Thyra Varrick," by Mrs. E. Amelia Barr (Unwin), 6/0; "The Kingdoms of This World," by Stephen Harding (Hurst and Blackett), 6/0; "On Satan's Mount," by Dwight Tilton (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "The Ordeal of Sara," by Alan St. Aubyn (White), 6/0; "His Eminence," by Lady Helen Forbes (Nash), 6/0; "The Gods are Just," by Beatrice Helen Barnby (Duckworth), 6/0; "The Web," by Frederick Trevor Hill (Heinemann), 6/0; "The Island Pharisees," by John Galsworthy (John Sinjohn) (Heinemann), 6/0; "Foam and Mist," by Norman Broughman Warde (Morton), 6/0; "Twelve Trifles," by Theophila North (Morton), net 3/6; "The Brazen Calf," by James L. Ford (Dodd, Mead); "The Money God," by J. P. Blake (Heinemann), 6/0; "Red Morn," by Max Pemberton (Casell), 6/0; "Estranged; or, The Lost Heiress of the Champneys (Henderson), 0/3; "The Great Baruma Mystery," by W. P. Brown (Henderson), 0/8; "Little MacStenger" (Simpkin, Marshall), 1/0; "The Trail of the Dead," by B. Fletcher Robinson and J. Malcolm Fraser (Ward, Lock), 3/6; "Stella Fregelius," by H. Rider Haggard (Longmans), 6/0; "Sandford of the 'Smart' Set; or, Sin and Scandal," by Belinda Blunders (Simpkin, Marshall), net 1/0.		
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NEW EDITIONS

"John Dryden," edited by George Saintsbury, 2 vols. (Unwin), net 2/6; "The Annals of Tacitus," Books I.-VI., translated by George Gilbert Ramsey (Murray), net 18/0; "Hymns of Faith and Life," collected and edited by the Rev. John Hunter, D.D. (Dent), net 2/0; "Lectures on Preaching," by the Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D. (Allenson), net 3/0; "The Babelot, A Masque of Dead Florentines," Parts I. and II. (Mosher), 5 cents each; "Tilbury Nogo," by G. J. Wynter-Merville (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "Hakluyt's Voyages," Vols. III. and IV. (MacLehose), each, net 1/6; Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," translated by Albert G. Latham (Dent), net 1/6.		
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PERIODICALS

"Chambers's Journal," "World's Work," "Critical Review," "Windsor Magazine," "Cornhill," "Lady's Magazine," "Pearson's Magazine," "Aisicse," "Contemporary Review," "The Papyrus," "The Commonwealth," "National Review," "Blackwood's Magazine," "School World," "English Illustrated," "Burlington Magazine," "The Photo-Miniature," "British Food Journal," "Monthly Review," "Harper's Monthly Magazine," "Indian Antiquary," "Current Literature," "Educational Times," "Library," "Independent Review," "Book Monthly," "The Antiquary," "Architectural Review," "Genealogical Magazine," "Bible Society Monthly Reporter," "Bible Society Gleanings," "Scribner's Magazine," "Lippincott's."		
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Foreign

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

Fulda (Ludwig), <i>Schiller und die Neue Generation. Ein Vortrag</i>	(Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta)	75 pf.
Anders (H. R. D.), <i>Shakespeare's Books: A Dissertation on Shakespeare's Reading and the Immediate Sources and his Works. (Schriften der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft. Band I.)</i>	(Berlin: Reimer)	7 marks

MISCELLANEOUS

Schans (Martin), <i>Geschichte der Römischen Litteratur</i>	(Williams and Norgate)	net 8/6
Rickert (Heinrich), <i>Der Gegenstand der Erkenntnis</i>	" "	net 4/0

PERIODICALS

<i>Mercur de France,</i> "Deutsche Rundschau."		
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Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

IX.—On Proper Pride.

WHEN I was a boy, my two aunts, now grandmothers, were young, very handsome girls. One had the kind of beauty which is superstitiously known as the beauty of the devil; the other had the kind of beauty which is attributed to the Madonna. The two sisters were rarely in agreement, and the devilish charmer was always accusing the gentle one of forgetting her "Proper Pride."

"Where," she would exclaim, "is your proper pride?"

This question, which was never answered, has haunted me through life: for years I wondered what Proper Pride—as opposed to the familiar deadly sin—could be. Yesterday I asked my friend, the pretty lady, what it was. "A deadly bore," said she. Her mind is untrained and she is incapable of tracing her own best guesses to their legitimate source in the common heart of mankind. On this occasion, as on many others, she was right without knowing it. Proper Pride is, no doubt, the deadliest bore in our moral equipment. "As usual," I said to my pretty friend, "you have given me an idea," and, as I left her, I heard her murmur: "Now he has got all he wanted, he goes. If I had any Proper Pride, I'd never see him again!"

This murmur pursued me: I composed long letters to her as I walked home. When I reached home I thought I ought to return and explain my moodiness, which arose, I intended to assure her, from humility, not from ingratitude, never from egoism. But I feared to give a wrong impression: I did not write the letter: I did not go back. Three hours later, after nating my dinner, shunning my favourite books, and assuming an icy air towards my devoted housekeeper, I realised that I myself was suffering from an acute attack of Proper Pride. In more ignorant days, I might have called it dignity.

As I paced the floor and tried to persuade my better judgment (another strange moral tyrant) that I was a fool, I thought of many examples, instances, and illustrations of Proper Pride in history and my immediate experience—all of which had made for much unnecessary pain, a good deal of lying, not a few crimes, and mischief everywhere. I could not remember, or discover, one case where Proper Pride had led to anything except evil and sorrow. My own little ache was a trifle—although it has since manifested itself in the form of a rash on my arm, which baffles the local doctor, but then he does not understand the close connection between the soul and the nerves.

We all know that Proper Pride is the broad root from which all love stories in fiction, drama, and poetry fatally grow—either for sadness or delight. It is Proper Pride which estranges the fondest of couples: it is Proper Pride which drives well-treated husbands to the worst excesses of jealousy: it is Proper Pride which urges a girl to refuse the one man whom she wishes to accept: it is Proper Pride which restrains the noble, if impoverished, suitor from saying the least word which could be construed into a profession of even temperate regard for the "idol of his existence": it is Proper Pride, in fact, which makes so many people insincere, and so many others angry. And,

as it affects individuals, it influences nations. There have been few great wars in the cause of justice: thousands of lives have been sacrificed, millions have been squandered: cities have been made desolate for no worse offence than a fancied slight to some Government's Proper Pride, and for no better reason than a display of the same abstract. But what is it? It is, as we have seen, the cause of battles, of suicides, of unhappy love, and nettle-rash, yet I am prepared to swear that it is a manufactured—as opposed to a natural—calamity. We are not born with this bore attached to our sufficiently oppressed spirits: it is added to us first by our parents, relatives, nurses, and other guardians, then by the education we receive, then by the books we read, then by the counsel of our friends—themselves groaning under the burden of the incubus. Reduced to its simplest form, Proper Pride and its exercise may be called the restraint of every kind impulse which makes for the simplification of human affairs—whether on the trivial or the grand scale.

To return to my handsome young aunts. I remember well that the more dashing of the two was a woman who abandoned herself, without a misgiving, to the pleasure of thinking aloud. As a thought entered her head she expressed it; the fact that she contradicted herself at least eighteen times a day never disturbed her equanimity; she refused incessant offers of marriage and she had three husbands (one of whom she left because she did not see why she should live with him); at sixty she had a girl's complexion, but at twenty-seven she had lost her figure (here was a point where Proper Pride might have been advantageous); she had any number of children; they all adored her, disobeyed her, and disappointed her. I have seen her laugh by the hour and cry by the hour; she is called impossible because she is purely natural; boys who gave her sweets when she was a little girl, now, as elderly gentlemen with dignified wives brimful of self-respect, will walk (with gout) miles to see her—if only to refresh their memories of her imperfection. I will own that her life, criticised by those who are disenchanted of candour, has not been in any material sense successful. Her income depends, in the main, on the life assurance policy taken out by the least reputable of her three husbands; years ago she spent her paternal inheritance in various benevolent schemes for amusing the poor. The county, however, forgets its snobbery when it calls upon her, and, under her child-like smile, the Lord Lieutenant dissolves into a human being. She has no proper pride—she can love geese, charwomen, marchionesses, and the greengrocer with an equal and constant love. One of her friends is the district coroner who is but thirty-three, although he has sat on two thousand seven hundred and four inquests. To numbers, he would seem depressing. Another friend is a Duke without a palate. "Still," as she says, "for a Duke, he is very clean and tidy." He tells her about his incorrigible sons and their odious women acquaintances. He always protests when he leaves her that he would enjoy his calls far more if he did not invariably meet his wife coming in as he goes out. My aunt cannot see why he should object to this pleasure, and when a busy lady once asked her: "My dear, how can you be so charming to both?" she replied: "You see, they are both so charming to me."

As I have said already, she has no dignity. But I wish I could describe her eyes.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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The Kelmscott Press

The Beginnings of a Great Undertaking

"**T**HE Story of the Glittering Plain," finished the 4th day of April, 1891, was the earliest production of the Kelmscott Press, and the attention of the reader who can interest himself in the matter is directed to the following passages



*Kelmscott Press
January 31st
1891*

HF old man answered not a word, and he seemed to be asleep, and Hallblithe deemed that his cheeks were ruddier and his skin less wasted and wrinkled than aforetime. Then spake one of these women: Fear

not, young man; he is well and will soon be better. Her voice was as sweet as a spring bird in the morning; she was white-skinned and dark-haired, and full sweetly fashioned; and she laughed on Hallblithe, but not mockingly; and her fellows also laughed as though it were strange for him to be there. Then they did on there shoon again, and with the carle laid their hands to the bed whereon the old man lay, and lifted him up, and bore him forth on to the grass, turning their faces towards the flowery wood aforesaid; and they went a little way and then laid him down again and rested; and so on little by little, till they had brought him to the edge of the wood, and still he seemed to be asleep.



HFT the damsel who had spoken before, she with the dark hair, said to Hallblithe: "Although we have gazed on thee as if in wonder, this it not because we did not look to meet

July 8, 1890.—Morris to Mrs. Burne-Jones. "We have got 6 letters of the new type done, and have had a scrap printed." Of the "golden type" designed for that Press, he wrote on another occasion: "What I wanted was a letter pure in form, severe without excrescences, solid without the thickening and thinning of the line, which is the essential fault of the ordinary modern type, and not compressed laterally, as all late type has grown to be owing to commercial exigencies."

As the accompanying illustration is of a trial page of that book, the reader can judge for himself how nearly this standard was reached. A specially interesting copy is in the St. Bride Institute, London, where the Bibliographical Libraries of William Blades and Talbot Baines Reed, both deceased, form a sort of book-lovers' Paradise, and one easy of access to all. A letter from Morris to Reed, preserved between the covers of his friend's copy, shows how little the writer could rest until he had everything right in so far as personal effort could make it.

By the middle of August, that year, eleven punches had been cut for the new fount.

August 27.—Morris sends Mr. F. S. Ellis: "A specimen (over-inked) of as far as we have gone at present."

September 14.—Still "only eleven cut," but in the middle of the following month he wrote: "I have all the lower case letters, and have been designing ornamental letters—rather good, I think."

By the end of that year "all but two" of the punches, upper and lower case, were completed, and he was able to write as follows: "Expect to have my type in a month."

With the beginning of 1891 the Kelmscott Press actually started working. "Its first premises, a cottage on the Upper Mall of Hammersmith, were taken possession of on the 12th of January. The first sample of paper was received on the 27th, and the first full-trial page was set up and printed on the 31st."

How fortunate, then, was the writer, meeting Morris that very day, to be asked into that cottage and shewn what his printer was doing. The page which is here reproduced, with Morris' writing upon it, was dated at my request. Thought too little of at that time, it has become a thing to be treasured

"The Story of the Glittering Plain," by WILLIAM MORRIS
(A Facsimile of the first full-page trial, January 31, 1891.)

in Mr. Mackail's "Life" of the Poet, Vol. II., pp. 240, &c. :—

"Throughout the year—1890—the project of his new Printing Press, and the work to be done in connection with it, had swallowed up all other interests."

exceedingly, since the sight of it serves to remind me of days that were brighter than these, because we had Morris amidst of us all. [There was mention just now of two letters still missing—evidently E and N—of the upper case.]

Owing to the kindness of Mr. R. A. Peddie, librarian of the above-named Institute, I have been able to examine at leisure the examples he has of printing more recent than this with the stamp of the "New Art" upon it, and with these and others before me have satisfied myself that, excepting the Doves Press, Yale Press, Ashendene Press, and possibly one or two others, they serve no good purpose whatever, for the variants of the best letter, Roman or Gothic, are not inexhaustible, and no modern designer has the daring of the patentee of a fount, seemingly modelled on Caxton's, wherein all letters like *g* and *y* had to curl up their tails in order to bring them into line with the rest. The edition of *Rasselas*, dated, which advertised that invention, shows what happily is not at all rare, the perfection of commonsense printing, and rather than be critic of the most modern absurdities, I would like to be handling such books.

The practice which Morris deplored of compressing the letter laterally is, happily, without imitators among the recruits in this business, but there are many, unfortunately, having none of that architectural sense which, applied to the making of books, should determine the relation of all the parts to the whole (decoration to text, &c.), and designers lacking this sense, since they trespass upon our preserves, and too often on sacred ground, are most deservedly hated by all lovers of art in books. The cry is for novelty, novelty, while the fact is that it is almost impossible to have anything of that in a book without departing from a tradition which has in it the essentials of all good printing whatever. We have the extremes of high and low prices in these debased imitations of the best printed books in the world, and my concluding word would have been to the General Public if there had seemed to be room for it.

ERNEST RADFORD.

Egomet

AT the back of my mind there has always lingered a faint hope that in the next world it may be granted to me to renew my friendship with the books that have been my friends in this world and that further I shall be permitted to read the many works for the reading of which in this life I shall have no time. It is this hope, perhaps, which sometimes has almost persuaded me to believe that my *ego* had lived as distinguished from my mortal parts, that I have had a pre-existence, just as I hope for a future life. Well known is that strange feeling of familiarity which comes over many of us when visiting a place or meeting a person for, as far as we know, the first time. I have entered a room that I know I have never been in before with a sense that everything in and about it is familiar. A striking example of this was my first visit to the library at the Oxford Union. I went into it from the little room, well lined with books, which gives entrance to the gallery and to the steep stairs that lead down to the floor of the main room. There was no sense of novelty; all was old acquaintance. Of course I may have seen a picture of the place, but even that fact would not have accounted for the feeling of complete knowledge of details that came over me. I have met with no such striking incident in regard to persons.

But with regard to books I have had experiences, not unique, but I believe somewhat rare. In more cases than one I have taken down from the shelves books of which I

knew merely the names, have commenced to read them and have discovered to my great surprise that their contents are familiar to me, familiar not merely in a general way but verbally so. I have sought for a key to this mystery and have in vain tried to persuade myself either that I have read extracts from the books in question or that the familiarity is merely imaginary. But neither of these explanations has contented me. Nor on the other hand have I found myself able to believe that in some former existence I have read the books in question. A specific example is Bacon's *Essays*. This has never been an unfamiliar book to me; on my first reading of it long years ago its splendid prose came upon me with the face and voice of an old friend, a friend that I had met somewhere, but where and when I knew not.

Is it possible that in babyhood I had taken up the book, that its lines had made a photographic print upon my mind, so that the words, though conveying no meaning then, later when I had understanding of them came familiar to my vision? This seems to me a fantastic explanation of the mystery, so indeed but more persuasive does the only other that suggests itself—that I *had* read the book before in another existence. More persuasive is this latter explanation, because it is fascinating to me to fancy—even if I cannot quite believe—that my reading in this is but a continuation of my reading in a former life. Still more delightful to fancy that I may have met in former existences the writers of the books that now delight me.

I may have walked with Shakespeare the streets of Elizabethan London, have sat by his side among the groundlings at the Globe Theatre, have talked with him at the Mermaid Tavern. I may have strolled with Bacon in Gray's Inn beneath the trees and have discussed with him the laying out of gardens. Addison may have been my familiar friend, Goldsmith may have jested with me in the Temple; I may have met and admired—possibly loved silently—Miss Austen. Ah, what dreams, what foolish, vain dreams, yet how pleasing! Are they dreams? Who shall tell me? Are they memories? Who shall say?

E. G. O.

Science

Atoms and Evolution

RADIUM has supplied us with the first experimental proof that one so-called "element" can change into another; that evolution applies even to the "foundation stones" of the material universe; and that Herschel's description of the atom as bearing upon it the stamp of the "manufactured article" can no longer be accepted. Atoms, as we know them, are not manufactured but evolved. The researches of Thomson of Cambridge, Rutherford of Montreal, and Ramsay and Soddy of University College, London, have now gone so far that one may try to indicate some of the features of atomic evolution as it has been demonstrated by the last-named observers.

Radium, as we all know, gives off a great many different kinds of radiation, but we need fix our attention on only one set of these, much the most interesting and important, which have been called by physicists the Alpha rays. They represent by far the greater part of the energy given out by radium, and they constitute the very act of atomic evolution in this instance. Sir William Ramsay has not discovered the "philosopher's stone," but he has demonstrated without its assistance that for which the

alchemists sought it. He has not yet converted lead into gold, but he has observed the transformation of radium into helium, and Professor Curie told the Royal Society, when it presented him with a gold medal the other day, that he would do his best to convert it into radium. The transmutation of the elements is a proven fact, and we owe the proof to the Alpha rays of radium.

Now what are they? Their most important characteristic is that they are *material* rays. They consist of ponderable matter, not merely of undulations in the ether, like sunlight or Röntgen rays or heat waves. And they shoot out from radium at an astounding speed, probably about one-tenth the speed of light—say at the speed of twenty thousand miles a second. They are by no means the fastest moving matter shot out from radium, for the Beta rays, which also consist of material particles, move with a speed approaching that of light. Until these discoveries it was thought that the fastest flying matter known was that of some of the “runaway” stars, such as Arcturus, which you may see low down in the East late at night at this time of year. Arcturus is moving at the rate of about 100 miles a second, yet he is but a laggard compared to the Alpha particles from radium, which move two hundred times as fast.

So much for their speed: but that is not the really important thing. They have no penetrative power and are easily imprisoned in a glass tube, in which a gas of unknown nature appears, doubtless formed from them. But Ramsay and Soddy found that when this unknown gas is watched for about four weeks, its spectrum changes into that of helium. In other words, the evolution of the radium has given rise to the helium by means of the Alpha rays. Now the weight of a radium atom, as compared with the weight of the lightest known atom—that of hydrogen, which we call 1—is 225, according to Madame Curie. The weight of a helium atom is about 2.2, that is to say, about twice the weight of a hydrogen atom, and just about one hundredth part the weight of a radium atom. It is probable that the radium atom breaks up into about a hundred particles, each of which is, so to speak, an immature atom of helium, and these particles constitute the Alpha rays. When they have had four weeks in which to settle down and mate with one another—for the atoms of a gas generally go about in pairs—then the spectroscope reveals their identity with helium. This, then, is atomic evolution taking place sensibly before our eyes. Anyone may witness part of the process by purchasing a spintharoscope, the little scientific toy invented by Sir William Crookes. When you hold the little instrument close to your eye in the dark you see an incessant shower of sparks that shoot out from a central point. These sparks of light are due to the impact of the Alpha particles against a sensitive screen which is placed at the end of the tube. The Beta and Gamma rays are not arrested and pass on in all directions—many of them into your eye and right through your head—but the Alpha particles are too big and are stopped by the screen, despite their tremendous velocity. As they strike the screen they crack the crystals of zinc sulphide with which it has been covered and thus produce the flashes of light which you see. The instrument costs a guinea, but though the speck of radium in it is too small to be visible it will continue to emit these particles at this astounding speed, day and night, in season and out of season, for at least thirty thousand years. It follows that the most abundant source of energy in the Universe—a source all but inexhaustible—is to be found *within* the atom—where until recently no energy was suspected. Some day we may expect to tap it—and then we need not deplore our exhausted coal-mines.

C. W. SALEBY.

Dramatic Notes

“**L**OVE IN A COTTAGE,” by Captain Basil Hood, and “*Les Bienfaiteurs*,” by M. Brieux, are examples of the old style and the new; the former sweetness without alloy, the latter bitter-sweet, more bitter, perhaps, in intention than in accomplishment. M. Brieux has an object-lesson to teach, that almsgiving is not charity, and that charity without love counts as nothing; but unfortunately he has fallen into the old fault of caricaturing the attitude and the arguments of those whom he would refute. Landrecy is enabled to found a factory, where he will be at liberty to experiment with all the panaceas recommended for ameliorating the lot of the workman, his wife is provided with ample funds to carry on all the works of charity for which her good heart pines, by Salvat, the millionaire, who has been through all the trials of poverty himself, and has not much, if any, faith in the efforts made by the well-intentioned to relieve distress. Of course the experiments fail, grotesquely on the part of Madame Landrecy, pitifully on the part of her husband, who is brought face to face with his workmen, who misunderstand all his efforts for their welfare.

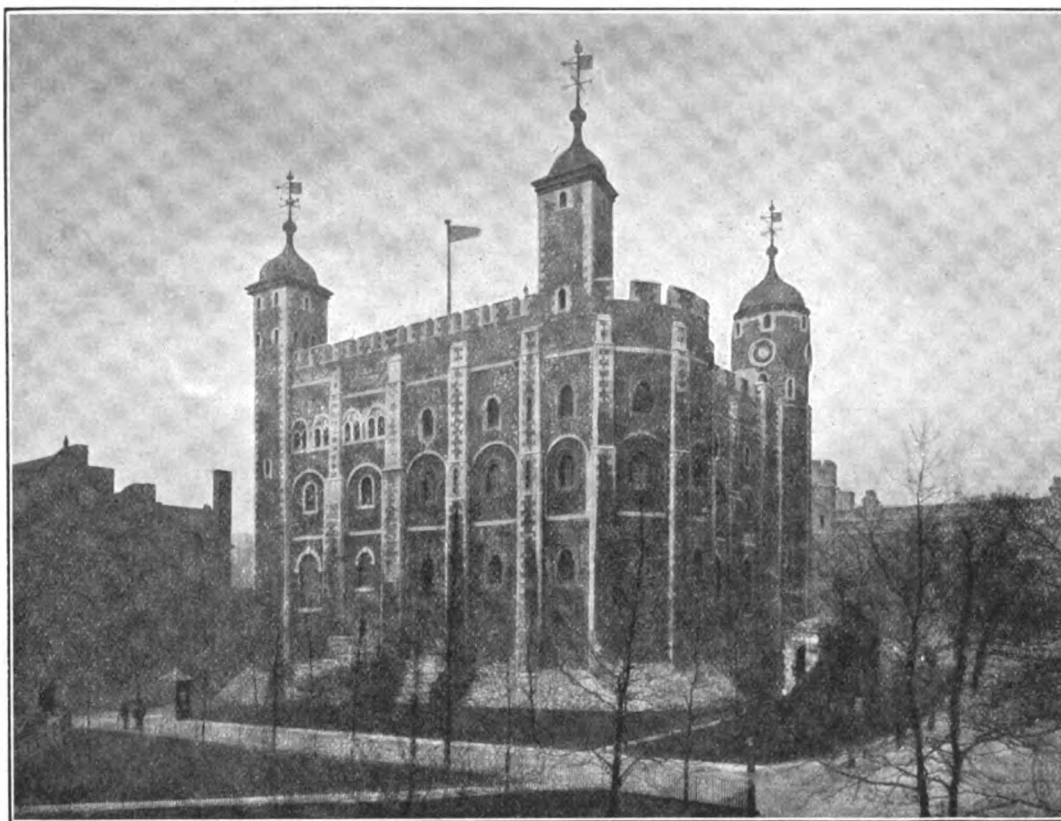
It is with regard to the ladies' committee and their farcical proceedings that fault must be found with M. Brieux, who has here grossly overstated his own case and mis-stated that of those with whom he differs. Many follies have been perpetrated under the guise of charity, but all charity is not foolishness, all the charitable are not fools. M. Brieux puts up a ninny and knocks him (or her) down with skill and neatness, but he is beating the wind if he thinks by this to teach us any lesson whatever; farce is not satire. More than this, M. Brieux apparently intended his play as a serious picture of life, which it is not. There is room for a scathing satire upon some of the methods adopted by those in charge of charitable associations; there is room for a stern tragedy dealing with the deep gulf that too often parts the rich and the poor, the masters and the men; neither of these has he given us, but a bootless amalgam of farce, caricature, comedy and tragedy, not one of which rings true. The play interests only spasmodically and is on occasion amusing, but the comedy and farce are elementary and the tragedy but skin deep. M. Brieux has not dared to be true; he has not had the courage to shake himself free from the conventions of the drama; therefore, on the whole, he has failed.

THE acting would probably have been more convincing had the characters been true to life. Salvat is a human being, not lovable but alive, and Mr. C. V. France played the part admirably. This actor has the useful gift of thinking when he is not speaking, which too many of our performers forget to do; on the other hand, he occasionally uses a gesture which means nothing. Mr. E. W. Garden was really natural as Landrecy, Miss Lily Malvon was excellent in an unpleasant part which might easily have been over-acted; and there an end. The scene is laid in France and the characters are all French, and yet, but for a symptom or two in the way of make-up, the whole was as British as it well could be; surely the scene should have been changed to England or the performers have done something to indicate that they were enacting French folk?

It is never a pleasure to find fault, still less so when criticising the work of the Stage Society, the aims of which are excellent and the achievements always interesting. But—are there no better plays to be shown us from the

repertoire of Europe than Gorki's "Doss House" and "The Philanthropists" of Brieux? If not, the drama abroad is in as sickly a condition as it is in our own country. For its

Just as the plot contains no strikingly original situations, so are the characters by no means new friends; they are old friends in new clothes, and Captain Hood has provided



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON : THE WHITE TOWER, TOWER OF LONDON

[Photo. Booker and Sullivan, Chancery Lane.]

next programme the Society has fixed upon Browning's "A Soul's Tragedy," by no means that poet's finest play, but one which it will be interesting to see tested by the true test of every dramatic work, by being acted, preceded by "Op o' My Thumb," by Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce. We shall see what we shall see, and be grateful as ever to the Stage Society for its chiefest virtue, that it is in earnest.

CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD's new comedy, "Love in a Cottage," is a pleasant example of that class of pieces to which such plays as "Caste" and "Sweet Lavender" belong; it does not deal with, though it occasionally touches upon, deep emotional problems; the story of true love which for a time does not run smooth is its theme, the incidents are usually mirth-provoking, though there are occasional hints of tears, the characters are for the most part such as we would welcome in daily intercourse, and the dialogue, without being really witty, is bright, natural and amusing. Captain Hood has chosen for the motive of his comedy the danger to happiness that lies in marriages of convenience, a motive which would serve also for a tragedy. Indeed, a wrong note of prospective tragedy is unnecessarily struck in the first act. We are whisked away from fashionable London to the Irish house of an impecunious peer, where the comedy works itself out naturally to a pleasant end; the lovers—there are two couples—are made happy, in so far as the prospect of immediate matrimony will secure their happiness, and the curtain descends to the good old tune of "Haste to the Wedding." All is sweet as sweet can be, natural, simple, entertaining.

them with very excellent garments. The acting all round is good, especially that of Mr. Vane-Tempest as a fatuous man of money, and of Miss Irene Rooke as an unhappy wife: but all are good. For our actors of comedy are as superior to our actors of tragedy as are our writers of comedy to our writers of serious drama. There is considerable ground for hope, as I have urged before, that comedy may recover its old-time glories, while, unfortunately, the condition of the serious drama shows little but symptoms of further decline.

"THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW" asks "What can be done to help the British stage?" in an article which reprints Mr. John Hare's recent letter to *The Times*, and portions of speeches by Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Pinero. The suggestion, of course, is conveyed that to rescue the stage (not dramatic literature) from its present parlous position can only be done by the founding of a repertoire theatre and a school of acting. Both Mr. Tree and Mr. Benson have founded admirable schools for actors, the latter having already accomplished much good work. As for the subsidised repertoire theatre, as is usual in these discussions, no practical suggestion is made except by Mr. Frederick Harrison, who has tried "to induce an eminent philanthropist to become the Herodes Atticus of a revived Athenian drama." But the drama will never be revived by philanthropy; in some such practical scheme as that recently put forward in this column lies the only hope of combating the evil influences which are doing so much harm to the English theatre. A repertoire theatre will provide both a school of acting and a means for providing for the preservation as *acting* plays of the many masterpieces which adorn our dramatic literature.

A NEW one-act piece in verse, by Ludwig Fulda, was played the other night at the Royal Theatre, Berlin. It is entitled "Lästige Schönheit" (Tiresome Beauty). The heroine, a beautiful woman, tired of hearing praise of her physical charms, desires to be won for her intelligence and amiability, and takes the opportunity at a masked ball of discovering whether the man she really loves cares for aught but her beauty. Her mental excellences and her pleasing disposition so work on him that although she assures him she is the plainest if not the ugliest of women, he declares beauty to be nothing, and she consents to give him her hand. He does not, however, conceal his delight when he discovers her identity. It is, of course, the lightest trifle and needs the lightest handling by the actors. It serves as a suitable introduction to Fulda's admirable translation of Molière's "École des Maris," performed the same evening. Why is Molière never played in England? There are plenty of good translations. Perhaps our "repertory" theatre will change all that.

A SOCIETY for the promotion of modern dramatic art has been founded in Strassburg. Its members already number a thousand, with Professor Theobald Ziegler, of Strassburg University, as president. Its aim is chiefly to produce works forbidden by the Censor. The plays chosen for the first performance were Schnitzler's "Grüner Kakadu" and Oscar Wilde's "Salome."

A NEW drama in four acts, by José Echegaray, "La desequilibrada," has been produced at the Teatro Español, Madrid. The leading idea is that good men and women who, at critical moments of their lives, allow themselves to yield to their passions and temperaments, fall a prey to persons of mean character, who under a pleasing and brilliant exterior, conceal cold-blooded cunning and craft. The third act is remarkably fine, and the whole had a favourable reception.

Musical Notes

NOT many novelties figure in the programmes of Professor Kruse's second musical festival to take place at the Queen's Hall in April. It will, however, be interesting to hear the many standard works set down for performance under Herr Weingartner's direction. Such things as Weingartner's own "Orchesterlieder," Hugo Wolf's Italian Capriccio, and Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Tasso," will moreover be new to most, while the appearance of Dr. Henry Coward's Sheffield chorus in "The Dream of Gerontius," the choral symphony, and the Mass in D will be another interesting feature of the festival. A famous operatic singer will also be heard in Frl. Thérèse Malten. A rather striking omission on the other hand is that of any work by the most notable of all living composers. One scans the list in vain for the name of Richard Strauss.

THE world is clearly going to hear a good deal of Miss Paula Szalit, the brilliant young Austrian pianist who produced at her two recent recitals such a profound impression on all—or say nearly all, for there was at least one notable exception—who heard her. At present Miss Szalit gives signs of proving more a second Madame Schumann than another Sophie Menter or Carreño; and without implying the least disparagement of anyone this is certainly not matter for regret. In a word it is even more by her wonderful musicianship than by the perfection of her technique as such that the young player has impressed her hearers. Whether she will prove of any

particular account as a composer is, of course, a much more open question.

BUT at least the little pieces of her own creation, which she played at her second recital, possessed certain merits none too common, showing a sense of form as well as of beauty too seldom encountered in compositions of this order. One called an Impromptu, in which suggestions of Mendelssohn and Chopin seemed equally blended, pleased especially, and had to be repeated, but the others were almost equally clever and interesting. Miss Szalit, by the way, is another instance of a prodigy who has redeemed the promise of her youth. When quite a child, it seems, she attracted the attention of connoisseurs in Germany by her precocious attainments, and is even alluded to, in this connection, in Oscar Bie's well-known work, published some years ago, on the pianoforte. Her recent studies have been directed, it seems, by Leschetizky, who should certainly be proud of such a pupil.

THE raising of their gallery prices from 1s. to 2s. 6d. by the Philharmonic Society seems hardly a happy move. It may be that at most other orchestral concerts the higher charge is made, but in this matter our oldest musical organization might well have held by that conservative policy which it displays so often in other matters. The change can hardly benefit the society's income to any appreciable extent, whereas it will mean a very considerable difference indeed to the many young and struggling music lovers who find even 2s. 6d. a strain on their resources. Musicians, perhaps, do not always realize how much they owe to the shilling and half-crown public by whom as often as not the reputations are made which stimulate the subsequent patronage of the higher priced seats.

MR. JOHN LANE announces a new illustrated series of monographs, biographical, bibliographical and critical, entitled "Living Masters of Music." The first volume, "Henry J. Wood," will be issued early in February, and it will be followed by volumes on Richard Strauss, by Alfred Kalisch; Edward Elgar, by R. J. Buckley; Paderewski, by E. A. Baughan; Alfred Bruneau, by Arthur Hervey; and Joachim, by J. A. Fuller Maitland.

MRS. NEWMARCH, the editor of the series, is to be congratulated, moreover, on her choice of "subjects," and on the capable hands to which they have been entrusted. As one of the first of living authorities on Russian music she herself should deal in a peculiarly sympathetic spirit with the work of Mr. Wood. One of the sanest and most acute of living critics will handle the fascinating problem presented by the works of Richard Strauss in the person of Mr. Kalisch. Mr. Arthur Hervey will be fulfilling a congenial task, which he is pre-eminently qualified to discharge successfully in discussing the work of Bruneau. Mr. Baughan's "Paderewski" may be trusted to make good reading; while Mr. Buckley and Mr. Fuller Maitland in their turn will be discoursing on subjects with which they are in completest sympathy. It is to be hoped, however, that one danger will be guarded against. Such works should not be all butter.

THE reappearance in London of Eugen D'Albert has been an event of interest. Since he shook the dust of England off his feet, under circumstances which it is now unnecessary to recall, and became an adopted son of Germany, D'Albert's visits to what is, at least, the land of his birth have been singularly intermittent. Yet he has certainly not lacked appreciation whenever he has deigned to visit us, even if his somewhat unromantic personality is of a sort to militate, perhaps, against his ever becoming a

fashionable pianist. Yet he has every other qualification requisite to the attainment of this end, not omitting a readiness to play to the gallery in a manner which, truth to tell, consorts not very happily with his reputation as a musician. When the "little giant," as they call him, lets himself go, there are few, indeed, who can make more noise. But he is a great pianist all the same.

MUSICIANS have been divided into various camps at different times—from those of the Gluckists and Piccinists to the Straussites and anti-Straussites of to-day. Apparently the mechanical piano is to prove yet another bone of discord. At least the most different opinions are held concerning it. On the one hand you have those who will make no sort of terms with such a child of Belial, and scout the suggestion that it possesses any kind of value. On the other there are those who, sceptical perhaps at first, have modified their opinions altogether with closer knowledge of the subject, and in particular are impressed by the educational possibilities of these instruments. As usual, no doubt, the truth lies somewhere betwixt the extremes. While no one in his senses can maintain that even the best of these contrivances begets results to be compared with the performances of, say, a de Pachmann or a Paderewski, yet their superiority to those of the average domestic performer is obvious enough.

I do not hesitate, indeed, to say that an immense amount of nonsense is talked concerning the demerits of these wonderful instruments by those who suppose themselves to demonstrate thereby the acuteness of their perceptions, and I should dearly like to see some kind of a test match organised at which certain of these hypercritical gentry should be called upon to distinguish between a pianola and an ordinary pianist when both were operating behind a screen. Many, no doubt, would spot which was which pretty readily, but many others, I am sure, would do nothing of the kind, and even the most cocksure might, I fancy, find themselves more puzzled now and again than they would imagine possible. It is, of course, the uniformity of tone colour of the mechanical piano which is at present its besetting weakness. But who shall say that even this difficulty may not be overcome in time? Where so much has been achieved already nothing seems impossible.

Art

I AM glad to see that Mr. Fairman Ordish raises a note of warning in "Cornhill" about the improvements of Westminster; and all the more glad am I in that he is as hot an admirer of the London County Council and its aims as I am. The triumph of the Council over the intrigues of the syndicate that nearly overthrew them in the House of Lords gave joy to all lovers of London. But there is just one matter in which I would raise my voice with Mr. Ordish in a prayer to the Council to save a little piece of historic old London. Of the main scheme and its fine effect when completed there can be no two opinions. And that is all the more reason for the Council to honour the little wedge of old London that is of historic value. The little court in North Street, so characteristically Dutch in architecture, so English in memories, has no equal in London. This court should be saved at all costs. And besides these houses, there are Little College Street, Great College Street, and College Mews, which are so sacred in memory that it will be to the eternal shame of every Londoner to-day should they be swept away. Fortunately Cowley Street and Barton Street near by are safe. They are like a cathedral close. These quiet streets are full of memories which every human soul with a scrap of imagination loves to recall. Keats lived here;

Gibbon lived and visited here; and the blotting out of the filthy squalid area between St. John's Church and Horseferry Road should not only not call for the destruction of these old streets, but should enhance their charm. Once destroyed, no art of man, no remorse, can replace or recall them. They should remain to London's honour.

MR. HENRY ROSE, in his lecture at the Polytechnic in Regent Street upon the Story of Sculpture "From Phidias to Flaxman," gave a fair survey of the subject in such fashion that it might be understood by the man in the street—and that is no easy task. His survey was happier in the Greek stage than in the modern; but he took the judicial attitude rather than the personal, and the dead masters have of course more to yield in the way of tributes from the great dead, though such tributes are often out of proportion owing to the weight of the names of such as rendered the homage. Nobody, for instance, would think of taking Ruskin's estimate of Rembrandt or of Whistler as being of much higher significance than that of a Vaudeville farce to-day. And it is perhaps for this reason that whilst Mr. Rose over-rated the value of the Albert Memorial, he omitted to mention the name of one of the greatest of modern sculptors, Rodin. That the Greeks themselves did not fully appreciate their own treasures is grimly evidenced by the fact that whilst their writers mention with enthusiasm some works which are not so highly estimated to-day, there is no mention amongst them all of the greatest Greek statue, the Venus of Melos! And Mr. Rose, though he said it diffidently enough, was quite right when he stated that the early Victorian rage for the Apollo Belvedere was overdone. But I was sorry to think that Mr. Rose thrust a shaft of satire at the youth from Hampstead who considered that Englishmen were the successors of the Greek youth in manly beauty. Personally I am of a mind with Mrs. Raggles when she uttered her immortal dictum, "I have seen Apollo Belvedere, and I have seen Raggles; and I say give me Raggles."

THE Society of British Sculptors has formed itself at last; and let us hope that it will avoid the pitiful jealousies and black blood of the two societies that Providence, in merciful wisdom, raised out of the murk of the last mid-century to destroy each other and prevent the handing down of the ghastly traditions of that day. I would like here, at the beginning of a new society, to make a suggestion: It is an obvious fact, if a sad one, that sculpture in itself does not attract an audience such as pictures will attract, just as pictures will not attract so large an audience as the drama. Now, a society of sculptors presumably forms itself in order to reach a wider public, for he who despises the public and the taste of the public will very easily avoid contact with that public by shutting himself up in his studio. If a society of sculptors wish to draw a large public, they should exhibit not only statuary figures, but examples of the application of statuary to the arts and crafts. Let me give a few examples: the cremation of the dead is becoming daily more national, yet I have never seen a fine design for the ashes of the dead—and this though it is in relation to the loved dead that people have one of the most pious and reverent feelings. It is, in fact, a strange thing that the making of that one form of sculpture that everyone has to fall back upon during some part of their experience, the gravestone, has passed wholly to the ghastly and gruesome yards where the monument-maker plies his miserable chisel, hammering it into marble and stone to the disfigurement of modern places of burial. Then again there is the carved mantel—almost a lost source of beauty. There are, in fact, a dozen and one applications of the sculptor's art which are pushed aside for the mere statue which only the very rich can buy, and

which very few even of them want. It must have struck even the sculptors themselves that a visit to the sculpture-room of a picture gallery always leaves a certain impression of the uselessness of statues to an ordinary man of means. The carved doorway with figures is rarely seen in model; in fact, the ordinary man associates the sculptor with the maker of funeral arrangements, and relegates his sphere to the damp corners of churches. The meeting of sculptors the other day seems to have been enthusiastic and promising; and the rivalry of the several societies of artists to which they belong seems to have been thrust aside in the endeavour to found a really national institution. The last few years have seen a remarkable re-birth of sculpture throughout the land, and I hope that the society may have all the success it deserves; indeed, it is born at an auspicious time, and carries the good wishes of every lover of art with it.

THE Royal Academy is to be congratulated on its common sense in electing, to give itself honour, so very fine an artist as Mr. Brangwyn. He ought to have been elected at least ten years ago, but that is another story. The Academicians may be surprised to hear it, but he is a far finer artist than Bonnat, who is loaded with honours by his own Government; but he is elected, and the Academy will soon discover his value. Frank Brangwyn is one of the finest painters in Europe to-day; few but our forty immortals could have drowsed through that fact. He has an individual and a personal force that has created quite a school already, and has had a marked effect on art abroad. He is one of the few men of genius who manage to keep a decorative effect in harmony with the full pictorial and artistic impression. His "Venice" will never again be "skied" on the walls of the Academy, and his election greatly strengthens that body. Mr. Charles Furse, the second painter elected to the roll of this great national Academy, is a painter of considerable talent, and is another strong prop taken from the New English Art Club, where most of his career was won. He is best known for his portraiture; and his technique and artistic qualities make him a useful addition to the ranks of the Academy. Mr. Pegram's sculpture has steadily won him recognition as a good artist, and he has once or twice almost made a sensation. He is one of the new school of sculptors who have brought back almost a lost art to England.

As regards the foreign elections of honour to the Royal Academy, it is rather fantastic to see Frémiet put before Rodin; but, given the academic bias of mind, Frémiet is an addition to the honorary immortals. His equestrian "Joan of Arc" we all know as she rides out of her square in the Place des Pyramides into the Rue de Rivoli, and half the jewellers' shops of Paris sell little gold models of this work. It was this same Joan who caused so much adverse criticism amongst the people of Paris, until Frémiet, irritated by their carping, and foolishly listening to it, modelled another Joan, and, during the upheaval and confusion of the street when the underground railway was being made, placed the new Joan in the old Joan's seat, only to find the new Joan execrated, and the old Joan become a work of art and a national idol! Bonnat, the painter, with a marked style of his own, has done some very fine work. It must be rather a grim satisfaction to these two distinguished men that one had to wait until he was seventy, and the other until he was eighty, before this high honour fell upon him. Few who saw it will forget Frémiet's large "Gorilla carrying off a Woman."

THERE seems to be a good deal of flutter in the studios about the new rule of the Royal Academy which allows three pictures only from outsiders and six from insiders at

the coming show; but (I do not know whether it is my fancy) I thought that three was the number decided upon long months ago. However that may be, I am bound to say I do not think the complaint against the Academy is quite fair—and no one will accuse me of a cringing faith in that somnolent body. I think that when a man has won his spurs in art he is entitled to more consideration than the youngsters who are knocking at the gate, and who have not yet established themselves. But surely this limiting of numbers of pictures sent in is simply a saving of the trouble and time of the Council of the Academicians who select for the year; and as they do absolutely nothing else for their position during the year, their labours for a few days do not move me to tears on their behalf. I would far rather see thirty pictures of Brangwyn's hung than, say, only two Brangwyns and braces of this, that and the other mediocrity. And another improvement loudly called for is the hanging of all a man's work together as at the Champ de Mars Salon in Paris. In this way a man gets his share of line and sky much more fairly; and he can control the surroundings of his pictures. But why bawl into the ears of the Royal Academy?

A RUSKIN EXHIBITION is to be held at the Manchester City Art Gallery, opening on March 23 next and closing on May 14, of pictures and other works of art illustrating the life and work of Ruskin, including the early Italian painters, Turner, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and also Ruskiniana such as letters and manuscripts. The Committee have offers of loans sufficient to show that the exhibition, which is being organised for them by Mr. W. G. Collingwood, will be extremely interesting.

University Extension

An Experiment in Bibliography

THE British Museum is often regarded by the younger sort as a sepulchre of specimens dated at least 5000 B.C., and avoided accordingly; to many it is known as the shrine of the Portland Vase (and nothing else), and the fact that there existed a "lecture-room" in the building at Bloomsbury came as a piece of fresh intelligence to a large number of those who were present at the "Bibliographical Visit" last Saturday, to which I referred recently. The room in question is known more properly as the Assyrian Saloon and provides the only apartment ever given up to legitimate lectures. That it is not more often used for that purpose is a matter for no small surprise; Mr. Chad Boscawen lectures occasionally on the subjects with which the walls are covered, and I am not overstepping the mark in saying that otherwise the room is little used. One of the Museum attendants even expressed ignorance of the existence of any such lecture room!

These remarks come under the heading of University Extension because of the fact that the Central Association of U.E. Students (would they had some shorter designation!) is determined to rectify this state of affairs by bringing into requisition this lecture room as a new supplementary force in Extension work.

The above visit was not a visit in the general sense of the term. There was no procession of wondering individuals blindly following their leader through the galleries. Such proceedings are of little or no value. But the utility of a lecture room capable of seating two or three hundred people within the Museum itself—in the precincts of the subject matter of the lecture—will be easily understood by any who recognise what our museums are really worth. University Extension work must be strictly *unlimited*, and not partake of the nature of certain

organised visits to private collections which are matters for "the happy few."

I must devote the remainder of the present article to a brief consideration of the occasion mentioned above, when Dr. Emil Reich attended to receive questions from any of those present ("questions on subjects of any science whatever"), then to point out the books whence the desired information might be sought. Dr. Reich's aim was to give some idea of the methods to pursue and the facilities that are available in unearthing and assimilating the accumulated knowledge of the past. To know which books to go to for what, is the best knowledge a student can desire, and that is the science of bibliography.

The interest taken in this experiment was evinced by the two hundred and more who were present, and by the variety of questions submitted to the "Examiner." At the end of an hour and a quarter Dr. Reich had not finished going through the batch of queries, and as each question was the occasion for individual explanation and comment respecting the books used in tracing it out, it will be seen that the afternoon was in reality devoted to a biographical lecture or demonstration.

To use his own words, Dr. Reich desired to demonstrate "that the masses of learning which have been accumulated in books, printed books, during the last five centuries, are not a pathless waste in which the explorer upon the track of knowledge is compelled to wander haphazard upon the off-hand chance of some day running across the information he requires; scholars have long ago reduced the chances of going astray to a minimum, and they can now hunt down their information with both rapidity and almost mathematical precision."

He then proceeded to hunt down his prey. The first question referred to the old theory of "The Discovery of America by the Chinese." He first went direct to the Bibliography of Cordier, the French *sinologue*, dealing exclusively with China. But supposing Cordier not to be known, the seeker has then to refer to the keystone of all bibliographical investigation, the *Manuel de Bibliographie Générale*, the work of M. Henri Stein. This work is practically a subject-catalogue of bibliographies, and under *Chine* will be found the reference to Cordier's work.

And so with the subsequent questions. Some occasioned the mention and use of the Subject-Index of the Printed Books in the British Museum, three volumes invaluable for contemporary literature, containing the names of all the books acquired since 1880, classified under their subjects. Then, again, there is Sonnenschein's "Readers' Guide" and "Best Books."

Another question meant reference to Kletke's bibliography of Prussian History, which contains, in addition to all that concerns such history in printed books, even the key to the unprinted material in the Berlin libraries—"when you have exhausted Kletke you may be satisfied that nothing has escaped you."

Dr. Reich then explained the nature of the German *Jahrbücher*; each particular science having its "Year Book," which contains, in systematic arrangement, a record of all that has appeared during the year concerning the particular science.

And so the questions continued to exhaust the list of compilations that exist for the facility of reference—the handmaidens of bibliography. The success of this experiment will lead, let us hope, to the regular course of lectures on Bibliography which Dr. Reich anticipates giving next year.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces that the next volume of the "Book-Lovers Library," to be published in the popular issue of the series, will be Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's "Studies in Jocular Literature."

Correspondence

Tolstoi and the Babies

SIR,—In your issue of 30th January a writer, C. W. Saleeby, in the course of a most interesting article called "Tolstoi and the Babies," says, "you will tell me that . . . it is human nature that the All-Good Father has made 'desperately wicked'—as the theologians assure us."

Can the writer of the article quote any one theologian, of any one school of Christian thought, as having anywhere taught such colossal nonsense?—Yours, &c.,

STUDENT IN HOLY ORDERS.

Sonnets from the Portuguese

SIR,—In his preface to Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" Mr. Edmund Gosse remarks that "there is a marked absence in the 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' of all slovenly false rhymes, of all careless, half-meaningless locutions, of all practical jokes played upon the parts of speech." The sonnets are most of them very fine, no doubt. But still there are a good many bad rhymes, it seems to me, as e.g., in Sonnet XIII., where *enough—rough—off—proof*—are supposed to rhyme. As regards meaningless locutions, would some reader of THE ACADEMY be kind enough to explain to me the following lines from Sonnet XV. ? :—

"On me thou lookest with no doubting care,
As on a bee shut in a crystal line.
Since sorrow hath shut me safe in love's divine,
And to spread wing and fly in the outer air
Were most impossible failure, if I strove
To fail so."

—Yours, &c.,

E. DICK.

Shelley : Victor and Cazire

SIR,—Having failed in the ordinary course of business to establish communication with a gentleman or lady using the initials "G. S." in THE ACADEMY for 19 December, 1903, I venture to ask space for a few lines concerning the reported fourth copy of "Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire."

When I published "The Shelley Library" no copy at all was publicly known to exist. Now three are known and will be duly described under their owners' names in the complement of that work and in future editions of Shelley. Of course, if there is a fourth it also should be described; but I should naturally hesitate to affirm that a fourth copy is expected to be in the hands of a lady or gentleman writing under the initials "G. S." if and when it should please the Lord to take the present incumbent of the said "G. S." reversion.

The genuineness of a copy of such a rare book as this requires establishment on the authority of an expert. As the book has been fac-simile'd, it can be faked; and Shelley's presentation would not put the experienced faker in much difficulty.—Yours, &c.,

46, Marlborough Hill, N.W.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

"Fitz"

SIR,—Will you allow me to say, in reference to Mr. Meynell's very kind review of my "Life of Edward FitzGerald," that I was quite surprised to find that I had made no acknowledgment in my Preface of the help obtained from Mr. E. V. Lucas' article in THE ACADEMY. The article was of real service to me. There is a reference to it in a footnote in Volume I., page 149.—Yours, &c.,

Olney, Bucks.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

[Other Letters held over.]

BOOKSELLERS' Catalogues Received.—Mr. W. M. Murphy, Liverpool (*Miscellaneous*); Mr. Henry Bumpus, High Holborn (*General*); Mr. Bertram Dobell, Charing Cross Road (*Manuscripts and Autograph Letters*); Messrs. Douglas and Foulis, Edinburgh (*Biography, Travel, History, and General*); Mr. Wilfrid M. Voynich, Soho Square, W. (*MSS. and General*); Messrs. Day's Library, Mount Street, W. (*History, Biography, Travel, &c.*); Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly, W. (*Books of To-day and To-morrow*).

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music, and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and *briefly* in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

The prizes will consist of 5s. worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller as early as possible in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood, and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5s.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No Questions or Answers received after Monday will be considered eligible for the current week's competition.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE

FRANK SEAFIELD, M.A.—Biography of this author wanted. He wrote "Literature and Curiosities of Dreams," referred to in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," as the standard work on the subject of dreams.—W. F.

* DOGBERRY.—Is Shakspeare responsible, in Dogberry (1600), for the introduction into English literature of characters who, like Mrs. Slipslop (1742) and Mrs. Malaprop (1775), misapply or attach wrong meanings to words?—L. F. P.

ORIGIN OF RHYME.—At what period and in what country was rhyme first used, and who was the first known writer to employ it?—A. J. (Leeds).

GIBBSING'S LAST WORK.—How should "The private papers of Henry Rycroft" be classified? As a novel?—W. P.

DEATH OF SIR HENRY GAGE, 1645.—Do the following lines form part of a poem; if so, where can I find it?—

"Drums, beat an onset; let the rebels feel
How sharp our grief is by our sharper steel!"—R. J. Fynmore.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.—What is the correct pronunciation of the poet's surname? If as two syllables, would not a dieresis be needed on the last letter?—W. P.

HISTORY

PARLIAMENT FIELD.—There is an obscure locality near Brailles called Traitor's Ford, at a passage of the river Stour, on the borders of Oxfordshire and Warwickshire, which connects an ancient roadway from Brailles to Hooknorton; this roadway appears to bound and separate four parishes. Adjoining is "Parliament Field," where Oliver Cromwell is believed to have encamped with his troops. Can any student of the Civil Wars identify the date of this campaign?—A. Hall.

"OLD NOBS."—In the Creevey Papers George III. is referred to as "Old Nobs." In "Pickwick" Sam Weller applies the same nickname to his father. Is there any other reference to "Old Nobs," or is it a coincidence?—F. A. S.

GENERAL

* TEA IN ENGLAND BEFORE 1657.—Tea began to be used as a national beverage when Garraway opened a tea-house in Exchange Alley in 1657. Wanted: references to tea-drinking in England before that year.—Harmatopegos.

WEIGH—WAY.—Can any of your readers say when the misspelling of "weigh" for "way" in the phrase "to get under way," used of a ship making good progress, first came in? It is an ignorant mistake probably arising from confusion with the phrase "to weigh anchor." Surely there is no such substantive in English as "weigh." Moreover, as Professor Skeat once pointed out to me, the Dutch have a similar expression to signify "getting under way" in the ordinary sense of "way." F. (Cambridge).

MONUMENTAL TEXTS.—When did the practice originate of inscribing texts or scriptural quotations on tombstones? Are there any examples earlier than about 1690?—A. W. (Cambridge).

CLASSIC—ROMANTIC.—Can any of your readers give a short definition of the terms "classic" and "romantic," not applying to nature, literature, art, epochs *separately*, but a general definition that would point out the essential nature of the terms?—R. G. (Nürnberg).

GERMAN "V" AND "W".—What is the equation or distinction between "v" and "w" in modern high German? Of two abridged dictionaries now before me, one puts "Gull = möve," but also "möwe = sea-gull"; the other varies thus, "mewe, möwe = sea-gull," also "gull = die meve."—Querist.

WHITE HEN'S CHICKEN.—My landlady greeted one of her children who had received a present with this phrase: I next met it in Burton's "Anatomy" in the form of "Pallus Jovis et gallinae filius albae"; this classical authority suggests some connection with the soothsayer's birds. Taken literally it does not seem a happy expression; a white hen here proved so bad a mother to her brood that only one chicken attained a sunted maturity; and this one now walks about with a deprecating air, sometimes furtively laying a diminutive egg, with an apologetic cry very different from the usual cackle of triumph. Can anyone say if the expression be common, and throw light upon its origin?—Luke.

Answers

LITERATURE

* LEE PRIORY BOOKS.—"Bibliotheca Cantiana," published by J. Russell Smith 1837, page 237, mentions in a catalogue of J. W. Southgate's collection of Lee Priory Books, sold by auction in 1833. Lee Warley bequeathed a library of books to Eltham, Kent—they are, I believe, kept in the vestry of the church there. See Arch. Cant., Vol. x., pages 68-9. In volume xxv. Arch. Cant., page 266, there is a

descriptive catalogue of documents belonging to the Kent Archaeological Society, preserved at Maidstone, and amongst the papers is a book with memoranda by Henry Oxenden, wherein mention is made from time to time of books lent to friends with great liberality.—R. J. Fynmore.

* OHNE PHOSPHOR KEIN GEDANKE.—I doubt if this expression was used by Goethe. Professor W. James in his "Principles of Psychology" (vol. I., page 101), quotes the saying as "a noted war-cry of the 'materialists' during the excitement on that subject which filled Germany in the '60's."—M. A. C. (Cambridge).

* PROSERPINA.—Shakespeare's authority is Ovid—Met. v. 399. In what translation he read the incident of the fallen flowers with the rest of the beautiful story (having "little Latin"), who shall say? I have not by me Arthur Golding's translations in Alexandrine verse, which had gone through seven editions, at least in Shakespeare's time; but he would not be likely to have disguised the incidents of the story much. Sandys does not; but he of course is too late for Shakespeare.—H. Buxton Forman.

[Replies also received from G. E. D. (Richmond) and H. C.]

* SCALIGER.—In "Ebert, Allgemeines Bibliographisches Lexikon" (1830) I find mentioned: "Scaliger, Jos. Just. Opus de emendatione temporum, &c., Col (onia) Allobr. (aude Err. Genevae), typis Roverianis, 1629 f." The same work also contains a "Verzeichnis aller Echten Aldinischen Drucke" in which an edition of Cicero, "Epistolae," is noted as having been published in 1652 as well as in 1579.—D. S. (Amsterdam).

* CALIGULA.—The reference is Suetonius "Life of Caligula," chapter 50. In Holland's translation (anno. 1606) the passage is thus rendered: "He was troubled: out of all with want of sleepe; for he slept not above three hours in a night: and in those verily hee tooke no quiet repose, but fearefull and skared with strange illusions and fantasticall imaginations; as who among the rest, dreamed upon a time that hee saw the very forme and resemblance of the sea talking with him."—H. W. M.

* HUMPHREY HOUR.—Richard tells his mother that the only "comfortable hour" he has given her was the hour of his birth. "Humphrey Hour" meant a time of emptiness, when a man "dined with Duke Humphrey," i.e., paced the nave of old St. Paul's, by the tomb of Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, while those who could afford it were eating their dinners.—Pedagogue.

AUTHOR FOUND:—

The verse is by Guido Gürres, born 1805, died 1852. Gürres has edited a collection of historical ballads, written by himself and the Count Pocci, under the title "Österreichischer Festkalender." The ballad is called "Belagerung Wien's durch die Türken," and begins with the verse:—

"Ein Falke späht vom Felsenest
Hinaus, hinaus ins Land,
Er späht nach Ost, er späht nach West
Hinauf, hinab, den Strand—
Der Falke ist Graf Starckenberg," &c.

Guido Gürres, one of the "Jüngere Romantiker," wrote also many legends and "Volksmärchen."—W. F. Stolz (Zleb, bei Caslau, Bohemia).

[Reply also from M. A. C. (Cambridge).]

THEATRE

WIND ON THE STAGE.—In answer to "Vanity Vair," the whirling of leaves on the ground and off the trees was well reproduced in "Oyranoe de Bergerac," Act v., Sc. v.; according to the stage directions "À ce moment un peu de brise fait tomber des feuilles."—M. S. (Bookham).

GENERAL

STATUE OF CROMWELL AT WESTMINSTER.—The sculptor was Hamo Thornycroft. It was not unveiled by Lord Rosebery, but was uncovered without any ceremony by the workmen of the Office of Works on November 14, 1899.—D. J.

[Similar replies received from A. R. B. (Malvern) and M. M. Dobrée.]

* NOT FIT TO HOLD A CANDLE TO HIM.—The "New English Dictionary" gives older instances of the use of this phrase than that quoted by *Clericus*, e.g., 1550. Crowley: "Disse players . . . that have nothing to playe for . . . Holde the candle to them that have wherewith, and will sette lustily to it." 1614. T. Adams: "Let Plato then, hold the candle to Moses." 1640. Sir E. Dering: "Not worthy to hold the candle to Aristotle."—T. H. (Ely).

* TO HOLD A CANDLE TO HIM.—The custom of holding the candle for a reader dates back to the old times when illuminations were scarce and inadequate. One can fancy that in the lady's bower the favourite page, or the privileged maid would be the one to stand near the mistress and "hold the candle." The phrase, perhaps, has acquired additional weight from ecclesiastical usage; for the reading of the Gospel, two servers held the candles; and the appropriateness of the externals to the act of proclaiming the Light of the World, led to the erecting of the necessary device into a liturgical symbol familiar to us to-day.—S. C.

[Replies also from M. A. C. (Cambridge) and Alpha.]

* THE OX WITH THE CRUMPLED HORN.—"The ox" is the still, "the horn" the twisted "worm"—hence "crumpled" horn. The figure is common in many drinking songs, thus—

"I'll buy a milch cow that will never run dry,
And I'll milk her by twisting her horn."

"Treading out the corn" means extracting the spirit from the grain. As far as I know the figure is confined to such songs.—T. W.

* COUNTING-OUT VERSES.—The form which I knew as a boy ran thus:—

"Ena mena, mona, mite,
Piska, lava, bora, bite,
Ulga, bulga, bo:
Eggs, butter, cheese, bread,
stick, stack, stone, dead."

The form which "Pet Marjorie" used, and which so greatly delighted Sir Walter Scott, is thus given by Dr. John Brown:—

"Woney, twoery, tickery, seven;
Alibi, crackaby, ten and eleven;
Pin, pin, musky, dan,
Twiddle um, twiddle um, twenty-wan;
Kerie, orle, ourle,
You, are, out."

I believe that a book on "Counting-out Rimes" was published a few years back. Perhaps some correspondent will give author's name and title of book.—C. A.

NOTE.—"The House that Jack Built." Reply received from A. C. (Olmsteadford). "Kipling." Replies received from R. G. W. (Richmond, Yorks), J. T. (Blackpool) and F. C. G. (Dublin). Correspondents may note that if they do not wish to compete for the weekly prizes they can endorse their Questions or Answers: "not for competition."

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the four booksellers whose names follow:—

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Continued on page 180.

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The Academy and Literature

No. 1658. Established 1869. London: 13 February 1904.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17/6 a year.]

Literary Notes

MR. "BENJAMIN SWIFT" is at present engaged on a philosophical work which will not be an attempt at constructive theory, but rather an analysis of human emotions and the fatality of temperaments. The author of "Nancy Noon," "Nude Souls," and "Sordon" may be expected to deal brilliantly with such a subject, but the work will not be complete yet awhile.

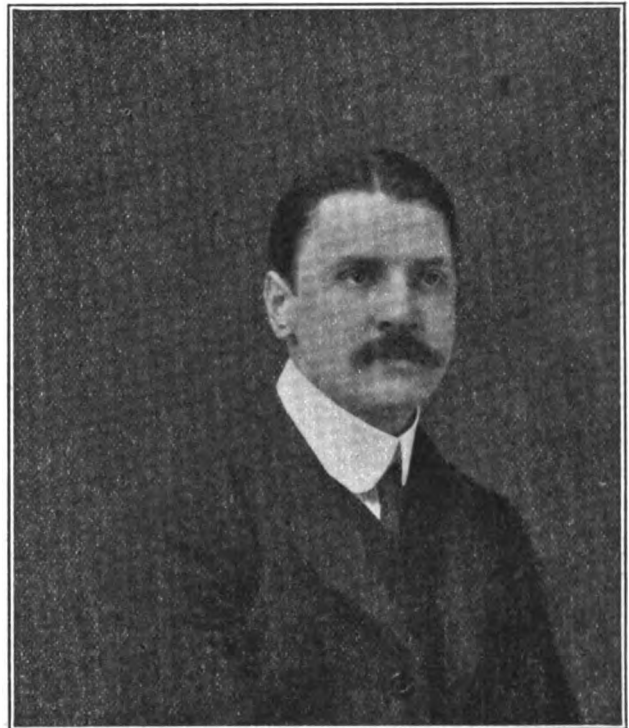
MR. LUCIEN WOLF, the writer of the brilliant article on Anti-Semitism in the new volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," is editing an edition of the works of Lord Beaconsfield, the centenary of whose birth occurs this year. There will be an introductory volume in the form of a life. If the edition really contains all the writings of Disraeli it will be a boon to students of biography as well as to lovers of fiction. Lord Beaconsfield has hardly yet achieved his rightful place as a man of letters: the glamour of his political work outshone for his contemporaries the brilliancy of his contributions to literature.

MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM is finishing a novel, "The Merrygoround," which will be published this spring and an episode in which is the foundation of his play, "A Man of Honour."

A CORRESPONDENT has called me to task for writing to the effect that the public in this country really fond of good literature is but small and is not increasing as it should in correspondence with the increase of population and the still larger increase of those who can read. I must hold to my opinion, however, while quite willing to admit that it is a matter of opinion, for there are no figures which help us to come to any definite conclusion and any opinion formed must be the result of personal observation rather than founded upon statistics.

INDEED in this matter statistics are apt to be misleading. The reports issued by various public libraries are in stereotyped form and a comparison between, say, the works of fiction and of serious literature issued by any free lending library is not in itself truly informative. Roughly speaking, a constant reader of novels would consume many volumes in the time that it would take a student to assimilate, for example, Mr. Paul's "History" or the "Creevey Letters." What really counts is the amount of time spent by each man and woman on the perusal of what is generally admitted to be good literature, and I contend that very few people devote much, or, indeed, any of their time to the study of letters. Outside the business of life, be it work or pleasure, men were ever too ready to avoid all brain exercise and are becoming more and more so every day. This is bad both for literature, which

is in danger of losing touch with life and of becoming a mere "study" pursuit, and for the public, who are acquiring a slackness of thought and losing the benefit of that mental tonic which good literature alone can supply.



MR. WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM

[Photo. Agnes Jennings, London.]

IN connection with this subject there is significance in the recent lecture upon "The Growing Distaste of the Many for the Higher Kinds of Poetry," delivered at the Royal Institution by Mr. Alfred Austin. The lecturer asked what was the cause of this *growing* distaste, and answered that in his opinion it was partly the result of the rise of prose romance; fiction, he admitted, and all will agree, is a goodly means of abstracting oneself from the grind and toil of life, but abused by over-use is unwholesome and destructive to all taste and desire for finer things. But there are deeper reasons than that; the mass of literature to-day is terrifying and the indiscreet are ready to jump to the conclusion that they must have their reading done for them and be content with extracts, resumés and criticisms; that is another cause of the evil, and there are still others. And the cure? Though I run the risk of being censured for repetition, I will again urge that the cure lies in the hands of those who are responsible for the education of the country, not only of the education

of young folk but of elders too. English literature, like all other subjects of teaching, can be made dry or can be made appetising, and it is the duty of those in authority to look to it that it is made the latter in all our schools, public and private.

As for the older folk, I should like to see more attention given in University Extension courses to English literature, and to learn that classes were being formed in connection with them. A steady course of reading with a definite aim braces the whole mental being, increases the grasp of a man's understanding and gives him the ability to distinguish in everyday life between essentials and non-essentials. I should like also to see every effort made to strengthen that excellent association The Home Reading Union. And I should welcome a sixpenny "Fortnightly" or "Nineteenth Century" and a shilling "Quarterly." The one hopeful sign of the literary times is that good literature is cheap.

THERE is good reading in Mrs. George Bancroft's "Letters from England in 1846-49," published in Scribner's. This lady was the wife of the historian whom she married in 1838, and accompanied him to England in 1846 when he was appointed American Minister at the court of St. James, seeing "London life under an unusual variety of interesting aspects." In these letters we rub shoulders among other well-known folk with Lord Holland, Samuel Rogers, Macaulay, Dean Milman, Lady Morgan, Macready, not to speak of mere politicians and statesmen. It is pleasant to note that there are more letters to come. Are there not in our country stores of similar correspondence which might and should see the light? There is also in the same magazine an interesting article on "Charles Keene as an Etcher," by Mr. M. H. Spielmann.

IN "Saint George" for January there is much edifying reading, notably Dean Kitchin's admirable lecture on "The Romantic Period of Letters," and the Reverend J. Hunter Smith's "The Evolution of the Idea of Love: Being the Revelation of the Unknown Eros."

THE passing fashions of the literary hour, at any rate as regards fiction, are subject matter for some pretty verse in "The New York Bookman"; but what will literary historians in 2,904 make of this:—

Who'll now "The Christian's" woes relate?
 Poor "Knighthood's Flower," you'll all agree
 Is "Run to Seed," and much that fate
 O'ertook the whole "White Company."
 "Red Rock" is lost; inaudibly
 "The Choir Invisible" makes cheer,
 And "Trilby" sobs th' insistent plea;
 "Where are the books of yester-year?"

Where indeed?

Mrs. GERTRUDE ATHERTON, in the same monthly, in a paper on "Some Truths About American Readers," gives us the following pleasing verdict on the Italy of to-day: "She reeks with rotteness, degradation, disease; she is a thing of the far past, gangrene, crying out for decent burial." In another passage she says: "I have grown to question if we Americans are really humorists or merely a race with a strong, youthful sense of the ridiculous—a vastly different thing from true humour." Is it polite for a writer sprung from a young country to call an old country by such unpleasant names? Americans have at any rate a sufficiency of true humour to appreciate how

ridiculous is bombast and childish abuse. Really a writer of the calibre of Mrs. Atherton should know better.

Who actually wrote Yvette Guilbert's "La Vedette"? The question is not easy to answer. Yvette Guilbert published it as her own and as hers a German firm translated it into German. The book is a story of "Café-Concert" life. There is no fine and delicate humour in it, no fine and delicate sentiment. Nevertheless, it contains both humour and sentiment of a kind; of the kind, in fact, to be expected in men and women who have no place for delicacies of any sort but who suffer the human tragedies like the rest. The book, like the life, is vulgar even in its pathos and piteous even in its comedy. But it is neither foolish nor quite insignificant. The observation is always sincere, careful, persistent, and the truth of the whole description is patent on every page.

YVETTE GUILBERT is a very clever woman as well as a well-known singer in music halls. It created no great surprise, therefore, that she should write a study of the life of these places. The book was a success, when suddenly came the accusation, from the German publisher, of false authorship, and a Monsieur Byl obligingly stepped forward to protest himself the real writer. A mass of correspondence is put into the court—the letters written by Madame Guilbert upon the subject. From a perusal of them one comes first of all to the conclusion that the writer possesses a very individual and charming literary style, and, secondly, that "La Vedette" was undoubtedly the result of collaboration.

THE affair seems to have commenced as follows. One day Madame Guilbert received a letter asking her to collaborate upon a work of "Café-Concert" life. To this she wrote back that she knew absolutely nothing about Café Concerts. At a fixed hour she drove to the building, dressed herself in a room by herself, went on the stage, sang, and drove off again. After an interview, however, she consented to the literary effort. Only Monsieur Byl, whose intentions were from the beginning frankly and exclusively pecuniary, stipulated that the publication as far as he was concerned should bring only money—the glory he left to the lady. A book published under his own name would pass unnoticed; in hers pecuniary benefit was certain, and pecuniary benefit was his one and only object.

BUT now comes the interesting intensification of the mystery—the climax to an extraordinary literary episode. Monsieur Byl sent his copy to Madame Guilbert in a handwriting clearly not his own. And one day in the parcel of manuscript she found a note addressed to him. "Here is the fifth instalment of 'copy.' Marsolleau." So Monsieur Byl did not write his own contributions and "La Vedette" was indebted to a third contributor! The mystery is still unlifted. Certainly Monsieur Byl, who was paid generously out of the profits, cuts a sorry figure in the business. His threats when demanding still further remuneration are contemptible. Legally the case ended in a victory for Madame Guilbert. From the point of view of law she remains the authoress of "La Vedette." Assistance was rendered, but she undoubtedly not only wrote a large part of the work herself, but repeatedly urged her collaborator, or collaborators, to sign with her for publication. Also, as the judge observed, Monsieur Byl's letters alone prove him incapable of rendering anything but the very slightest literary assistance to

anybody, while his acknowledgment of the money paid, is given for revision, and "small services rendered" in connection with the book.

ONLY there is a literary moral to the story. In writing a book it is best to write it oneself, or when assistance is given to acknowledge it, for the silence of those still capable of speaking is never in this world to be relied upon.

THE death of the Master of the Temple comes with a sense of personal loss, even to those who did not possess the advantage of his friendship. He was a man of wide sympathy and great culture, and will live long in the affections of those who love Charles Lamb, whose works, including the letters, he edited and whose life he wrote for the "English Men of Letters" series. He was born in the year 1837, and was a life-long sufferer from ill health, which prevented him from playing the great part in life for which his gifts adapted him. He was Reader at the Temple Church from 1866 to 1892, was appointed Canon of Bristol in 1887 and Master of the Temple in 1894. He was a wit and a scholar, and will live always not only in the memories of those who were privileged to know him, but of those, also, who respect integrity, modesty and learning.

COULD the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" learn in the Shades of the present running to and fro in the earth in search of examples of his pictorial art, he would probably conceal in a fine affectation of scornful amusement his pride in the ultimate triumph of his genius. But the posthumous recognition of genius is no new thing; in Mr. Whistler's case admiration had preceded death, and only the final touch of nature was needed to set enthusiasts everywhere in diligent search of even the most trivial and uninspired productions of the master. In his native America and in his adopted Britain Whistler is being made the sole or the central attraction in picture exhibitions large and small. Perhaps the Royal Scottish Academy can do so with better grace than some other similar institutions, for Whistler was early recognised in Scotland, and some of his most notable works have their home there.

HOWEVER that may be, the R.S.A. has succeeded in bringing together at its show in Edinburgh no fewer than fifty-three examples of Whistler's work in every medium, except lithography, to which he set his hand. Chief of these are the Glasgow Corporation's "Thomas Carlyle," two "Miss Alexander's," the artist's portrait of himself in grey-blue studio dress, and "Sir Henry Irving in the character of Philip of Spain." In other kinds are the "Golden Screen," belonging to Lord Battersea, "Old Battersea Bridge," and "Trafalgar Square"; but the etchings were shown on the press view day in the small octagon room where the light was not good enough to show them at their best. Whistler's successor in the Presidency of the "International" is represented by a small but finely conceived sculpture entitled "Frère et Sœur."

COINCIDENTLY with the presidency of Sir James Guthrie, there has been a diminution in the number of accepted exhibits at the Royal Scottish Academy, and this year at least there has been a contingent improvement in the quality of the work that makes the exhibition perhaps the best that has ever been held by the Academy. The

President is represented by two portraits, one of Lady Alice Shaw Stewart, simple, womanly and refined; the other of Dr. William Jack, Professor of Mathematics at Glasgow University, skilfully realised. Other notable portraits are of "Madame la Baronne de H.," by Mr. John Lavery; of that very militant Scottish ecclesiastic the Rev. Principal Hutton, by Sir George Reid, the ex-President of the R.S.A.; and of the veteran Glasgow artist, Mr. Joseph Henderson, by his son, Mr. John Henderson. For the rest, a list of the exhibitors would be little more than a catalogue of the leading Scottish artists—nearly all of whom are worthily represented—supplemented by a few others with work of high quality in the loan section.

Bibliographical

I SEEM to find in current literature, periodical and otherwise, a tendency to adapt well-known verse for the purposes of quotation. Thus, towards the end of Mr. William Canton's new "History of the British and Foreign Bible Society" one comes across the following, brought in at the end of a paragraph:—

The whole round earth was every way
Bound about the feet of God.

This, of course, is an adaptation of—

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

In like manner, in the current issue of the "Cornhill" (page 200), Clough's lines—

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know—

appear in this altered form:—

Where was the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead is all the sailors know.

Mr. Canton's mal-quotation is the worse of the two, but both instances are to be deprecated, for they tend to the debasing of the poetic currency. I see, by the way, that Mr. Eden Phillpotts, in his "American Prisoner," makes one of his characters ascribe the familiar utterance, "Let us swear an eternal friendship," to "the man in the play." But it was not a man, you remember; it was a woman. Men don't do these things, even in burlesques.

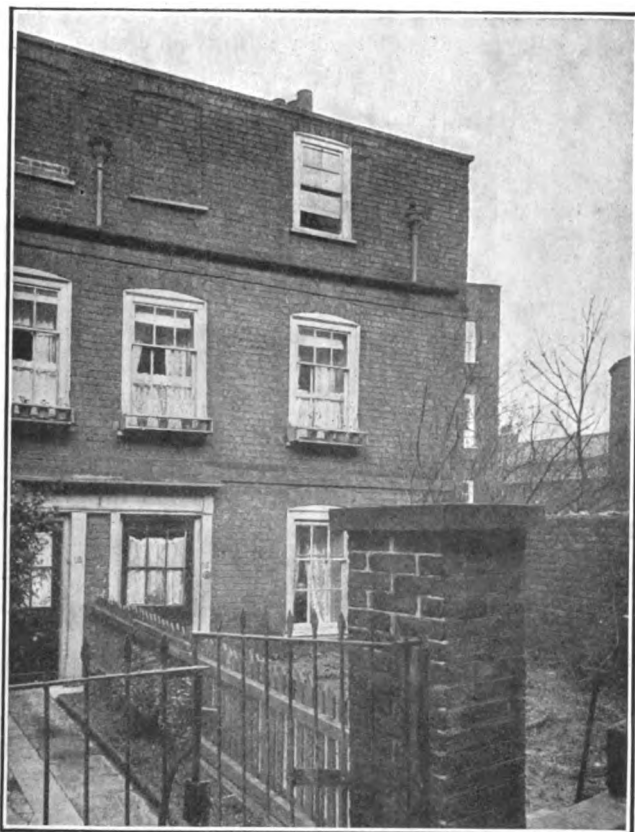
Mr. William Archer, I note, dedicates his new book, "Real Conversations," "to G. R. H., oldest of friends." A good many years it is, indeed, since Mr. Archer and Mr. G. R. Halkett—then, I believe, resident in Edinburgh—were concerned together in the production of "The Fashionable Tragedian," a bitter and indiscriminating attack on the acting of Henry Irving. This was in 1877, after the actor had "taken the town" successively as Digby Grant, Mathias, Charles I., Richelieu, Hamlet, and Richard III. The little pamphlet, which was issued in Edinburgh, was made specially pungent by Mr. Halkett's not at all good-natured caricatures. In the letterpress Mr. Archer was aided by another of his friends—the late Mr. R. W. Lowe, who made the *amende* to Henry Irving when, in 1888, he dedicated his "English Theatrical Literature" to the actor "whose genius and achievements have so powerfully promoted that revival of interest in matters dramatic to which it owes its existence." In 1877 Mr. Halkett was twenty-two and Mr. Archer twenty-one; they are now forty-nine and forty-eight respectively, and probably have long regretted this misdeed of their youth.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, in his "Highways and Byways of Sussex," naturally devotes a chapter to Brighton, in connection with which he quotes in full the stanzas on that watering-place which appeared in James and Horace Smith's "Horace in London" (1813)—"Now fruitful

autumn lifts his sunburnt head," and so forth. But the true laureate of Brighton was Mortimer Collins, with his—

If you approve of flirtations, good dinners,
Seascapes divine which the merry winds whiten,
Nice little saints and still nicer young sinners,
Winter at Brighton!

Next to Collins, though *longo intervallo*, I should put Mr. Ashby-Sterry, whose stanzas have equal gusto but not



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[Photo. Booker and Sullivan, Chancery Lane.]

quite the same gaiety and ease. Here is the best of them:—

If spirits you would lighten,
Consult good Doctor Brighton,
And swallow his prescriptions and abide by his decree;
If nerves be weak or shaken,
Just try a week with Bacon,
His physic soon is taken—
At our London-by-the-Sea.

One cannot remember everything; and it is not surprising, therefore, that one of the reviewers of "A Magdalen's Husband" should have described its author, Mr. Vincent Brown, as "a newcomer in the field of fiction." Nevertheless, it is eight years since Mr. Brown published his first story, "My Brother," the power and freshness of which were recognised by at least some of the critics. Then came, in 1898, "Ordeal by Compassion" and "The Romance of a Ritualist," followed in 1899 by "Two in Captivity." No one of these fulfilled the promise of "My Brother"; but in "A Magdalen's Husband" that promise, I venture to think, is more than accomplished.

The outlines of the bibliography of the late Canon Ainger do not occupy much space. They are concerned mainly with his work *re* Lamb, which appears to have

begun in 1878 with the monograph contributed to the "English Men of Letters" series (reprinted in 1888). Then came editions of the "Tales from Shakespeare" (1879, 1883, 1886), the "Essays of Elia" (1883), the "Poems, Plays, and Miscellaneous Essays" (1884), "Mrs. Leicester's School, &c." (1885), the "Letters of Charles Lamb" (1888), and the "Life and Works" (1899). Then there is what Dr. Ainger did for Thomas Hood—the preface to Hood's "Humorous Poems" (1893) and the edition of the complete Poems (1897). There is also the preface to Galt's "Annals of the Parish" and "Ayrshire Legatees" (1895). Add to the above the "Sermons Preached in the Temple Church" (1870), the editing of "Tennyson for the Young" (1891), and the recent monograph on Crabbe (1903), and you have, I think, practically the sum total of the Canon's literary "output."

The promise of the Rev. G. R. Gleig's personal recollections of the "great Duke" of Wellington sends the mind back to his "Life" of the Duke (1862), based partly upon the work by Brialmont and partly upon hitherto unpublished matter. For the rest, one is amazed, when one comes to think of it, at the reverend gentleman's literary fecundity—his "Subaltern," his "Hussar," his "Light Dragoon," his "Soldier's Help," his "Soldier's Manual of Devotion," his "Chelsea Hospital and its Traditions," his "Lives" of Lord Clive and Warren Hastings and Sir Walter Scott, his "Waltham, or a Country Village," his "Country Curate," and his "Sermons." Then there were the two volumes of "Essays from the 'Edinburgh' and the 'Quarterly'" (published in 1858), and a host of compilations for the publishers.

THE BOOKWORM.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

THE title of Madame Albanesi's successful novel "Susannah and One Elder" (now in its third edition) has been changed to "Susannah and One Other," this alteration having been made in deference to the opinion of many reviewers and of her publishers, who appear to regard the original title as misleading and calculated to prejudice a large class of readers.—Mrs. B. M. Tanqueray has written a novel under the title of "The Royal Quaker" which will be issued by Messrs. Methuen on the 11th.—Mr. Arthur C. Benson has written a life of Tennyson which will be issued in Messrs. Methuen's Little Biographies Series in a few days. The book contains several illustrations.—The next two volumes to be added to the Little Quarto Shakespeare, issued by the same firm, are "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Taming of the Shrew."—Mr. John Lane announces two new volumes in the New Pocket Library, "Typee" and "Omoo," by Herman Melville. The editing has been placed in singularly appropriate hands, those of Mr. W. Clark Russell, who contributes an introduction to each volume. There are also notes to both books by Marie Clothilde Balfour. Other volumes will follow.—"The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen," which will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., show Elizabeth transported from her German garden and on the enterprise of driving round the island of Rügen.—Professor A. C. Armstrong's treatise on "Transitional Eras in Thought," published by the Macmillan Co., is an enquiry into the development of Western thought and culture, with a special purpose of inferring from the study of previous transitional epochs the future which may be expected for our own era in speculation.

Reviews

A Glorious Art

BRITISH VIOLIN-MAKERS, CLASSICAL AND MODERN. By the Rev. W. Meredith Morris, B.A. (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d. net.)

The compilation of this biographical dictionary must have cost the Rev. W. Meredith Morris a vast amount of loving labour, and we doubt not that the volume will form an indispensable item in the violinist's and violin-maker's library. In the space of 200 pages will be found biographical notices of between four and five hundred makers, these varying from a couple of lines to four whole pages. Many facsimiles of their labels are given—a most useful idea—besides photographs of their instruments and persons—an addition of more doubtful value. We make no pretensions to the possession of the special knowledge required to check Mr. Morris' great store of facts and dates; we can but criticise the introduction of fifty pages which prefaces the dictionary proper and comment upon the style of the work.

It seems to us that the first ten pages, which discuss the reason why the early English violin-makers adopted an inferior model, are a mere waste of words. Given a long-established instrument—the viol, and a foreign intruder—the violin—given the conservative character of the British workman—what else could be expected but that he would prefer the Stainer pattern to the Cremona? In seeking unnecessary reasons for the lack of enterprise Mr. Morris does not fail to make the old, old mistake of slandering the Puritans. "The furious bigotry of Anabaptists, Levellers, and Fifth-monarchy men," he says, "had placed music under a ban, and the gentle voice of melody had been drowned in the hoarse battle-cry of the 'saints'." It would seem that a charge once made by an early historian, however superficial and careless he be—we allude, of course, to Dr. Burney—can never be expunged, refute it as often as one may. We would recommend Mr. Morris to read Davey's "History of English Music" before he publishes his second edition. It cannot be too often reiterated that the Puritans were not such farcical humbugs as one finds them on the stage in a comic opera, but honest men who protested, only too successfully, against the vicious frivolity of the Stuarts, and effected a very necessary cleansing of our Church by abolishing its music, amongst other abuses. But music *as such* was not merely tolerated, but encouraged and practised by Puritans from Oliver Cromwell down to John Bunyan, as every educated man should know. It only serves to heighten the mystery surrounding the origin of violin tone, that after depreciating the adoption of and persistence in what is regarded as an inferior model, our author finds himself forced to own that these Parker, Banks, and Forster fiddles all possess a tone not in the least like that of Stainer, but rather like that of Amati. If this be true, what is there to worry about? But tone is a very difficult subject: there are too many factors concerned to render it wise to speak with such decision upon it as Mr. Morris sometimes allows himself to do. Indeed his enthusiasm for his subject leads him frequently to use descriptions of a florid and hyperbolic character which cannot but be repellent to the practical man for whom the book is presumably written. "Majesty intoxicated with the wine of the Graces," for instance, may be classical (though we fail to take the allusion), but is hardly definite; and to say (page 92) that "The notes drop off the strings like tears trickling down the beard of a weeping god" is surely to apply to the instrument a description more suitable to a performer. Some of our provincial critics in search of new terms of praise for Kubelik or Miss Marie Hall might here discover some gems of language quite in their style; as, for instance, "The

harmonics were as crisp as the jingle of frozen rush blown by the breath of winter." Being told that "Duke's varnish is elastic, soft, and transparent," we do not find it assist our conception of it when the author adds, "but it lacks unction." There is an air of aristocratic refinement about it which is quite unmistakeable, but we long for one sweet blush of the emotions." On page 18 is a very pretty collection of mixed metaphors, beginning "Those who are in quest of the Excalibur (*sic*) of Antonio" which we have not space to quote.

In his section, "The Revival of Violin Making," Mr. Morris is very insistent that "The glorious art was never more alive than it is to-day." But he must not seek to prove too much. While he puts the yearly production of high-class violins in England at 150 (which seems to us over the mark) this does not make a very large supply for a population of forty millions, to which, as he elsewhere states, factory-made violins are imported "by the ton." The fact seems to be that musical instruments are one of the fittest subjects for protective duty, both import and export.

In taking leave of Mr. Morris' useful book we would direct the attention of violinists to page 74, where they may learn that in the course of three months of 1890 there were nearly 300 "undoubted Strads" offered for sale in British and foreign sale-catalogues. But *populus vult decipi*. The syllogism "Stradivari was the greatest of fiddle makers. My fiddle is a Strad. Therefore, my fiddle is the best possible," is irresistible logic for the common mind. Perhaps the present volume may do something to expose the fallacy. F. CORDER.

A Revelation

THE HOUSE OF QUIET: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Edited by J. T. (Murray. 8s. net.)

THIS book is vouched in "J. E.'s" preface to be the autobiography of a friend and cousin, a man of retired country life, now dead. At first, from the manner of the preface, we had a horrible suspicion that here was yet another fictitious self-revelation, after the manner made temporarily fashionable by "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." And while that book had genuine power, its imitative progeny were a destructive plague-cloud. The preface has all the symptoms with which those books made us fatally familiar. But a glance at the body of the volume and that suspicion vanished. It is a genuine autobiography, the revelation of a true personality. "The House of Quiet" is a happy title: it indicates the man, no less than his life. This is essentially a quiet, a restrained, a minor-toned, yet a distinguished personality. His tastes are distinguished: delicate, refined, unclamorous. His feelings have the same delicate distinction; remote from weakness and sentimentality as from gush or the parade of intensity. His life has it; a life of small and minor things, which the ordinary man would peevishly or lachrymosely bewail as a failure, but which this man had the virtue to make a subtle and invisible success. Invisible to the world, during the term of that life; but now, and in this book, it becomes visible to all who have the sympathetic vision. Lastly, his style shares in this delicate distinction. It is not a great style, as his is not a great personality: but it is a style very far removed from commonplace, always adequate, clear, simple, and direct; while when occasion serves it becomes felicitous, close, and arresting in phrase. Its worst defect, if not its sole defect, is an occasional slipshodness of grammar.

It is purely a story of mental and spiritual development. A very simple story in externals: a young man of good birth and position, who goes through a university education, enters on official duties, and then, with the

interest of life opening on him, finds himself crippled by ill-health. In order to prolong his life, he is condemned to a future of retirement and the avoidance of exertion. At first, most naturally, the effect was one of despondence and deep depression: he had, according to customary ideas, no career, no use or occupation in the world. Then, as a result of this enforced seclusion and his psychic suffering (an ugly word, but "mental" hardly meets the case) he found in himself a new sense for the subtler and interior things of nature and art: alike in music and literature (for example) he began to see below the surface which had hitherto contented him. But the acute nervous tension which was at the root of this sudden sensitiveness, by an inevitable reaction gave place to profound melancholy. Happily for him he fell back on philosophy and religion. Eschewing dangerous introspection, he sought an external distraction in philanthropy; and his philanthropy took a form as wise as it was uncommon. In place of formulating his own plans, and annoying with them the independent English poor, he set himself to find how his poorer neighbours wanted to be helped, and to forward their wishes. It is not surprising that he presently found himself the trusted helper and counsellor of some forty peasantry, and discovered in this activity a source of content, so far as content could be looked for in an imperfect world.

Such are the main external lines of a life, the interest of which lies in its interior vicissitudes. But beside the record of these, there are appended a number of extracts from the writer's diary, or from autobiographic notes found among his remains. These are among the most interesting portion of the book. In a large number of them he has given character-sketches of his country neighbours. These sketches are done with an urbane and tolerant insight, a forbearing sympathy, above all, a quiet and refined humour, which make them charming reading. Others, again, are really psychological and personal essays on various themes, such as Dreams, or Obsession, which have the attraction of a thoughtful and delicate mind meditating on its own experience. The combined effect of the whole book is to admit the reader to intimacy with an individuality, an individuality distinct from its neighbours both in its limits and its strength. And that is not over-common nowadays. Nor is the record obtruded on by any consciousness of a listening public.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

A Novelist as a Man of Business

LA JEUNESSE DE BALZAC. BALZAC IMPRIMEUR. 1825-1828. Par Gabriel Hanotaux et Georges Vicaire. Avec trois Estampes et deux Portraits gravés sur bois par A. Lepère. (Ferroud.)

We have here a book which may be classed as first and foremost a documentary work, and when, at a cursory glance, we find quite half of it to be appendices, chiefly accounts, we are inclined to fling it aside as no concern of ours. But in this case second thoughts are best, for when Balzac is in question, documents take a special meaning, and the life of a publisher, printer, and typesetter between 1825 and 1828, though the narration of actual facts, becomes a veritable romance. We get Balzac's autobiography by fragments, as it were, throughout his works, but although a large number of books on Balzac have appeared, there is no complete life. Thus the contribution before us lets in much light on a portion of his early career of which little is known, a period not without great influence on his later life.

The years of Balzac's youth stretch from 1823 to 1833. They are the first years of struggle and comprise the first contact with life. He was doubtful what career to follow. His father wished him to avoid that of letters, for it was then that he wrote his first works: his tragedy of

Cromwell, articles for the newspapers, numberless short-stories and novels. It was then too that he made the acquaintance of "un ange," who was his support during "cette horrible guerre." "Mme. de B. [erny] quoique mariée, a été comme un Dieu pour moi. Elle a été," he writes to Mme. Harska in 1837, "une mère, une amie, une famille, un ami, un conseil; elle a fait l'écrivain, elle a consolé le jeune homme, elle a créé le goût, elle a pleuré comme une soeur, elle a ri, elle est venue tous les jours, comme un bienfaisant sommeil, endormir les douleurs." Suddenly he gave up the literary career. He dreamed of rapidly making a fortune, he thought himself suited for business, and so he bought a printing establishment in the Rue Marais Saint-Germain. The history of the enterprise has been told by him in "Les Illusions Perdues," in the failure of César in "César Birotteau," which is that of Balzac and his partners, and it turns up in numerous passages of the "Comédie Humaine." But Balzac was only so to speak an "improvised" man of business and he came to serious grief. The steps of the downfall may be studied in detail in this work; all the accounts, all the correspondence are there. A cousin intervened and with his help and that of Balzac's parents the situation was in a measure saved, but Balzac was saddled with obligations that weighed on him all his life. As a publisher and printer he was the first to project compact editions of the classics, and issued Molière and La Fontaine. The list of his publications contains chiefly French classics, but we note also translations of speeches by Canning, Peel and Brougham, and of the works of Shakespeare and Schiller.

For some the main interest of the volume will reside in the detailed account of his relations with Mme. de Berny, who appears in "Le Lys dans la Vallée," "Le Curé de Village," "La duchesse de Langeais," and other of his works. Her history is here fully traced out, we believe for the first time. Her father, Philippe-Joseph Hinner, was a German harpist at the Court of Marie-Antoinette. The queen married him to one of her *femmes de chambre*, and thus to their daughter, Mme. de Berny, Balzac doubtless owed his knowledge of the Court, his royalism, his pretensions to nobility, his relations with a society in which he had no real footing. She was twenty-two years his senior, but Balzac loved her passionately and sincerely, and to her, too, we probably owe what some call Balzac's immortal gift to humanity—the prolonging of a woman's life in her relations with men. He cured love of the prejudice of youth, and that lesson he learned while he was struggling with the printing establishment in the Rue Marais. The portrait by Devéria, of which a wood-cut appears in the book, represents Balzac as a handsome youth of twenty-two. He gave it to Mme de Berny (she died in 1836) with the inscription *Et nunc et semper*. He also dedicated to her his novel, "Louis Lambert," which is really the memoirs of his youth.

The book is sumptuously printed and decorated. The type was specially made by the founders now occupying Balzac's old establishment, and the wood-cut decoration that frames the pages was discovered there. There is also a wood-cut of a portrait of Mme. de Berny.

Christianity in Embryo

THE EVOLUTION OF THEOLOGY IN THE GREEK PHILOSOPHERS. GIFFORD LECTURES 1900-1, 1901-2. By Edward Caird. Two volumes. (Glasgow: MacLehose. 14s. net.)

It will rightly be taken for granted that this series of lectures on the Gifford foundation from the pen of the Master of Balliol constitute a work of some distinction. It is in effect, for such as can brace themselves to follow without flagging so strenuous a guide, an inquiry of which the intrinsic importance for a right understanding of the questions which lie at the root of much of the

history of two thousand years is matched by the charm of a singularly lucid treatment and a clear compelling style.

It is, of course, out of the question that we should attempt to indicate the long line of Dr. Caird's patient tracking of so many clues through the convolutions of so wide a maze; it is only when, in his last lecture, he finds himself at last at the heart of the labyrinth that it may be possible to indicate something of his results.

There is a cheap and easy sneer, that has not always been disdained by such as might have been expected to refrain their lips from such things, in the light reference to the *iota* over which for so many decades the Christian Church was divided. But "I do not believe," writes Dr. Caird, "that controversies about words ever occupy a great space in human history, although it is true that the controversies of the past often seem to us mere controversies about words." The Arian controversy which was concerned with the nature of Christ, whether it was the same or like to the nature of the Father, is, from his point of view, seen in its full importance only when it is previously understood how far Greek thought had gone in the direction of solving the insistent problems of life. Religion, by the time when Christianity entered into the world, had lost its essentially social character. In their philosophical schools the Greeks, in the synagogue the Jews, had found the beginnings of a system of individual adjustment to God. And this relation of men to a common centre, constituting indirectly a relation to one another, was the germ of the church-idea. In the Christian Church Christ was set in the midst; but by the overshadowing brightness of His perfect union with God the potential union of all men with the divine came to be obscured. In the same direction tended the Neo-Platonic philosophy. For, as soon as the Messianic idea left Jewish soil, it had to find an equivalent; and no idea seemed so appropriate as that of the *Logos*. And thereupon became quickly manifest a tendency in this application to reduce the whole life of Christ to a mere illusive appearance of one who was not a human being at all. The protest of St. John against this marked the beginning of the controversies which vexed the Church during the time that the creeds were in making. And though the result was the assertion of the unity of the divinity and humanity in Christ, this union was confined to Christ alone, and—which from a practical point of view was more serious—it was regarded as static rather than dynamic. If Christianity refused to give up its central idea of the unity of the human with the divine, and its faith that men in some sense are capable of being participants in the divine nature, yet, under the influence of Neo-Platonic modes of thought, the gulf between Christ and other men tended to widen. Thus Greek philosophy may indeed on the one hand be considered a germ of Christianity, if we consider that in Neo-Platonism it was struggling with the ideas of the antagonism between the human and the divine, and at the same time of the necessity of that relation. It was, on the other hand, a great adverse force in so far as it set the two terms in such absolute opposition that a true synthesis or reconciliation of them became impossible.

It would seem that Dr. Caird's view is one which is not easily to be reconciled with any recognition of Christianity as a supernatural revelation. As a purely scientific study of it as a natural evolution from preëxisting ideas, it is of curious interest and importance.

THE PAISLEY SHAWL AND THE MEN WHO PRODUCED IT. By Matthew Blair. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner. 7s. 6d. net.)

He would be a curmudgeonly fellow who did not feel grateful to the chairman of the Incorporated Weaving, Dyeing, and Printing College of Glasgow for this "record of an interesting epoch in the history of the town" of which he is a native, and of an industry in which he takes

a legitimate pride. Mr. Blair has an affectionate admiration for the memory of the old-time producers of shawls. He was brought up in the trade, entered business life at the time when the industry began to decline, witnessed its extinction, and had to go elsewhere to earn a living. But he acknowledges that the failure of the shawl industry has been the economic salvation of Paisley, for out of its decay have sprung the multifarious businesses that make the town one of the most prosperous in Scotland. The beautiful and once famous fabrics had their genesis in the desire to emulate on the loom the beauties of the mixed woven and needle-work products of Turkey and Cashmere from examples sent home by officers engaged in withstanding the French expedition to Egypt. The success was complete, and for fully half a century the Paisley shawl was "the only wear" from Queen Victoria to the cottar's wife in her Sunday best. The exquisite finish of these goods is a pleasant memory to many; to those less fortunate the reproductions in this volume of lovely specimens of the shawls will help to convey a fair idea of the "braws" in which our grandmothers disported themselves at church and market. Mr. Blair explains the technical processes of design and facture, and insists that the intricacy and precision of these had an exhilarating effect upon the morals and intellects of the weavers, who became expert politicians, men of letters, artists—indeed, every man was a politician and every third man (it was said) a poet. Wilson the ornithologist, Tannahill the poet, Alexander Smith the essayist, and Sir Noel Paton the artist, were some of the men who began life in the Paisley shawl industry. So that altogether Mr. Blair had at his disposal abundant material for a definitive book on a fascinating subject. Unfortunately he has not made the most of it. He has given us an outline sketch—for which we are thankful; but he need not be astonished if we insistently ask for more.

SOME LONGER ELIZABETHAN POEMS. SHORTER ELIZABETHAN POEMS. (AN ENGLISH GARNER.) With Introductions by A. H. Bullen. (Constable. 4s. each net.)

THESE two volumes form part of the reissue of Arber's English Garner. The object of the reissue, under (we are told) the general editorship of Mr. Thomas Seccombe, is seemingly to introduce some kind of system and classification into Professor Arber's great series of reprints. The scientific mania for classification and system has infected even the pleasant and quiet fields of Elizabethan literature and the Professor is to be trimmed accordingly. The desire is comprehensible. Professor Arber has been among the pioneers in the reprinting of sixteenth and seventeenth century literature. When he began his work, the idea of collecting, editing, and reprinting all authors of value in those early days, as modern poets are reprinted and edited, was scantily entertained. He was free, therefore, to dive at pleasure into that sea of neglected literature, secure that whatever he brought up would be new to the general reader. His "Garner" was not in any set order, but represented the rich browsing of an exploring student. The delight of it, to the truly initiate, was the Jack Horner delight of putting in your thumb and pulling out a plum, unguessing what it might be. But now the day of the literary "resurrection-man" is upon us; and author after author whose writings first found reprint in the "Garner" has gone forth to the world in a separate and "collected edition": wherefore, to hold its own, it perhaps required some introduction of system.

To us, however, we must say the attempt at classification seems rather to emphasize the absence of system. The wildwood maze refuses to be made into a trim park. But the "Garner" is so good a thing in any form, that we will not insist upon this. Let us rather note that

the editor has added to the first volume a number of poems by Barnfield; and this filling of what the publisher's note calls *lacunæ* is seemingly part of the plan of campaign. We regret to add that the editing, on the mechanical side, leaves something to be desired. The text is worried by meticulous commas: "Quickly him they will entice" becomes "Quickly him, they will entice," for instance; while in the same poem, a few lines earlier, is a full stop where the sense is clearly continuous. The punctuation needs revision: on page 82 of the "Longer Poems" we have "She, Understanding is," where the comma after "she" is intrusive; and these things are frequent. Worse yet, in Drayton's "Agincourt" you find "That, with cries they make"—omitting "the" before "cries." To make amends, a superfluous "the" is inserted in a later stanza, "Arms were from the shoulders sent"; where that "the" ruins the metre. This is worse than mispunctuation. We imagined that such matters would be looked to in these volumes of a welcome reissue, which has the advantage, we should add, of an excellent introduction to either volume by Mr. A. H. Bullen.

THE EXPOSITOR'S GREEK TESTAMENT. Vol. III. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D. (Hodder and Stoughton. 28s.)

THIS third volume of the "Expositor's Greek Testament" includes 2 Corinthians (Dr. Bernard), Galatians (Rev. F. Rendall), Ephesians (Dr. Salmond), Philippians (Dr. Kennedy), and Colossians (Professor Peake).

That between 1 Cor. and 2 Cor. a letter written to the Corinthians had been lost has come to be so generally received a theory that it is refreshing to find the latest commentator reverting, as does Dr. Bernard in his very skilful introduction, to the view that the two that have come down to us are the only epistles that were written. The hypothetical epistle, with the catena of unrecorded events which, on the assumption that it ever existed, it is necessary to suppose, is generally supposed to be implied in St. Paul's allusion in the passage "For out of much affliction and anguish of heart I wrote unto you with many tears; not that ye should be made sorry, but that ye might know the love which I have more abundantly unto you" (2 Cor. ii. 4). Of such anguish, it is said, there is no trace in the first letter. Moreover, in another place, the Apostle says that for a moment he regretted having written it; and here, say the critics, it is inconceivable that he should be alluding to so costly a monument of Christian truth as the First Epistle. Dr. Bernard answers: (1) by pointing to the structure of the First Epistle, the core of which is found in chapters v. and vi., which are very severe and might well have been written with anguish; and (2) that the regret was for the pain that in these early chapters he had been constrained to occasion. Besides, every variety of the current theory postulates an elaborate complication of events of which no record remains. Now, though it is often necessary to introduce hypotheses in order to co-ordinate the more or less fragmentary records of the New Testament, this is not to be done beyond the measure of necessity. "The theory which depends on the fewest hypotheses has the best claim to acceptance, provided that it covers the facts." "It has not been proved . . . that the 'Painful Letter' of 2 Cor. ii. 4, vii. 8, cannot have been the First Canonical Epistle to the Corinthians. And it is upon this supposed impossibility that the whole edifice of the theory rests . . ." As to the further question, Dr. Bernard is a stalwart defender of the unity of 2 Corinthians. In England the theory that chapters x. to xiii. are distinct from chapters i. to ix. has been supported by Dr. Kennedy in his "The Second and Third Epistles to the Corinthians," who supposes chapters x. to xiii. to constitute a part of the Painful Letter. It is impossible to indicate Dr. Bernard's

criticism of this theory, depending as it does on a very minute examination of the internal evidence by which it has been sought to support it. But here also he points out that the theory postulates several improbable hypotheses—and, finally, that there is absolutely nothing in manuscripts or versions to bear it out.

We have left ourselves no space in which to indicate the lines taken by other contributors to this volume, and must content ourselves with saying generally that their work is worthy of the reputation of the "Expositor."

Fiction

OVER STONY WAYS. By Emily M. Bryant. Illustrated. (Jarrold. 6s.) Perhaps this story is the pioneer of a new species of novel. The prevailing local colour is that of Somersby, and Tennyson's "Brook," quoted in the title, runs through the novel in an undertone of pathos. Pretty scenes reproduced effectively from the photographs of Mr. Carlton, and some strictly Tennysonian notes on them by the Rev. T. F. Lockyer have, perhaps, rather the air of agreeable addenda to the main performance than of integral parts of it. Returning then to the novel, it is only fair to say that, though professedly "a romance of Tennyson Land," it is not parasitically dependent upon the poet, but a novel of vigorous portraiture and moving situations. True, it is not in the academic sense of the word a good novel, excellent as is its moral tone. A woman of talent is not at her best when she entrusts narrative to the pen of the pet cripple of her fancy—and he a man! Self-consciousness, something oleaginous striving to be manly, gets into our author's style when "Willie the Wag" represents her. Let that pass; the narrative is not wholly in his hand, and in the third person he is attractive. The story follows the career of five Somersby children. One escapes from an evangelical aunt to become a great singer. Another, less beautifully in love with applause than she, enters the ministry for self-display, and is brutally thrown over by a lady who ought to have been a cousin of Lady Clara Vere de Vere. On the whole our author shows most success in depicting the incongruity between the passionate childish ambition to shine at large and the starchy loving rule of village evangelicism, with its intercessory prayers for people less remote than the Royal Family, and its belief in the charity of punishment. She is particularly effective in communicating the pain inflicted by the sacrilege of a ribald intrusion on a place hallowed by association. Therefore, one is more anxious to learn that Miss Berson (her "Lady Clara") does not invade Somersby Holt—the fairy wood where Tennyson first met Emily Sellwood—than to be assured that a budding Patti prefers Jim in a farm to unshared thunder in the Albert Hall. Here we leave our author, recipient perhaps of a "deep ambrosial smile" she cannot see.

THE BRAZEN CALF. By James L. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) We are informed by the publisher's note that "The Brazen Calf" is a "satire" on the American worshippers of rank and fashion. There is, however, but little satire to be found in the book itself, the pages of which ring with violent invective against the snobishness and insincerity of the "Four Hundred," their imitators and their chroniclers. Mr. Ford's scorn of the false standards and tinsel splendours of the would-be aristocrats of New York is expressed with unsparing vehemence, and he shows, in his rare intervals of gentleness, a real respect for the finer elements of human nature. His study is, nevertheless, curiously unconvincing and leaves the reader with a suspicion that the author's acquaintance with American plutocrats and English fortune-hunters is based largely on a perusal of those very society papers which he so justly despises. Doubtless there is much of ostentation and unreality in the society of New York, and, for the matter of that, in the society of every great city. But before Mr. Ford can play social satirist, he must learn that vituperation is not wit and that for such work something more of characterisation is required than can be conveyed by the use of such names as "Titepurse" and "Highflier." The episode of Mrs. Foxcroft proves that the author can draw a human being: let him realise that worshippers even of the Brazen Calf are not necessarily—wooden.

HIS LITTLE WORLD. By Samuel Merwin. (Barnes. \$1.50.) The story of Hunch Badeau is very simple, as simple and free from complexities as the man himself. There are no modern problems of thought or conduct, only the old story of a man who sacrifices his love for the good of his friend. Hunch Badeau, the commander of a lumber schooner, is a big, clumsy child of Nature, large-hearted and full of latent nobility. The man for whom he makes his sacrifice proves unworthy, and Hunch suffers

the agony of seeing the woman he loves neglected and ill-used by her selfish, worthless husband. The hero is a fine creation; he lives and moves with force. We are present with him when he drives the schooner through a lake storm, only to have his boat dashed to pieces by the fury of the waves; we stand by his side while he quells a lumber yard mutiny, and we rejoice in his ultimate happiness.

THE TRAIL OF THE DEAD. By B. Fletcher Robinson. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.) This book inevitably recalls Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Nikola, and those who enjoyed those stories will undoubtedly like "The Trail of the Dead." Two medical men constitute themselves detectives in order to run to earth Professor Marnac, who is afflicted with a curious form of homicidal mania. The Professor is a scientist of great attainments, and when the story opens has recently published a book which has met with many adverse criticisms from fellow scientists. It is to these that his mania is directed, and we follow in search of him from place to place, where generally the detectives arrive too late to save the victim. The escapes of the wily Professor are marvellous, while his methods of killing his victims are exceedingly ingenious. In fact, he is so ingenious that it seems a pity he could not kill a few more people before he came to an end. The story goes with a swing from start to finish.

THE WAYS OF THE MILLIONAIRE. By Oswald Crawford. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.) "The Ways of the Millionaire" is ambitious. The author boldly plays with a revolution, the outwitting of a famous soldier by a war correspondent, the floating of a company in London called the Gondalcote Diamond Treasure Company, Limited, which is to bring immense fortunes to its shareholders, the love affairs of a millionaire with a lady who is suspected of murdering her husband, and his philanthropic schemes for mankind at large. For the millionaire of Mr. Crawford is bored by his splendid mansion in Park Lane, and fails to find anything but ennui in his intercourse with "the smart set." "He had been a stranger to this new social world, and without trial of it, he could never have guessed what a poor mockery of human intercourse it afforded." This is very disquieting, and upsets one's preconceived ideas of millionaires. Does Mr. Crawford think the millionaire needs whitewashing? The plot which starts well falls to pieces in the middle when the author seemingly changed his mind. The story is bright and spirited in parts, in others wildly improbable. Had it been better constructed and more carefully thought out, it would not have been necessary to deplore the unsatisfactory nature of the whole. We are introduced to some extraordinary characters, particularly that of Lionel Foljambe, the adventurer, who for his services to the king of Gondalcote receives as reward some priceless diamonds, and the promise of a large share of the treasure in the crypt. Lady Adair is a clever sketch of an utterly vain yet good-natured worldling. The author evidently means to award her high praise when he says, "She was so dressed that she might have stepped at that moment from the trying-on room of the most fashionable dressmaker in Dover Street." Mr. Crawford can do far better things than "The Ways of the Millionaire."

Short Notices

THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS. Written and illustrated by Howard Pyle. (Newnes. 10s. 6d. net.) In the foreword Mr. Pyle confesses that the writing and the illustration have been labours of love. Perhaps this is a little in evidence in the work itself. In holding elaborately to the quaint simplicity of an early English style, the simplicity has become a little too overdone to be quite natural. Nevertheless this collection of romances with their vivid pictures of errant knights and damosels makes very enjoyable reading, and from the first page to the last there is no word of offence. Any child might learn from these tales his first lesson of chivalry, and of the mystic charm of that wonderful, fanciful life led by the heroes of the Round Table. The history of Arthur and his Knights has formed the theme of song and story from Mallory's famous history to Tennyson's as famous "Idylls," yet Mr. Pyle, one imagines, has no desire to challenge comparisons with any of his predecessors, and such comparison is totally unnecessary. He has dealt with his subject in a fashion which has, one can see, given pleasure to himself, and will with equal certainty give pleasure to many readers. It seems odd to read a volume of stories on the Knights of the Round Table in which neither Lancelot of the Lake nor Galahad the knight of Purity figure, except by casual mention, nor is the story of the "Holy Grail" included, but in many a side word and hint the author holds out the promise of a future work which shall be the completion of the present volume. The drawing in the illustrations strikes one as uneven. It follows out the quaint suggestion of the

letterpress, but it errs somewhat on the side of fancifulness. For instance, the portrait of the beautiful Vivien would certainly not appeal to the modern idea of beauty, and yet it might have done so without losing any of the old-world look of the illustrations.

IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN. By Albert F. Calvert, F.R.G.S. (George Philip and Son. 10s. 6d.) The impressions which Mr. Calvert has brought back from his journeys in Spain are of cathedrals, cafés, and mines; picture galleries and mines; bull fights, handsome women, sunburnt plains, and above all these—mines. Of Spanish tin, of Spanish coal, of Spanish copper, and silver-bearing lead—whoso, having read the work, still demands to know more, must have a strangely exacting taste. From what point of view to interpret the book is the problem that puzzles us. Seeing that it has no cohesion, save in the generous mining section, which is the author's unusual peroration to an odd kind of discourse, the most natural plan would seem to be to start at the last chapter and work back straightway to the first; and yet we are not so confident as Mr. Calvert that mining details are of that absorbing stuff which the reader of a volume of *reisebilder* desires. We were tempted to find fault with M. Maurice Barrès because he did not call his notes on Spain "Impressions": conversely we are disposed to rebuke Mr. Calvert because he does. The volume is, in fact, precisely what its title would not lead us to expect. It is a somewhat disjointed collection of papers written by a professional man with a very real interest in his subject, and an unshakable resolve to describe the people and the Government—yes, decidedly the Government—in the generous and delicate spirit of that latest child of complex civilisation, the advertising agent. Is the book therefore hopeless? By no means. For there is a magic about Spain. Take it, describe it, as you will. Versify Seville, and prose about the Alhambra, be mortally original or deadly dull—yet, mysteriously, your fluent or halting lines will give off some aroma of the exquisite charm—oh, for a word to define it!—the sunny yet sombre, barbaric and hidalguesque, the dormant-fervid charm for which mankind has found no name till now but—*España!* This miraculous touch of Spain you will find last, wherever it has once been impressed. In Mexico, in Central and South America, something of the grave courtesy, the chivalrous self-respect, which the Spanish conquistadores knew how to communicate still clings about the meanest *vaquero* or *peon*. And the peculiar thrill which Spanish art produces has clearly come to Mr. Calvert—quite uninformed, in an artistic sense, as his criticisms show him to be. Therefore, we recommend a book which we will not criticise in detail. It would be idle, for example, to point to flaws in the Spanish of a writer who has not yet mastered English. (Mr. Calvert states that among the things he saw were "cries of 'largo!'"") But it would be doing an injustice to his sketches not to admit that the author is a very sane, if not a learned or a sensitive, guide; and his photographs are many and interesting. One more point before we leave the book. The scene in the *fábrica de tabacos* at Seville is, of course, described; as Mr. Mortimer Menpes and, more lately, Mr. Bart Kennedy have described it. And like other visitors, the author was impressed by the number of little children playing about the petticoats of the cigarette-makers or sleeping in shady corners. Unhappily a friend of his, with true British impertinence, felt constrained to make a suggestion about the morality of the handsome young women and the parentage of the children to the manager of the place. "There would seem to be more babies here than married women," he said. "It is possible," was the grave and fine reply of the manager, "Some of the married women are blessed with more than one." There spoke a gentleman . . . The book is not well produced.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY A GRANDFATHER. By George Birkbeck Hill. Selected by Lucy Crump. (S. C. Brown, Langham & Co. 3s. 6d.) These are just letters to children—unstudied, unadorned, domestic letters. They are not brilliant examples in their kind, they have no original and fascinating personality behind them. They are not, for instance, in any way on a level with the charming whim and fancy of one or two published letters to children by Lewis Carroll, that writer who united the personality of a distinguished child to the finished literary art and intellect of a man. But they have the right playful kindness; short of genius, they are what the right sort of letter to the right sort of child ought to be. If you have anything of the child in you, therefore, you will like them; if you have not, you won't—and there is no more to be said. Since the right sort of man should always have enough of the child in him to sympathise with children and what appeals to children, it is to be trusted you will like them. The chief defect (if we may be a little hypercritical) is that they sometimes too obviously unbend to the child; the writer too evidently says (with a smile aside, as it were), "I am going to get on my hands and knees." There should be a franker, a more unconscious and instinctive *camaraderie* in the ideal letter to a child. But the defect, if it exist, is only sometimes. There is plenty of candid,

excellent nonsense, such as is beloved of any childlike child, and is pleasant for "grown-ups" to read. And there is good sportive verse, quite in the right vein, with no thought of "literary merit" intruding a priggish head. These are, as a whole, letters right grandfatherly; and what better can we say?

A QUEEN OF TEARS. By W. H. Wilkins. (Longmans. 2 Vols. 36s.) Doubtless Mr. Wilkins' gossip will find its welcome among those readers who enjoy taking their history from the personal standpoint, and with a strong element of sentiment. In his earlier study, "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen," the author dealt with a story so full of passion and romance that it could not fail of a certain dramatic effect. This chronicle of Caroline Matilda, sister of George III. of England and wife of Christian VII. of Denmark and Norway, reads almost like a parody of the tumultuous history of Sophie Dorothea and Königsmarck. Here, too, we have a desolate princess, neglected by an unfaithful husband, seeking consolation in a forbidden love. But in Caroline Matilda we feel, in spite of Mr. Wilkins' prodigal encomiums—none of the charm of her hapless ancestress, and Struensee, her lover, appears as a craven and self-seeking adventurer. Christian VII., the half-imbecile husband, and George III., the stolid and indifferent brother, bring no light into the narrative of blind passion and sordid intrigue. The only person who emerges with a shred of character is the chivalrous Sir Robert Murray Keith, English ambassador and the Queen's devoted champion. A different treatment of the story might have produced a less painful impression, for Struensee was a man of intellect, and when he had made himself fairly master of the situation, the reforms which he attempted and the theories he advanced are of real interest. Unfortunately, the author does not seem able to detach himself from the individual story long enough to give any convincing study of the larger political issues, nor does he attempt much analysis of Struensee's very complex personality. It is with relief that, after a detailed account of so uninspiring a romance, we reach the catastrophe, though Struensee's confession, "conversion" and death present a lamentable picture of degradation. Mr. Wilkins has clearly devoted much care and labour to an unrewarding theme, but his manner lacks distinction as much as does his matter historic dignity.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. Edited by Jas. Fitzmaurice Kelly. Translated by H. Oelsner and A. B. Welford. Vol. ii., "Galatea." (Glasgow: Gowans and Gray. 1s. net.) Nothing is easier than to condemn the literary vices of a past period, unless it be to acquire those of our own. The "Galatea" of Cervantes was written under a convention of which the world in the main is weary, yet there always have been and doubtless are still readers for whom the book is exquisite. Séanancour's contemptuous criticism of the pastoral style hardly meets the case: there are other forms of literature in which expressions and figures are repeated "quelques millions de fois," without altogether losing their vitality. The taste for "Galatea" is not dissimilar to that for certain types of old engravings: its convention is not a drawback, but its charm. It is admittedly a sort of Euphuism; and in either case the affectation is no mere individual birth: it is in humanity's blood. The time will doubtless return when gallants will wear rich dresses, and will drawl, and worship the fair sex in strange raptures, and then "Galatea" will be drawn from its recesses and be read with delight by people who will wonder what we made of "Sherlock Holmes" and "The Iron Pirate." Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly edits after the approved fashion, and can patronise his author and tear to pieces the work of earlier adventurers in the same field as himself, with some measure of the energy lately displayed by Mr. Macdonald in his edition of Lamb. In this type of writing vehemence is so valued that accuracy becomes of secondary importance: what matters, for instance, the small difference between a Bowring-Smijth and a Bowyer-Smijth? As Mr. Macdonald attacked Canon Ainger, so Mr. Kelly excoriates that dead-and-gone person of no importance, Gordon Willoughby Gyll. The translation is a respectable and careful piece of work, and the publishers deserve to be congratulated on having produced a somewhat rare classic so well and cheaply.

TALPA; OR, THE CHRONICLES OF A CLAY FARM. By C. W. Hoskyns. With Introductory Note by John S. Arkwright, M.P. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. (Brimley Johnson. 3s. 6d. net.) This volume is one of considerable interest. It consists of a series of essays upon agricultural matters contributed to the "Agricultural Gazette," which first appeared in volume form in 1852. The author—originally a lawyer—was for some years in Parliament, and in addition to being a keen and practical agriculturist, was evidently a widely read man, with a strong vein of humour and imagination, and possessed of considerable literary gifts. The editor of this new edition very rightly describes "Talpa" as being "one of the few recognised classics of agricultural literature," and

indeed, it is hard to recall any work of its class—books giving practical agricultural information—at all equalling it in literary merit. There is no necessity for the reader to be specially interested in farming to be able to thoroughly enjoy the book. George Cruikshank's illustrations display his usual dexterity, but they can scarcely be said to illustrate the book, being mainly merely humorous interpretations of its text. The cut upon page 74 is of special interest from its having hitherto appeared only in the first edition of the book. Possibly it was thought to bear rather too much the appearance of a stray from "The Comic Almanack"! "Talpa" possesses considerable merit as an agricultural handbook to this day, and the agriculturalist reading it will doubtless find interest in determining for himself how generally its author's theories have been universally accepted, and his predictions realised or falsified.

THE BOOK OF TOWN AND WINDOW GARDENING. By Mrs. F. A. Bardswell. (John Lane. 2s. 6d. net.) "It is best to water pot plants by standing them in a pail or tub. . . . The leaves . . . should not be left too wet, which rots them." This is indeed amazing information to meet with in a "Handbook of Practical Gardening." Town gardening affords excellent subject matter for an interesting book, but Mrs. Bardswell has most lamentably failed to write one. She deals largely with trivialities, and does not even devote a chapter to public gardens—surely the most important phase of town gardening. Suburban gardeners who think to find a guide in Mrs. Bardswell will be sadly disappointed, for she touches but lightly upon the laying out of a garden or—it is as well—upon cultural details. The book abounds in errors, misprints of plant names are numerous, and the mistakes regarding the personnel at Kew on page 50, and the description of Holland House as being ". . . but a stoue's throw from the Great Western Station and the World's Fair of William Whitely" may be cited as examples of Mrs. Bardswell lack of accuracy. We turn to the illustrations with relief; all of these are favourable specimens of photographic art, and many of them will be of real interest to garden lovers.

FLORA AND SYLVA. A Monthly Garden Review. Vol. I., 1903. Edited by W. Robinson. (Robinson. 21s. net.) This volume, handsome alike without and within, would be coveted by any garden lover. In his foreword, Mr. Robinson—the author of that celebrated work, "The English Flower Garden"—declares himself all for wood engravings, hand-made paper and large type, in preference to the usual modern order of things, and describes other garden periodicals as being "too much devoted to flowers and plants as distinct from trees and shrubs." On this latter point we are altogether with Mr. Robinson, and lovers of that noblest form of plants—the tree—will find plenty to delight them in the series, "Greater Trees of the Northern Forest," and in other matter throughout the volume. While feeling an inward tenderness for the engraving, we must state that not all of the engravings in "Flora and Sylva" can be termed quite successful, and we think it doubtful, if for garden illustrations, where extreme accuracy and clearness of detail are often indispensable, the modern process methods of reproduction are not actually superior. The coloured plates throughout the volume are excellent, and other notable features of Mr. Robinson's praiseworthy enterprise are the number of contributions by eminent foreign horticulturists, and of short monographs upon genera.

GROSSSTÄDTLYRIK. Keranagegeben von Heinz Möller. Buchschmuck von Ludwig Sütterlin. (Leipzig: Voigtlander.) Many contemporary English poets have written verses on London town. Locker, Henley, Davidson, Laurence Binyon have from different points of view recorded in verse their impressions of the great city. Berlin has been a "great city" for a shorter time than London, yet she has already inspired her poets to produce no inconsiderable amount of verse on subjects connected with city life. Möller gives here a charmingly printed and decorated little anthology of some fifty pages. Among the poets represented are Avenarius, Richard Dehmel, Otto Ernst, Fulda, Julius Hart, Hugo von Hofmannshahl, Jacobowski, Detlev von Liliencron, Johannes Schlaf and Bruno Wille. The subjects include the suburb, the express train, a garden concert, the railway station, streets, the working-man, and so forth. They are all to some extent marked by a melancholy born of the feeling of the absorption of the individual in the great mass of the inhabitants and of the absorption of each individual in his own affairs. Such lines as—

"Es treibt vorüber mir im Meer der Stadt
Bald der, bald jener, einer nach dem andern.
Ein Blick ins Auge, und vorüber schon.
Der Orgeldreher dreht sein Lied.

• • • • •

Es schwimmt ein Leichenzug im Meer der Stadt,
Querweg die Menschen, einer nach dem andern.
Ein Blick auf meinen Sarg, vorüber schon.
Der Orgeldreher dreht sein Lied—"

strike the note of what life in a great city in these modern days is for most of us. But over against this, spring and summer find their way into the town and into the hearts of the inhabitants:—

"Der Frühling weiss zu finden
Mich tief in Stadt und Stein,
Giesst mir in's Herz den Linden
Fröhlichen Hoffungschein."

The poem by Ferdinand von Saar, entitled "A Workman's Greeting," is a little gem in its way. Grudgingly does the artisan touch his hat to the poet, thinking, "He is one who does not know what work means," and the poet pardons him because the artisan has never felt—

"Des Geistes tiefes Müh'n,
Du ahnst nicht, wie die Schläfen
Mir heiss vom Denken glüh'n."

Und wie ich mich verblute
Mit jedem Herzensschlag."

POLITICS AND RELIGION IN ANCIENT ISRAEL. By the Rev. J. C. Todd. (Macmillan. 6s.) It would be difficult to acquire from a document compounded of fragments of "Paradise Lost," one of Cromwell's dispatches, part of a sermon by Jeremy Taylor, and extracts from Pope's "Essay on Man," an intelligent idea of English history from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. Mr. Todd complains that nothing has yet been done to bring home to the ordinary reader the highly complex character of the Jewish books which together constitute the English Bible. He demands an edition in which the assured results of criticism should by means of chapter and paragraph headings be indicated. There really seems no reason, except the obvious difficulty of determining precisely how much is at a given moment certainly ascertained, why something of the sort should not be done. As to his present "Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament," we think that Mr. Todd has written a book that should do much to clear the outlines and quicken the colours of the picture that Bible-lovers have in their minds. His learning sits very lightly on him. The casual reader may easily fail to realise how much reading and what anxious thought have gone to the making of his book. His style is agreeable and relieved with touches of humour; and where he meets the great issues of Christianity, for all his liberalism his spirit is reverent of the fundamental dogmas. But, as he says in his preface, the *praeparatio evangelica* lies outside his scope; his main purpose is to indicate the lines upon which, with the aid of commentaries, the reader should study the Bible for himself.

THE TRUTH ABOUT JESUS OF NAZARETH. By Philip Sidney. (Stewart. 2s. 6d.) Mr. Sidney has built his essay on a study of the four Gospels and Dean Farrar's "Life of Christ." His conclusions are extremely unfavourable to the character of the Founder of Christianity and to the veracity of his biographers. We commend the book to the notice of young men preparing for the Bishop's Examination. It comprises all the difficulties likely to be propounded to them by the half-educated, and therefore should be of especial service to such as propose to work in large manufacturing centres.

Reprints and New Editions

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF COLONEL HUTCHINSON. Written by his widow, Lucy. (Kegan Paul. Buckram, 3s. 6d.; leather, 4s. 6d. net). Lovers of biography will welcome this admirable reprint of a book already so widely known and appreciated. Not only lovers of biography, for it is seldom that the history of any period, and especially so remarkable a one as is covered by this book, is shown us by so cultivated and discerning a writer, herself present at many of the scenes and an active spirit therein. Also the preface reminds us we should "acknowledge the advantage of her adding to the vigour of a masculine understanding, the nice feeling and discrimination, the delicate touch of the pencil of a female." We have nothing but praise for the binding and general "get up" of the volume.

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL. Translated by Albert G. Latham. (The Temple Classics. Dent. 1s. 6d.) Another volume of this delightful series, equal in every respect to its predecessors. The print is clear and bold, while the volume is light and fits the pocket.

New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

Mathew (A. H.), edited by, The Conversion of Sir Tobie Mathew to the Holy Catholic Faith..... (Burns and Oates) net 3/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, DRAMA, AND BELLES LETTRES

J. T. (Edited by), The House of Quiet..... (Murray) net 8/0
Archer (William), recorded by, Real Conversations..... (Heinemann) net 6/0
Collins (John Churton), Studies in Shakespeare..... (Constable) 7/6
Swan (Helena), Dictionary of Contemporary Quotations (English)..... (Sonnenschein) 7/6
Masterlinck (Maurice), translated by Alfred Sutro, Monna Vanna. (Allen) net 3/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Benson (Arthur Christopher), Alfred Tennyson..... (Methuen) 3/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

Stevens (William Chase), An Introduction to Botany..... (Heath) 4/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

Jack, F. G. S. (R. Logan), The Back Blocks of China..... (Arnold) net 10/6
Lucas (E. V.), Highways and Byways in Sussex..... (Macmillan) 6/0

EDUCATIONAL

Walker, M.A. (Albert Perry), edited by, Macaulay's Life of Johnson.. (Heath) 1/0
Public Schools Year-Book 1904..... (Sonnenschein) 2/6
Onions, M.A. (O. T.), An Advanced English Syntax..... () 2/6
Marden (C. Carroll), Poema de Fernan Gonsalez: Texto Critico, con Introduccion, Notas y Glosario..... (Johns Hopkins Press) cloth net 2.50
Verity, M.A. (A. W.), edited by, The Tragedy of Hamlet..... (Cambridge) 3/0
Woodward (W. H.), arranged by, A Book of English Poetry for the Young, and A Second Book of English Poetry for the Young..... (Cambridge) each 2/0

MISCELLANEOUS

James, M.B. (Captain S. P.), First Report of the Anti-Malarial Operations at Mian Mir, 1901-03..... (Government Printing Office, Calcutta) 1/2
Bloussat, Ph. D. (St. George Leakin), The English Statutes in Maryland (Johns Hopkins Press)
Morris, B.A. (Rev. W. Meredith), British Violin-Makers, Classical and Modern (Ohatto and Windus) net 10/6
Martin's Up-to-date Tables..... (Unwin) 2/6
Burton-Brown (E.), Recent Excavations in the Roman Forum 1898-1904: a Handbook..... (Murray) net 3/6
Hogge, M.A. (J. M.), Betting and Gambling..... (Simpkin, Marshall) 0/6
Herring (Paul), The Wrong Mr. Chamberlain: A Fiscal Farce... (Arrowsmith) 1/0
Douse, B.A. (T. Le Marchant), Examination of an Old Manuscript preserved in the Library of the Duke of Northumberland..... (Taylor and Francis) net 2/6
Durland (Kellogg), Among the Pipe Miners..... (Sonnenschein) 2/6
The Clergy List, 1904..... (Kelly's Director, Ltd.)
Dawson (O.), Practical Billiards..... (Surliton: O. Dawson) 12/6
Moody (Helen Waterson), A Child's Letters to her Husband. (Heinemann) net 2/0
Lewis (Arthur D.), Essays in Fury..... (Sonnenschein) 3/6

ART

Great Masters, Part VIII..... (Heinemann) net 5/0
Grego (Joseph), introduction by, Orukshank's Water Colours.... (Black) net 20/0
Bygone Eton, Part I..... (Spottiswoode) net 1/6

FICTION

"Green Mansions," A Romance of the Tropical Forest, by W. H. Hudson (Duckworth), 6/0; "The Taskmaster," by Alphonse Courlander (Duckworth), 6/0; "The Cardinal's Pawn," by K. L. Montgomery (Unwin), 6/0; "Young Mrs. Caudle," by George R. Sims (Ohatto and Windus), 1/0; "V.O." A Chronicle of Castle Barfield and of the Crimea, by David Christie Murray (Ohatto and Windus), 3/6; "A Comedy of Conscience," by S. Weir Mitchell (Douglas), 1/0; "Jewel: A Chapter in Her Life," by Clara Louise Burnham (Constable), 6/0; "A Sunbeam from Italy," by Jessie Rycroft (Digby, Long), 6/0; "Angel, Devils, and Man," by Winifred Graham (Casell), 6/0; "An Inarticulate Genius," by W. R. H. Trowbridge (Hurst and Blackett), 6/0; "A Modern Man-hunt and Other Tales of the Greenback Club," by P. H. Lockwood (Elliot Stock), 3/6.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

"Thomas Middleton," with introduction by A. O. Swinburne and edited by Havelock Ellis, 2 vols. (Unwin), each, net 2/6; "The Collected Works of William Hazlitt," edited by A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover, Vol. X. (Dent), net 7/6; "The Gorilla Hunters," by R. M. Ballantyne (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "The Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyan, illustrated (Religious Tract Society), 1/0; "Among the Tibetans," by Isabella L. Bishop (Religious Tract Society), 1/0; "A Guide to Journalism," A Practical Handbook, by Alfred Kingston (Pitman), 1/6; "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The Merchant of Venice" (Little Quarto Shakespeare) (Methuen), each net 1/0; "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," by R. S. Surtess (Methuen), net 3/6.

PERIODICALS

"Sunday Magazine," "Good Words," "Westminster Review," "Geographical Journal," "Priory Magazine," "Saint George," "Bookman," "United Service Magazine," "New Liberal Review," "Indian Magazine," "Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute," "Books and Book-Plates," "The London," "The Library World."

Foreign

POETRY, CRITICISM, DRAMA, AND BELLES LETTRES

Hers (Dr. E.), Englische Schauspieler und Englisches Schauspiel zur Zeit Shakespeares in Deutschland..... (Hamburg: Voss) 6m.
De Zuylen de Nyevelt (La Baronne Hélène), Effeullements..... (Lemerre) 4 fr.
Schmidt-Bonn, Mutter Landstrasse. Das Ende einer Jugend Schauspiel in drei Aufzügen..... (Berlin: Fleischel) 1 mark

NEW EDITIONS

Petermanns (Dr. A.), Mitteilungen, Herausgegeben von Professor Dr. A. Supan 50 Band 1904..... (Gotha: Justus Perthes)

BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES.—Messrs. A. Maurice & Co., Bedford Street (*Choice Books and General*); MM. J.-B. Baillière et Fils, Paris (*Livres de Sciences*); Messrs. E. George and Sons, 151, Whitechapel Road, E. (*Art, Science, and General*).

Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

X.—On the Nursery Label

MEN, who will watch with painful and inexhaustible solicitude every fluctuation of the money market, and women, who will become inspired in their eagerness to follow every shade of change in a lover's temper, are nevertheless dense, unobservant, and always wrong when they have to deal with the character of any near blood relation. No one denies that an individual is least known by the members of his own family: brothers and sisters on the subject of each other's peculiarities are often very amusing, but they are never right. Few parents can manage their own children; fewer still have the gift of gaining their confidence, and the grinding tragedy of family life lies in the fact that familiarity with a person's mannerisms is accepted indolently as intimacy with that person's heart.

In the first place, the label for life is given by the nurse and the nursemaids—Master Charles is a little pig: Master George is a pretty dear: Miss Ethel is a lamb of a child: Miss Kate is as spiteful and as sly as they make them: Master Wilfred is a selfish, horrid boy: Miss Amy is the biggest liar that ever walked: Master Basil has a nasty, sulky temper: Master Tom is a Turk: Master Percy is as good as gold: Miss Ada is a proud, forward minx no one could take to. And so on. These untrained, misunderstood Masters and Misses, prejudged and influenced by servants (themselves mostly undisciplined), grow up: and the nursery label, after a certain period, becomes regarded, if it be unflattering, as a family secret, and if it be flattering, as a family credential. Ethel, for instance, is a pet and a lamb for ever—this is announced from the house-tops: Wilfred, for ever—this is murmured in confidence—has a selfish, horrid disposition. This is silly enough, but there is worse to be told. Let us grant, for the sake of argument, that the nursery label, in its crude way, is approximately correct: Basil, at seven, did sulk, and Percy, at eight, was as good as gold. But the discipline of life, of education, of illness perhaps, of sorrow perhaps, of pleasure and success perhaps, of ease and indulgence perhaps, of hard labours and embittering trials perhaps, will make short work of the finest, most careful label ever thought out—whether by the astute governess or the blundering servant. Ethel, the lamb, under the strain of constant praise, grows gradually into Ethel the tyrant: the proud Ada, after harsh reverses, becomes a sympathetic silent woman: bold Tom, on the strength of his possibilities in the way of courage, declines into a loafer: the selfish Wilfred, after a few tussles with the egoism of the world, astonishes strangers by his nobility:

the despised fool of a family not infrequently makes it famous: the bright hope is too often its most humiliating burden: I do not know of a case where the nursery label found its justification in a career. The label, however, would matter little enough if it did not lead to so much unnecessary pain and confusion in a world where there is already too much grief that is unavoidable. Human beings change hourly and daily, and it is piteous to find people who, while they admit that the laws of transition and development are the first laws of life, will not take the trouble to remember them in connection with those whom they are taught to regard as their nearest and dearest.

We can all see depressing changes and striking improvements in the relatives of other people: each of us has spent hours of wonder discussing the unkindness and obtuseness of our best friend's parents: there was never yet a marriage made for love, except on the sound basis that the bridegroom's people—though charming—did not understand *him*, and the bride's people—though nice in every way—never really understood *her*. The old worn jokes, of which we are all weary, about mothers-in-law and "in-laws" altogether could not have lasted so long if they had not touched on partial or temporary truth. I say partial or temporary, because I must hope, at least, that it is not eternal. There are signs in the land that the great science of human souls—which was always the first consideration in the Catholic religion and in all other mastering religions—is being restored to its right position at the head of all the sciences. It is a monstrous thing to comprehend the stomach of a dead fish and misjudge, through ignorance, your brother's soul. I take the liveliest interest in the anatomy of the dead fish, but it cannot be compared, for a second, with the everlasting importance of a passing mood in a neglected beggar—so highly should we rate the mind of man. I do not say that there is not enough self-analysis and self-introspection. The least sympathetic persons will think willingly and incessantly of themselves: they find clues to their own unknowableness in every novel they consider readable, and in every play they can enjoy. Self-study is to psychology what the practice of scales is to the musician—a means of gaining clearness. But, just as one may play scales to perfection, yet stumble ignominiously through a fugue by Bach, so the individual may know, beyond praise, himself and his needs and yet go utterly wrong in his estimate of a fellow creature. Laziness is a genial failing; it has, moreover, an artless healthy value in this feverish age; I would call it inexcusable only at those moments in a conversation when the nursery label is brought forward, and left uncontradicted for want of a trifling exertion of some one's heart in the direction of justice.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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Egomets

To me the daily paper, morning or evening, is no source of interest. I care not for news, only for history, and news does not become history until it has been tempered by time. The din of party politics, of international strife, of commercial enterprises, of social chatter is no music to my ears but merely noise, and of such din the newspapers are only too full. I remember that once I was sojourning in a remote village

in Thuringia, far away from any echo of the doings of the day; while there I never saw a newspaper. On my return to the busy burghs which call themselves the world I slipped back into my accustomed place and routine, and soon realised that though for a month or more I had heard no news I was not, therefore, one penny the worse or the less wise.

The daily newspaper has become an evil habit with too many folk; a form of mental dram drinking. So eager has the taste for news become that it is no infrequent occurrence to hear a reader exclaim as he—or she—tosses aside the sheet, "The paper is stupid to-day; there's no news." No news for me is good news; why should I want news, of what profit is it to me? There may be wars, there are more often rumours of wars; there may be moving accidents by flood and fire, brutal crimes, commercial panics—what of them? What have they to do with me? As news little, as literature less. If murders fascinate me have I not de Quincey and Shakespeare? If war, have I not Carlyle and Kinglake? Pooh, no, for me the daily paper as news conveyer has no interest.

As far as letters are concerned I live by books alone and live very well too. I have sometimes tried to estimate how much of my life-joy books stand for. I have asked myself what would become of me if books were forbidden and my answer has ever been that without books I should wither away and die. All this to the man for whom books are mere entertainment for a vacant hour must appear mere midsummer madness, but to us who love them it is but matter-of-fact. I was told once by a loud-voiced friend that I should be ashamed of myself for spending so much of my time in reading. "Why," answered I, "what better could I do?" He laughed, and made the inane reply that time was money. Maybe it is, but I spend my time and my money in purchasing for myself the pleasure that satisfies me most, books, books to love and read.

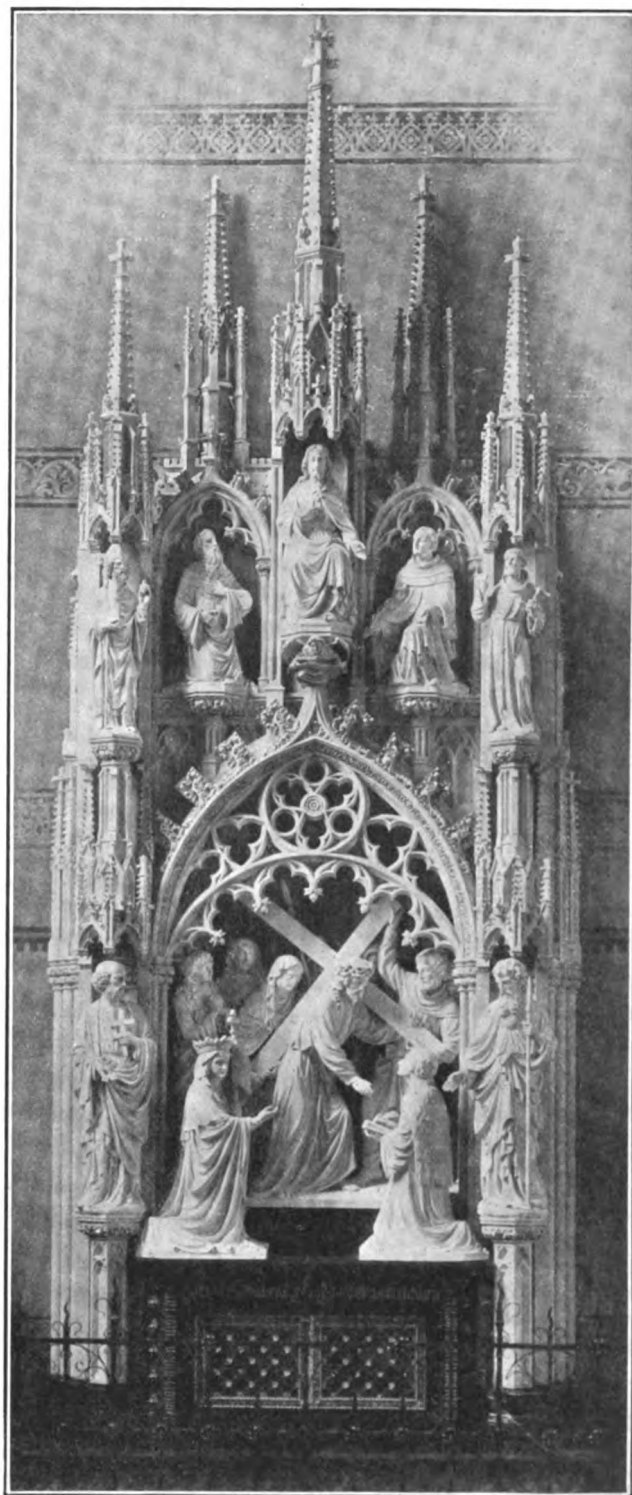
Yet this very friend have I seen reading the daily papers, morning and evening, stuffing his mind with windiness and information, mostly wrong, about matters that are no concern of his, he who bawls into my ear that time is money. How vastly learned the world would soon become if men and women read books in place of newspapers! Had I my way I would abolish all newspapers save one, which should be the property of the State, should contain no articles, no advertisements, nothing in short but a summary of the truthful news of the day. But then rumour lies with a loud voice, so my journal would be as brief as any news letter sent by town mouse to country mouse. All of which is one of my foolish old daydreams, which I dream as I wander about the streets, to the infinite peril of my life for my eyes are ever turned inward, or by the fire-side as I halt between one chapter and the next. If it were not for our daydreams how dreary, how grey life would be. All great men were dreamers and none of their achievements ever equalled the glory of their dreams. Why, then, should I not be content to read and dream and do nought? I am content; let others do as they list, so that they disturb not my dreams by bawlings.

E. G. O.

A Monument to Thomas à Kempis

In the immediate neighbourhood of Zwolle, a provincial town of Holland, lies a low hill called St. Agnietenberg. There formerly stood the monastery of the Augustinians where Thomas à Kempis lived and worked, and in the chapel of which he was buried in 1471. For two centuries his body rested there. In 1672 Bishop Maximilian of Cologne put the mortal remains of Thomas à Kempis in a beautiful pale green shrine, and brought them in "a carriage with six horses" to the Chapel

of St. John in Zwolle. This chapel had to be rebuilt, and in the Cathedral of St. Michael which arose in its place the relics of Thomas à Kempis were on 10 November,



MONUMENT TO ST. THOMAS À KEMPIS AT ZWOLLE

1897, with great ceremony, deposited in the magnificent tomb of which the above is a faithful reproduction.

From all parts of Europe people contributed to the funds of this monument, which has been projected and built by the sculptor F. W. Mengelberg, in the Flemish style of the eighteenth century. On a foundation of black marble rests the sarcophagus in which, behind a fence of wrought

iron, the relics are placed in their old shrines. The marble bears, in Latin, the following inscriptions: "In honour, not in remembrance, of Thomas à Kempis, whose name shall last longer than any monument," and a little higher are found the opening words of the first chapter of the first book of "The Imitation of Christ": "He that followeth Me, shall not walk in darkness." From this foundation of black marble rise the different groups of figures in cream-coloured sandstone. The principal group is formed by Thomas devoutly kneeling before Christ and noting down His words for posterity. Among the minor groups we notice, in the first place, Mary mother of Christ, then Mary Magdalen and various Apostles. And above these groups rise higher and higher the Gothic spires, and there Christ the Victor is seated, surrounded by the four Saints who founded their Religious Orders in his imitation. This is the monument worthy to glorify such a man as Thomas à Kempis.

Science

Its Latest Ally

WE hear much nowadays of the rapidity and facility with which Japan has adopted Western civilisation: and she is rightly admired therefor. It is indeed, a good hap that has provided her with chloroform and carbolic acid—with modern surgery, that is to say—ere the beginning of what promises to be a long campaign. It is not possible for us to conceive what chloroform means to the soldier. Here is a merciful anæsthetic, easily administered, needing no apparatus whatever (unlike ether), certain in its effects, and so powerful and concentrated that the question of portage hardly arises. What agonies it is now abolishing in the Far East who can say: and for this agent Japan owes a debt to a man of a far distant race, who risked his life in anæsthetising himself with it, fifty-seven years ago, in an Edinburgh dining-room. No less great than its debt to Sir James Simpson is its debt to Lord Lister, "who saves more lives every year than Napoleon took in all his wars."

But it has not all been mere adoption and imitation on the part of Japan. In the science of relieving human suffering, I have quoted two discoveries, made by a Scot and a Yorkshireman, which will save thousands of Japanese—and Russian—lives, and will relieve immeasurable agonies in the present campaign. But, confining ourselves to the records of that same branch of science, we may easily discover that we, too, are in Japan's debt for at least three notable discoveries, two of which have already saved many European lives. I do not say that they take rank with anæsthesia and Listerism, but they are noteworthy additions, nevertheless, to the war-stores of the healing art.

The oldest of these is the discovery by Kitasato, a Japanese bacteriologist, of the bacillus that causes lock-jaw or tetanus. Now, if there is any branch of science that requires patience, manual and ocular dexterity—if one may use the phrase—and a genius for details, it is bacteriology. Anyone who knows how Pasteur, its founder, discovered the life-saving treatment of hydrophobia, or who has read the history of Koch's successful search—rewarded after many years—for the tubercle bacillus, will agree with me in this assertion. And these are typical Japanese qualities, as their art abundantly proves. The most dexterous dissector I ever knew was a Japanese. Therefore it is not surprising that we owe to them the discovery of the *bacillus tetani*, leading to the production of an anti-toxic serum which is now regularly used and is by far the most efficient remedy we possess for this terrible disease.

But this is not their only achievement in bacteriology, for a Japanese observer named Shiga has recently discovered the bacillus which causes a great many cases of dysentery: and though that discovery has not yet led to any improvement in prevention or treatment, and will therefore not lower, during this struggle, the death rate from that dire foe of the soldier in wartime, no one doubts that this is the first step towards our control of another deadly disease.

The third discovery is really more interesting, because it raises newer problems. There is in the body of each of us a pair of organs known as the adrenal glands: yet unknown to the public, though life could not continue without them. It is a curious fact, by the way, that the public has heard of the stomach—which is the least important of the digestive organs, and which many people are now living without in perfect comfort—yet has never heard of the pancreas, which is the digestive organ par excellence, and which is essential to life quite apart from its digestive function. Occasionally we consume, as a dainty, an animal's pancreas, which we call a "sweatbread," but we never suspect that without our own sweatbread we could not live for more than three weeks. Similarly the adrenal glands, without which we would die in an even shorter time, are not known to public fame. It was a Japanese chemist, Takamine, who isolated from these glands the invaluable substance which they produce for the benefit of the rest of the body. It is known as adrenalin, and nearly every sample of it, if prepared by a good firm, bears upon it the name of that distinguished Japanese. I have not space here to discuss the normal rôle of adrenalin. I would only say that if there were none in your blood just now, you would not have the muscular strength to sit in an easy chair, far less stand or walk. But the most remarkable influence of adrenalin is on the blood-vessels. A solution containing one part of it in a million will contract the microscopic blood-vessels in the foot of a frog so that you can no longer see them. Hence it is the most powerful of all chemical agents for stopping hæmorrhage. It will arrest bleeding from the nose when everything else has failed: not that that much matters, for the nose is accessible to mechanical means; but adrenalin has already saved many lives that were oozing away in a thin red stream no surgeon could reach. I wonder how many Russian soldiers' lives will be preserved by it during the present war, to enable them to fight against Takamine's fellow countrymen? Not that they will know their saviour's name or race.

C. W. SALEBY.

Dramatic Notes

SOME little time since I promised to consider more in detail the only plan that appears to me practical for establishing a repertoire theatre in London. The suggestion is that the London County Council should set aside a plot of land belonging to them, in a central position, and build thereon a moderate sized, unpretentious and comfortable play-house; that this theatre should be leased for a rental representing 5% on the capital outlay and on the loss of rent from the land; that the lessee should be granted a lease upon certain well defined and well considered terms. The chief advantage of this plan is that it would cost the County Council nothing; it can borrow money at less than 5%, and if the repertoire scheme fails the theatre could be let in the ordinary way or sold. Now for the details.

THE terms of the lease should include a veto upon all musical pieces whatsoever; a specified number of performances every year of a specified number of Shakespeare's plays; the performance every year of a specified number of plays not less than 100 years old; the production every year of a specified number of new plays; I would suggest two new dramas and two new comedies, and sixty representations of five of Shakespeare's and sixty of five other old plays. Also the lessee should be bound to give a certain proportion of these representations by aid of his stock company, or, to put it another way, that his stock company should appear for a specified number of nights each year. When not playing in London the stock company could doubtless tour through the provinces with profitable results. The actors and actresses of the company should be engaged for at least three years, should be given shares of the profits in proportion to their salaries, and should be bound over to accept any parts in any plays chosen for them by the lessee.

THERE are various admirable touring companies travelling through the country playing pieces new and old, which could doubtless arrange, even in the case of quite modern plays, to occupy the boards of the repertoire theatre for periods of a week or a fortnight. There is the admirable company recently organised by Mr. Tree, and looking down the "On Tour" list in "The Stage" I note the following: "The Admirable Crichton" Company, The Benson Company, Mr. Willard's Company (surely he would help), The Compton Comedy Company, Sir Henry Irving, and Miss Ellen Terry. Those among them could provide varied and valuable entertainment, and could share the profit with the lessee. And there are others. Then there is the Stage Society, who would doubtless be glad to have a permanent home.

SCENERY and dresses are the next difficulty; these would be required only for the performances of the stock company. Now, a little good scenery goes a long way; a few well-selected interiors and exteriors, all capable of varied arrangement, would suffice at any rate for the beginning, and all could be bought second-hand. The stage should be of a medium size for obvious reasons. Stage properties could be gradually accumulated, also dresses, armour, decorations, &c.—all second-hand. Warehouse room would have to be carefully considered and provided.

THE question of what manner of man the lessee should be is another difficult matter. He should not be an actor or a dramatist. Whatever else he may be, he must be a hard-headed, practised man of business and a man of sound education. Whether practical experience of theatrical management is essential is open to question. The type of man I have in mind is that personified by Mr. John Hollinghead before he devoted himself to burlesque. Granted—and it is a big grant, I allow—your theatre, your players, your equipment, your manager, what of your plays? The old ones may be allowed to settle themselves, and the public will soon show which they prefer; but for your new ones? Here, indeed, is a practical difficulty. Would the short runs and the consequent small profits on individual plays appeal to Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones or Mr. Barrie? Or, in fact, to any of our successful playwrights? They can answer for themselves; at any rate it is to be hoped they would be willing to allow occasional revivals of old successes. Should we then have to depend for new works upon the great unacted? This brings me to my main point, which is that any repertoire theatre whatsoever will give little, if any, direct assistance

toward the achievement of a higher class of new plays. All that it can be expected to do for us is to sustain interest in the masterpieces we already own, thereby educating and stimulating public taste, and to train up a school of all-round practised actors. If only it accomplishes that work, it will be worthy of our best support.

WHAT amount of support can such a theatre be expected to receive? Quite sufficient, I believe, to make it a profitable concern to lessee and actors. There is already a very considerable public in London and the provinces who are ready to support adequate performances of fine plays, and the very performances of such plays will quickly increase that public. Then, as I have already suggested, I see no reason why subscription seasons should not be arranged—one in the spring, one in the summer, and one in the autumn and winter. Among the subscribers I have already suggested the metropolitan newspapers, most of whom could afford to pay for their critics' seats. In fact the lessee should actually, not *nominally*, suspend the free list once and for all. Is it too much to hope that His Majesty would head the list of subscribers and that some of our social leaders would help?

THERE is the scheme, still in outline, with many difficulties unsolved, some even unmentioned. It is a careful attempt to avoid the practical difficulties which vitiate all other schemes, some of which call for the efforts of philanthropy, which would kill and not revitalise the art of the theatre, some of which cry aloud for the moon. We do not want the theatre of a clique or that of a set of cranks; Mr. Pinero was right when he said that what we want is a theatre where the masterpieces of English Dramatic Literature would find an abiding home.

"FRÈRE JACQUES," a comedy in four acts, by Henry Bernstein and Pierre Veber, just produced at the Paris Vaudeville, is a pleasant play with witty dialogue not devoid of a kind of elegance, and with characters that are distinctly amusing. The study of sentiment that furnishes a pretext for the comedy, if somewhat thin, is not without charm. Needless to say, Tarride's acting is beyond praise, and he is well supported by the rest of the company.

DER MEISTER. Komödie in drei akten. Von Hermann Bahr. (Berlin: Fischer.)

CAIUS DUHE, a successful physician with a strong individuality, believes himself to be a sort of *Uebermensch* standing far above the motives and actions of ordinary men. He bends all with whom he comes in contact to his will, or thinks he does, for he knows, he is certain, much better than they do themselves of what they are really capable. A promising violinist he turns into a secretary and typewriter, and accomplishes other equally desirable or undesirable transformations. Marriage he regards as a matter of pure reason; love is never a necessary factor in the union, and lapses from the marriage vow by either husband or wife should always be condoned. Yet when his own wife goes astray his philosophical calm is somewhat ruffled. But he is not convincing either with his "Strength-theory" or his "Reason-theory." There is only one human being in the play in whom we can feel an interest, and he is the Japanese, Dr. Kokoro, who has been sent by his government to Europe to study medicine and Western civilisation. So excellently is he portrayed that we are glad, despite its many faults, that the play has been written. We should like to quote a number

of his observations on men and matters, but must content ourselves with one or two. When Duhr boasts that he is no slave to his passions, that he deals with everything, even with an erring wife, by the light of pure reason, that he never fails in justice towards all, the Japanese answers to the effect that to love and to protect those whom we love, even against themselves, is far better than being merely just. It is God's place to be just. It is foolishness for us to boast ourselves cleverer than fate, which works through our passions, and to think we can cut its threads with the shears of reason. The dialogue throughout is good and telling, far better than the action. But dialogue alone, however clever and easy, will not make a good play, and it is somewhat surprising that the great theatre of Berlin should have produced "The Master." Admirable as Bahr is as a critic of plays, we fear he will never rank high as a maker of them.

Musical Notes

WHAT a fellow is this Richard Strauss! He is as bad as Wagner for the way in which he makes his critics change their minds. When "Also sprach Zarathustra" was performed at the Strauss Festival last June, for instance, it was written of as follows by the critic of an esteemed contemporary:—

In it Herr Strauss seems to us to have leaped forward to things which, until his time, had been unsuspected in music. . . . Certain orchestral combinations sometimes goaded the ignorant to laughter. These did not realise the meaning of "Also sprach Zarathustra," which philosophically speaking captures the meaning of modernity as the winging sparrowhawk takes its prey, with certainty and with unerring definiteness. "Also sprach Zarathustra" is a marvellous expression of the thoughts of our own time. It leans backwards and forwards: it reaches here and there; it does not stay at what have been called the heresies of Beethoven; it has individual significance.

That was thoroughgoing, that was eloquent, that warmed the heart of the Strauss lover.

JUDGE therefore of the latter's astonishment when he found the same distinguished authority writing of the self-same work within a few brief months in the following terms:—

It is extraordinary to consider how simple, how natural, and how utterly childlike is the music of Richard Strauss. . . . His simplicity, his absolute denial of complexity of form, his search after sheer beauty without any sort of demand upon anyone's intelligence, his romantic ideas, not always fulfilled in his music, but at the same time well meant, well intended, are exceedingly interesting. . . . Strauss is amazingly naïf; he is simply the expression of childlike thought in music. . . . It is absurd to think of Strauss as a complete musician. . . . He does not do otherwise than sing the song of sheer childishness, of sheer irresponsibility, of absolute forgetfulness of the things which make this mournful life of ours tend towards the realisation of that which is to be. . . . That he is a great man needs no reiteration; but that a great deal of his work is absolutely as cheap as anything that music can give to mankind is a matter beyond contradiction.

Now are not these conflicting judgments very interesting? And do they not throw a striking light on the difficulty of the Strauss problem? The critic in question is one who, as is well known, takes himself with all becoming gravity. Yet one finds one and the same work producing within the space of a few months these extraordinarily diverse impressions. What had seemed in June to "capture the

meaning of modernity as the winging sparrowhawk takes its prey with certainty and unerring definiteness," and to constitute "a marvellous expression of the thoughts of our own time," appears in January music "without any sort of demand upon one's intelligence . . . a song of sheer childishness, of sheer irresponsibility, of absolute forgetfulness of the things which make this mournful life of ours," &c., &c. The contrast is absolute. Yet one cannot doubt that the writer sincerely recorded the impressions which he received in each instance. Such an example is a lesson to those who would sum up Strauss, or any other master (Brahms, say), as Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha played his fugues, "off-hand and runningly."

ANOTHER critical utterance touching, or rather, in Parliamentary phrase, "arising out of" "Zarathustra," was that of "E. A. B." in the "Daily News," to the effect that "in 'Zarathustra' we have Strauss in the stage of experimentalist, just as Wagner was an experimentalist in the first two acts of 'Siegfried.'" Now as one who holds "Siegfried" to be absolutely the most perfect, from beginning to end, of all the four sections of the "Ring," the passage which I have italicised seems to me a very hard saying. In what respect any portion of "Siegfried" whatsoever, whether in the first, the second, or the third act, can be regarded as "experimental" I am completely at a loss to imagine. Such a term might conceivably be applied to "Das Rheingold," to "Die Walküre," or to "Götterdämmerung"—but to "Siegfried"! Perish the thought!

It is true that the music of the third act was written later than that of the first and second, but when one thinks of the glorious music which the latter contain—the magnificent Wander-Mime scene, the Forging music, the Waldweben music and the rest—it is hard indeed to adopt the accepted view, that the music of the third act is superior to what has gone before. Indeed I do not hesitate to say that in many respects the third act is the weakest of the three. The music certainly is glorious enough, but who in his heart of hearts does not find the long-drawn duet too long? Who can regard it as completely satisfactory from a dramatic standpoint? It is one of those few instances, in my judgment—another is the closing scene of "Götterdämmerung"—in which Wagner failed more or less by attempting too much. Pelian is piled on Ossa, climax succeeds climax, but the net result is—something less than absolute success. Certainly there is not a page in either of the preceding acts so obviously open to criticism. Wherefore it is amazing to hear the latter dubbed "experimental."

To hear de Pachmann play the "Waldstein" sonata so soon after D'Albert was a somewhat interesting experience. The comparison was bound to go against the Pole of course, for de Pachmann is distinctly not a Beethoven player. But D'Albert might have learned something from his performance, none the less. A slight infusion of de Pachmann's smoothness and elegance, in fact, is precisely what the so-called "little giant" most requires. It is, indeed, rather singular when you come to think of it, that for all his antics and grimaces and other eccentricities of manner de Pachmann's actual playing is never disfigured by the least excess or departure from good taste. If he behaves at times rather like a mountebank, he never plays other than as an artist. D'Albert on the other hand cultivates no peculiarities of manner, but in his playing often exceeds the limits of propriety.

IN his capacity as *farceur* de Pachmann was in excellent form last Saturday, and his little gesture of delight when, having done his duty by Mozart and Beethoven, he took his place at the instrument to tackle a more congenial portion of his programme in the shape of Schumann's G minor sonata was an eloquent expression doubtless of a very real sentiment. But has this curious fact ever been noticed concerning those famous nods and becks and wreathed smiles with which de Pachmann annotates his performances—namely, that his gestures and grimaces bear as often as not the least possible relation to the character of the music in hand? Thus a passage of the utmost solemnity he will deliver with a smile of infantile delight. Does this not go to explain a good deal? The pianist whose countenance is suffused by happy smiles while he plays an *adagio molto*, say, of Beethoven, is scarcely likely to bring out all its meaning. The contrast between the thing played and the manner of its performance is sometimes quite laughable in de Pachmann's case.

THE Broadwood Concerts are excellently interesting as a rule, but their programmes might frequently be more felicitously drawn up. There is really great art in the right choice and arrangement of an evening's music, and a flagrant instance of how not to do it was provided by one of these recent concerts at which Professor Hugo Becker was put down for solo after solo while the supreme attraction of the concert in the shape of the Bohemian quartet were reserved for a single innings at the very end of the programme. Without any reflection on Herr Becker, whose playing needs no commendation at this time of day, one would gladly have foregone a few, if not all, of his solos in order to have had a little more of the Bohemian players. For Herr Becker we have often with us, while the Bohemians come but seldom. For once in a way a programme of three quartets might even have been held justified.

THE case of the critic who recently did penance in a letter to his editor for having omitted from one of his notices the name of a principal performer, by no means stands alone. The thing has been done before not infrequently—by design and otherwise. Not long ago, for instance, a certain American musical weekly published a long account of a vocal concert, in which while the work of the accompanist was with much particularity commended, the name of the singer was not mentioned once from beginning to end. The explanation was understood to be that the accompanist had business relations with the advertising department of the journal, while the vocalist had not. In another instance a well-known critic penned nearly half a column in a London daily regarding a certain fair débutante, who was alluded to with such a wealth of periphrasis, that in this case again the actual name of the performer was never disclosed. "Sheer carelessness, madam," was however the explanation in this case.

Art Notes

IN "Harper's Magazine" this month is a charming example of the fine art of Sarah Stilwell, the American lady on whose brilliant talents I discoursed in these pages when touching on the remarkable talents of Miss Shippen Green and Miss Jessie Willcox Smith. It is a strange thing that, with two exceptions, we have been unable in this country, the home of great illustrators, the land of Charles Keene and Aubrey Beardsley, of Phil May and Sime and Du Maurier, and the Beggarstaff Brothers and Pinwell and Boyd Houghton, and Raven Hill, and the

rest, it is a strange fact that we seem unable to produce editors who can gather the best illustrators into a band and produce a great magazine. The sole exceptions to this pathetic generalisation have been the "Pall Mall Magazine"—which, as some one sadly observed, is backed by American enterprise—and "The Idler" for the splendid year or two when it bore as its cover the beautiful purple design by Sime. I am leaving "The Butterfly," "The Savoy," and "The Yellow Book" out of the question because they were not magazines quite in the ordinary sense. Well, "The Idler," a superb effort during that year or two that gave us the fine work of the men of "The Butterfly" group, Sime's "Beauty Spot" and the like, Raven Hill's studies of a serious kind, Edgar Wilson's decorative pieces, fine work by Cowper and Clayton Calthrop and Greiffenhagen, and others—this Idler died for mere lack of support by the public. It is to the eternal shame of the public, but the fact remains. So to-day we have the "Pall Mall Magazine" for sole rival to the three great illustrated American magazines, "Harper's," "The Century," and "Scribner's." To a certain extent the "Pall Mall" holds its own; it certainly stands far above all other English illustrated magazines—which I fear is no high praise, for English magazines have sunk to the uttermost depths, what with their multitudinous petty illustrations and swarms of photographs, each more hideously placed upon the page than the last. The "Pall Mall" to-day stands in splendid isolation. Its interviews with celebrities by William Archer, with their beautifully placed portraits, are the very type of perfection in this realm, and far surpass anything of a like nature in the pages of its American rivals—they are almost of universal interest. The editor has not always a nice discrimination in rejecting certain mediocre artists, indeed it is often difficult for an editor to cut his friends, but in this also "Harper's" and others equally offend. There is a sense sometimes in the "Pall Mall" of things inferior being set too close to things excellent. But on the whole the standard is very high. Greiffenhagen and Edgar Wilson and Hartrick have their place; for the "Pall Mall" Raven Hill has done some of his very best black and white work, and E. J. Sullivan has constantly given distinction to its numbers. Its literary matter has not always the breadth of aim and the largeness of view of its American rivals; but on the other hand, it is on the whole less ponderous. And I feel perfectly sure that its success depends largely on its handsome treatment of artist and author alike.

I HAVE never been quite able to understand this superiority of the American magazine over ours, especially when it is remembered that our illustrated weeklies are, or were, on the whole, superior to the American. But I think it is due to some arrangement by which the art editor is free of the literary editor. Literary editors are often strangely deaf to art. It is one of those strange facts of nature; but so it is. In America the magazine writer and the magazine artist have always been well paid. And it is almost a commonplace to say that the discovery of Velasquez and Japan by Europe and America in the mid-nineteenth century, together with the creation of the American magazine, have founded American art and the high artistic achievement of our cousins across the water. Velasquez gave us Whistler and Sargent. The American magazine, steeped in the artistic spirit of the great Englishmen of the eighteenth century, gave us Howard Pyle and Edwin Abbey. Whilst our English magazines, run upon more economical lines and often by literary editors alone, scorned the work of men of the superb genius of Aubrey Beardsley, who had to invent his own magazine before he could get a hearing; were indifferent to the whimsical genius of Sime; and were content with

second-rate men when England was particularly rich in men of the most brilliant parts.

By the way, there is on view now at the Leicester Galleries an exhibition of Edwin Abbey's drawings for Shakespeare's comedies which enriched the pages of "Harper's" and gave an impetus to artistic endeavour in the pages of magazines both in America and here that it is almost impossible to exaggerate. At the same galleries is a collection of the work by other fine illustrators, Frederick Sandys, Rossetti, Leighton, and others.

ONE of our contemporaries speaks flippantly, not to say with some complacency, about the mistake of several papers in announcing that the Royal Academy had elected the French sculptor Fremet to the rank and majesty of honorary immortal. But the Royal Academy alone is to blame, for the official announcement sent to me certainly contained the name so spelt. I risked the fact, however, that Frémiet was intended, for I came to the conclusion that even the Royal Academicians must have heard of Frémiet, whilst I was equally certain that if I did not know a Fremet by artistic repute, I was quite certain no Academician did. Wherefore I changed the name to that of the sculptor of "Joan of Arc," and slept peacefully. There is a spice of Sherlock Holmes in my nature. I wonder if he were elected by the immortals as Fremet!!!

My criticism of Count Gallatin's book upon Aubrey Beardsley draws a somewhat interesting comment from him. He tells me that, having come into possession of two of Beardsley's drawings of late, he removed the frames and found on the back of each design a most interesting study in red chalk. He asks me to beg all persons who are happy enough to possess such studies on the back of any drawing by Beardsley which may happen to be in their possession to communicate with him to the care of his bankers in Paris, Messrs. Morgan, Harjes and Co. Might I add that the publication of a collection of such studies would be invaluable; and might I also add that I have seen some few designs of Beardsley's which, though quite impossible for publication as they stand, could easily be made possible by the omission, very often, of the smallest details; and as it was to such work that his fantastic mind gave some of its most exquisite artistry, it seems a thousand pities that they should pass into oblivion. Judging by the enthusiasm of Count Gallatin I should say that all such matters could not be entrusted into better or more tactful hands. At any rate, Beardsley's smallest pencil sketches are worth preserving—his was, indeed, an exquisite genius.

At the Council Chamber of the Westminster City Hall, in Charing Cross Road, may be seen daily until the 24th of the month a series of old views of St. James's Park and neighbourhood, which should be of considerable interest to all who are watching the changes at the east end of the Mall and its extension into Charing Cross. The public are indebted to Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham for the exhibition of his collection.

With its February number the "Architectural Review" begins a new series. There are so many architects throughout the three kingdoms, to say nothing of the colonies, that there should be good support for a really good technical professional magazine like this quite independently of outside interest. But, as a matter of fact, outside support for an architectural review must be very small—the emptiness of the architectural room at the Royal Academy summer exhibitions proves the utter

indifference of the general public to the mighty art of the building of houses. To express an opinion then on the new series of the "Architectural Review" from the point of view of the public would be futile—the public being wholly indifferent. It is to the profession as a whole that the "Review" must be made to appeal; and it seems to me that this first number of this new series is promising from Mr. Reginald Blomfield's paper on "Philibert de l'Orme," down to the current architectural gossip.

"THE CONNOISSEUR" for February has one or two charming reproductions from the work of Boucher, the Frenchman who with Fragonard and Watteau understood better than any artist how to paint masterpieces that are pleasant to live with. I notice one critic who speaks patronisingly of Boucher as an artist—it is the veriest cant. Boucher saw the possibilities of art that is pleasant to live with; and because he did not paint dreary masterpieces from subjects that old masters painted for churches, he is accused of being frivolous. Good heavens! what is a drawing-room for, if not for frivolity and pleasant talk and genial comradeship and dancing and gossip? Boucher is a great artist; and his prices proclaim the fact. If the critic waits for them to go down, he had better purchase a grey wig. Who could paint a woman with half his charm and who a child with half his insight, amongst all the ghosts of the old dead past? . . . There is also a fascinating reproduction in colour of Riesener's glorious masterpiece, the "Bureau du Roi" in the Wallace Collection, from a water-colour by E. Foley and W. Eassil.

THE "Burlington Magazine" contains a charming gravure of Jane, Duchess of Gordon, by Romney, amongst other things.

MR. JAMYN BROOKS is showing at Graves's Galleries his portraits of the King and Queen, painted for the United Service Club, and he adds to the attractions a small profile of Mr. Gladstone.

MESSRS. BELL continue their clever little miniature series of painters with the life of Michelangelo, by Mr. Strutt; a life most interestingly compressed within the narrow range of the series, and as well illustrated as any book of the series.

MR. EDWARD STRANGE contributes "The Colour Prints of Japan" to the Langham series of art monographs, published by Mr. Siegle, of Langham Place; an excellent little piece of work, and extremely useful and businesslike with its signatures and other helps to the collector. From so high an authority as the author it may be said that the work is good and sound; but it is also, what does not always go with the work of a high authority, eminently intelligent and helpful.

BUT it is to the German monographs on artists, published by Grevel & Co., of King Street, from the German that we have to look for the best value in popular art monographs. Take the one on Donatello, just published, and translated by P. G. Konody—what an excellent piece of work! In its way almost as good as the "Holbein" of the same house—or, perhaps I should say, almost as interesting, as good it certainly is. I am not here concerned with the life of Donatello, which is well done, so much as with the illustrations of the statuary—for it is the illustrations which, in works on art, are of prime value. They are excellent, well chosen as to the point of view, well photographed, and well reproduced. Altogether the series published by Grevel in this country leaves little to be desired.

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Correspondence

Bacon and Shakespeare

SIR,—I was so thankful to THE ACADEMY, when I read its review of Dr. Engel's "Shakespeare-Rätsel," and I hope THE ACADEMY will allow me to answer Mr. Stronach, to tell him that I am very sorry to see national prejudices in his criticism, for he speaks so scornfully of German critics. We have a good old German proverb that everyone is surely not right who is uncivil.

I know quite well Bacon's philosophy, and I would prove, also, he has borrowed his science, if I had time enough. But I will principally censure, if Bacon is a poet or not. Mr. Stronach says, "The German needs an English education" to find it. Quite right; even Schiller's philosophical works are not regarded as poetical works, and only Nietzsche has written his works poetically from our standpoint, but he also is not generally known as a poetical writer. I like English poetry, but Bacon is too dry, without fancy, for me to name him a poet. Dr. Engel surely could better answer than I can, and I am sure, though I am not acquainted with him, he would prove his theses to every one, and so he would sincerely acknowledge it, if any one could convince him scientifically, without irony, if he is not right. That is all truer than my English is correct. In Germany a philosopher must be quite original, for we have a great number of philosophical systems. I am sorry, I can say so, a student of philosophy never will find a philosophy, but philosophies—and never a philosopher was regarded as a poet, only Nietzsche, and the later fact may be a comment for Mr. Stronach. Only Nietzsche is a philosopher-poet, because he has produced a quite new and beautiful style. I must have more time to dispute the originality of Bacon's philosophical system, but I am ever ready to show my reasons why I can never find Bacon poetical.—Yours, &c.,

Schloss Zleb, bei Čáslav,
Bohemia.

WILH. FRIED. STOLZ, Phil.D.

Sonnets from the Portuguese

SIR,—Your correspondent, E. Dick, asks for an explanation of some lines in Sonnet XV. In my edition the first line pointed out reads: "As on a bee sheet in a crystalline," an allusion apparently to the preservation of dainty insects and fragile growths in amber. Mrs. Browning's poems, like those of her illustrious husband, have suffered much from the vagaries of printers. I submit that the line taken with the preceding ones presents no great difficulty. "Love's divine" is an instance of poetic licence not differing in form from "the highest," "the dearest," "the base," though less familiar. Here it suggests imprisonment in some unique condition, an ethereal amalgam; and sustains the analogy of the prisoned bee:—

"Were most impossible failure, if I strove
To fail so"

is a deliberately Elizabethan construction, and may be paralleled often in Shakespeare. The passage with its context implies that her watchers need not regard her anxiously in her loved prison-house, for that should she unworthily seek to escape the dear thralldom her heart, her self, is so completely captivated that freedom is impossible. Undoubtedly there is an under-reference to the isolated invalid life which Elizabeth Bassett was leading when Browning first became acquainted with her. But though a consciousness of this intensifies the pleading protest it is not necessary to the comprehension of it. It may be added, that Mrs. Browning herself wrote concerning her poems, "I have used a certain licence, and after much thoughtful study of the Elizabethan writers, have ventured it with the public." One could wish that prefaces and introductions endeavoured to place the poet's point of view and intention before the reader, instead of only appreciating the value of the work.—Yours, &c.,

S. CUNNINGTON.

SIR,—I would suggest the following solution of the poetical problem from Mrs. Browning, set by E. Dick in your last issue:—

"On this men look till grown too tired to stare,
But cannot comprehend one cryptic line.
Since secrets shut in safes can none divine,—
Since unbeheld fly motes in midnight air,
Guessers would probably fail here, though they strove
An age long."

—Yours, &c.,
The Hermitage, Sutton.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

J. M. B. and R. L. S.

SIR,—I had just concluded a second reading of "The Letters of R. L. S." when I struck your remarks about plagiarism in last week's ACADEMY.

Mr. J. M. Barrie gave us the immortal Tommy who always "found a w'y," and in a recent play this gifted author has himself "found a w'y," and dished up for us a very ancient yarn of Stevenson's. I quote from a letter to Mr. Edmund Gosse, dated July 29, 1879: "the Scene" . . . "Royal Hotel, Bathgate. I went there with a humorous friend to lunch. The maid soon showed herself a lass of character. She was looking out of a window. On being asked what she was after: 'I'm lookin' for my lad,' said she. 'Is that him?'"

"Weel, I've been looking for him a' my life, but I've never seen him yet," was the response. Your readers will remember the like incident in "Quality Street."

It is interesting to remember that in 1892 Stevenson wrote in a letter to Henry James, "But Barrie is a beauty, 'The Little Minister' and 'The Window in Thrums,' eh? Stuff in that young man; but he must see and not be too funny. Genius in him, but there's a journalist ever at his elbow—there's the risk. What a page is the glove business in the window! Knocks a man flat: that's guts, if you please."—Yours, &c.,

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EDWIN T. WALKER.

Classic—Romantic

SIR,—I have been specially studying for some years this question of the distinction between the terms Classic and Romantic, taken, as R. G. says, generally, not separately for any of the different arts. As I view it the distinction is one between two different ways of appreciating or of approaching things to be considered from their æsthetic side. I would call Classical the tendency to include in the object which is to be taken from the point of view of its beauty, a less number, and Romantic the tendency to include in it a greater number of the associations which it (considered in its narrowest physical sense) suggests to the mind.

For instance, a corn field in summer, Racine's "Iphigénie" or Reynolds' "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," imply (in order to be understood and æsthetically enjoyed) fewer of the associated notions which they may directly or indirectly suggest than do a mountain landscape, "King Lear" or "Beata Beatrix." The first three would be more highly admired from the standpoint of Classicism, the latter from that of Romanticism. The associations (philosophical, historical, and otherwise) suggested in both of the latter cases go to form part of the æsthetic effect of the object in each case. In the three former cases, only the more obvious associations are so included.—Yours, &c.,

H. C. F.

"Tolstoi and the Babies"

SIR,—I am delighted that a "Student in Holy Orders" should regard the doctrine that the All-Good Father made human nature "desperately wicked" as "colossal nonsense." I suppose Jeremiah, the author of the phrase, does not rank as one of the theologians I am challenged to quote: nor need I cite Augustine, or support him against Pelagius. I do not know how the dogma of "original sin," certainly held, though not originated, by the former, is reconciled with the belief in an All-Good Father. Augustine believed in both, and therefore—implicitly if not explicitly—"taught such colossal nonsense." As I cannot believe in two mutually exclusive dogmas, and as I prefer to believe in the latter rather than in the former, I never lose a chance of having at the Augustinian theory, which seems to me no less than blasphemous. My challenger doubtless agrees.—Yours, &c.,

C. W. SALEERY.

Fiction and Electricity

SIR,—I have heard it stated that a fictional-scientific book gave a theory that the continued abstraction by Man of Electricity from the atmosphere, will eventually act detrimentally on the climate and life of this planet. What author suggested this?—Yours, &c.,

GUY WILFRID HAYLER.

[Several Letters held over. Correspondents are asked to write as briefly as possible.—ED.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music, and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and *briefly* in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

The prizes will consist of 5s. worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller as early as possible in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood, and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5s.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No Questions or Answers received after Monday will be considered eligible for the current week's competition.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE

AUTHORS WANTED.—Can any reader direct me to the source of the following verse:—

"Farewell! may no thought pierce thy breast, of thy treason;
Farewell! and be happy in Hubert's embrace;
Be the belle of the ball and the bride of the season,
With diamonds bedizened and languid in lace."

—J. C.

Who is the author of the following lines:—

"Cosmella's charms inspire my lays,
Who, fair in nature's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days
Like Glassenbury thorn."

Also, where is Glassenbury, and what is the Glassenbury thorn?—M. O. H.

BROWNING'S "CHRISTMAS EVE."—

"Gone music too! The air was stirred
By happy wings: Terpander's bird
(That, when the cold came, fled away)
Would tarry not the wintry day."

Can any of your readers explain "Terpander's bird" or give the classical reference?—A. R. R.

"POOR ROBIN."—The compiler (William Winstanley) of the early years of "Poor Robin's Almanack" describes himself on the title-page of each issue as "Knight of the Burnt-Island." What does this signify? I am aware that there is a town of Burntisland in Scotland, but do not conjecture any connection.—W. G. H.

"RUNAWAYS: AN-HEIRES."—There are two words in Shakespeare which have puzzled all commentators—"runaways" and "an-heires." The passages in which they occur are:—"Romeo and Juliet": "That *runaways*' eyes may wish," and "Merry Wives": "Will you go, *an-heires*?" What is a reasonable explanation?—*Consuelo*.

ANIMALS AND GOD.—Cardinal Newman says somewhere that animals have more direct means of communication with God than men. Where does the passage occur?—E. M. C. (Salò).

"LAMBKINS."—What is the meaning of "lambkins" in the following? "Let us condole the knight: for, lambkins, we will live."—Henry V., Act II, Sc. I., last line. This is imitated by Browning, "The Ring and the Book," Dominus Hyacinthus de Arangelis, last line (1814): "Sing 'Tra-la-lia, for, lambkins, we must live!' unless there is here a reference to 'lamb's fry,' mentioned in line 1,100.—A. T.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Is there any good history of Massachusetts, or of Boston, Cambridge, and Concord, dealing with its literary associations during the past century?—H. P. H.

DEDICATIONS.—What is the first authentic case of a book being dedicated to any one person; and what justification is there for this practice nowadays?—N. R.

GENERAL

CHURCH WINDOWS.—In figures on the windows of many mediæval churches the departure of the soul from the body is shown by the shape of an infant issuing from the mouth of the figure. How is this conceit explained?—M. T. (Ilkley).

SILURIST.—What is a Silurist? I have the poems of "Henry Vaughan: Silurist," but I cannot find any clue as to what a silurist is or was.—A. J. W.

"DEVINE" OR "DEVIGNE"?—Can anyone give information of any family of this name in England in the seventeenth century? If there are any records of Quaker or Roman Catholic families during this period, the name should appear either in the county of Wiltshire—where there was a Quaker family of Devine—or in Ireland.—*Claymore*.

GENERAL WADE.—Is the General Wade who commanded the English Army in the Rebellion of '45 against the Young Pretender, the same as he of whom the delightful Irish ball was perpetrated:—

"If you'd seen these roads before they were made
You'd bless the memory of General Wade?"—H. P. H.

Answers

LITERATURE

"FRANK SEAFIELD, M.A."—This was the pseudonym of a certain Alexander Henley Grant. Under his own name he edited Koble's "Christian Year" and compiled two anthologies of sacred verse.—W. G. H.

"LORDS OF HELL."—I do not believe that Tennyson was thinking of the *di inferni* when he spoke of "Lords of Hell." I always regarded it as taken from Miltonic phraseology, and referring to Milton's hierarchy of Hell, the "Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers." Milton speaks of "Princes of Hell" in "Paradise Lost," Book II. To confirm this view in the same stanza Tennyson refers to "Divine Philosophy," evidently taken from "Comus," 476, "How charming is divine philosophy."—F. (Cambridge).

ORIGIN OF RHYME.—Omitting occasional rhymes, intentional or otherwise, in Virgil, Ovid, &c., the first poem rhymed throughout was probably a Latin song composed in honour of Clothaire II., King of the Franks (d. 628), on his return from a campaign. Muratori, however, in his "Dissertationes on Italian Antiquities" cites a Latin poem in rhyming distichs, dating from the sixth century.—W. G. H.

"HUMPHREY HOUR."—I think "Humphrey Hour" is the name of a serving man; and I also think that Richard plays with the word "graced" used by his mother. He seems to imply that Humphrey Hour "graced" the Duchess in two ways; first, by styling her "Your Grace"; secondly, by calling her forth from the undesirable company of her troublesome son, so proving himself a "comfortable Hour." In the next line, "If I be so *disgracious* in your eye," Richard still plays with the word.—W. H. P.

CLASSIC—ROMANTIC.—By the term "Classic" is involved the idea of thought and expression, limited by intellectual selection, conforming to the standard of some convention. In the term "Romantic" is involved "an extraordinary development of imaginative sensibility," limited only by the bounds of the imagination. The difference between the two is that between routine and wonder, intellect and imagination.—E. M. W. B.

CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC.—The Classical spirit is marked by restraint, balance, reflection. It is impersonal; conscious of human limitations; its joy is a chastened serenity. The Romantic is the spirit of adventurous, often rebellious, individualism. Emotional and tender; its vision adverted from the actual to an idealised world of wonder and delight.—G. B.

"DOGBERRY."—John Aubrey, in his brief life of Shakespeare, says: "The humour of the constable, in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' (a mistake, one supposes, for 'Much Ado'), he happened to take at Grendon in Bucks which is the road from London to Stratford, and there was living that constable about 1642, when I first came to Oxon." Dogberry appears then to be Shakespeare's own, and he is akin to Dull, the constable in "Love's Labour's Lost." What plot there is in this early play seems of the poet's own manufacture; and if Dogberry be, to some extent, Dull retouched, he also claims affinity with Gobbo, Mrs. Quickly, Elbow, and the second gravedigger in "Hamlet."—A. R. B.

GISSING'S LAST BOOK.—"The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" might, perhaps, be styled a Romantic Autobiography.—A. R. B.

GENERAL

"WEIGH" "WAY."—It is possible to see no ignorant mistake in the nautical "get under weigh." Our word "weigh" is derived from A. S. *weagan*, meaning "to carry," and to weigh the anchor expresses the getting and carrying of it on board. Sailors do not use the term "to get under weigh" to express a favourable fluctuation of speed, but to describe the resumption of normal speed after anchoring. Hence "weigh" seems to be quite the right word. The old word "goings" gives one of the many meanings of "way," and only if such a meaning is intended could it be right to say, "get under way"?—S. C.

"PANETTONE" AND "PANETTO," not "PANATTONNE."—Panettone means big bread—in the sense of fine or glorified bread. The sweetened dough is made very light and spongy, with a few plums. It is the distinctive cake of Milan, and may be seen in dozens at the buffet of the station.—E. M. C. (Salò).

"NOT FIT TO HOLD THE CANDLE TO HIM."—There is good literary authority for this phrase. It occurs in the "Merchant of Venice," where Jessica says to Lorenzo, "What, must I hold a candle to my shame?" (II, vi., 41). In this passage, however, it seems to be used in its literal sense, but the use of this phrase in its figurative sense is fairly common among the Elizabethans.—A. J. A.

"NOT FIT TO HOLD A CANDLE."—The phrase is not colloquial; Byron writes:—

"Some say, compared to Buononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely *fit to hold a candle*."

The allusion is to linkboys who held torches to light passengers.—M. T. (Ilkley).

"POPE'S NAME."—The name of Pope Sergius II. before election (844) was Peter. Out of reverence to St. Peter that Pope took the name by which he is known. Subsequent Popes have followed Sergius the Second's example, without the cause that moved him.—*Harnatopgeos*.

TEA.—The earliest mention of tea by an Englishman is in a letter from Mr. Wickham, an agent of the East India Company, written from Firando in Japan, on the 27th June, 1616, to Mr. Eaton, another officer of the company, resident at Macao, and asking for "a pot of the best sort of chaw," and in Mr. Eaton's subsequent account of expenditure occurs this item—"three silver porringers to drink chaw in."—M. McLean Dobbs.

TEA BEFORE 1687.—According to old Isaac Disraeli tea was introduced into England by Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory, who brought over a small quantity from Holland in 1686. But this is antedated by the following advertisement in *Mercurius Politicus* September 30th, 1688: "That excellent and by all Physicians approved China Drink called by the Chinese *Tea*, by other Nations *Tay alias Tee*, is sold at the *Sultaness Head Cophee-House in Sweetings Rents*, by the Royal Exchange, London."—F. S.

CALIGULA.—Reply received from E. Wakefield.

"FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY."—Reply received from J. H. McM.

DRAMATIC

WIND ON THE STAGE.—("Vanity Fair.") I believe that Mr. Forbes Robertson recently tried fans in the wings with disastrous results to scenery and the actors' health.—*Garrick*.

*MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.—The correspondent who answered Historian's question is wrong. The grandson of the Regent Philippe d'Orléans (1674-1725), who was born in 1725 bore all these titles. He was called Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, de Valois, Chartres, Nemours et Montpensier, Comte de Vermandois, &c., &c. My authority is the Comte Duos. In a work by him, entitled "La mère du Duc d'Enghien," we have the marriage contract of Bathilde d'Orléans with the Duc de Bourbon. She was the daughter of Louis Philippe, who was born in 1725. This contract is now at the Archives.—*Cunctator*.

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the four booksellers whose names follow:—

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Literary Notes

AT last! At last there seems to be a probability of seeing an adequate Shakespeare memorial in London. No one grudges the fame of Stratford-on-Avon, but after all it was in London that Shakespeare lived and worked; it was from the country surrounding London that he drew much of his inspiration, and we have still in our midst many memorials of Elizabethan London, little appreciated it may be and deserving of far more attention than they are usually given. The question of the memorial is under consideration of the London County Council, and has been the object for some time past of the London Shakespeare Commemoration League, of which Mr. T. Fairman Ordish is president. The site suggested is a portion of the ground now being cleared between the Houses of Parliament and Lambeth Bridge. Mr. George Badge, an old Stratfordian, has made a generous offer of support.

BUT what is the memorial to be? Not a statue, I hope, or, as has been suggested, a Shakespeare school of dramatic art. What is wanted is a thoroughly practical institution in connection with Shakespearean study and Elizabethan London. A library, a museum of relics, pictures, maps, &c., of Elizabethan London, a portrait gallery of Shakespearean actors, critics and commentators, and a lecture and meeting-room (possibly this last could be combined with the picture gallery). But above all what is required is enthusiasm and surely this will not be difficult to arouse. The study of Shakespeare and his times is fascinating if only rightly approached, and the scheme outlined above would be welcomed, I believe, and generally supported by all lovers and students of Shakespeare.

NEXT month Mr. John Murray will publish "Lord Cardwell at the War Office," by General Sir Robert Biddulph, who was military secretary to Lord Cardwell, and must therefore have known better than anyone the importance and character of Lord Cardwell's work. Another interesting work from the same house will be "Henry Brocken, his Travels and Adventures in the Rich, Strange, Scarce-imaginable Kingdom of Romance," by Mr. Walter J. de la Mare, favourably known already as a poet under the pen-name of Walter Rawal.

MRS. KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON is very busy at present. Messrs. F. V. White will publish a novel by her on the 29th, and a second, "Judy's Lovers," on June 30. In the autumn Messrs. Smith, Elder will issue a novel from the same pen; and Messrs. Collins, of Glasgow, a girls' book for Christmas; also a serial, "Julia," will commence in "The Gentlewoman" toward the end of March. Mrs. Hinkson has also completed three gift-books for children, two of which will be illustrated by Mr. Charles Robinson, the third by Mr. John Hassall.

AN interesting incident appertaining to the earlier years of the late Canon Ainger has been overlooked by most of the writers of the various obituary notices. In the days of



MR. "BENJAMIN SWIFT"
[Photo, Elliot & Fry, Baker St., W.]

his youth he took part in the private theatricals, organised by Dickens at Tavistock House on Twelfth Night—which happened to be the birthday anniversary of the novelist's eldest son. These juvenile entertainments began in 1854, and were renewed until the principal actors ceased to be children. In that year Mr. Ainger assumed the part of Lord Grizzle in Fielding's burlesque, "Tom Thumb," for which Dickens composed entirely new songs; in 1855 the play selected for representation in "The Smallest Theatre in the World" (as Dickens called it) was "Fortunio," and among other humorous announcements, the playbill notified, in large type, "Re-engagement of that irresistible comedian, Mr. Ainger!" to whom the part of the Emperor Matapa was assigned.

ANOTHER play in which Mr. Ainger assisted was "The Lighthouse," by Wilkie Collins, when performed at Tavistock House in 1855. He formed one of the "Relief of Light Keepers," and the cast included Dickens himself, who was ably supported by Wilkie Collins, Mark Lemon, Augustus Egg, Miss Hogarth and Miss Dickens, the latter being deputed to sing a new ballad, the words of which were composed by "Mr. Crummles"—i.e., Charles Dickens.

To those with but little shelf-room for their books as well as to those with little spare money for literary purchases the numberless cheap and good reprints with which publishers are now providing us come as a boon. As to space, an example will suffice. Miss Austen's novels can now be purchased for a small price in two thin volumes! As to the other point, authors, publishers and booksellers know to their cost that it is only his spare money that the average man spends upon books, and it is a disgrace to us as a nation that this should be so. The moment that money becomes "tight" the first luxury to be cut down is books, for literature is looked upon in this country as a mere luxury for the leisured and the well-to-do, not as a necessity for every man who would keep his brain clear and in good working order. But I will not labour this point, to which recently considerable attention, but not too much, has been given in these columns.

MR. YERKES, of underground fame, has recently expressed the opinion that "the worst fooled man is the man who fools himself." Does not this apply with striking force to the man who fools himself into believing that he keeps in touch with life and literature by perusing "tit-bits" and reviews?

MR. LUCIEN WOLF will not contribute a biographical volume to the edition he is editing of Lord Beaconsfield's works, but a biographical introduction to each volume.

ACCORDING to the latest annual report of the Minister for Education there are fifteen public and thirty-five private libraries in Japan. Of the books read the largest percentage is 22.1 for works on science and mathematics, next in order being history, biography, travel, &c., 19.8, and literature and language 19.5. In Tokio, until recent years, the university library used to bear the name of the "Place for the Examination of Barbarian Writings."

PROFESSOR RHYS is engaged in revising his "Celtic Britain" (S.P.C.K.) for a new edition to be issued probably some time in May; the work will be brought up to date and a revised map will be added.

MR. PULTENEY BIGELOW is working at Volume IV. of his six-volume "History of Germany" (1806-1900).

MR. W. H. RIDEING, known to lovers of Thackeray, has written a novel "How Tyson Came Home," which will be published by Mr. John Lane. It deals with the story of an Englishman who, after a long absence "out West," returns to the old country.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made in Salem, Mass., for a celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Nathaniel Hawthorne on July 4. It would be a graceful act on the part of Englishmen of letters if some notice were taken in this country of the occasion. July 4 is truly a great day in America!

PROFESSOR GEORGE E. WOODBERRY, who has resigned his position at Columbia University, will edit for Messrs. McClure a "universal" library of literature, which, I understand, will run somewhat on the lines of Bohn's library. The outcome of this scheme will be watched with interest, but at first sight there scarcely seems to be room left for such an undertaking, the success of which, however, will chiefly depend upon the discretion used in the choice of works, the format and the price.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S "Lady Rose's Daughter" will shortly be issued in an Italian version.

THE Lothrop Publishing Company of Boston (U.S.A.) are issuing "The Human Touch," by Mrs. Edith M. Nicholl, a daughter of the late Dean Bradley. The authoress resides in New Mexico, and makes due use of "local colour" in her story.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S Autobiography, which will be published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate at the end of March or early in April, will form two large volumes and will contain a number of portraits. It ends before the completion of the "System of Synthetic Philosophy," at the time the author left London and retired to Brighton, where, as is well known, he spent the later years of his life. In his preface he calls the work "a natural history" of himself, and this it is; but it is also a book full of side-lights on the intellectual life of the Victorian era. The first volume deals with the philosopher's boyhood and early life, the second with his literary work. There will be some twenty-five illustrations in all. Messrs. Appleton will publish the work in America.

At the Royal Institution on Tuesday next (February 23) Mr. E. Foxwell, late Professor of Economics and Finance at the Imperial University, Tokyo, will deliver the first of three lectures, at five o'clock, on "Japanese Life and Character" and on Thursday (February 25), at the same hour, Professor H. L. Callendar will commence a course of three lectures on "Electrical Methods of Measuring Temperature." The Friday evening discourse on February 26 will be delivered by Mr. Alexander Siemens, his subject being "New Developments in Electric Railways"; on March 4, by Professor W. Stirling, on "Breathing in Living Things"; and on March 11, by Professor F. T. Trouton, on the "Motion of Viscous Substances."

MR. FRANKLIN T. BARRETT, of the Public Libraries, Fulham, writes me as follows: "In your literary notes of 13th inst. you refer to the inadequacy of public library statistics as a guide to the relative amount of reading done by the public in fiction and in non-fiction. There is no doubt that these statistics (being of issues only) are quite misleading, and for many other reasons than the one you instance. But notwithstanding that, the amount of fiction skimmed—there is very little *read*—is deplorable. The cure, if cure be possible, cannot fail to be slow, but it lies in the directions you indicate. That we think so in this library is evidenced by the enclosed handbill. I may remark that we have the use of a committee room with seats for 70 persons for the meetings of the class, and that though very little advertising was done some 150 applications were received for the 80 tickets allotted. The attendance at the first meeting was 67, and at the second 50 (an exceedingly wet and unpleasant night)." A leaflet is enclosed drawing attention to a class for the study of English literature, conducted by Mr. John Scott, on Friday evenings, at 8, at the Fulham Town Hall,

the tickets for which and full particulars can be obtained from Mr. Barrett. It is pleasant to hear of this enterprise, which it is to be hoped will meet with great success.

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co. will publish "The History of the King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard." A striking feature of the book will be the illustrations, consisting of some sixty plates in all, many being in colour, photogravure, &c., most of which have never before been published; several being from the unique royal collection which the King has given special permission to be reproduced. The issue of the book will be limited to one edition of 300 copies.

"THE RAPID REVIEW" will doubtless prove very useful to those who have not the time to read the magazines. But personally I should have had a warmer welcome for a more complete review of the newspapers of the month; there is much good matter in the daily paper which dies an early death, and which would well bear reprinting in the pages of "The Rapid Review"; the continental papers receive too little attention in England.

MESSRS. KELLY'S "Clergy List for 1904" is to hand, and is, as ever, an accurate and useful work of reference.

Bibliographical

MR. W. E. MOZLEY says that Mr. Robert Browning gave him, in conversation, "a very interesting account of Mr. E. M. Fitzgerald's chequered career." If Mr. Mozley can recollect any part of that account, one would be glad if he would make it public. There is nothing about Edward Marlborough Fitzgerald in the brand-new edition of Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature"; nor, I may add, is there anything about him in the "Dictionary of National Biography." He figures, to be sure, in Mr. Miles's "Poets and Poetry of the Century," but Mr. Miles has no more to tell us than Mr. Locker-Lampson told us in his "Lyra Elegantiarum" (1867), in the notes to which we read: "Mr. Fitzgerald wrote in the style of Præd, and perhaps exaggerated Præd's defects; but there are noteworthy stanzas by him scattered through the magazines. It is said that Præd assisted Fitzgerald in his compositions." Mr. Locker-Lampson reproduced three of Fitzgerald's pieces—"Because," "Good-night," and "Chivalry at a Discount"; and, curiously enough, these are precisely the pieces that Mr. Miles reproduces. Of course, Mr. Wright is not justified in ascribing to Edward Fitzgerald (with the capital G) verses which, much more probably, were written by Edward Fitzgerald (without the capital G); but, equally, there is no reason why the verse-work of the latter should be unduly depreciated. Why not always speak and write of the former as "Omar" Fitzgerald? That would sufficiently differentiate the two Edwards.

There is, by the way, a third Fitzgerald (without the capital G) among the bards—that "hoarse Fitzgerald" who, according to Byron, was wont to "bawl his croaking couplets in a tavern hall"; whom Cobbett described, happily, as "the Small-Beer Poet," and who lives among the parodies in "Rejected Addresses." With him, fortunately, "Omar" Fitzgerald is not likely ever to be confused. And yet the "Dictionary of National Biography," though it ignores E. M. Fitzgerald, records the performances of "Fitzgerald, William Thomas."

It would not be fair to prejudge the volume of "Notes" from Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of English Songs and Lyrics" which is said to be on its way to us. One would not have thought that the "Notes" could be of

much service without the anthology to which they refer; but we must wait and see. Meanwhile, is it not possible to exaggerate the permanent value of these "Notes," and indeed, of Mr. Palgrave's literary comments generally? The First Series of the "Golden Treasury" came out in 1861, and, personally, I am inclined to ascribe most of what is excellent in that anthology to the knowledge and taste of Lord Tennyson, of whose assistance Mr. Palgrave made acknowledgment. In proof of this I would submit the Second Series, published in 1896, which was marked by glaring errors of literary judgment, both in selection and in criticism. The First Series still remains—by virtue, I believe, of Lord Tennyson's share in its compilation—the best anthology of English lyrical verse down to the days of Wordsworth. But concerning the Second Series the less said the better.

"The sentimentalist," says Sir Leslie Stephen in his new volume (page 160), "does not weep because painful thoughts are forced upon him, but because he finds weeping pleasant in itself. He appreciates the 'luxury of grief.' (The phrase is used in Brown's 'Barbarossa'; I don't know who invented it.)" Now Dr. Brown's tragedy of "Barbarossa" was performed at Drury Lane in December, 1754. Did Tom Moore ever read it? If he did, we may have in Brown's "luxury of grief" the origin of Moore's "luxury of woe"—

Weep on, and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe.

But phrases like "the luxury of grief" are apt to be caught up and bandied about from mouth to mouth.

That Mr. John Lane is about to reproduce Melville's "Omoo" and "Typee" is the latest testimony to the strong vitality of those works. An edition of "Typee" was issued by Mr. W. H. White so recently as 1898. On the other hand, I fancy the latest reprint of "Omoo" was that by Mr. Murray in 1893, in which year Mr. Murray also re-issued "Typee" (with a memoir of Melville). Messrs. Putnam issued both works in 1892. New editions of two other popular books by Melville—"Moby Dick" and "White Jacket"—came out about two years ago.

I described Mortimer Collins last week as the laureate of Brighton. I have a very strong feeling that that clever rhymester has not had full justice done to him, and I should much like to see the publication of a volume of selections from his verse. There are things in "The British Birds" hardly surpassable in their way, and some of his sentimental lyrics are really pretty. Out of "The British Birds" (1872), "Summer Songs" (1860), "Idyls and Rhymes" (1865), "Letter to Benjamin Disraeli" (1869), "The Inn of Strange Meetings" (1871), and, I may add, the many songs embedded in his novels, it should be possible to build up a worthy monument to an exceptionally able verse-maker.

When I gave last week some bibliographical details concerning Canon Ainger, I ought to have explained that I was confining myself to his published volumes. An esteemed correspondent now suggests that I should mention the Canon's accounts of Charles Lamb in "The Dictionary of National Biography" and in Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature"; also his articles on "Charles Lamb in Hertfordshire" in the "English Illustrated Magazine" for January, 1886, and on "Thomas Poole and his Friends" in "Macmillan's Magazine" for February, 1889. One of the editors of "The Hampstead Annual" also writes to inform me that Canon Ainger contributed an article to every issue of the "Annual" from 1897 to 1903 inclusive, the subjects being successively "George du Maurier in Hampstead," "Joanna Bailie," "Margaret Gillies," "Edward Fitzgerald's Letters," "Mrs. Barbauld," "The Children's Books of One Hundred Years Ago," and "George Crabbe in Hampstead."

THE BOOKWORM.

B

Reviews

Shakespeare

STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE. By J. Churton Collins. (Constable. 7s 6d.)

THESE studies of various aspects of Shakespeare and his work if not always convincing are interesting and suggestive. The first essay in the volume, "On Shakespeare as a Classical Scholar," is on the whole the best, proving as it does beyond reasonable doubt "that the poet was not merely a fair Latin scholar, but that his knowledge of the classics both of Greece and Rome was remarkably extensive." Mr. Collins supports his argument with a fine array of illustrations, and does not, as so many do, attach undue weight to "parallels." Shakespeare has suffered more than any other author at the hands of commentators and critics, to whom it is chiefly due that the majority of people look upon the dramatist as a phenomenon for whose work there is no reasonable account to be given and of whose life we know less than of that of any other great writer. As a matter of fact we know more about Shakespeare than we do of any of his contemporary dramatists and we are in a position to trace his methods of work very fully. This latter point is made clear in another essay in Mr. Collins' "Studies," that on Shakespeare and Holinshed. In truth the Bacon mania could not exist for a day had not the Shakespeare myth grown up. Shakespeare was a poet, a practical dramatist, an actor, a keen man of business, concerning whose life we know a great deal and whose work we can study from the inside by the aid of the intimate knowledge we possess not only of his methods of work but of the circumstances under which he lived, moved and had his being.

All the essays in this volume are marked by careful scholarship and high thinking. "Shakespeare as a Prose Writer" is an extremely useful study of a field in Shakespearean criticism to which but little attention has been paid. The glory of Shakespeare's poetry has cast a shadow over his prose and Mr. Collins does not exaggerate when he writes: "Had he taken up the novel where Greene and Lyly left it, England would not have had to wait a century and a half for novels like Fielding's, and more than two centuries for novels like Walter Scott's." But there are matters upon which we cannot see eye to eye with Mr. Collins. Take, for example, this comment upon "Hamlet": "It is, in relation to its motive and main interest, a purely psychological study, and to that study the whole action of the drama is subordinated." This, as we see it, is a sample of that bad habit of reading into Shakespeare's work and of putting into his mind thoughts that were never there. Shakespeare, to repeat, was a practical dramatist; he wrote plays in preference to poems and to fiction because by so doing he appealed to the largest possible and most profitable public, and can it be really argued with any sense of conviction that he would have asked the Elizabethan playgoing public to come in crowds to see a psychological study? Surely to the Elizabethan playgoer "Hamlet" was like "Richard III." and "Macbeth" a stirring drama of blood and thunder, ghosts, daggers, duels, murders all appealed to the spectators in boxes or in the pit, who called for energy, movement and, above all, horrors; but for psychology—no! Doubtless the psychology is there as it is in any great drama by any great dramatist, and poetry because Shakespeare was poet as well as playwright; but Mr. Collins is certainly wrong in writing that "the whole action of the drama is subordinated" to the study of psychology!

Moreover, Mr. Collins contradicts himself, to our thinking, saying elsewhere: "It is as a dramatic poet and a dramatic poet only that Shakespeare deals with life; he is a moralist and theosophist indirectly and by virtue of

the subtlety, profundity, and comprehensiveness of his dramatic insight."

Again, Mr. Collins devotes over thirty pages to discussing the question, "Was Shakespeare a Lawyer?" Is not this time wasted? Shakespeare owned possibly the most retentive memory and the most receptive mind with which man was ever blessed. Then, too, he had seen much of life. Then, too, as to the law, he must as a boy have grown weary of the law and its delays and difficulties, for he must have heard and learnt more of it than he had any desire to do in connection with his father's monetary and other troubles. Shakespeare can be found to have been anything and everything if we pick our quotations carefully. Again, what grounds has Mr. Collins for thinking it highly probable that "Venus and Adonis" was composed at Stratford as early perhaps as 1585?

It is only because this book of studies is so good as a whole, so sound and so sane, that we have devoted space to drawing attention to what appear to us to be its weak points. If all critics were as accomplished and as cautious, as fearful of over refinements and as anxious to avoid alterations when no alterations are called for, these essays of Mr. Collins' would not stand out so high as they do above most Studies in Shakespeare.

W. T. S.

SHAKESPEARE'S BOOKS. A DISSERTATION ON SHAKESPEARE'S READING AND THE IMMEDIATE SOURCES OF HIS WORKS. By H. R. D. Anders. (Berlin: Reimer. 7m.)
ENGLISCHE SCHAUSPIELER UND ENGLISCHES SCHAUSPIEL ZUR ZEIT SHAKESPEARES IN DEUTSCHLAND. Von Dr. E. Herz. (Hamburg: Voss. 6m.)

"SHAKESPEARE'S BOOKS" forms the first volume of the publications of the German Shakespeare Society, and owes its existence to the suggestion of Professor Brandl. It is a somewhat disappointing performance. There are few signs of original research, so that it comes to be little more than a creditable compilation of what other critics and scholars have discovered. And the style is so tiresome and unattractive that at times we are inclined to become irritated with the book and perhaps miss what in it is really of worth. The author seems cognisant of his sins in that direction, for in the preface he states that a long stay on the Continent—his *alma mater* is the Cape of Good Hope University—"can hardly be said to improve one's style." Certain disfigurements in the spelling, due doubtless to the printing of an English book at a foreign press, and to careless and ignorant proof reading, do not add to the charm. Another disfigurement to our mind is the contemptuous criticism in which Mr. Anders sometimes indulges when he has occasion to refer to other men's books, and this is as often as not introduced into the notes. Surely it is absurd to give a reference to a book and at the same time to say that it "has esprit but no depth," or that it is "a schoolboy's essay," or that it is "extravagant" or "verbose." We are also told by way of criticism that "The Jew of Malta" is Marlowe's best play, and that an "estimable lady," presumably of the author's acquaintance, told him that "Timon of Athens," acted by the Meiningen Company "made an ineffaceable impression on her mind."

Mr. Anders arranges the books to which Shakespeare had access conveniently under these heads: the classics, modern continental literature, English non-dramatic polite literature, the English drama, popular literature, the Bible and the prayer-book, books of travel and scientific works. He thinks it improbable that Shakespeare was the owner of a large private library. He probably had the run of the libraries of his patron the Earl of Southampton, of Jonson, Camden and others. The booksellers' shops in those days were public libraries of a sort, and of them

there were plenty in London. The usual observations are made about Shakespeare's powers of assimilation. But it is not our purpose here to discuss how much knowledge Shakespeare gained from reading, or what were the books which he read. Mr. Anders mentions probably all the books that were accessible to a man of Shakespeare's standing and tastes, and he goes even further, for he gives passages from the plays that seem more or less to reproduce passages from those books, beginning with the Latin grammar. Such conjecture is not invariably safe, for, as we know, a similar thought may occur independently to two poets. The book contains a large amount of information, and will doubtless be useful to those who have neither the time nor the inclination to go themselves to original sources. Shakespearean scholars, however, should take note of the suggestions put forth as to books waiting to be written: among them are a full Shakespeare-Bibliography, a scientific (*sic*) History of Elizabethan Literature, an up-to-date edition of Simrock's "Quellen," a working index to Arber's transcript of the Stationers' Registers, and general indices to the publications of the Shakespeare Ballad Societies. We are heartily in agreement with Mr. Anders when he asserts that Shakespeare will gain in popularity not by study, not by learned comments and dissertations, but by good acting on the stage. Indeed, paradoxical as it sounds, we never see the performance of a play by Shakespeare with which we have had only a fireside acquaintance without marvelling how well he wrote for the stage.

The second book, an interesting and scholarly volume, forms the eighteenth part of a series of researches into theatrical history, edited by Professor Litzmann of Bonn. It is packed full with valuable information and makes appeal to students rather than to the general public. It deals with all the new material that has become available since the publication of Creizenach's "Plays of the English Comedians" in 1889.

The peregrinations of the ten companies of English actors who practised their art on the Continent between 1579 and 1650 are made clear by means of five maps, and it is instructive to find over what a wide area they wandered. They visited all the important towns between Stockholm, Riga, Dantzic and Königsberg in the north, and Vienna, Graz, Munich and Basle in the south, between Leyden in the west and Warsaw in the east. Dr. Herz dwells on the special characteristics of each troop. It is curious to learn that in the first instance they seemed to have owed their chief popularity to the "Singspiele," plays accompanied by singing and dancing which the English introduced into Germany, and which seem to have been greatly relished there. The subjects were suited to the intellectual level of the common people, who greatly preferred plays in which adultery was the leading motive. But bright, attractive music, certain melodies recurring often enough for the spectators to be able to join in the refrains of the songs, brilliant costumes and scenic decorations, lively dances and acrobatic feats were of even more importance. The action was naturally easy to follow without a knowledge of the English tongue. It may bring consolation to some to learn that musical comedy is not wholly an invention of the degenerate nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Twelve plays of Shakespeare were included in the repertory, and among other dramatists whose plays were represented we note Peele, Marlowe, Kyd, Greene, Chapman, Dekker, Marston, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Ford. The German version of these plays leaves much to be desired, and it would seem that the disfigurements and barbarities introduced into them were not invariably due to the German translator or adaptor, but were suggested by the director of the English troop of players in order that the pieces might "take" better with his audience. Among Shakespeare's plays were the "Comedy of Errors," the episode of the clowns' play of Pyramus and Thisbe from "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Taming of the

Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," the first part of "Henry IV.," "Titus Andronicus," "Hamlet," "Lear," "Othello," and "Winter's Tale." But not one of them seems to have been given as Shakespeare wrote it. For details of the changes we must refer our readers to Dr. Herz's little treatise.

Desultory Essays

RUSKIN IN OXFORD, AND OTHER STUDIES. By G. W. Kitchin, D.D., Dean of Durham. (Murray. 12s. net.)

By no very violent metonymy we might apply to Dean Kitchin the epithet which belongs properly to his book. He, we are assured, is of more than ordinarily decanal suavity; but his book, though it deals with a variety of quite harmless and unexciting topics, is of that peculiarly glutinous texture which makes such difficult reading. Criticism is to some extent disarmed by the Dean's prefatory assurance that "neither unity is here, nor a moral," and by his pathetic references to that "self-esteem of an old man" which is responsible for the publication of these sketches; and we do not suppose that anyone will be churlish enough to grudge their author the gratification which will doubtless be his at beholding his desultory essays—the adjective is his own—set out in the majesty of large print. It has occurred to Dean Kitchin that nowadays the world reads "in scraps and in 'five minutes' with the best or the worst authors," and he is apparently anxious to find amongst such scrappy readers an audience larger than any provided by the august societies before whom these papers were originally read. He will surely have his reward.

The subjects dealt with are mainly archaeological—Whitby Abbey, Durham College, the font in Winchester Cathedral, and the like. Less remote in interest are a paper on the "statesmen" of West Cumberland, an address on Bishop Butler, and that which gives its title to the book. Of the "statesmen"—that fast-disappearing class of small freehold farmers who were, until quite recent times, the most interesting inhabitants of Cumberland—the Dean writes with placid enthusiasm and obvious knowledge. He is mildly Ruskinian in his denunciation of those conditions of modern life which have made impossible the continued existence of the statesmen, though his logic is a little difficult to follow when, having declared that they have gone "not from their weaknesses, but from their strength," he proceeds to show that their disappearance is due to half-a-dozen causes, such as drink, increased cost of living, machinery, and premature death. The same belated Ruskinianism is apparent in the initial paper, which gives a by no means uninteresting account of Ruskin as undergraduate and professor. The Dean is certainly alive to the more obviously absurd aspects of Ruskin's teaching, though ready to do justice to the fervour of his moral enthusiasms. He is not, we fancy, wholly convinced of the value of such attempts to combine the modern democratic spirit with the aristocratic traditions of Oxford as are exemplified in the foundation of Ruskin Hall, but he talks with the authentic accent about a "true merry England"—why not "merrie"?—and makes a proper peroratorical allusion to Ruskin's "singularly characteristic nature"—whatever a characteristic nature may be. No doubt the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, which first heard the essay, understood and was glad. Of the remaining papers the most nearly spirited is that which gives an account of the embassy of Enea de' Piccolomini—the future Pope Pius II.—to the court of James I. of Scotland, though it seems scarcely fair to say that the young ambassador rose to the papal throne only through the "light and superficial gift" of writing Latin prose. The methods of the archaeologist, who is as prone to conjectural emendations as any Shakespearean commentator, are excellently well shown in the paper on that very curious stone in the church of North

Stoneham, a village a few miles north of Southampton, which Dean Kitchin ingeniously assumes to mark the burial place of the Slavonian sailors who, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, manned some of the galleys that plied between Venice and Southampton. The conjecture is certainly attractive, and may be well founded. The most scholarly essay of all is that which asks and answers the question, Why did Dante choose Virgil as his guide through *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*? Dean Kitchin has no difficulty in proving that Virgil stood to Dante as the symbol of that Roman world-empire which the Florentine held to be prophetic of the dominion of the Holy Roman Empire of his own day. Here the Dean rises somewhat above his pedestrian course, and the article is one which certainly bears reprinting. We do not remember if the Dean, or another, is responsible for the translation here given—"with eyes more bright than Venus' star"—of the beautiful line (*"Inferno,"* II., 55), "*Lucevan gli occhi suoi più che la stella.*"

SIDNEY THOMPSON.

The End of New France

LES DERNIÈRES ANNÉES DE LA LOUISIANE FRANÇAISE. Par le Baron Marc de Villiers du Terrage. (Paris: Librairie Orientale et Américaine, E. Guilmoto. 15 fra.)

THE story of New Orleans and the French Settlements on the Mississippi is not of such romantic and absorbing interest as the tale that Parkman has told so well of Canada. For one thing, the French colony there never had the importance of the older northern countries; for another, its fate was settled chiefly by diplomacy, and only indirectly by war. Left almost unattached by England, it was handed over to Spain to pay for the losses of that power in her brief and disastrous share of the Seven Years' War, in which British troops and ships had captured Havana and Manila, antedating the story of our own days. Spain took possession in her own dilatory way, and was hardly well settled there when Napoleon as First Consul cajoled and bullied the wretched government of Godoy into exchanging the colony, whose value the great man well knew, for the phantom kingdom of Etruria. Then, before he could do anything, came the rupture of the Peace of Amiens; and with his usual business-like promptness, Napoleon saw that he could not hope to hold Louisiana against superior sea power. He sold it to the United States, equally anxious to forestall a possible rival, and New France belonged to the past.

It is this interesting but not dignified story that Baron de Villiers du Terrage tells in a substantial volume. The earlier history of the colony is briefly sketched. It consists chiefly of fights with the Natchez Indians, the Choctaws and Cherokees, each raid against a savage tribe supported by the rival race. The wars with England and the British colonists only touched Louisiana indirectly.

The detailed history begins in 1752 with the appointment of the Chevalier de Kerléree, a Breton, like many of the distinguished sailors of France. His papers during his term of office in Louisiana have been largely used by the author. It is interesting to see his comments on the affray which began the career of George Washington and led to the war in America. If Kerléree had had his way, that career might have been cut short in retaliation for the "murder" of Jumonville.

The valiant sailor-governor, however, remained unmolested himself by British forces, and his enemies were those of his own house; as so frequently happened in French colonies, he was soon at daggers drawn with his civil colleague, M. de Rochemore. The latter seems to have been a hopelessly obstinate official, who seized a vessel laden with flour that had come in under a flag of truce from Jamaica when New Orleans was starving.

Trade in war time was technically illegal; practically it was necessary, and Kerléree released the cargo by force. This miserable business poisoned the later years of Kerléree, who was pursued by the vengeance of his enemies and treated with the ingratitude that Louis XV. and his ministers showed to all who served France well.

I cannot notice in detail the rest of this collection of documents. It is abundantly illustrated with portraits of the principal persons mentioned in the book. Madame de Kerléree, the wife of the bluff sailor, must have been a most charming woman, to judge by her portrait. It is curious that Baron de Villiers calls the first United States Governor of Louisiana "Clairborn," and gives a reduction of a proclamation in English, French and Spanish, in which the Governor styles himself "Clairborne." But it is a trick of many French historians to think they can correct foreign names. Monroe appears with a wholly needless diaeresis over his final vowel.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

Sussex

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN SUSSEX. By E. V. Lucas. With illustrations by Frederick L. Griggs. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THIS latest addition to the familiar "Highways and Byways" series must only have needed announcement to create demand. With Mr. Griggs' delightful landscape drawings we are all now familiar, whilst the author's versatility has been so fully proven, his humour so universally welcomed, that it was a foregone conclusion that he would make an incomparable guide to a district which holds so much of his affections.

In natural features the Sussex country is sharply distinguished from all other parts of England, for the Sussex Downs are like no other English uplands. Their swelling undulations have something in common with ocean itself, hence perhaps the indescribable restfulness they are able to communicate to the mind of the tired town-dweller. Gilbert White's eulogy after thirty years' acquaintance with them runs: "I still investigate that chain of majestic mountains with fresh admiration year by year, and I think I see new beauties every time I traverse it." Except that we do not nowadays class the downs as mountains the words might be used unaltered by all lovers of Sussex.

Mr. Lucas gives suitable expression to his delight in the actual country, but his investigations include almost everything that is interesting in the way of architecture, family history and local tradition. As becomes so enthusiastic a cricketer, he has much to say about the king of games, in this county so closely associated with it. We read of the achievements of Brown of Brighton, and Nyren's pages receive local illustration. Again, from the compiler of one of our most lovable anthologies one expects verse, and one gets it. There is a poem by Mr. Belloc, entitled "The South Country," that takes up and crystallizes a mood that we must all have been aware of at one time or another, an atmosphere that will thrill every reader with a love not merely for Sussex but for his own countryside, wherever it may be. And "A Song Against Speed" (surely Mr. Lucas' own) has a quiet irony that endears it to the meditative.

Here is a little glimpse of Felpham, where Blake saw the fairy's funeral, given in Blake's own words:—

A sweet place for study because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides its golden gates; the windows are not obstructed by vapours; voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard, their forms more distinctly seen; and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses.

At Parham (Lord Zouche's) is one of the book-treasures of the world, the Montaigne containing Shakespeare's autograph, and Mr. Lucas duly chronicles the fact.

Is he not mistaken, however, in speaking of Sackville College as the model for Walker's "Harbour of Refuge"? It has been stated over and over again that Walker got his inspiration at Bray.

The name "Frusannah" is mentioned by Mr. Lucas as new to him. The writer believes he will find frequent entries of it in the registers of Hounslow, Heston and the district.

In speaking of the Lewes martyrs no mention is made as to the manner of their death. It was that suffered by St. Laurence, and in the fifties the actual grid employed was preserved in the cellar of a hotel (since demolished) and used as a stand for beer barrels. The plate from Foxe, framed, hung in the coffee-room. If any trace of the original grid can be found it would be well that it should find a permanent home in the museum at Lewes Castle.

The private ownership of the chancel of Arundel Church may possibly have suggested to Miss Silberrad an incident in one of her recent novels, "The Princess Puck."

The Sussex labourer one notices was accustomed to take a *nunch*—luncheon was originally *nuncheon*—at five, but his "mouthful of bread and cheese and pint of ale" at starting in the morning was apparently a nameless meal. In the Isle of Wight it used to rejoice in the delightful name of "dew-bit."

Is not Mr. Lucas mistaken in speaking of the *American* gentleman who now resides at Battle Abbey? Surely Battle was repurchased at the Cleveland sale by the family of a former owner.

Apropos the new Christ's Hospital at Horsham, where different houses are distinguished by the names of famous alumni, it may interest the latest editor of Lamb to learn that on the opening day, a fond parent desirous of interviewing the head of his boy's house addressed an official: "Er—my boy's in Lamb's. Can I see Mr. Lamb?"

Of the many curious epitaphs transcribed in the volume, mention must be made of one in the Shurley chapel at Isfield. It contains, all unconsciously, the most caustic reflection on the blessedness of the married state; stating of the children of Sir John Shurley that some "were called into Heaven and the others into several marriages of good quality."

Mr. Griggs is slowly modifying his methods, possibly having set up a fresh ideal, possibly owing to an unconscious influence. His drawings are still possessed of uncommon charm and uncommon skill in the presentation of colour-equivalent, but they no longer display the strong mannerism which distinguished the examples published earlier.

F. CHAPMAN.

ALFRED TENNYSON. By Arthur Christopher Benson. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

SINCE the appearance of Lord Tennyson's life of his father, the making of brief biographies has become a tolerably easy task. We have already, since then, had Mr. Lang's mainly critical study, and Sir Alfred Lyall's critical biography in the "English Men of Letters" series. Previously there was the life by Mr. Arthur Waugh, and Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie's "Records"; to both of which Mr. Benson acknowledges obligations, while he states that his book was written before the publication of Mr. Lang's and Sir Alfred Lyall's volumes. But of course Lord Tennyson is the main and confessed source from which he has quarried his material. He frankly disclaims, therefore, any originality of material, or indeed any originality at all—though this latter is too modest a disclaimer. His own account of the book is succinct and adequate. "I have tried," he says, "to give a simple narrative of the life of Tennyson, with a sketch of his temperament, character, ideals, and beliefs; I have tried from his own words and writings to indicate what I believe to have been his view of the poetical life and character; I have attempted to touch the chief characteristics of his art from the technical

point of view, here again as far as possible using his own recorded words."

That describes the little volume very well; but it would be a mistake to adopt the author's view that it is without originality. Though he has no fresh biographical matter to offer, he has in treatment adopted lines of his own, which give it a certain very agreeable freshness, and distinguish it from other monographs on the poet. The biography is brief, and not too crowded with facts or quotations. But it is handled with literary skill and a sense of proportion. He has selected the right kind of facts, the right kind of quotations, governed by an instinct for character which directs him to what is significant. We should, perhaps, have wished for a few extracts from FitzGerald's descriptions of the circumstances under which he and his friends heard or read the early poems, which are rich in picturesque suggestion; but in the main Mr. Benson has chosen soundly. The result is a biography which, for all its brevity, has the art of being continuously interesting.

It is interesting, as all biography should be, but as Tennysonian biography is not generally remarkable for being, by its characterisation. Throughout, no less than in the section specially devoted to that purpose, Mr. Benson has brought out the poet's character with an attention and success which gives the book a special note, and makes it work of artistic value. He has studied Tennyson's psychology with the interest of an admirer and the understanding of a man who is himself a poet; and he makes it interesting to the reader. In particular, he admires too well and too robustly to fear emphasising the human weaknesses which make Tennyson something more than the just man with a nimbus and a passion for tobacco that weak idealism would have him. The poet does not lose by the process: he gains, he becomes believable, human, attractive, impressive—a harmony with its due and enriching leaven of discords. You learn his moods, his grumpinesses, his vanity, his irritable sensitiveness, and egoisms; and the childlike frankness of nature in which these weaknesses, no less than his strength, had their root. You understand, and you admire. That is no little for which to be thankful to Mr. Benson.

On the critical side the book has again the value of coming from a poet, who writes with insight and intimacy of an art which he has himself practised. Again, too, Mr. Benson has courage and lines of his own. He has the strength and frankness of his views when they do not chance to be popular views; he states his own perceptions, nor does he fear to quote with countenance when they commend themselves to his judgment the views of others which are not popular. Thus he cites with more or less approval an utterance of Coventry Patmore on Tennyson's earlier and best work, mainly just, but perhaps a little too unexceptionable, and certainly not sweetened to the general palate. We do not always agree with the author in detail; but this section as a whole is excellent and valuable. He has given in small space a clear and comprehensive idea, so far as might be, of Tennyson's outlook on his art. The book, to sum up in a word, is the most interesting and well-executed of its kind and size which has appeared on the late Laureate, and should approve itself both to the general reader and, still more, to the student.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, OXFORD. By the Reverend H. L. Thompson, M.A. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE author disarms any severe criticism in his preface, in which we learn that the book is not intended to be an exhaustive or even complete study of the Church of St. Mary, Oxford, but contains seven sermons most of which the author, as Select Preacher before the University, delivered in that church. This being so we can highly praise the little book, in which we are reminded of St. Mary's relations to many stirring and momentous events in English history. St. Mary's has

always held a great, a unique position, being indeed at one time a court for the administration of justice in all matters pertaining to the University, the headquarters of the Chancellor who here settled such matters as the needful amount of bread required for the University; the treasury of the University; the one public library, a theatre for the acting of plays, and many other things. St. Mary has always been closely connected with the University and freely welcomed its claims upon her, although she does not forget that there has existed a church of St. Mary the Virgin from Saxon times, which occupied the site of the present building, long before there was any University to attend her services.

Standing within her cool grey walls one is almost overawed with the visions of famous people which flit through its gloom. Perhaps the most famous name is that of John Wyclif. It was from the pulpit of St. Mary that he often expounded those teachings which were afterwards destined to bring him under the displeasure of the ecclesiastical authorities. Here Cranmer was brought to answer the charges laid against him. "He came forth of the prison to the church of St. Mary's," writes Fox, "fetched forth with bills and gieves for fear lest he should start away." From St. Mary's he followed in the footsteps of Ridley and Latimer to the stake, their death sentences having all been pronounced within the walls of that church. John Keble, Newman, Liddon and many another famous divine in later days preached from its pulpit. "St. Mary's has been the theatre for the exposition of each successive movement of English theology, for the hot discussion of each bitter controversy, for the condemnation and tardy acceptance of each novelty in doctrine or practice." Every Sunday during Term Time the big bell of St. Mary calls academical Oxford to prayers, which summons it obeys with quaint and imposing ceremony, listening to the preacher of to-day as it listened to those of more stirring times. But undergraduates are an irreverent race, living rather in the historic present than in the historic past.

GODS AND FIGHTING MEN: THE STORY OF THE TUATHA DE DANAN AND OF THE FIANNA OF IRELAND. Arranged and put into English by Lady Gregory. With a Preface by W. B. Yeats. (Murray. 6s. net.)

MR. ANDREW LANG had better look to his laurels as a storyteller. Lady Gregory as a medium for Gaelic myth and legend is almost as industrious as the editor of the many coloured fairy books. It is but a little while since she began with "Poets and Dreamers," and barely yesterday since she gave us in "Cuchulain of Muirthemne" a whole cycle of Gaelic tradition, yet already she presents us with this further instalment of Irish legendary literature. Lady Gregory is an enthusiast for Gaelic learning, and we may be sure that it is from a more worthy motive than the mere love of being before the public that she produces these books in such rapid succession. But while we are grateful for the results of her devotion to her design of putting into an intelligible English form the traditional literature of the Irish fireside, we must warn her of the dangers of over-rapid production, as it affects both the quality of her own work and the heartiness of the welcome accorded to it. Certainly she has had much encouragement in such inspiring compliments as that which she records as coming from President Roosevelt, who after reading her last book "sent for all the other translations from the Irish he could get" to take with him on his journeys. But even so, it is better that we should wish for more than that we should get too much.

It is, perhaps, ungrateful to welcome thus churlishly a volume of legendary tales which are new to most of us in substance as well as in form, and which have so much of the freshness which only extreme antiquity can give. But the manner of Lady Gregory's work leaves something to be desired. She tells us that she has "found it more

natural to tell the stories in the manner of the thatched houses where she has heard so many legends than in that of the slated houses where she has not heard them." But since most of the stories come not from the cottage fireside but from an Irish text authenticated by manuscripts in great libraries, this is hardly a sufficient justification for the preservation of Irish idioms in an otherwise colloquial English version. Nothing is gained by writing "It was what Sreng said" for "Sreng said," or "It was Nuada was king" for "Nuada was king." A more serious objection is involved in Lady Gregory's choice of a title, and her substitution of a divine for a historical *motif* for many of the legends. Irish legend is vague enough without attempting to represent its historical personages as the divinities of a hypothetical mythology. Because she has found it impossible to date the legends historically, Lady Gregory has, in support of a purely speculative theory, "left out such names as those of Cormac and Art," and other more or less historical personages. In doing so, we take leave to think she has robbed the stories of much of their interest. Half of the charm of unreal things lies in the doubt whether they may not after all be real. What should we say to the editor of the Arthurian legends who should leave out Arthur?

THE LIFE OF CHARLES GRANT. By Henry Morris. (Murray. 12s. net.)

It is given to few to be born amid circumstances so picturesque as those which attended the birth of Charles Grant. Just before the battle of Culloden, Alexander, the father, accompanied by thirty warriors, snatched a brief respite from military affairs in order to be present at the christening. "A weird scene took place on this occasion. They named the child Charles after the Prince; and, drawing their swords, they crossed and clashed them over his cradle, thereby enlisting him in the service of Charles Edward Stuart; then, in token of fealty to his supposed sovereign, each enthusiastic warrior took the child's hand, and made it clasp the hilt of his sword with its baby fingers." That was a brave entry upon life's stage; but Charles was destined to move, for a time, through scenery much less romantic.

The father was wounded at Culloden; after hiding in caves and woods until the storm blew over, he found his property destroyed; unable to retrieve his fortunes, he joined a Highland regiment which the Government was raising for service in America. Thus Charles, when grown up into a strapping youth, found himself obliged to earn his own living. He did so, to begin with, as a clerk in the office of a shipping agent at Cromarty. Soon, to similar employment, he went to London; and ere long he entered the service of the East India Company, of which, eventually, he became a director. Mr. Morris, his biographer, who wrote "Brief Lives of the Governors-General of India," and should, therefore, speak with authority, declares Grant to have been "the greatest director" of that incomparable enterprise. Some readers may consider the estimate an amiable exaggeration; but, whatever the exact truth may be, it is certain that all who are affected by the revival of interest in the history of British India will find much to instruct them in this volume. Ourselves confess to a feeling of disappointment and vexation over the continual prattle of Claphamite Evangelicism with which Grant coloured his career. It was out of harmony with his father's heroic benediction at the baptism, and was not in itself particularly impressive.

Still, one must make allowance for the spirit of the times in which a man lives. Grant's mind had the dogmatical disposition, and some of the strong men who became his intimate friends were stern and unbending dogmatists of a dreary school. However, one of them had wit. To Grant, just become representative in the House of Commons of Inverness-shire, William Wilberforce wrote: "Your election seems to have been more like that

of a Pope than that of a Member of Parliament, and your County Court to resemble a conclave of Cardinals." Can one wonder at that whimsical view? The declaration of the poll, for a county of very large area, had been as followeth:—

Grant, 15. | Lovat, 11. | Culloden, 6.

That was just about a hundred years ago, when, despite an elementary franchise, the British Constitution was not at all an inefficient instrument in time of war.

Fiction

THE ADVENTURES OF ELIZABETH IN RÜGEN. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." (Macmillan. 6s.) The authoress in this present volume has returned to her first style of writing which she temporarily deserted in "The Benefactress." There is the same delicate charm, the same gentle humour, the same peculiar qualities which made "The Solitary Summer" and "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" so widely read and admired. Here we have Elizabeth in the island of Rügen, making a driving tour with as sole companion her maid Gertrud, all her luggage contained in a hold-all, and filled with a determination to enjoy herself. To thoroughly appreciate Elizabeth's amusing and interesting experiences one must first rid the mind of any suspicion that it is selfish to go on a holiday by one's self and leave the husband, the Man of Wrath, to look after the children. For Elizabeth is Elizabeth, her pleasant fancies are something beyond ordinary common place vices or virtues, her whimsicalities are all her own. This suspicion cast aside we can thoroughly enjoy a pretty piece of writing. A trip around Rügen, according to Elizabeth, must be a very pleasant thing, and Rügen may find itself very inconveniently crowded next summer. Her description of its forests and lakes, its quaint houses and hotels, its bathing and boating will surely send others in search of its treasures. But, perhaps, they may not find the same delights as Elizabeth, for Elizabeth, above all, loves solitude and nature, she sees a charm in every tree (except when she is tired), and her humour brightens every occasion. The "Adventures" contain numerous amusing incidents, and the meeting with Charlotte and the Professor, for she is not long left in solitude, affords a charming diversion. The book is quite worthy of its authoress, and this is high praise.

RED MORN. By Max Pemberton. Illustrated. (Cassell. 6s.) Capricious fortune decided that the present critic should read five of Mr. Pemberton's punctual volumes. From four he figured the novelist as a capable stereotypist; from "Red Morn"—the fifth—he conceives Mr. Pemberton to deserve the higher title of romantist. It is a swinging tale of shipwreck and rescue which may be read with pleasure, and was evidently written with enjoyment. The heroine steams away on the "Jersey City" to marry her millions to a noble bankrupt, but the avowed purpose of her voyage merely increases the reader's determination that she shall marry the handsome stranger whom his fellow-passengers have unjustly set down as a black-sheep. One likes the fair American, and remembers her remark about the sea: "You don't come back to it and say . . . 'Who's been building here?' and 'Where's the old place I loved?'" As for the hero, he is all that is chivalrous, and what with the bursting of an ammonia tank, the eruption of Mont Pelée, and the shipwreck before mentioned, his chivalry is well tested. Mr. Margetson, the illustrator, approves of him, for he has given him a likeness to R. L. Stevenson. The one distinctly false note in the story is struck in chapters xix. and xx., which set probability at defiance for the sake of a crude exhibition of female spite. But for all that the story is more romantic than mechanical, and therefore above the average "romance."

THYRA VARRICK. By Amelia E. Barr. (Unwin. 6s.) In this partly Orcadian story Mrs. Barr reminds us, by her success, of her best-known work, the Shetland story called "Jan Vedder's Wife." Her period is that of the Young Pretender's abortive invasion, and when we state that Mrs. Barr's estimate of that "bonny" Prince is lower even than Mr. Neil Munro's in "The Shoes of Fortune," enough is said to warn off excitable members of the White Rose League. The Pretender, however, is of little importance in her narrative, which chiefly concerns the love affairs of the lovely Orcadian named in the title. There are of course two lovers, a perfidious Hector and a faithful Robert, and a powerfully conceived situation when Hector wakes near a sepulchral burrow to find his hair pinned to the earth by the dirk of his magnanimous foe. An amiable and pathetic character is a crippled laird of nine who has an infallible method of proving all great men to be Scots.

The tone of the novel is solemnised by a benignant spiritualism which distracts attention from Mrs. Barr's rather old-fashioned way of accomplishing poetic justice.

PHOEBE IN FETTERS. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds (G. M. Robins). (Murray. 6s.) Though it never enters the region of supernatural, "Phoebe in Fetters" is by no means as convincing a novel as the same author's "Dream and the Men." It is not well constructed, for it takes more than a third of its 418 pages to lead to the situation which originates its dramatic life. Nevertheless it is an interesting work, appealing rather more to the intellect of a man of the world than the majority of even good novels. The heroine is a brilliant girl, ignorant of the physiology of marriage, who unites herself with a well-intentioned solicitor to escape poverty, but recoils from his caresses and keeps him at arm's length until passion is waked in her by a process of self-depreciation. Setting aside the minor defects of the novel, anyone viewing fiction as a medium for illustrating the truths of human nature must perceive it to fail from this very fact of trying to reason a woman into a state produced by amateness and nothing else. Mrs. Reynolds has done her best, but the result of great labour is after all a novel for the *jeune fille* rather than the educated adult. One can feel this talented woman, with her strong commonsense, her dislike of old fogeyism and cant, struggling to reveal in 100,000 words what a Marcel Prévost could reveal in half that number, but she is stifled by her English decorum. And the best drawing in her book is not Phoebe, but a subsidiary character, Waterson, who is a perfect realisation of the clever Philistine in theatrical art.

JEWEL. By Clara Louise Burnham. (Constable. 6s.) "Jewel" might easily have been an altogether charming book, instead of only partly so. The beginning of the book which at first threatens to be the commencement of an old hackneyed plot suddenly becomes altogether original and unusual. The small heroine of the book, aged nine, is left in the charge of her grandfather who does not want her, while her parents go on a voyage. The grandfather takes her home to Bel-Air Park reluctantly, and to his astonishment, for he has been separated from his son and his wife, he finds that their child is "a perfectly formed and well-developed specimen of a Christian Scientist." The situation is distinctly good, the crabbed conservative old man on one side and the determined little Christian Scientist on the other. But the story is seriously marred by over accentuation and an undue partiality. It says much for the authoress that the child appears to us entirely loveable and quaint, in spite of the fact that she is made to talk of her religion on all and every occasion, and in the end of the book those who are not converted to Miss Eddy's creed we are given to understand will shortly be so. That a child who has been brought up in this belief should have all the phrases and "catch words" at the tip of her tongue is conceivable, but that she herself should recover from a threatened illness within a few hours by "treatment" which does not include a doctor's aid, her grandfather's favourite horse should also be cured by the same "treatment," and a young man be rescued from drink by her ministrations, we cannot believe. As a study of a child "Jewel" is delightful, but as a means for the exposition of Christian Science it is not successful, at any rate from an artistic point of view. It is a pity that so much talent as the authoress undoubtedly possesses should not have been used to better advantage.

A COMEDY OF CONSCIENCE. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. (Douglas. 1s.) A delightful example of a short story as it may be written. The story is compact without being meagre, suggestive yet not discursive. The idea of the tale is amusing. Serena Vernon, "a spinster by choice," journeyed into the city one morning on the trolley car, carrying a little handbag containing her purse and other oddments. When she reaches home again she discovers that her purse has been extracted from the bag, and a rapid survey of her movements leads her to fix the guilt upon a man whom she had noticed wearing a handsome diamond ring. To her astonishment when she reaches the bottom of the bag she finds, evidently dropped from his finger, the ring. The rest of the story is made up of Miss Vernon's efforts to return the ring to its rightful owner and their amusing results. A charming trifle.

TWELVE TRIFLES, CHEERFUL AND TEARFUL. By Theophila North. (Edinburgh: George A. Morton. 3s. 6d.) In this volume the authoress has collected twelve sketches, some of which have previously seen the light in various magazines. They show a decided gift for character drawing, especially happy being the bucolic characters, such as "Billy Adams" in the first sketch, and Keziah and her mother in "The Flitting of Keziah," and the maid Bettie in "Pirola." These little sketches barely attain the dignity of stories, except in the case of the last in the volume, "Waldia," which tells a pretty tale of a father's self-sacrifice. "In a Literary Way" is a gracefully written trifle. The only thing in the book to which exception can be taken is "Dogs we have Lived with," and dog-lovers will certainly consider

that scant justice has been done to the better side of canine nature. Perhaps the authoress is no dog-lover—there is a lack of enthusiasm in her style of writing about them that suggests it, and dogs, like human beings, seldom turn their best side to those who have no real affection for them. The volume has a charmingly written dedication to "F. U. R." which, if we were "F. U. R." we should highly appreciate.

TENNESSEE TODD. By G. W. Ogden. (New York: A. S. Barnes. \$1.50.) Since the Mississippi river, with the immortal heroes Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, were introduced into fiction by Mark Twain, the Great River has flowed with few echoes in romance. "Tennessee Todd" is the dramatic story of the fight between the steamboat and railroad, between the picturesqueness of the old order and the progress of the new. Mr. Ogden does not emulate Frank Norris in taking, as in his "Octopus," the whole country as his canvas and giving to the conflict almost the epic dignity of civil war. The strife is here symbolised in the story of two families: that of Captain Andrews, who with the prescience of business genius foresees the end and sells out his interest in the steamboat line to stake his fortune on the new venture of the railroad; and Captain Blair, who holds to the Mississippi boats with the passion of an adherent to a lost cause. The book is vigorously written with vivid pictures of the old life of the river, the immensity of its traffic, its reckless races and its lurid tragedies. There is sharp characterisation of the two captains, once partners, who as representatives of the opposing lines become rivals and foes; one holding the future in fee, the other going with his last boat to the destruction of the loosened ice gorge on the Great River. Tennessee Todd is a strong, elemental creature, with moods as uncontrolled as the winds or tides. Her temperament fortells tragedy in an unfulfilled passion, not compromise and acceptance of the average woman life, with which end the author weakens his book.

HIS EMINENCE. By Lady Helen Forbes. (Nash. 6s.) The place a capital town of the little north Italian state of Montechiari; a land whose king is a child; a little world peopled with priests and women; the time a hundred years ago: of such is the story which leisurely, and not without narrative skill, takes its way, and terminates abruptly but unintentionally about the middle of the book. And at this juncture, an attempt is made to stretch the canvas so as to take in Napoleon, and War, and Carnage and Red Terror generally. Will the canvas already filled with the dramatic exits and entrances of a possible Pope, and the tantrums of a Duchess Regent, also admit of justice being done to that man of destiny, greater than either of the author's puppets? Well, the answer is that the canvas splits; the story is spilled out, the whole structure of romance is lost and runs riot, the fate of the infant Duke, and Duchess Regent, the fate of His Eminence, the fate of the Ostro Goths is forgotten in the cataclysm of Revolution. *Vae Victis* indeed! Far better have reserved Napoleon for another volume, and rested content with the machinations of the cardinal and the crafty subtleties of his henchmen.

THE CARDINAL'S PAWN. By K. L. Montgomery. (Unwin. 6s.) Given a Cardinal who is a Medici, a handsome girl posing in doublet and hose as her murdered twin brother, a scheming Venetian beauty, a sorceress and her attendant dwarf, an errant Englishman of noble birth, an artists' model of doubtful reputation but high morality, a crowd of priests, nuns, soldiers, nobles, Jews, gondoliers, &c.; and as a background to the shifting scenes, Florence and Venice of the Middle Ages—Venice, under the rule of the mysterious "Ten"—one must naturally anticipate a stirring and exciting picture. Nor are we disappointed, for the adventures of Piaunna Bonaventuri, the "Pawn" of the title, are so many and so varied that one becomes at times a little bewildered in reading them. One complication treads upon the heels of another, until the imagination is hard beset to follow them. Not that they lack interest, but the interest is a little too stimulating at times and one longs for a little rest. Nevertheless there is a vivid and picturesque power in the writing which carries one along with it, and when the author has succeeded in training an exuberant fancy, and pruning what is unnecessary and exaggerated, the result should be an excellent romantic novel. The style is easy, and the atmosphere of the period chosen is sustained without strain. Some of the descriptions are really beautiful; there is one of a distant view of Florence near the end of the eighteenth chapter which is delightfully written, and another of the Venetian Fête in honour of Bianca Capelli which makes the pageant vividly real.

DIE VOM NIEDERRHEIN. Roman in Zwei Büchern von Rudolf Herzog. (Stuttgart and Berlin: J. G. Cotta. 4m.) If we are to believe this delightfully and unusually cheery writer, in order to retain our youth we must be born in the lower Rhine provinces of Germany and spend our lives in Düsseldorf. Clara Viebig in "Die Wacht am Rhein" gave us an admirable picture of the gay,

pleasure-loving, light-hearted inhabitants of Düsseldorf, but there is perhaps more of the unrestrained joyousness of youth in Herzog's book—in any case, in the first half of it. He tells the adventures of Hans von Steinherr, the son of well-to-do parents, from the time he is a sixth-form schoolboy until his marriage. There is nothing particularly fresh in his career. As a boy he falls in love with a girl, his inferior by birth, and vows she shall be his wife. But after experiencing life in a smart *Korps* at the Universities of Bonn, Heidelberg, and Berlin, and serving his military term, he fears such an alliance will lower him socially, and discouraged somewhat because his mother, a widow, to whom he believed himself all in all, is on the point of marrying a man who had loved her in her youth and from whom she had been separated by her parents' desire of marrying her to a rich husband, he leaves his native city. His wanderings teach him many things. He learns how women can be false, how life usually treats us according to the way in which we treat it, and finally returns home disgusted with everything. The girl whom he loved as a boy has become a celebrated concert singer, but despite his cavalier treatment of her, she has remained true to him, and all ends happily. Here, however, it is not the story that is the thing. Its atmosphere and setting give it its worth, and verily enchant us as we read. Beauty and poetry, and joyous youth, and the happy spring-time impregnate every page. The men and women who play their parts against that background are mostly simple, natural, human beings who love and trust one another, enjoy the good and bravely endure the evil that is vouchsafed them. The crafty merchant, for we see something of the commercial side of Düsseldorf life as well as of the artistic, seems the only figure that is not in the picture, but we suppose a villain was necessary to the piece, although in this case it is a very mild species of villain. The painter and his father are two of the most joyous and happily conceived characters we have come across in modern fiction for a very long while; they serve to show us, too, that goodness of heart is ever the best preserver of youth.

Short Notices

IMPRESSIONS OF JAPAN. By George H. Rittner. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.) On the whole a disappointing book, though likely to be food for controversy. Mr. Rittner is an out-and-out admirer of things Japanese, though he has little fresh to tell us about them. He does well, however, to emphasise the fact that the Japanese are an artistic nation as well as a nation of artists. The whole up-bringing of the race is based upon a love of admiration for the beauties of nature; as the writer says, "April brings out the cherry blossoms, when the whole nation makes holiday and turns out to admire the colour"; again, "No country in the world is probably so artistic as Japan; the inhabitants from their earliest childhood are taught to love nature, and from that the finest art springs"; and again "A Japanese will sometimes walk miles or climb a mountain to watch a sunset from a particular spot. Imagine an English farmer or a farm labourer, after a day's work, climbing some mountain in Wales to watch a sunset or to obtain a view of some distant landscape." Imagination boggles at the effort! Mr. Rittner delivers himself of a terrific onslaught upon civilisation and missionaries, with some of which we could find it in our hearts to agree, but which cannot be discussed as literature. The illustrations to this volume are very beautiful.

THE JUDICIAL DICTIONARY. By F. Stroud. In 3 vols. Second edition. (Sweet and Maxwell. £4 4s.) As we do not happen to have seen the first edition of this monumental work, it is only fair to the author to give some account of its general scope and character. It differs from other legal lexicons in that it attempts to cover a much wider field, by quoting *ipsis verbis* the definitions that have been given by judicial authority to words and phrases of all sorts, from Domesday Book down to the statutes of Victoria. The undertaking was a vast one, and much labour has evidently been expended upon it. That the book must have had some measure of success is attested by the fact that it has passed into a second edition within little more than ten years. But with every desire to be just to so learned and painstaking an author, we cannot honestly say that his toil, however interesting to himself, is calculated to be profitable to others. The arrangement seems to us clumsy, with little regard to the relative importance of things. For example, nearly forty phrases are explained alphabetically under the preposition "at," which few would look for in such a connection. The word "corpse" is not to be found, while under "cadaver" we are treated twice over to the absurd mediæval etymology of *caro data vermibus*. The real value of such a work as this is only to be discovered by constant use. All that we profess to have done is to have turned over the pages. We have

found much that is curious, and a good deal that we did not know before. But we cannot candidly say that we feel disposed to add the three solid volumes to our reference shelves. It appears worthy of note that, though the author and publisher are both English, the book has been printed—and printed well—in America.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS YEAR-BOOK. (Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.) This companion volume to the "Schoolmasters' Year Book," recently reviewed in these columns, contains a Prospectus Catalogue of over a hundred English Public Schools (pp. 1-336), and other information serviceable to parents. The Appendices deal with the promises of some of the professions, although the Army and Navy aspirants are put off with syllabuses of entrance examination and the cost of training. Journalism and law go unmentioned; but medicine—to which a whole appendix of 30 pages is devoted—and music, engineering, agriculture, horticulture and the colonies are regarded as excellent bait for Public School Boys. The Public Schools bibliography seems fairly complete; but the writers of the short notices of the year's school-books have done their part very perfunctorily. It is much better to give price of book, publisher, and some idea of contents, than to be guilty of such lapses as—"Vectors are fully discussed," when the slightest glance at the book referred to would show that Vectors are necessarily only very partially treated of. Another gem is "For all practical purposes these five-figure logarithms are as accurate as the usual seven-figure ones." Does the writer know that four-figure logarithms are now used in the Civil Service Examination, in some of the London University Examinations, and in very many schools?

STORIES OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS. By Charles D. Shaw. (Ginn. 2s. 6d.) Ancient Greek stories retold in simple language for boys and girls of to-day, who should spend many pleasant hours with this book.

HANDBUCH, DER KLASSISCHEN ALTERTUMSWISSENSCHAFT. Herausgegeben von Dr. Iwan von Müller. Band 8, Abteilung IV. DIE RÖMISCHE LITTERATUR VON CONSTANTIN BIS ZUM GESETZGEBUNGSWERK JUSTINIANS. Erste Hälfte. DIE LITTERATUR DES VIERTEN JAHRHUNDERTS. Von Martin Schanz. (München: C. H. Beck. London: Williams and Norgate. 8s. 6d. and 10s. net) Dr. Iwan von Müller's great undertaking—for, of course, the work is only a handbook in the magnificent German sense—is now nearing its twentieth year of publication, and the last volume of the set will probably appear in 1905. The interested scholar cannot but concede that the enterprise is a model, and almost a shame for English publishers. Here is a true encyclopædia—a guide at once comprehensive in range and minute in treatment to a special class of subjects, as there is reason for holding every encyclopædia should be; we should be happy indeed to learn that an original work on the same broad lines, or a good translation of this, was to appear in England. We have not space to review the volume at length, and can do little more than give it the warmest of recommendations to the English scholars—a comparatively small band, we are afraid—who properly value Roman literature, and resent the unjust position of inferiority to which prejudice attempts to relegate it. Persons who know neither language have come to repeat glibly the futile dictum that Latin literature is a mere copy and offshoot of Greek; it would be almost as exact, and quite as fruitful a judgment, to pronounce English literature a mere copy and offshoot of French. For the rest the literature of the fourth century, both "pagan" and Christian, is of the highest importance. D. M. Ausonius, Aurelius Victor, the anonymous author of the "Querolus," Tyberianus, Aquila Romanus, Damasus, Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, and Ambrosius form a company whose variety and interest render profitable any time spent in their study. The scholarship is sound and penetrating. We agree with Professor Schanz in thinking that Baehrens was in error in ascribing the haunting *Pervigilium Veneris* to Tyberianus. Professor Fowler, the American author of an interesting little "History of Roman Literature" published last year, seems, by the way, to be quite unaware of this ascription. We could wish for more excerpts from Roman authors: but this the desire to keep the work within reasonable compass forbids. Printing and paper are alike unexceptionable, and there is an excellent index.

HISTOIRE DES ŒUVRES DE STENDHAL. Par Adolphe Paupe. Avec une introduction par Casimir Stryienski. (Dujarric.) CARMEN SYLVA (SA MAJESTÉ LA REINE ELISABETH DE ROUMANIE). Bibliographie et extraits de ses œuvres. Par Georges Bergesco, auteur de la Bibliographie des œuvres de Voltaire. (Brussels: Lacomblez.) Beyle never was and never will be popular; but, notwithstanding, he must always hold a definite place in the literary history of the nineteenth century. He was one of the pioneers in the novel of psychological analysis, and his greatest work, "La Chartreuse de

Parme," is a wonderful study of the secret springs that move human beings. Balzac called that novel the *chef d'œuvre* of the literature of ideas, the modern "Prince," for he considered it was the novel that Machiavelli would have written had he been banished from Italy in the nineteenth century. Stryienski collected notes for a Stendhal biography, but, lacking time to prepare them for publication, handed over the task to M. Paupe, who gives us here a most excellent "histoire raisonnée" of Beyle's works. The genesis and composition of each book is related in detail; criticisms of it are likewise given, and also notices on Beyle, both during his life-time and after his death, which occurred in 1846. It is a most useful and well-arranged compilation, and will serve for all time, we should imagine, as a book of reference on Beyle. It is unlikely that such a book was needed on the work of Carmen Sylva. She is a very graceful writer, and her tales, legends, poems, novels, dramas, maxims and translations have won a certain popularity in every country of Europe, but that she will become a classic is open to doubt. It is, perhaps, too early to judge her, for "there is no history of contemporary affairs, for judging the men and works of our day, we lack both the recoil and the necessary documents." Besides the very full bibliography, which is excellently done, the book contains a sketch of Carmen Sylva's life and extracts from her works.

Reprints and New Editions

SPENSER'S FAERY QUEENE. Book I., with an Introduction and Notes by Professor W. H. Hudson. ("Temple Series." Dent. 2s.) The introduction to this volume is exceptionally full, and perhaps almost errs on the side of too much explanation for the ordinary reader. But for school use it would be admirable. The notes are copious. The book is bound in a serviceable manner, and is printed in good clear type.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP. By H. W. Longfellow. ("Flowers of Parnassus." Lane. 1s. 6d. net, leather; 1s. net, cloth.) If this poem had to be illustrated it might well have been done in a better manner. The illustrations are certainly not worthy of the letterpress.

THE CHURCH IN CECILIA'S HOUSE. By Walter Pater. (Brown, Langham. 3d.) A welcome reprint.

MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR. By the author of "Handley Cross." ("The Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books." Methuen. 3s. 6d.) Certainly the sportsman cannot complain of any lack of reprints. The present volume will probably not fulfil the aim of its author "to put the rising generation on their guard against specious, promiscuous acquaintance, and train them to the noble sport of hunting," but it, at any rate, affords an excellent picture of the sporting life of its time, the woodcuts by John Leech being alone worth the price.

a THE DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN, with an Introduction by Austin Dobson; **b TENNYSON'S POEMS,** with an Introduction by A. T. Quiller Couch; **c THE FOUR GEORGES,** with an Introduction by L. F. Austin. ("National Library." Cassell. 6d. each net.) In the introduction to the Diary Mr. Dobson compares it with that of Pepys. "If," he says, "the Diary of Evelyn does not, like the Diary of Pepys, disclose the inner character of the writer, it nevertheless possesses a distinctive interest. Its entries have the precise value of veracious statements; it is a magazine of contemporary memories of a definite kind; and its scope, as a chronicle, is far more extensive than that of Pepys." He concludes with the hope that a revised edition founded on the original text at Wotton may one day be given to the world.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. (R. T. S. 1s.) An excellent and cheap edition. The illustrations by Harold Copping are worthy of especial attention. The frontispiece and "The Valley of the Shadow of Death" are particularly good examples. We note, as an interesting fact, that "The Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into 104 languages and dialects.

LA LANGUE ANGLAISE SANS MAÎTRE. By C. A. Thimm. (Marlborough. 1s.) A revised edition of a handy and valuable little book. It is intended for the use of French persons who desire to rapidly acquire the English language without the aid of a master. The approximate pronunciation of each English word is given, and should prove very helpful to the beginner.

ALL Subscribers to THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE have a right to use our columns FREE for advertising for books, pictures, music, &c., wanted or for sale.

See Notice on Cover.

New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

- Everitt (Lieut.-Col. Herbert), edited by, *Saint Paul's Journey from Jerusalem to Rome*.....(S.P.C.K.) 0/6
 Little (Rev. C. E.), *What is "Christian Science"?*.....(") 0/2
 Sandford (E. G.), *Address on Dr. Temple*.....(") 0/2
 A *Lenten Litany, with Meditations for each Day in Lent*.....(") 0/6
 Davies, M.A. (Rev. R. V. Faithfull), *Christ in the Lenten Gospels*.....(") 1/0
 Special Forms of service.....(") 1/0
 Brooke (The Rev. Charles Hyde), edited by, *Great French Preachers, I.—Lent and Holy Week, Sermons by Bourdaloue, de la Boissière, A. Vinet, Bossuet* (Richards) net 3/6
 Chamberlain (J. E. Foster), edited by, *The Epistle to the Hebrews* (Johnson) net 2/0
 Collins, D.D. (W. E.), *The Rights of a Particular Church in Matters of Practice* (S.P.C.K.) 0/3

POETRY, CRITICISM, DRAMA, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Carman (Bliss), *The Kinship of Nature*.....(Murray) 6/0
 Davidson (John), *A Queen's Romance, a Version of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas"* (Richards) net 3/6
 Erskine, Ph.D. (John), *The Elizabethan Lyric, a Study*.....(Macmillan) 3/50
 Painter, A.M., D.D. (F. V. N.), *Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism* (Ginn) 4/0
 Van Dyke, D.D., LL.D. (Henry), *An Introduction to the Poems of Tennyson* (Ginn) net 2/0
 Macfie (Ronald Campbell), *New Poems*.....(Lane) 5/0
 Stephen (Sir Leslie), *English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century* (Ford Lectures, 1903).....(Duckworth) 5/0
 Rydberg (Victor), translated by Josef Freobär, *Sluggoalla*.....(Scott) 6/0
 Gore-Booth (Eva), *Unseen Kings*.....(Longmans) net 2/8
 The *Fiscal Paper of Brum, by a Free Trade Rhymer*.....(Norman) net 0/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

- University Studies, Vol. III, No. 4.....(University of Nebraska)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

- Bogg (Edmund), *Two Thousand Miles in Wharfedale*.....(Leeds: Edmund Bogg) 7/6
 Dutt (William A.), *Suffolk (Little Guides Series)*.....(Methuen) 3/0
 Rawnsley (The Rev. Canon H. D.), *Flower Time in the Oberland* (MacLehose) net 5/0

EDUCATIONAL

- Thimm (C. A.), *La Langue Anglaise Sans Maître*.....(Marlborough) 1/0
 Thomson (C. Linklater), *A First History of England, Part V*.....(Marshall) 1/6
 Matriculation Directory, No. XXXVI.....(Tutorial Press) net 1/0
 Scott (Sir Walter), edited by Flora Masson, *The Lady of the Lake* (Dent) subject 1/4
 Spenser's *Faery Queen, Book I*, edited by Professor W. H. Hudson (Dent) subject 2/0

MISCELLANEOUS

- Newspaper Press Directory: Fifty-Ninth Annual Issue, 1904.....(Mitchell) 2/0
 Archaeologia Eliana; or, Miscellaneous Tracts relating to Antiquities, Part 61 (Newcastle-on-Tyne: Society of Antiquaries).....(Sands) 5/0
 Raupert (J. Godfrey), *Modern Spiritism: a Critical Examination*.....(Sands) 2/6
 A Short Out to Happiness, by the Author of "The Catholic Church from Within." Preface by the Rev. B. W. Maturin.....(Sands) net 2/6
 Shaw (Bernard), *The Common Sense of Municipal Trading*.....(Constable) 2/6
 Hitch (Clove), *A Handbook on Sailing*.....(Lane) net 3/0
 Garstang (John), *Tombs of the Third Egyptian Dynasty at Raqinah and Bêt Khallâf*.....(Constable) net 2/0
 The Tariff Dictionary.....(Simpkin, Marshall) 2/6
 Fordham (E. Mary), *The Evolution of Local and Imperial Government from the Teutonic Conquest to the Present Day*.....(Knight) 1/0
 Wright (Walter P.), edited by, *Pictorial Practical Obryssanthemum Culture* (Cassell) 1/0

ART

- Carter (A. O. R.), compiled by, *The Year's Art, 1904: A Concise Epitome of all Matters relating to the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, Engraving, and Architecture*.....(Hutchinson) 3/6
 Buschmann (J.-E.), edited by, *Art, Volume One, 1903*.....(Brown, Langham) 10/6

FICTION

- * The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen, by the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" (Macmillan), 6/0; "Facing the Future; or, The Parting of the Ways," by Robert Thynne (Unwin), 6/0; "Silenced," by I. T. Meade (Ward, Lock), 5/0; "The Man from Downing Street," by William Le Queux (Hurst and Blackett), 6/0; "He that Received the Five Talents," by J. Clark Murray (Unwin), 6/0; "The American Prisoner," by Eden Phillpotts (Methuen), 6/0; "Tomorrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner (Cassell), 6/0; "A Faithful Love," by G. Beresford Fitzgerald (Dugby, Long), 6/0.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- "The Four Georges," by W. M. Thackeray, "The Diary of John Evelyn," and "Tennyson's Poems, a Selection" (National Library) (Cassell), each, net 0/6;
 "The Building of the Ship," by H. W. Longfellow, illustrated by Donald Maxwell (Lane), cloth, net 1/0; "The Guide to South Africa" (Sampson Low), 2/6; "The Church in Cecilia's House," by Walter Pater (Brown, Langham), 0/3;
 "Targiewood Tales, the First Series, by Nathaniel Hawthorne (Astolat Press), net 3/0; "The Poems and Some Satires of Andrew Marvell" (Methuen), net 1/6; "The Fighting Troubadour," by A. C. Gunter (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "Hand and Ring," by A. K. Green (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "The Light of Meänasien," by H. H. Montgomery, D.D. (S.P.C.K.), 3/6.

JUVENILE

- "Stories of the Ancient Greeks," by Charles D. Shaw (Ginn), 2/6; "Potany Rambles, Part I: In the Spring" (Marshall), 0/10.

PERIODICALS

- "The Extensionist," "The Cosmopolitan," "Political Science Quarterly," "The Rapid Review," "The Independent," "Fortnightly Review," second edition, "The Oxford Point of View," "Uster Journal of Archaeology," "Review of Reviews," "North American Review," "Buddhism," "Literary News," "University Record," "University Extension Journal," "Our Hospitals and Charities."

Foreign

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Bousset (Prof. D. W.), *Was Wissen wir von Jesus* (Gebauer-Schwetachke) (Halle a. S.) 1 mark
 Jastrow, Jr. (Morris), *Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. 5. Lieferung* (Giessen: Ricker)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Picot (M. Georges), *Glaïstone*.....(Hachette)
 Valot (Stéphane), *Les Héros de Richard Wagner: Etudes sur les Origines Indo-Européennes des Légendes Wagneriennes*.....(Paris: Fischbacher)

POETRY, CRITICISM, DRAMA, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Maurer (Théodore), *Princesse Avril*.....(Paris: Maison des Poètes)

EDUCATIONAL

- Gradenwitz (Ot.), *Laterculi Vocum Latinarum: Voces Latinas et a Fronte et a Tergo*.....(Leipzig: H. Rzel) 18 marks
 Hoops (Johannes), *Englische Studien*.....(Leipzig: Reissland)

PERIODICALS

- "L'Occident," "Monatschrift."

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

AMONG other articles announced to appear in the March number of "The Antiquary" are the following: "Letters from France and the Low Countries, 1814-1819," by Richard Twining, communicated by his daughter, Louise Twining (concluded); "The Brasses in Milton Abbey, Dorset," by the Rev. Herbert Pentin, M.A. (illustrated); "The White Paternoster," by Miss E. C. Vansittart; "Notes on Some Derbyshire Fonts," III. (and last), by G. Le Blanc Smith (illustrated); "The Ashes of Innocent III.," by W. B. Wallace, B.A.—Miss Elizabeth Robins' new book, "The Magnetic North," is to be published by Mr. Heinemann on March 10.—Under the direction of the Royal Society of Literature, Mr. Henry Frowde is about to publish two interesting works. One is the "Chronicles of Adam of Usk," edited with a translation and notes by Sir E. Maunde Thompson. This contains the complete chronicle from 1377 to 1421. The unique British Museum MS., from which the same editor prepared an edition in 1876, was imperfect, ending with the year 1404, and lacking the concluding quire; and this was recently found among the Duke of Rutland's papers at Belvoir Castle. The other book is "Queen Elizabeth and the Levant Company," the history of a diplomatic and literary episode of the establishment of our trade with Turkey, edited by the Rev. H. G. Rosedale, D.D., with many facsimile illustrations of MSS. and plates.—Mr. Henry Frowde announces for publication on February 29, "The Titles of the Psalms: their nature and meaning explained," by Mr. J. W. Thirtle, a book which is believed to represent an entirely new departure in Biblical criticism. There has long been a disposition to describe the problem of the Psalm titles as no longer capable of solution; but Mr. Thirtle claims now to have found the lost key. The complete Psalter, according to the Revised Version, is included in the volume, with the titles discriminated and briefly explained.—Mr. John Lane announces that he has obtained the English rights of the novel which has recently created such a sensation in Germany—"Life in a Garrison Town," by Lieutenant Bilse.

THE strange art phenomenon called "L'Art Nouveau" is discussed in "The Magazine of Art" for March, by the leading painters, designers, architects, and sculptors of the day, with extraordinary animation. The contributors to this opening chapter in the March number are: Messrs. Walter Crane, C. F. A. Voysey, T. G. Jackson, R.A., Alfred Gilbert, R.A., W. Goscombe John, A.R.A., George Clausen, A.R.A., E. A. Abbey, R.A., B. W. Leader, R.A., J. M. Swan, A.R.A., and Lionel Smythe, A.R.A.; and those who are to follow will include Messrs. G. Frampton, R.A., G. D. Leslie, R.A., Henry Woods, R.A., H. W. B. Davis, R.A., G. H. Boughton, R.A., W. D. Caröe, Ernest George, and Professors Moira and Beresford Pite.

Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

XI.—On the Neighbour's Burden

WHEN I was an extremely young man—persons under six-and-twenty years of age now seem to me extremely young—I had a long illness caused by an accident in the hunting field. I suffered a great deal of pain which lowered for ever perhaps my estimate of earthly delight, and I read an enormous number of books—which has deepened my affection for literature. Literature, I must own, far better than life bore the test of torments, exhaustion, sleeplessness, and the dependent, irritating business of a slow convalescence. The books I read were of every kind and on all subjects. For the steady ache, a fine novel full of sound characterisation keeps the nerves under command. For the intermittent spasm,—lyrics, ballads, sonnets and short poems are best. For the later period, when the body is serenely weak and the mind gains an heroic activity, essays, sermons, memoirs and histories—so long as the volumes containing them may be held by a tired hand—give the brain full play and the imagination something more vivid than experience. Actual experience is often so quiet, and, in comparison with its description by the accomplished, so unreal. During the latter weeks of my existence on the sofa, an enthusiastic friend, who has since become a nun, used to bring me pocket editions of the Prophets, the Gospels and the Epistles. They were bound in cloth: they were beautifully printed: the whole epic of Job, for instance, did not seem heavier than a letter, and the prophecies of Isaiah were as light as an ordinary song. These enticing books spoilt me for all others: I kept one of them always under my palm, and thus I became well acquainted with the Sacred Text. My enthusiastic friend—a pious, calm, impersonal sort of woman—showed much sympathy for my case, and indeed, for all cases where patience might be considered under a tax. She had an earnest desire to bear her neighbour's burden. "Let us bear one another's burdens," was her favourite entreaty. I meditated; I weighed arguments; I consulted the theological authorities; I fell back on my own knowledge. Alas! one cannot bear one's neighbour's burdens—you may break your own heart out of sheer pity, but your neighbour will be not a whit less oppressed, and, if he has a woe, its gnaw, for all your kindness, will not be a degree less voracious. Many moral precepts have thus a galling irony, and people, when they find that their tenderness is unavailing, blame themselves because they cannot find, or give, the comfort they have been piously taught to expect will follow from the sharing of a grief. This is not denial of the power in sympathy, counsel, affection, or comradeship; the power of such gifts is incalculable, but they cannot be transmitted, they can only be exercised for the neighbour's benefit or encouragement. They cannot lessen the burden; they cannot affect those unuttered and unutterable thoughts which dart through the soul; those hours of absolute and unreachable solitariness, those moods when no one really counts and nothing really matters—when the burden, in fact, is so excessive that it becomes its own cure by numbing every faculty and every feeling. I am the last person to restrain enthusiasm, and so, while I listened to the generous ideals of my girl friend, I tried to share her evident joy at the prospect of being able to help the unhappy. "You see," she said, "I am strong. I have wonderful nerves: I am sure I can put my shoulder to many wheels and feel none the worse for it."

She became a Nun: I saw nothing of her for a number of years. Then I met her a short time ago in extraordinary circumstances. I had been calling on an old acquaintance who is now an eminent surgeon. As I came out of the house a cab drew up at the door, and two nuns—one of whom was elderly and the other a year or two her junior—got out. The older of the two started when she saw me; she uttered my name; she paid the cabman; then she said, turning to me, "I'll write to you." I walked home and I was haunted by her face—it had changed as a woman's veil changes by much wearing; that is to say, it had lost its clearness and crispness—but the real countenance behind it did not seem to have changed. The next morning I received her letter.

"I have never forgotten," she wrote, "our old talks. You were quite right. I have done my best, but I do not believe that my shoulder—which is almost worn out by the pressure of other people's wheels—has done any practical good. They would have arrived, or not arrived, at their journey's end just the same—with or without my aid. My vanity would prefer to believe that I had been of infinite service. You saw me yesterday helping a Sister out of a cab. She has to suffer surgery. I can imagine all that is passing in her mind, but I am powerless to help her. When the ordeal comes she must face it alone, bear it alone, and endure whatever may follow—alone. And this example is a very common example of one's humiliating ineffectiveness when the neighbour's hard hour is at its hardest. If you had ever been cynical, I should never have told you this. We both wished, however, to see facts squarely, and we both resolved not to deceive ourselves—no matter how much we deceived, unintentionally, other people. I do not deceive myself in this instance. Much of the sympathy that is offered is an excuse for domineering or a display of supposed moral superiority: much, on the other hand, is the purest fellow-feeling and compassion. Nevertheless, the neighbour's burden cannot be borne."

I decided, after reading this, that the writer was neither an unhappy nor a disappointed woman. She had merely accepted a truth which is forbidden till we smile upon it. Then it grows milder. It is useless to fume, to fuss, to clasp and unclasp one's hands, to pace the floor, to knit one's brows, to fret, to expostulate. All such natural demonstrations of anxiety ease you, no doubt, but they do not ease the afflicted neighbour. Your own burden, by force of pity, may grow to resemble his, but his will remain unaltered—not to be shared or lessened. To know this, and to comprehend it, is not the beginning of egoism, but the first seed of real unselfishness—an admission of one's limitations.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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Egomets

IPREFER to discuss books with those who disagree with me to talking them over with those whose opinions are precisely my own. In this, I fancy, I am rather exceptional, for the booklover as a rule likes to chat with his friend about those authors whom they both love. Now to me this has little of interest and a deal of irritation. I have a good friend who is a worshipper of Goldsmith, but from a point of view so dissimilar to my own that he angers more than he can ever please me. Goldsmith is a god of my idolatry, I worship him as a man of great heart and of great humour; my friend bows before him simply as being a master of limpid English in a time when turgidity and Latinism

was the rule. He was so, of course, but that was to me the least of his graces; in fact it is Goldemith the man rather than the writer that is my friend.

Those who disagree with me in my book loves, so long as they are not dogmatic, raise my enthusiasm, for I am an enthusiast upon occasion and on due provocation. I look upon myself as a missionary to the heathen and love to preach, in the hope of securing a convert to my literary creed. I have met men who have failed to obtain sustenance from, to take some out-of-the-way examples, Cowley, Howell, Swift (who is more talked of than read), Peacock, Hawthorne, Poe; to such I open out in a manner that astonishes them and sometimes myself; over the joys of reading the works of these writers I grow heated and argue as keenly as other men do over religion and politics. And if I do succeed in converting my opponent to my way of thinking, I am suffused with a glow of righteousness. I then thank God that I am not as other men are, mere pedants in their reading, and I lay my head upon my pillow knowing that I shall—or should—sleep the sleep of the just bookman.

Then there is another class of men to whom I love to talk of some favourite author, those who are entirely ignorant of his works. How great a delight it is to introduce a friend—or even a stranger—to some undiscovered country, to works of which he has merely heard, to a writer who to him is but a shadow of a name. I remember once a youth who said to me not "What are Keats?" but "Who is Carleton?" I took him by the button—it was in my own room—led him to a chair by the fireside and talked to him. I told him many things and as I spoke I felt that I was an apostle of literature preaching to those in darkness. I told him of Carleton's greatness, of his sombre power, of his truth to life. I told him that if he would learn somewhat of Irish life he should take Carleton as teacher, not such writers of farces as Lever and Lover. I grew warm, I inspired him with desire, and now he admires Carleton as greatly as I do myself. Had I not done a good work?

There has been complaint made sometimes that the lovers of literature are only too few. Well, is there not a call then for literary missionaries? Should not we who are booklovers go forth and preach to the heathen? We need carry with us neither staff nor scrip; nor need we travel unto far lands; here at our doors are numberless bookless, ignorant folk—let us speak to them of the joys of the happy land of literature and in bringing blessings to them we shall be blessed ourselves.

E. G. O.

Personalities : Joseph Conrad

SINCE Mr. Joseph Conrad wrote "The Nigger of the Narcissus" there has been no question of his being a personality in modern literature, and personalities in modern literature are not too numerous. His point of view, his knowledge, his mode of expression are emphatically his own.

I have a theory that it is almost impossible to entirely understand a man's work without knowing something of the man. The personality of the artist is often the explanatory note of his art. This is, of course, the apology of the journalist who is responsible for interviews and personal sketches, and there is much to be said for it.

Unfortunately, perhaps, the man whose work is most worth understanding is generally most loth to supply this personal annotation. Genius is often shy, and to this rule Mr. Joseph Conrad is not an exception.

I once "interviewed" Mr. Conrad and I vividly remember the terror with which he regarded me when he met me at the station. Happily I was soon able to convince him I had no curiosity for trivial impertinences, and it was my fortune, while chatting to him in an old-world farmhouse garden through a long summer afternoon, to catch something of his unique individuality.

Joseph Conrad is a Pole and a sailor—in itself a strange combination. Born far inland, he caught the sea fascination in some mystic way in his youth and was never contented till he lived upon it. Essentially a stylist in English, it is only to him a borrowed language, though his love for it may perhaps be not a little due to the fact that he learnt it from East Coast fishermen with whom he worked for a while.

I can think of no other instance of a foreigner learning to write English as Mr. Conrad writes it, while certainly few native writers have anything approaching his veneration for its beauties and its possibilities. He takes infinite pains to express thoughts and ideas in what to him is the most perfect manner. In a real sense he is an artist in words.

Here then are the facts of the personality that surely illustrate the work—a Pole, one of the strange unconquerable race that Seton Merriman called the "Frenchmen of the North," a sailor with a poet's insight and imagination, and a foreigner with a knowledge of more than one other language, deliberately choosing English for the expression of his imaginings.

In appearance Mr. Conrad suggests the seaman. His figure is stalwart and short, his dark beard well trimmed, and his walk nautical. Meet him near the docks and one would write him down "ship's captain" without hesitation.

But his eyes, curiously distinctive and striking, mark him out from his kind. Ship captain he may be, but his eyes proclaim him an artist.

It is some time since my talk with Mr. Conrad, but he is not a man to be easily forgotten, for, apart from his personal charm, he has all the qualities to include him within Schopenhauer's famous definition of genius: "The mind of genius is among other minds what the carbuncle is among precious stones; it sends forth light of its own, while the others reflect only that which they have received."

One remark of Mr. Conrad's is worth quoting as illustrating his attitude to criticism:—

"Praise and blame to my mind are of singularly small import, yet one cares for the recognition of a certain amplexness of purpose."

Science

The Future of the Japanese

THE present war raises some biological problems of the gravest possible character, so that one may attempt to consider them, despite the large proportion of speculation that is involved. And even granting the dubiety of many of my assumptions, the questions involved are of a general truth, which is incalculably important, and independent of the validity of any particular illustrations.

Amongst the many analogies between the Western Islanders of Europe and the Eastern Islanders of Asia, peoples occupying symmetrically disposed positions on either side of the greatest mass of land on the earth, there is also this, mean what it may, that they are both of a mixed origin. As regards ourselves, everyone is familiar with the facts, which are among the few of any significance that we learn in history at school: not that the significance of them is there pointed out or even recognised. And though the Japanese can probably boast not quite so mixed a descent as our own, and though he shows, at the present

day, much more uniformity of type than we do, yet the ancestry of this consistently dark-eyed, black-haired people is of considerable complexity. The Ainos of Yedo, the aborigines of the Japanese islands, are certainly represented in the modern Japanese. Where they came from; how long ago they reached the islands from the Asiatic continent where humanity was born, or whether they were cut off from the main land by some geological cause, we will not inquire. At any rate, they may be taken as representing one strain in the Japanese of to-day. Another such is quite certainly Chinese, another is Korean, and a fourth unquestionably Malayan. Probably Papuan invasions did not affect, in any appreciable measure, the composition of the race, which would, of course, have suffered thereby.

We may take the modern Japanese, then, with their quickness of thought and corresponding quickness of act, their marked adaptability to change of environment—as proved by their rapid and successful adoption of Western ideas, and their very high and enviable ethical sense, as typifying some of the good results which all biology has proved to result from judicious cross-breeding. Needless to say, it would require much more knowledge of the historical aspect of the subject than I possess, and much more study than I have given it, to enable me dogmatically to assert that this mixture of race is the real cause of the difference between the Japanese people to-day and their neighbours, the Koreans and Chinese. At any rate, whether this be so or not, biology clearly asserts that it might be so. Such a result as we see in the Japanese or ourselves is the result that should follow the happy commingling of peoples sufficiently different yet sufficiently allied.

And in considering the future, I would ask your attention to those last words, *sufficiently allied*. For well we know that whilst in-breeding, purity of race, ultimately leads to that degenerate state illustrated by such of the monarchies and aristocracies of Europe as have not been saved by the very events of which they are least proud, yet we know with equal certainty that consequences the most lamentable follow the admixture of races *too diverse*. This is the fact which induced Spencer to give his advice to Japan—advice the profound wisdom of which the future will certainly demonstrate, and which, being part of Truth, is *ipso facto* independent of criticism. Speaking with the voice of that biology which he re-made if he did not create it, Spencer warned the Japanese against the results of inter-marriage with the Aryan races. Despite the supposed philological evidence, which is highly dubious, I fancy no one who has handled a few European and Japanese skulls would question that the common origin of the two is well-nigh as remote as the common origin of any two human races can be. And if you care to accredit biological truth, you are face to face with a grave problem, as I said in starting, when you consider the future of the Japanese.

Assume that brains beat brawn in the present war: or assume that reaction delays a little longer the course of human evolution; at any rate some day Japan will get a footing on the mainland of Asia. No fears of "race-suicide" need worry her. Her teeming peoples will one day encounter, not as now in battle array, but in peaceful intercourse, the races of Aryan origin. If we are to believe a tithe of what we hear, the Aryan is not insusceptible to Japanese charms. No one who looks far enough ahead can doubt that Aryan and Mongol will fuse some day. But we hope that, for the sooner solving "the riddle of the painful earth," that commingling may be a *slow and gradual process*. East need not be always East, nor West always West; but woe to those who forget the lesson of the poet's assertion as to the present; East is East and West is West. You will not achieve the brotherhood of man without reference to biology, believe me.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

MADE ABROAD" will soon be the cry again at the leading theatres in London; it is now so at the Garrick, the New Theatre and the Imperial. At the last named Mr. John Davidson is responsible for a version of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," under the title, "A Queen's Romance." From Mr. Davidson's pen I had rather have received original work. His version of "Ruy Blas" must not be judged as a translation, but as an adaptation, and as such is, it need hardly be said, soundly and on occasion finely written, but does not as a whole provide a very "living" play. The fault is partly Mr. Davidson's, partly Mr. Waller's, to whose methods "Ruy Blas" is not suited. Mr. Waller, with his striking presence and splendid voice, can be great in moments of excitement or of scorn—he is a magnificent soldier but not a persuasive lover. In the outburst of scorn for the trafficking politicians of Spain seated around the council table, and in his tempest of rage with the villainous Don Salluste, his acting rings true, but as the lover of the Queen he does not touch us, does not lay any claim upon our sympathies. He is all the more unsympathetic, all the more unreal, by reason of the contrast between his robust acting and the polished, sincere performance by Mrs. Patrick Campbell of the Queen.

It is a pleasure to see once again this actress in a really sympathetic part: most of us have grown tired of her women with a grievance against the moral code of society. In the present version of "Ruy Blas" the Queen is but an attenuated part, but Mrs. Campbell makes the most of the opportunities left her. Her voice, the expression of her face, her quiet mien and gestures in the second act, where she bemoans her lot as a queen, cut off from all human intercourse, deprived of all her rights as a woman, the actress touches a note of high tragedy, all the higher because, though deep and searching, her expression of emotion is quiet, natural and restrained. In truth, Mrs. Patrick Campbell has never done better work and that is high praise. Mr. Charles Fulton lacks restraint, being a stagey and unconvincing villain. Why will most of our villains on the stage wear their villainous hearts upon their sleeves? On the other hand, Mr. Thomas Kingston struck the true note of bravado as Don César. Miss Lydia Thompson was mistakenly permitted to play the Duchess of Albriquesque in comic opera vein; there was no trace of the grand lady in her performance.

I HOPE there is foundation in fact for the rumour that Mr. Waller's next venture will be a Shakespearean revival; is it too much to hope that he will give us "Macbeth"? He would play the Thane of Cawdor in splendid fashion, making of him the strong-hearted soldier that he is, and Mrs. Campbell would be admirably suited as Lady Macbeth. The contrast in the styles of the two performers would be exactly the contrast required by the two characters as drawn by Shakespeare, so seldom played as they should be.

I HAVE not seen M. Alfred Capus' play in its native tongue, so cannot say whether Mr. Comyns Carr's adaptation, "My Lady of Rosedale," is a version or a perversion of the original. Whatever it may be in this connection it is not a very interesting play; one of the chief characters pursues a course which she knows must cause the greatest distress to those who have only annoyed her, yet her motive for so doing is of the feeblest; the last act winds up in a perfect coruscation of coincidences; altogether a milk and watery entertainment. The only interesting feature is the dialogue, which is always neat and often witty. Sir Charles Wyndham

plays with a character which makes no call upon his abilities; Miss Mary Moore has nothing to do and does it with her usual charm; Miss Gertrude Kingston is over-emphatic, as the motiveless and ill-natured person already mentioned; Mr. Eille Norwood acts incisively and naturally as a very objectionable husband—the best drawn character in the piece; and Miss Mabel Terry Lewis shows a great advance in her art: she makes the most of her natural gifts, which are very considerable, including those two first-rate qualities—the ability to keep quiet in emotional scenes and to put tears into her voice. On the whole the play is not worthy of the performers; in short, a disappointment.

WHEN a distinguished writer of fiction turns his attention to dramatic work, his effort naturally arouses considerable expectation of something if not strong at any rate fresh, and such is the short play "The Jail Bird" by Mr. "Maarten Maartens." It is brightly written, sound in style, and novel in its setting. Those who contemplate a visit to "Little Mary" will be foolish if they miss seeing "The Jail Bird." As for "Little Mary" she improves upon acquaintance; the prologue is, as I have said before, a gem of the first water, and the remainder of the piece is highly entertaining, not only worthy in itself but brilliantly acted by Mr. John Hare and Miss Nina Boucicault, an actress of very great gifts.

THE best performances in Berlin are now to be found at the Neue Theater under the direction of Herr Reinhardt; the finest actors and actresses, Frau Sorma among them, are engaged by him, and even the smallest parts are filled to perfection, while the most careful attention is paid to the subsidiary arts of scenic decoration, costume and music. The latest successes have been Bernard Shaw's "Man of Destiny" and Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice," with Max Marshall's delightful music. The former play is scarcely worthy of the fine acting and setting here allotted to it. But nothing could be artistically more satisfying than the Maeterlinck play. It was in every way an absolutely beautiful representation. How delightful it would be if Herr Reinhardt and his company could be persuaded to pay London a visit and show us how it is done.

A FINE performance of Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm" is now to be seen at the Deutsche Theater, Berlin, which is crowded every time it is given.

IN "The North American Review" for February, there is an interesting paper upon "The Art of a Stage Manager," by Mr. Brander Matthews, Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University. The writer points out that the stage manager is to the general public an unknown power in the stage world, that his face is not familiar on the posters or his name printed large upon the play-bills, while as a fact he is responsible in a great degree for the goodness or the badness of the performance, "for the acting and for the costumes, for the scenery and for the properties, for the lighting and for the incidental music; not so much indeed for any one of these things as for the harmony of the whole." Or as he puts it more fully in another passage: "That the task of the stage-manager is more difficult than that of the conductor is due to the fact that the composer has prescribed exactly what share each instrument shall take, the conductor having this full score in his possession; whereas the stage-manager receives from the author only the spoken words of the play, with but summary indications as to the gestures, the movements, the scenery and so forth. He has not a full score, but

only a sequence of themes incompletely orchestrated, and with the missing passages to be supplied at his own discretion. And as the richness of the harmony depends largely upon his ability to amplify properly the hints of the author, the stage-manager is, in fact, almost a collaborator of the playwright; he is forced into a more intimate relation with the dramatist than that which the conductor bears towards the composer."



SIR HENRY IRVING

(Taken at Manchester in 1865.)

BUT the danger to-day is that plays are sometimes over stage-managed, the play is lost in a wilderness of scenery, furniture, effects, stage-business and so forth; or to put it another way, the play is too often a skeleton clothed with garments provided by the stage-manager and scene painter. It may be answered that our plays to-day are so dead and inhuman that they call for and need brilliant embellishments to render them attractive; if this be true, the drama is moribund and only raree-shows are alive. But this argument does not apply to, for example, the plays of Shakespeare, which are so often under-acted and over-decorated.

CONCERNING conventional stage business Mr. Brander Matthews has some pertinent remarks: "If the older plays, either tragedies or comedies, seem to us sometimes richer in detail than the more modern pieces, we shall do well to remember that these earlier dramas have profited by the accretions of business and of unexpected readings

due to the unceasing endeavour of several generations of actors and of stage-managers. The plays of Shakespeare that are most frequently performed, the comedies of Molière also, have accumulated a mass of traditions, of one kind or another, some of these being of hoary antiquity." Living conventions are very well and very useful; dead habits had best be cast off as soon as may be. Our actors are apt to over-elaborate their "business," and are in little danger, alas! of doing justice to fine parts by fine, quiet, human performances. Still, the traditional stage business for Shakespeare performances have always an antiquarian interest and are useful not seldom in giving a clue to the exact meaning of the text, and I echo the wish that "some stage-manager of scholarly tastes should provide us with a record of the customary effects to be obtained in the performance of each of Shakespeare's plays, as these have been accumulated in the theatre itself." If an actor would oblige, perhaps Mr. H. B. Irving will do so?

ONE more quotation from this very interesting article and I must leave the subject, at any rate for the present: "The expert playwright of every period when the drama has flourished abundantly, has always adjusted the structure of his play to conform to the conditions of the theatre of his own time; and the more adroit of the dramatists of to-day have been swift to perceive the necessity for a change of method, since the thrust-out platform has been succeeded by the stage behind the picture-frame. They are relinquishing the rhetorical devices which were proper enough on the platform-stage, and which seem out of place on the picture-stage. They find their profit in accepting as a principle the old saying that 'actions speak louder than words.' They are abandoning the confidential soliloquy, for example, which was quite in keeping with the position of an actor in close proximity to the spectators—in the midst of them, in fact—and which would seem artificial and unnatural now that the actor is behind the mystic line of the curtain. They are giving up the explanatory 'aside'—lines spoken directly to the audience, and supposed to be unheard by the other characters on the stage."

Musical Notes

BY all the signs of it the forthcoming Elgar Festival is going to be a very big event, and the King and Queen have shown their customary tact and judgment and appreciation of the time of day by the personal interest in the undertaking which they are known to be displaying. If only society in general would follow their Majesties' excellent example by supporting more energetically than they do the better class concerts of the day, it would be all to the benefit of the art. In this connection one may note the cordial bearing of the King and the Prince of Wales towards the representatives of British music, and in particular towards Dr. Elgar, at the recent concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, while the presence of the Queen at the Richter concert on the previous evening (when "Also sprach Zarathustra" was the chief work in the programme) was further evidence of the sympathetic interest with which latter-day developments of the art are followed in high places. In an ideal world neither music nor any other art would be dependent for its prosperity upon the patronage of the great. But as things are, much benefit may unquestionably accrue therefrom.

MR. PERCY PITT is a composer to be reckoned with. His work may not always appeal to the multitude, but its cleverness is undeniable. As a master of orchestration,

in particular, he is almost unrivalled—among British composers at all events. Nor are the wonderful colours which he produces interesting only on their own account. They have, beyond their purely musical value, significance and meaning. This aspect of Mr. Pitt's art is exemplified afresh in his new set of songs heard at the last Symphony Concert. Perhaps "songs" is in reality hardly the right term for them—symphonic miniatures with a voice part *obbligato* would more nearly meet the case. In this, of course, they resemble many kindred works by Richard Strauss, Hugo Wolf and other moderns. It is only a pity that in Mr. Pitt's case the subject-matter of his music is not always on a level with its treatment.

MISS MURIEL FOSTER has distinctly "arrived." Hardly anyone, indeed, has "come on" more remarkably during recent years—a fact to which the audience at her recent concert bore gratifying witness. Her position is so well assured, indeed, that one need be less chary in expressing the belief that she has even so a good deal further yet to go before she can be considered to have reached her goal. She does so well that she ought to do a great deal better. Hers is indeed a somewhat curious case. She sings to all seeming with profound feeling, and yet leaves one too often absolutely cold. Somehow she seems unable to lose herself entirely in her work. A sense of self-consciousness never leaves her, and this is fatal to the highest results. Unfortunately there is no defect much more difficult to cure.

SOME of the evidence given in the course of the action for libel brought the other day by Mr. Conried, of the New York Metropolitan Opera House, against a Munich journalist was rather interesting. According to Herr Possart, for instance, the well-known Munich Intendant, Mr. Conried undertook that if five directors of German theatres gave him a promise not to perform "Parsifal" in 1913, when the rights of Wagner's heirs expire, he on his part would not produce the work in America. Presumably, however, no such self-denying ordinance on the part of the directors in question was forthcoming—if, indeed, Mr. Conried, when he made his rather absurd suggestion, ever supposed that it would be. The implied conclusion, however, that "Parsifal" will be freely produced throughout Germany as soon as the law permits, throws into still greater relief the absurdity of the opposition offered on sentimental grounds to its presentation in New York.

MUSIC and longevity seem often to go together—a truth of which there is certainly no more conspicuous living instance than that wonderful old man Señor Manuel Garcia, who, all being well, enters on his hundredth year next month. Another is Mr. Wilhelm Kuhe, who, though born as long ago as 1824, still retains his musical faculties to an astonishing extent—as he demonstrated in a wonderful fashion quite recently. The talk turning on the "Waldstein" sonata, Mr. Kuhe observed that he had not either played or heard the work for thirty years, and thereupon sat down and played the sonata right through from memory without a single halt or hitch.

A VARIANT of Cornelius' oft-quoted saying that Weber died in trying to become Wagner, would seem to be the recent observation of a Viennese critic, *apropos* of a revised version of "Euryanthe," that "Weber wrote Wagner's earliest opera." How the whirligig of Time brings in its revenges! Who could have dared to predict in those far off days when the youthful Wagner, then a mischievous schoolboy, hung about the streets of Leipzig to catch even a glimpse of his adored idol the composer of "Der Freischütz," that a time would come when such a view of

their relative positions would find general acceptance? But no one would have rejected more indignantly than Wagner any attempt at disparagement of the older master. Is it not about time by the way for Covent Garden to bethink itself once more of a revival of one or other of Weber's operas? No work of Weber has, I think, been heard in London now since 1894, when a not very happy presentation of "Der Freischütz" was given at Drury Lane.

I SPOKE of the whirligig of time. Another instance was contained in a recent issue of an esteemed contemporary possessed, as it daily assures the world, of enviable popularity, wherein the critic of a Cairo paper was ponderously chaffed for his heterodox opinions concerning Wagner's music. "When the 'Ring' is produced in Cleopatra's land," concluded this facetious paragraph, "we sincerely hope that this same writer's views on the subject will find their way to this country. They should prove illuminating." Yet not more so, I imagine, than those criticisms of the tetralogy which found expression in the columns of that self-same journal some quarter of a century since, and which, under the title "Letters from Bayreuth," still afford entertainment and instruction to the curious in volume form.

APART from the reduction of its price another change of some interest is to be noted in connection with the "Daily News," whose capable musical critic, Mr. E. A. Baughan, is henceforward, it appears, to be responsible in addition for the dramatic criticism of that journal. This doubling of functions obviously means a considerable strain upon the energies of even the most industrious, and I trust that Mr. Baughan may not find his heavy task too much for him. Those who have long followed his musical criticisms with interest will certainly read with pleasure his views on matters dramatic. To a certain extent, of course, dramatic criticism forms part of the functions of every musical critic—in relation, that is, to the opera.

Art Notes

MR. BAILLIE is showing at his charming galleries in Hereford Road, Bayswater, amongst other things, the last work of poor Oscar Eckhardt, who died, after years of suffering, as he was on the eve of making a wide reputation. There are some delightful examples of his art at this exhibition of the drawings that he left behind him; and it is a pitiful and haunting thing to stand before them and to reflect that he was putting gaiety of colour and lightness of subject upon paper with deft hand whilst his heart must have been aching at the approach of death which he knew must leave his widow without the means of livelihood. I can imagine no more ghastly conditions under which to have painted the blithe, joyous water-colours "At the Opera" and "The Battle of Flowers." The gaiety and the frolic are in the hand, whilst the brain must have been reeling sickeningly. There are drawings on these walls that would brighten many a rich man's home; and the prices are almost pathetically low; and their purchase means a godsend. Whilst on the subject of Mr. Baillie's gallery, I look forward to the day when this man of taste shall migrate to regions within hail of Piccadilly Circus; for the old dealers are sadly hide-bound; and a fresh discriminating view like his might and should give us a Baillie Gallery within easy access of Piccadilly. The day might then come when a Royal Academician is ashamed to ask "Who was Beardsley?"

THE Leicester Galleries continue to keep up the high interest of their one-man show. To-day may be seen, thereat, the work of Edwin Abbey, R.A., and of Frederick Sandys, who ought to have been R.A., and whose lack of R.A.-ship will remain one of the many eternal disgraces to the immortals. First as to Edwin Abbey: here may be seen the original drawings, chiefly in pen line, for the superb series of Shakespeare's comedies—drawings which not only created a school of artists, but which placed Edwin Abbey amongst the foremost illustrators of our time. To all lovers and collectors of that delightful series of his that appeared in "Harper," it will be a delight to see the originals, four or five times the size of the published drawings. The drawing of Falstaff being carried out in the clothes-basket is most delightful. How Abbey has caught the rollicking, joyous, full-blooded comedy of the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth! How splendidly he has caught the spirit of Shakespeare, that combination of romance and comedy that no age has known since, unless it be that flicker of dramatic glory that gave us "The School for Scandal"—a glorious promise that died with Sheridan and Goldsmith. Abbey catches the atmosphere of his subject so freshly, with such splendour of composition. Enters Theseus, and at the words a rich and splendid pageant tops the high steps and moves its dignified length along. Claudio pins up his lines to the tomb of Hero, and how gravely the beautiful wrought-ironwork and the solemnity of the rich tomb are pronounced! The scent and air and mood of the scene are caught with a beauty and a perfection of handling that make of these pen-and-ink drawings a series of masterpieces. In "The Tempest" we are in a haunted atmosphere—an atmosphere of voices that speak out of the void—an atmosphere of magic wands and enchantments. In "The Midsummer Night's Dream," Queen Titania moves on gorgeous butterfly wings. In "The Winter's Tale" we are in the very world of ancient classic days. Whatever the background to the play, there we are transported by the magic of this man's deft fingers, and live the life and breathe the air of the place. Edwin Abbey is a very king of illustrators. He reached to fame as almost a young man. Honours come pouring upon him. Every medium yields its secret to his skill. He is at the top of the hill.

AND Sandys! A man no longer young at a time when Abbey was achieving his first successes, he is to-day an old man with his youth's skill and beauty of line in his fingers; yet he is without honours and without fortune; this man who was the peer of Rossetti and Millais and Holman Hunt and Madox Brown and Leighton. His oil paintings of old ladies are part of the high achievement of England. His line in the modelling of the beauty of the head is as young and fresh to-day, as full of exquisite sensitiveness and nervous musical quality as it was in his early manhood. He makes of the coloured chalk a medium that is the despair of artists, a beautiful maker of beautiful things. He has a sense of form which the greatest of the Greeks would have honoured. And yet—by some strange "cussedness" of fortune, by that strange whim of luck that showers or withholds high honours, he is to-day a man of small account as men account success, a man without honours as the world counts honours. There are not half-a-dozen men in the Royal Academy whose work is fit to rank with his high achievement in the illustration of the mid-nineteenth century; not half-a-dozen to approach him in nervous exquisite expression of the harmonious line. He is one of those men fated to be held in high honour when he has passed away for a century or so. Yet perhaps he would give all his future fame for a few years of real appreciation now—of freedom from care—for a little tithe of fame. Happy the man who possesses some of these beautiful things. Happy the woman who, being limned by his hand to-day, shall one day hand her portrait to her

grandchild and say, "When I was young and beautiful like you, Sandys drew this picture of me."

As I think over the Pastel Society's winter show this year, the piece of work that remains in my memory is "Kingston Bridge," by H. M. Livens—the dreamy poetic sense, the mood, the sombre strength, the forceful composition, the grand manner of the thing haunts me. It dominates the memory of all else; yet I can recall the facile mastery of the Frenchman Legrand, the telling portrait of the charming ten-foot high "Mrs. Konody" by Byam Shaw, out of the well-placed and well-spaced work of artists, most of which reaches a remarkably good standard of accomplishment. Altogether a most interesting show.

AN exhibition of contemporary engravings, drawings, and maps, which will give a very complete idea of the aspect of the streets and country which now compose London, and of its inhabitants during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, will be opened at the Fine Art Society's, New Bond Street, to-day (the 20th). Collections have been made by one or two diligent connoisseurs, but have hitherto been seldom shown to the public in panoramic form, as will be the case here. The Society has acquired one of these collections, which has taken over a quarter of a century to put together, and is practically unique as regards water colours and engravings of Hampstead, Highgate and Northern London, but these will not be included in the present exhibition, which deals only with London between the Thames and Regent's Park.

I FANCY the high prices realised for the Bulteel collection of coloured engravings at Christie's last week will make the owners of the like works of art very anxious to put their wares upon the market. When that, to me, rather mediocre plate of Ward's, after Hoppner's "Daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland," wins 600 guineas into the purse of its owner, coloured prints are surely at the zenith of their glory. Wheatley's "Cries of London" seems to be as much sought after as ever. And Bartolozzi's "Honble. Miss Bingham," after Sir Joshua, fetched 320 guineas. Ah! if some of us had only realised years ago what a mine lay in those old family portfolios of engravings that went to the auction-room when the old people died, what delights were ours to-day!

THE new number of the quarterly "Books and Book-Plates" with its delightful cover is out, and is somewhat disappointing as to its book-plates. Surely half-a-crown is a high price for this little magazine!

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University Extension

The Suburban Lecture

THE suburban lecture concerns two widely different individuals. Plainly, he who claims first consideration is the man who finds his home in the suburbs. Lectures at Richmond, for instance, are organised for the benefit of those who live in that town. But while remembering that important point there is another individual to take into account—the Londoner himself. The mother city cannot provide everything—or, at least, everything at once. And what more natural than to turn to the suburbs? What more agreeable to the student to know than that certain courses are being delivered within, say, half an hour's run of the metropolis? There are people who will make light work of an evening journey to such flourishing and up-to-date suburbs as Kingston in order to see a "piece" that does not happen to be "on" at the moment at any of the immediate theatres. Why not so, therefore, with lectures and lecture-goers? Kingston Theatre was built for Kingston just as the Richmond Lecture Hall is intended for Richmond, and if the interest of the moment draws a wider world to the former surely the influence can be extended in the case of the latter.

There is a third individual to be noticed who concerns himself with the suburban lecture, who, blessed with plenty of time, is imbued with a kind of mania for attending lectures of any nature whatever, the primary object in his case being to fill up his "programme" for the day. He is happy if there is a lecture he can attend; will take delight in visiting outlying districts (on a fine afternoon going so far as Barnet or Harrow) and will cheerily penetrate to the gloomiest of halls. Such an one is pursuing what he hopes to be the rightful course to enable him "to burn always with a hard, gem-like flame." Well, perhaps he succeeds, but he is not the individual to concern us for long. There are some, however, whose work will permit them to give up, once a week, say, an afternoon, or failing that, an evening, to some such lecture beyond the limits of their city, that they may participate in a course of mental food which they feel to be necessary. And to these the love of the thing—the charm of the suburban excursion—will follow naturally. For, after all, what is the underlying incentive in the case of that third individual mentioned above (doing his round of the suburbs more for a change of scene and occupation than for any more definite aim) but that fascination of the suburbs sometimes felt by weary Londoners.

Will not this feeling be greater (if perhaps less conscious) if it is first and foremost a specific lecture which has brought you into the suburban belt?—just as you would as readily go out to Whitechapel. You feel justified in your course—how many can truly say that?—it is no mere afternoon jaunt. And this is indeed a phase of Extension work that approaches one more step towards that university life which you have missed, but of which you somehow begin to feel the glamour.

How easy to conceive the ideal! How easy, again, to put into practice that ideal when it only concerns the few. But what a difference when we come to think of the vast majority! I have dwelt rather longer than was well, perhaps, on a pleasant side of educational work. But I had an ideal in my mind. I was thinking of the suburban library with lecture-hall included in it—a lecture-hall full, a library well used; a colony of "extension" students not content till they had quarters of their own (an "extension club"), then to become an off-shoot of the Central Association in the metropolis.

But I must hark back to the real state of affairs, for I was rather hasty in speaking recently of the large number of lecture-courses in the suburbs. They are, in fact, rather neglected. Many "centres" do exist, but without the

attendant work, and at present Hampstead people, for instance, are obliged to resort to the central courses if only for want of anything nearer home. For it is around the immediate "home" that the influence of university extension teaching must be exerted. The average City man will neither stay in the City till eight o'clock, nor return thither after once leaving for the day, however strong the educational magnet. But given an opening for intellectual development in his suburban home, he will value it. Local associations should be started, or if any exist they should make themselves heard.

I hope to show on another occasion that this side of the question is just as important and capable of development in the case of the outlying "centres" around the large provincial towns.

Correspondence

"All-Round Readers"

SIR,—

"... good, sound all-round readers are becoming exceptional, and the spread of education has only increased the thirst for knowledge at second hand."—THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 23 January, 1904.

To my mind this statement is equally as serious as those contained in your issues of January 16, page 63, and January 30, page 115, and I for one consider it is time to call "Halt!"

Do the vast majority of readers confine their attention to newspapers? May I refer you to a letter—of a delightfully healthy tone—published in your issue of 18th April, 1903, from Mr. W. C. Berwick Sayers, sub-librarian, Central Public Library, Bournemouth. It does one good, under the pressure of your reiterated pessimistic statements—given I have not the slightest doubt in good faith—to read in "sober fact" the strenuous life of those Shakespeares and Miltons.

It would be very interesting to have more opinions from a similar source. May it not be allowed that journalism—even from a literary point of view—has been raised to a standard higher than it has ever been, and that having appealed to George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, George Gissing, Andrew Lang, Oliver Lodge, M. Maurice Maeterlinck, to mention but a few names, newspapers may be responsible for many converts to serious reading.

I had the pleasure of reading in a newspaper an article by Hubert Bland on George Gissing, and finished it with the feeling that here at any rate was a formidable recruiting sergeant for sound literature. I hope this extract from the two-column article will be forgiven, as it refers particularly to the point at issue:—

If you want to read Gissing in his most autobiographical mood read "Born in Exile." It will not "amuse" you, but I think I can promise that it will impress you, impress you with a sense of the writer's power, of his acute psychological observation, and above all, it will enable you to understand, if not to sympathise with the temperament of the man.

Now if but a few of the average men are induced to read such an article as this (and as an appreciation of George Gissing's work I have yet to see its equal in any English literary paper), may they not be firmly directed to the most convenient book shop? Would this be unprofitable reading? On my way home, according to wont, I dropped in the unobtrusive bookshop of Mr. Hill Blacklow—the name by which he is known to the writer—and the education rate collector—is no necessity here. I had a special interest in calling to-day for I was to become the possessor of Lionel Johnson's "The Art of Thomas Hardy." Our book chat had received more than its usual share of interruptions—for business was brisk to-day—and my book and I were already at the door when from behind a goodly heap of assorted literature came the voice of Mr. Hill Blacklow: "Seen to-day's 'Daily Wonder'?" I had fled.—Yours, &c.,

O. GOWAN.

"Shakespeare and Bacon"

SIR,—About Bacon's lack of the "poetical faculty" Dr. Stolz is positively certain. "I like English poetry," he says, "but Bacon is too dry, without fancy, for me to name him a poet." I am afraid I may once more wound the susceptibilities of the foreigner by mentioning the fact that a certain English poet named Shelley once disagreed with the opinions expressed by Dr. Stolz, when he said, "Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and

majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect;" and James Spedding, Bacon's greatest biographer, put it on record that "I infer from this sample that Bacon had all the natural faculties which a poet wants—a fine ear for metre, a fine feeling for imaginative effect in words, and a vein of poetic passion." Then a poet called Bulwer Lytton ventured to write about Bacon: "Poetry pervaded the thoughts, it inspired the similes, it hymned in the majestic sentences of the wisest of mankind." While even Macaulay declared: "The poetical faculty was great in Bacon's mind."

Then, we are informed, Bacon had no "fancy." Answer from Walter Savage Landor: "The little volume of Bacon's 'Essays' exhibits not only more strength of mind, more true philosophy, but more originality, more fancy, more imagination, than all the volumes of Plato."

Next we have the Dr. Stolz dictum: "Never a philosopher was regarded as a poet." Answer from Coleridge: "Bacon was not only a great poet, but he was also a great philosopher." The poet comes before the philosopher.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE STRONACH.

SIR,—I was rather sorry to notice the revival of the Bacon-Shakespeare question in THE ACADEMY. Mr. Stronach, I believe, fought for the Baconians in your columns several months ago, and he does not seem convinced by any of the very excellent arguments then brought forward against him. It is impossible to argue on this question, because it is merely a matter of artistic perception. It seems inconceivable to me that any cultured man should be found on the side of the Baconians. Cryptograms and bilateral ciphers are, of course, nothing but nonsense. The question can only be settled by a comparison of the works of Shakespeare and of Bacon. Here we find convincing evidence to hand. No man in his right senses can hold that the verse which Bacon has left us was written by the man who wrote Shakespeare's plays. Those middle-period comedies of Shakespeare, where the outsidings of life (untouched by any brooding light of mystery) provide the themes, could not have been written by a man of Bacon's temperament. Bacon had no such delight in beauty for its own sake. He could not regard the tale as the thing. His was the philosophical mind. His delight was to raise some vast moral issue or to reach the last subtlety of psychological delineation.

There are three different aspects of life which one never finds united in one writer—the ideals of truth, beauty, and goodness. Truth is the ideal of the philosopher; beauty is the ideal of the true poet or artist; and goodness the ideal of the moralist. A great deal of one of these and a touch of another may be found in one man. In Bacon himself it seems to me that we have a great deal of the philosopher's ideal of truth combined with a touch of the ideal of goodness. Beauty is not his chief ideal, as it is with Shakespeare, and must be with all true poets and other artists. The temperament of Bacon, therefore, is almost the very opposite of the temperament of Shakespeare.

This, as I have said above, is merely a matter of artistic feeling. But, as such evidence is not enough for Baconians we must find something further.

Mr. Stronach will acknowledge, I suppose, that we can see from his plays that Shakespeare was of a very Catholic temperament. He was, above all, a Humanist. Whether he approved of democracy or not we cannot say. Most probably he never thought about it at all. In "Coriolanus" Shakespeare does not treat the people ungenerally. He recognises that their feelings are generally right, though their view of facts is often perverted by interests or stupidity. In a word, he recognises that their hearts are as sound as their heads are volatile. With all this I believe that Mr. Stronach will agree.

Now take Bacon. He is far too grave to be a true Humanist. Hence we actually find him saying: "I do not love the word people." One of his chief characteristics is a lack of sympathy for the popular mind—a flagrant dislike of all democracy. Bacon lived in the Court, and he wrote as one writing for courtiers and nobles.

Mr. Stronach asks, "Where did the man of Stratford get his culture?" I might suggest that he got it chiefly from the book of the world and not only from the world of books. There is nothing really erudite in Shakespeare. His plays are more like the spontaneous outpourings of an artistic imagination than the laborious lucubrations of a great intellect. Apologising for so long a letter.—Yours, &c.,

One Oak, Ilkley.

R. B. APPLETON.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED.]

Clough and Tennyson

SIR,—In regard to the authorship of the lines "Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," I send you the following: "In treating of friendship, love, and marriage I shall confine my remarks to the general tenor of them, to that cautious family prudence, to those confined views of partial, unenlightened affection which exclude pleasure and improvement by vainly wishing to ward off sorrow—and thus by guarding the heart and mind destroy all their energy. It is far better to be often deceived than never to trust; to be disappointed in love than never to love." "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," 1792, by Mary Wollstonecraft. Shelley. Vol. I.

I think this the origin of the thought in both Clough's and Tennyson's lines.—Yours, &c.,

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, U.S.A.

SIR,—As you printed my question, you will, I am sure, allow me space to express my regret at the turn taken by the discussion. A correspondent in the "Daily Express" at once raised the old bogey of plagiarism. I had never previously doubted that in his verses Clough was avowedly and deliberately imitating Tennyson. I cannot now believe in Mr. Churton Collins' suggestion of "unconscious" echoing. Unless my memory is playing me false, it is, I feel sure, not a mere conjecture but a recorded fact that Clough read "In Memoriam" before it was published. In "Peschiera" he adopted the same metre—then little known—he modelled his style on Tennyson's, and he chose as the key-note of his piece a variant of two of "In Memoriam's" most striking lines. Surely he intended his verses to be an example of the imitation that is described as the sincerest form of flattery. The purpose of my question was to find out if Clough inadvertently published his poem before Tennyson's great work appeared.

I have an additional reason for regretting that I have unintentionally caused some to accuse Clough of plagiarism. I cannot help feeling that he is just now suffering undue depreciation. No doubt at one time he was absurdly over-praised, but since Mr. Swinburne's vigorous denunciation, Clough has been the target for many sneers. References such as that which occurred in THE ACADEMY a few weeks ago are not pleasant for those who believe, like myself, that in spite of his many defects the author of "Qua cursum ventus" had a genuine lyrical gift.—Yours, &c.,

Blackheath, S.E.

W. ALDERSEY LEWIS.

University Extension

SIR,—The campaign of Dr. Emil Reich for the popularising of bibliographical methods is one which must meet with the approval of all students. The reader on his first visit to the British Museum is appalled by the enormous mass of the General Catalogue. Even after frequenting the Reading Room for many years few readers attain to anything more than a bowing acquaintance with the bibliographical helps so (comparatively) lavishly provided for their use. I honestly believe that the number of readers who are fully able to use the resources of the museum might be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Just one word in reference to the first question put to Dr. Reich. Why not go direct to P. B. Watson's Bibliography of the Pre-Columbian discoveries of America? This seems a more direct method than working from the Chinese end of the question.—Yours, &c.,

St. Bride Foundation.

R. A. PEDDIE.

SIR,—Many of your readers must have been gratified to notice the increased space you have been devoting in the columns of THE ACADEMY to the University Extension movement. It synchronizes happily with the strong effort the University of London has recently made to extend the scope of the Extension lectures by adding a real continuity to the various series. Hitherto it has been frequently urged that the promoters of the movement never quite appreciated the large number of men and women who would welcome any scheme which aimed at systematizing their general reading. A series of eight or ten lectures upon one of the physical sciences or an important literary epoch made no appeal to such a class. The courses upon general history now in progress at the University of London, however, exactly meet the need. They are designed to cover a period of three years, which is sufficient to permit of a comprehensive view of at least the chief features of universal history. The breadth of the subject necessitates the main problems of literature and art being kept continually in mind. It must be evident how thoroughly this is in accord with the spirit that should actuate the Extension movement. The amateur scholar is constantly happening upon some analogy which

illuminates his particular hobby. Above all he is provided with the definite aim favourable to a steady course of reading which, to quote from your current editorial note, "braces the whole mental being."—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST H. SHORT.

80, Fleet Street, E.C.

SIR,—I am sure that I am voicing a wide-spread opinion when I say that you have done great service to the work of the University Extension scheme in publishing the useful articles which have appeared in recent issues. Nothing is needed so much as to arouse and to stimulate attention to a work which has lagged behind in many provincial centres merely for lack of a strong lead. I note the formation of a Central Association of U.E. Students from an advertisement in your pages and trust that this organisation may be able to extend its operations and form provincial centres to follow up the lectures which are from time to time given. For London such an organisation is invaluable. There is scope, however, for work outside the metropolis. The larger centres and towns are now equipped in most cases with museums and art galleries, whilst the Carnegie libraries have been no mean addition to resources by the smaller towns. How to use these institutions is still a lesson to be taught.—Yours, &c.,

W. GAVIZZE KING.

Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society

SIR,—In view of the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee, the Council of the Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society, of 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C., have in preparation a volume giving the history of the early stages of the movement.

May I be allowed to ask your readers to send to me any reports, letters of interest, illustrations, newspaper cuttings, or any information bearing upon this work in the past, which will tend to make the record complete and add to the interest of this earliest organised movement to deal with the condition of the slum child.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN KIRK, Secretary.

A Correction

SIR,—In the interesting article on the "Kelmescott Press" in THE ACADEMY of February 6, an unintentional mistake was made by the writer, Mr. Ernest Radford.

There exist two libraries at the St. Bride Institute—the official institute *librarian* being myself, and the present *acting-librarian* of the technical library department only is the gentleman named by Mr. Radford, i.e., Mr. R. A. Peddie.—Yours, &c.,

St. Bride Foundation.

F. W. T. LANGE.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music, and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

The prizes will consist of 5s. worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller as early as possible in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood, and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5s.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No Questions or Answers received after Monday will be considered eligible for the current week's competition.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE

*"THE JESSAMY BRIDE."—Was this name, given by Goldsmith to his friend Mary Horneck, a nickname of his own, or was it a character in an early play, and was it taken by him, and applied, as describing her sweet, graceful appearance? In Forster's "Life of Goldsmith," I find it spoken of as "a nickname." In Professor

Masson's introduction to Goldsmith's "Works," Globe Edition, I find that he *invented* the name "Little Comedy" for the elder sister, but Masson speaks of the younger as "The Jessamy Bride," as Goldsmith called her. Can someone tell me if Goldsmith originated the sweet nickname?—C. C.

CARLYLE.—Can any reader tell me where in Carlyle's works the lines are to be found, beginning:—

"So here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think,—wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?"

Are they original, or a translation from the German?—M. A. C.

"SPRING IN ENGLAND."—Will some reader locate me the following quotation: "Give me back one day in England, for it's Spring in England now"? I do not refer to Browning's lines in the same spirit.—M. (London).

AUTHOR WANTED.—Can any of your readers tell me anything about the couplet which I quote from memory:—

"Though the day be never so long,
At length it ringeth to Evensong?"

I believe I read it many years ago in Southey's "Book of the Church," but I have not been able to verify the quotation. I am under the impression that it dates from the sixteenth century.—H. B. F.

AURORA LEIGH.—

"He stood
In Florence where he had come to spend a month
And note the secret of Da Vinci's drains."

Da Vinci visited Florence, and was renowned as engineer as well as artist. Do these words refer to his technical skill as an engineer, and if so what was "the secret"? Or have they some inner and less evident meaning?—A. L. G.

*AN OLD CHARADE.—In a small book—privately printed, I believe—containing reminiscences of Jane Austen, some charades written by her or other members of the Austen family appeared. All had answers appended except one, which the editor gives as still waiting its solution:—

"Without me divided, fair ladies, I ween,
At a ball or a concert you'll never be seen,
You must do me together, or safely I'd swear,
Whatever your carriage, you'll never get there."

Can any of your readers furnish a plausible answer?—F. (Cambridge).

AUTHOR WANTED.—

"His soul is at one with the reason of things that is sap to the roots.
He can hear in their changes a sound as the conscience of consonant
spheres;
He can see through the years flowing round him the — (?) lying
under the years."

—H. C. P.

UNRHYMED VERSE.—Prior to Collins' "Ode to Evening" and Kirke White's "Lines on an Early Primrose," are there any similar distinguished efforts of unrhythmed verse following the same measure?—H. R. S.

GENERAL

FINGER NAILS.—When I was a child I was told that the white marks which appear from time to time at the roots of the finger nails and grow up with the nails, signified the following, respectively: counting from the thumb:—

"A gift, a friend, a foe
A letter to write, and a journey to go."

What is the origin of this idea?—Haltand.

DAISIES.—Many references are made in modern poets to the attribute of still life possessed in some strange measure by the daisy. I give one or two instances:—

"Now resteth that unquiet head
Beneath the quiet daisies."
"A Life Drama"—Abe Smith.
"Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow—
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow."

Is there any scientific verification of this attribute?—H. R. S.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.—Was Thomas à Kempis ever canonized? I am under the impression that he was not, though I quite feel that he was more worthy than many who were. I ask the question because in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE last week, there is a picture of a "Monument to St. Thomas à Kempis at Zwolle."—H. B. F. (Hastings).

Answers

LITERATURE

DEDICATIONS.—The dedication of books is exhaustively treated in Mr. Henry B. Wheatley's "Dedication of Books to Patron and Friend, &c.," published in "The Book-Lover's Library," by Elliott Stock, in 1887. Another book which should be consulted is Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's "Prefaces, Dedications, Epistles, selected from Early English Books, &c.," printed for private circulation (50 copies only) in 1874.—Henry T. Folkard (Wigan).

ORIGIN OF RHYME.—Rhyme was not used either by Kelts or by the early Norsemen, and, as an accompaniment of verse, cannot be traced farther back among European nations than to the rymours of Normandy, the troubadours of Provence, the minnesingers of Germany, and the monks, who, after the fall of the Roman Empire, added rhyming terminations to the Latin metres which were chanted or sung in the Church service. The early Anglo-Saxon poetry is without rhymes, but it is sometimes used in the later. The early Spanish ballads sometimes have rhymes, sometimes only assonances, and sometimes, as in the old romance "The Cid," are without either.—A. R. B.

"PROSERPINA."—The story will be found in Ovid's "Metamorphoses," Lib. v.:

"Quo dum Proserpina luco
Ludit, et aut violas, aut candida lilia carpit;
Dumque puellari studio calathosque vinumque
Implet, et ocellales certat superare legendos;
Pene simul viva est, dilectaque, raptaque Diti:
Usque adeo prope amor. Deo terribilis moesta
Et matrem, et comites, sed matrem vapius, ore
Clamat; et utrumvis vestem laniarat ab ora,
Collecti flores lunicis cecidere remissis."

It is interesting to notice the words in italics (including the proper name "Dis") occur in the Shakespeare passage, suggesting that the poet had these very lines in his mind. Further on we have the "wagon" (currus).—Index.

"DOGBERRY."—The misapplication of words seems to have originated with Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Lost," with the flattering burlesque of the illiterate who vain would, but cannot, speak impressively in the person of "Dull, a Constable." See also the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (Launce) and "Henry V." (the Hostess). Shillaber's "Mrs. Partington" and Sketchley's "Mrs. Brown" have apparently exhausted the "funny" capacities so far as further imitations are concerned.—S. C.

"TERPANDER'S BIRD."—In Messrs. Smith, Elder's complete edition of Browning's works, in 2 vols., a footnote explains: "Terpander, a famous Lesbian musician and lyric poet B.C. 670." Classical dictionaries add that his birth-place, Antissa, was famous for its nightingales.—S. C.

"SILURIST."—Henry Vaughan, "Silurist" poet, 1632-1695, assumed the title of "Silurist," which had a geographical meaning. "Silures," Aubrey states, "contained Brecknockshire, Herefordshire, &c." ("Aubrey's Lives").—Henry T. Folkard.

[Similar replies from M. A. C., C. R. S. (Bury), and S. C. (Hove).]

AUTHOR FOUND.—The author of the quotation—

"Farewell, may no thought pierce thy breast of thy treason,
Farewell and be happy in Hubert's embrace," &c. &c.,

is Andrew Lang. It occurs in his "Essays in Little" in the essay on Thomas Haynes Bailey.—F. E. G.

GENERAL

GENERAL WADE.—General Wade—the same who commanded the English Army in the rebellion of '45—was sent in 1724 to reconnoitre the Highlands, and his report to the English Government as to the measures he considered necessary for the civilization of the country resulted in his being appointed Commander-in-Chief in Scotland. In 1738 he commenced the construction of those important military roads which brought the inmost fastnesses in the North and West of Scotland within touch of the rest of Great Britain. His engineering triumphs are recorded in the historic bull—

"Had you seen these roads before they were made
You would lift up you hands and bless General Wade,"

which was inscribed on an obelisk which formerly stood on the road between Inverness and Inverary. Forty stone bridges were also built by Wade's "highway-men," as he facetiously termed his working soldiers.—M. A. C.

[Similar replies from C. R. S. (Bury) and H. R. S.]

*"CHURCH WINDOW."—The conceit is evidently a rather too literal interpretation of our Lord's repeated adjuration: "Except ye become as one of these, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," "Ye must be born again," &c.—H. R. S.

THE GLASSENURRY THORN.—Glassebury, now Glastonbury, is near Wells in Somersetshire, in the ancient Isle of Avalon. It is said to be the site of the first British Christian settlement. Legend tells how, after the Crucifixion and burial of the Lord Jesus, Joseph of Arimathea, with twelve companions, set out from Jerusalem, bearing with them the holy Grael, and coming to the Isle of Avalon, received from the heathen prince Arvirgus—

"an isle of marsh whereon to build,
And there he built with wattles from the marsh
A little lonely church."

And planting there his staff as a sign that his pilgrimage was over, it took root, and throwing out leaves and shoots, became a tree of thorn, which every year as Christmas Day came round burst into blossom, caring not for snow or frost, in perpetual remembrance of the Infant Christ.—M. A. C.

[Similar replies from C. R. S. (Bury) and H. B. F. (Hastings).]

*"COUNTING-OUT" VERSE.—Ena, dena, diner, &c., are corrupted forms of the Welsh numerals; but no two versions ever agree fully, and are variously known as drover's sheep scoring numbers, put mnemonically and self adapted to individual usage. I met with them at a Kentish preparatory school seventy years ago; but they were first publicly discussed by the late Mr. A. J. Ellis; see THE ACADEMY for February 1874. For comparison, the following list may suffice:—Ena, den, diner; oin (Irish), dan (Irish), teora (Irish), un (Welsh), dou (Welsh), tri (Welsh); ein (German), tein, tethera; in, tin, tethera; aina, tyan, tethera; yan, taen, tedderte; yaena, taena, teddera. These were all taken down orally from illiterate men, but the family likeness is well preserved.—A. Hall.

[Reply also from L. F. (Oxford).]

*"COUNTING-OUT" VERSES.—My childish version of the old "counting-out" rhyme differed slightly from that of "Pet Marjorie," being longer and more elaborate. It was as follows:—

"Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven;
Alibi, crackaby, ten and eleven;
Pin, pan, musky-dan,
Twiddle-um, twoddle-um, twenty-one;
Black fish, white trout,
Korie, orie, I say,
That you shall be put out
Of this G, A, M, E,
Which spells game game, game."

It never occurred to me to wonder how I had learnt the odd old jingle.—F. A. H.

*NOT FIT TO HOLD A CANDLE.—Your correspondent "M. T." (Ilkley) is wrong in attributing to Byron the epigram on Handel and Buononcini. Its author is John Byrom (1692-1763), poet and stenographer.—M. A. C.

NOTE.—Several correspondents send questions which are readily answered by reference to the "National Dictionary of Biography," or similarly easily accessible works in any public library. Others ask for well-known lines from authors which should be in every private library, giving as an excuse that they have for the moment escaped their memory. There is no space in these columns for such questions.

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the four booksellers whose names follow:—

Mr. Elijah Johnson, 30, Trinity Street, Cambridge.
Mr. Alex. Black, 18, Island Street, Galashiels, N.B.
Messrs. Crowe and Brash, 92, Heaton Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Messrs. Miles and Co., 95, Upper Street, Islington, N.

STATEMENTS have been circulating to the effect that the recent issue of Second Debenture Stock by the British Electric Traction Company, Limited, was not a success, and the price of the Shares has been falling in consequence. As a matter of fact the issue was entirely underwritten by responsible Firms, and the failure of the Public to take up the whole of the Stock offered does not affect the financial position of the Company in the least degree, as of course it will get its capital just as if the Public had subscribed for the whole issue.

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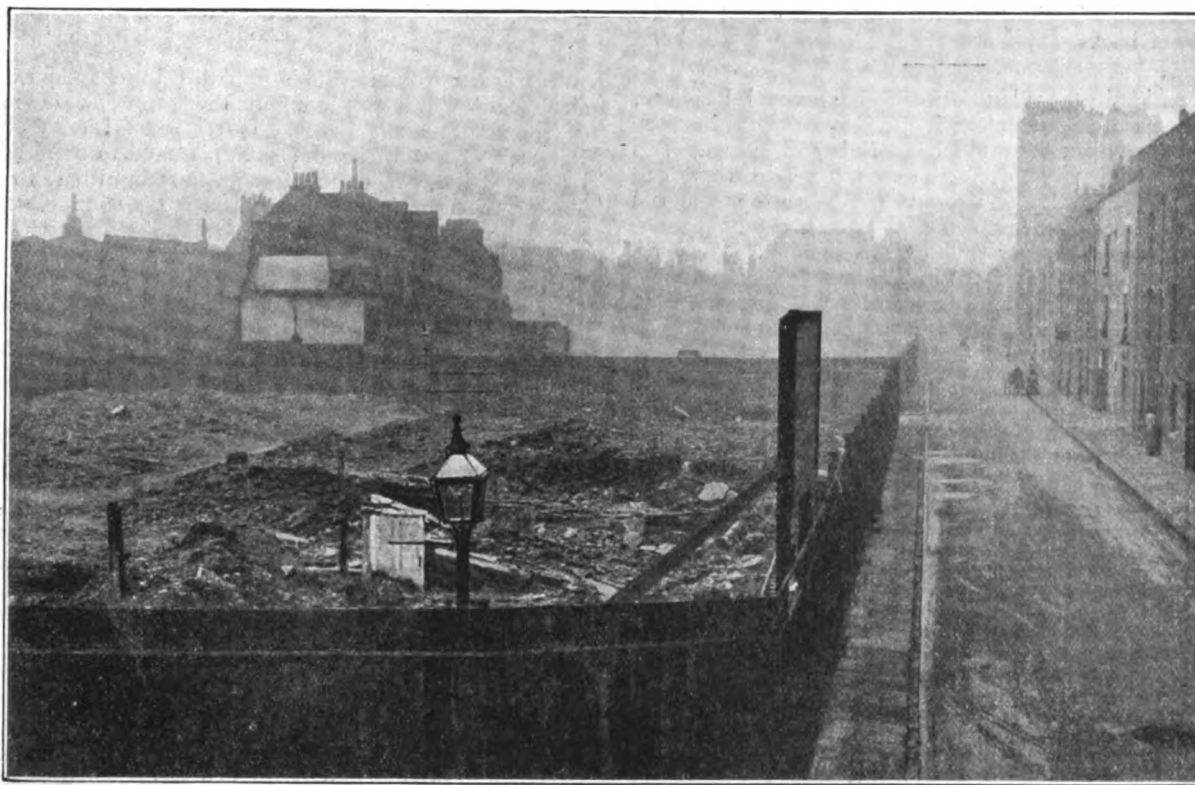
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Literary Notes

THE movement for an adequate memorial to Shakespeare in London bids fair to prove successful, if we may judge from the energy and enthusiasm of those who have the matter in hand and at heart. I take this opportunity of correcting an error in last week's notes on this subject: the name of the gentleman who has already generously promised large monetary assistance should have been given as Mr. Richard Badger.

would neither live nor last, we have enough theatres already at which, if need be, Shakespeare representations could now and again be organised. A Shakespeare theatre would be a commercial enterprise, holding forth no possibility of financial success.

THE institute suggested in last week's ACADEMY would, I believe, both live and last. I see it in my mind's eye as a



ONE OF THE SUGGESTED SITES FOR THE LONDON SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL

[Photo. Booker and Sullivan, Chancery Lane.]

THERE will, of course, be differences of opinion as to what will be the best form for the memorial to take, but such differences will surely cease when some definite scheme has been carefully elaborated and put before the public; then all, whatever may be their private pet projects, must heartily support the scheme adopted. For my own part I desire to see a *living, lasting* memorial; a statue will last, but once unveiled will rapidly descend into a mere item in guide-books, visited by a few Londoners, stray Americans and other visitors. A theatre

centre of Shakespeare enthusiasm and scholarship, a meeting place for students and a proud possession of London citizens. I trust I shall be forgiven for going somewhat into detail. First of all as to architecture: can there be any doubt that the building should be in Tudor style, such a building as Shakespeare must have seen in his own London? Then as to accommodation: a good entrance hall, which might be decorated with replicas of the statues and busts of the poet; then sufficient rooms for a library, galleries for pictures, accommodation for the

librarian and keeper, and spare ground for future extension. In the library should be gathered together all editions of the plays and poems, works of every character dealing with them and books treating of Shakespeare's London. In the picture gallery and museum copies of the portraits of Shakespeare, portraits of critics, commentators and players, pictures, maps, plans and relics of Shakespeare's London. The large gallery should be sufficiently commodious to seat a considerable audience for costume recitals of the plays, for meetings of societies, lectures, assemblies and so forth.

THEN the stern money side of the question. If a demand be made by a large body of representative citizens the London County Council, it is to be hoped, would see its way to make a grant of sufficient ground out of that now being cleared between Westminster and Lambeth, for the Shakespeare Institute should look out upon Shakespeare's beloved Thames. Then money will be wanted for the building and for an endowment fund for maintenance, salary of the librarian and keeper, &c., &c.; £200 or £300 a year from the County Council would not be felt by the ratepayers, but would break the back of the necessary endowment; a further source of income would be the letting of the large gallery to associations, Shakespeare societies and other bodies, and a small fee—6d.—might be charged to visitors to the galleries. The library should be under much the same regulations as the British Museum. A separate fund would probably have to be raised for the purchase of books.

SUCH an institute as that outlined above would, I believe, prove beneficial and popular; its usefulness would increase from year to year; it would be a *living* memorial. But whatever scheme it be decided to put forward, there can be no question that London should have a worthy memorial of her greatest citizen, a memorial of the man, the poet, the dramatist, the actor and of his London. We have many splendid buildings still in our midst which adorned Elizabethan London, as recent illustrations in THE ACADEMY have shown; few are the passers-by who even glance at them, thinking that Shakespeare looked upon them too. Fewer still are those who realise how much we know of Shakespeare's London, how detailed is the knowledge of it we can obtain from contemporary books and pamphlets, maps and views, and for the right understanding of Shakespeare's plays an intimate knowledge of Shakespeare's London is essential. Therefore it is fitting that this proposed memorial should be a memorial not only of the great citizen but of the great city in which he dwelt.

I GIVE, on the previous page, a view of one of the sites suggested for the Shakespeare Memorial: it is close to Lambeth Bridge; the view is taken looking from the river, Romney Street is on the right and Horseferry Road is to the left, outside the picture. There is another possible site to the north of Romney Street, larger some three times than that in our view.

STILL in regard to the Shakespeare memorial, I regret to see that Mr. Sidney Lee has lent the weight of his name to the proposal to found a Shakespeare theatre and school of dramatic art. Such a scheme is not a memorial in the ordinary sense of the word, but a commercial undertaking of a very risky nature. As to the site, Mr. Lee renews the old suggestion of selecting a position in Kingsway; has he considered the cost? He admits the scheme to be expensive and adds to the cost by making the impractical suggestion that the scene storehouse, &c., should be attached to the playhouse! Why waste money thus? The idea of a repertoire theatre should be kept

quite distinct from that of the Shakespeare memorial. One more point: does Mr. Lee really believe that he can see Shakespeare better acted in France than in England?

THE First Annual Meeting of the London Shakespeare League was held on Tuesday, the 23rd, a large number of members being present. The chair was taken by Mr. T. Fairman Ordish. Next week I hope to refer in detail to the League and its work.

DWELLERS by the Clyde are intensely proud of the place their turbid river has taken in the annals of steam navigation, and two books which are to be issued in the spring should give them some justification for their pride. One of these is "The Rise and Progress of the Clyde Passenger Steamer during the Nineteenth Century," written by Captain James Williamson, the manager of the Caledonian Steam Packet Company, who will begin his narrative with the paddle-propelled steamer "Comet," launched in 1812, and associated with the name of Henry Bell, and will close it with the description of the turbine "King Edward," launched in 1901. Between these dates he will have to chronicle the building of over 300 steamers for the Clyde passenger service alone; but the volume will be relieved from technical dryness by the author's reminiscences of men and of the growth of the towns along the coast following on their increased accessibility by steamboat.

THE other volume is biographical in character, but it also will exhibit a phase in the evolution of marine engineering on the Clyde. It is "The Life of Robert Napier," written by Mr. James Napier, and to be published by Messrs. Blackwood. The claim to recognition of Robert Napier, the Dumbarton blacksmith, is not so much that he made the reputation of the river as an engineering centre, as that in the capacity to which he subsequently rose, of adviser to the Admiralty, he counselled the discarding of wooden vessels for the Navy and their replacement by iron ships, of which the first were built by his own firm. The sailor is proverbially superstitiously conservative and the introduction of iron ships was strenuously opposed; but perhaps we must go to America for the concrete objection to the change. Admiral Farragut, the commander of the Federal Western Gulf Squadron, was urged by his government to use an iron ship, but he resolutely refused, saying he declined to "be sent to hell in a tea-kettle."

AN addition to the growing catalogue of books treating of place-names is likewise promised by Messrs. Blackwood in the "Influence of the Pre-Reformation Church on Scottish Place-Names." The author is Mr. J. M. Mackinlay, and his aim has been to trace the influence of the Church in local nomenclature in the light of philology, history, topography, ecclesiology and folk-lore. The great bulk of the material of which the volume will be made up has already appeared as newspaper articles.

THE Glasgow Society of Artists, a small body of the younger art-workers of the city which has Mr. John Hassall for president, has a dainty little show at present open in Sauchiehall Street. The exhibits number just over seventy, and are marked by a high standard of excellence, with here and there an evidence of the extravagance of youth. Not a few of the exhibitors are ladies, including Miss Bessie Macnicol, Miss Jessie King, Miss H. Paxton Brown and Miss D. Carleton Smith. Mr. Hassall shows his "All the King's Horses and all the King's Men," Mr. Tom Browne has two pictures, and other leading exhibitors are Mr. Harry Spence, Mr. R. Russell Macnee and the brothers Orr.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH has practically recovered from his recent illness, and although not as strong as he would like to be, is much more himself again than he has been for some time past. He is still staying with his daughter, Mrs. Sturgis, at Leatherhead, and on fine days may often be met in the streets of the little town usually driving in a donkey-chair. Mr. Meredith is not now writing and indeed does not intend devoting himself to hard work for some time to come.

"THE AWAKENING OF MRS. CARSTAIRS" is the title of a novel which will be issued next month by Mr. Morton, of Edinburgh. The authoress, who chooses to be known as Olivia Roy, is, we understand, the wife of a well-known author moving in London literary and artistic circles. The story tells, in diary form, of the awakening, by another man, of the emotions of a young woman whose marriage was based on no deeper feeling than friendship for the man who was her husband. The identity of Olivia Roy is likely to cause some speculation.

THE large number of letters written to THE ACADEMY, expressing thanks for the articles recently printed therein upon University Extension, testify to the general sense that though much has been accomplished much more remains to be done. Apparently it is felt that although lectures are very good things in their way they are not the beginning and end of education; it is felt that something should be done to organise students and to make learning for them living and interesting. Also it is felt that although there are already many centres there should be many more, that there should be more continuity in the teaching and that every effort should be made to teach those in outlying districts as well as those in the great centres; also that an endeavour should be made to render practically useful for educational purposes the large number of museums and free libraries with which the country is studded.

How are these aims to be achieved? First, by more complete organisation, by turning into one main stream the many scattered efforts which are already at work; London, Oxford, Cambridge, Birmingham, Manchester and other centres should work together. The Central Association of University Extension Students has made a good start upon this work of unification and if it meets with the support it deserves should soon become the unifying body which is required. Already amongst its supporters are Lord Reay, its President, Lord Avebury, Sir Martin Conway (Cambridge), Dr. Emil Reich, the Bishop of Ripon, Sir Henry Roscoe, and Mr. T. H. Warren (President of Magdalen College). The good work of utilising our public collections has been started by Dr. Emil Reich and Major Martin Hume in their lectures at the British Museum.

BUT to be successful this Association must become the head of a national not of a local movement, and those who are willing to assist in increasing the scope and usefulness of the University Extension movement will be well advised to put themselves in immediate touch with the Central Association. Full details of its objects and the work it has already accomplished can be obtained from the honorary secretary, Mr. Max Judge, 7, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

MR. GEORGE MOORE makes some quaint "avowals" in this month's "Pall Mall Magazine." It would take too long and possibly not prove edifying to discuss all his statements, but to one or two of the most curious I may be forgiven for drawing attention. For "The Imaginary

Portraits" Mr. Moore would give all Browning; luckily he has not the power to do so. Then we read, "I think Fielding was the first English author about whom it can be said that he sat down to write for money." Of course Mr. Moore may say anything he likes, but no one can accept the truth of the above wild statement; let us remember Shakespeare and his fellow playwrights; did they write for art's sake alone? Thackeray "seems to us to-day no more than an eminently respectable and commonplace person"; dear, dear! "The English novel began with Fielding and ended with Jane Austen"; again, dear, dear! But really Mr. Moore must not poke fun at us in this way, he should remember that some of his readers may take his funning for earnest.

It is not often the case that the loss of one man throws a shadow over so wide an area of the intellectual field as did the death of S. Arthur Strong at the early age of forty. Librarian of the House of Lords, as well as to the Dukes of Devonshire and Portland, Professor of Arabic at University College, London, as well as Lecturer in Assyriology there and at Cambridge, his official duties were many and exacting. He had devoted no small amount of work to Oriental studies. He published in 1891, for the Pali Text Society, the *editio princeps* of the Mahā Bodhi Vamsa, a difficult but valuable history written in Pali prose of the so-called Tree of Wisdom. Soon after this important work was finished, Mr. Strong devoted his attention more closely to Arabic and Assyriology. In the "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society" there appeared, in 1891 and 1892, several articles on Assyrian Texts, in which he showed a mastery of the subject. To the new series of the "Records of the Past," edited by Professor Sayce, he contributed a number of translations. To the "Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology" he contributed, in Vol. XVI., 1894, a note on a fragment of the Adapa-Legend; in Vol. XVII., 1895, an additional note on the Adapa-Legend, some Assyrian Alliterative Texts. To "Delitzsch and Haupt's Beiträge zur Assyriologie," Vol. II., he sent a valuable article on Some Oracles to Esarhaddon and Assurbanipal, 1894. To the "Assyrian and Babylonian Record" he sent A Prayer of Assurbanipal and Three Cuneiform Texts, in 1892. The "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society" for 1895 contains the Arabic text of a history of Kilwa, with a critical introduction and analysis. The text of the "Futūḥ al Habashah, or Conquest of Abyssinia by Shihāb al Dīn Ahmad," was published in 1894; and for some time before his death Mr. Strong is known to have engaged upon an edition of an Arabic history of Jakenak, Sultan of Egypt.

THESE published works would constitute a creditable record by themselves, but as noticed in The Times of January 19, Mr. Strong was also contributing to widely different branches of literature and art. The present writer had the privilege of attending for a short while his Cambridge lectures on Assyriology and was struck with his exceptional teaching ability. He knew exactly where to distinguish the difficulty inherent in the subject from that due to ignorance or insufficient preparation. Hence every lesson was a real stride forward in the acquisition of knowledge. He never lost his interest in classics which had been his subject for his degree.

AMONGST others controlled by the International Copyright Bureau are works by Goldberger, Bishenden, Arthur Schnitzler and other well-known continental authors and playwrights.

Bibliographical

IT may be of some interest and utility if, with reference to the lamented death of Sir Leslie Stephen, I give a chronological list—fairly complete, I think—of his published volumes or brochures. The first and second of these, apparently, belong to the year 1865, in which he issued "Sketches from Cambridge, by a Don," and "'The Times' on the American War." After these came the following works, large and small: "The Playground of Europe" (1871, re-issued 1894 and 1899), "Free Thinking and Plain Speaking" (1873), "Hours in a Library" (in three series, 1874, 1876, and 1879, re-issued 1892), "The History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" (1876, third edition 1902), "Johnson" (in "English Men of Letters" series, 1878), "Pope" (in the same series, 1880), "The Science of Ethics" (1882), "Swift" (in the "English Men of Letters" series, 1882), "Life of Henry Fawcett" (1885), "What is Materialism?" (1886), "An Agnostic's Apology and other Essays" (1893, re-issued 1903), "Social Rights and Duties" (1893), "Life of Sir James F. Stephen" (1895), "Studies of a Biographer" (1898 and 1902), "The English Utilitarians" (1900), "Religion and Ethics" (1900), "George Eliot" (in the "English Men of Letters" series, 1902), and "English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century" (1904). He wrote, further, a prefatory chapter to the works of Samuel Richardson (1883), a biographical preface to Margaret Veley's "A Marriage of Shadows" (1888), a memoir of J. D. Campbell prefixed to his "Coleridge" (1896), a prefatory note to E. Legouis' "Early Life of Wm Wordsworth" (1897), an introduction to James Payn's "The Backwater of Life" (1899), an "In Memoriam" for the memoir of George Smith, the publisher (1902), and an introduction to "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" (1903). He was the editor of the works of Fielding (1882), W. K. Clifford's "Lectures and Essays" (1886, re-issued 1901), and the "Letters of J. R. Green" (1901). I need not dwell upon his editorship of the "Cornhill" and "The Dictionary of National Biography," and I do not profess to record his fugitive contributions to periodical literature.

I remember being rather taken with a little two-stanza lyric which appeared in Mr. Ernest Myers' volume of "Poems" in 1877. It ran as follows:—

Stay me no more; the flowers have ceased to blow,
The frost begun;
Stay me no more; I will arise and go,
My dream is done.
My feet are set upon a sterner way,
And I must on;
Love, thou hast dwelt with me a summer day,
Now, Love, begone.

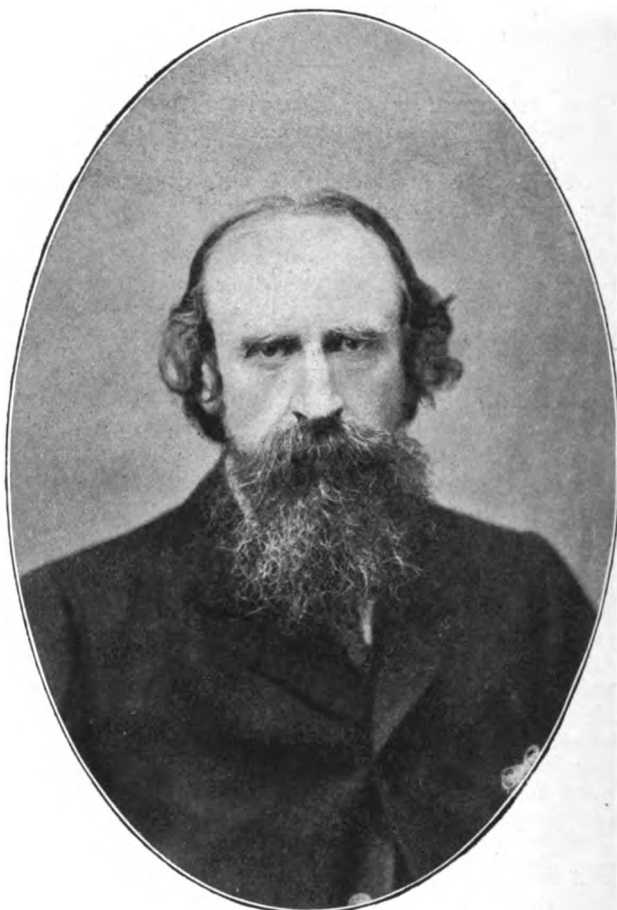
I was a young man at the time, and this pleased me. Now, in my middle age, I open the "Gathered Poems of Ernest Myers," just issued, only to find my old favourite transmogrified into this:—

Hold us not here; the flowers have ceased to blow,
The frost begun;
Hold us not here; we will arise and go,
The dream is done.
Our feet are set upon a sterner way,
And we must on;
Ease, thou has dwelt with us a summer day,
But now begone.

There is also a third stanza, wholly new to me. It is, no doubt, characteristic of the middle-aged Muse that in these later lines "ease" should be substituted for "love."

With reference to my paragraph last week *re* Mortimer Collins, an Acton correspondent writes to remind me that a volume of "Selections" from Collins' verse was published by Mr. Bentley eighteen years ago. I am aware of

the fact, and have the volume before me at this moment. It does not, however, come up to my idea of a Collins anthology, for it includes too much of his more trivial work, and is, moreover, put together without (apparently) any definite plan. The compiler's loyalty has too often paralysed his judgment, and there is still room for a



The late Sir LESLIE STEPHEN

[Photo. Elliot & Fry, Baker St., W.]

selection which shall be at once slighter and more choice. "Are you aware," remarks my correspondent, "that Mortimer Collins' name is not in the new edition of Chambers's 'Encyclopædia of English Literature'?" Neither," he adds, "are those of Edward Maitland (author of 'The Pilgrim and the Shrine'), H. D. Traill, A. J. C. Hare, Charles Gibbon, and others. Considering the names of many actual living people admitted, I think," says my correspondent, "this is extraordinary." It is.

Another correspondent, writing from Bristol, asks me to mention that the late Canon Ainger contributed to the volume called "Wordsworthiana" (Macmillan, 1889) two papers—one on "Wordsworth and Charles Lamb" and one on "The Poets who helped to form Wordsworth's Life"; also, that he wrote the memoirs of Alfred, Charles, and Frederick Tennyson, and of George Du Maurier (as well as of Lamb) in the "Dictionary of National Biography"—a fact very generally known. "It is to be hoped," adds my correspondent, "that some of his scattered contributions to literature may be given a more permanent form."

I note that announcement is made of a new novel which is to be called "Heart's Desire." That, obviously, is a good title; but it was used by Vanda Wathen-Bartlett as the name of a tale published by her in 1899, and that lady has therefore a prior claim to it.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

La Fondation Thiers

LE ROMAN SOCIAL EN ANGLETERRE (1830-1850), DICKENS, DISRAELI, MRS. GASKELL, KINGSLEY. Par Louis Cazamian. NOVALIS : ESSAI SUR L'IDÉALISME ROMANTIQUE EN ALLEMAGNE. Par E. Spenlé. (Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Édition.)

THE literary lounge in Paris will readily call to mind that fine new building at the corner of the Rond Point Bugeaud, near the Porte Dauphine. It is the library and headquarters of the Thiers Foundation, a worthy memorial of a great man. At the death of Madame Thiers it was found that she had left a very considerable sum of money wherewith to perpetuate the name and fame of her husband, the first President of the French Republic. Her sister and heiress, Mlle. Dosne, carried out the wishes of the founder. Fifteen young students, under 26 years of age, are housed, fed, and granted a yearly pension so that they may pursue their occupations or studies independently of any lack of means. They remain in the institution for one, two, or three years, during which time they are expected to make some more or less important contribution to literature. These contributions, if judged to be worthy, are printed and published at the expense of the Foundation. During its eleven years of existence some sixty *pensionnaires* have passed through the institution, including legal, philosophical, philological, historical, geographical, medical, mathematical, and chemical students. A list of their published works forms an important addition to contemporary scientific literature. The works named at the head of this column are two *fascicules* issued by the Fondation Thiers, and they very worthily uphold the serious intentions and purposes of the Endowment.

M. Louis Cazamian is a very earnest, thorough and conscientious student of early and mid-Victorian literature, and has brought to his study of the contemporary novel a profound knowledge of the social and political circumstances of the period. He rightly attempts no nice appreciation of the literary styles and values of the four authors of whom he mainly treats—Dickens, Disraeli, Mrs. Gaskell, and Kingsley—but confines himself, very properly, to the conditions of public and private life which formed them, and which they in their turn helped to form, or at any rate, to influence. It is the work of the scholar and the historian, not the impression of the literary critic. He says, for instance, "Dickens is before everything else, a personality. His opinions are inseparable from his experience and his character. Only his biography explains to us the nature of his 'class sentiment,' and the complexity of his attitude towards society, made up as it was of tendencies contradictory in theory, but between which the temperament of the man established a sentimental bond." And again, in another passage: "The social teaching of Dickens is spread throughout his work. The thought of the misery, and the feeling of the inequalities between man and man, are never absent therefrom. Nowhere does his lightness of heart, or the happy spirit of the story, allow one to forget for long the sadness of class-struggles. The opposition of rich and poor forms the frame, sometimes hidden, but always present, of the dramatic and moral construction of his work."

M. Cazamian is no less happy with regard to Disraeli, whose "prodigious suppleness and faculty of assimilation enabled him to revive the most profound sentiments of the English public, and whose intuitive intelligence permitted him to understand and formulate the new requirements of the times. This sympathy, this conviction, were they sincere? A difficult, perhaps an insoluble question."

No student of history and literature can afford to disregard this important contribution to our knowledge of the period.

According to M. Spenlé, Novalis is the key to German Romanticism. Other contemporary writers, such as the brothers Schlegel, and Tieck (a trio of great Shakespearean scholars), may have covered a larger field in romantic literature, but not one of them succeeded in penetrating so far into its essential profundity as "Novalis." This thesis is arguable, although, as the author admits, "the works of Novalis are among the most enigmatic in German literature." Still it will be agreed by all that Novalis—more indirectly perhaps than directly—exercised a vast formative influence not only on the literature of his country, but even on the aspect of life, which was reflected far beyond the immediate geographical confines of Germany. Pessimism, irony, intuition and real sympathy with what he deemed to be the philosophy of nature, combined to give Novalis an unassailable place in the hierarchy of philosophers, and M. Spenlé has written a fascinatingly sound book on the man and his work. One may not always agree with his opinions and deductions, but one is bound to admit the sincerity and thoroughness of his dissertation. Novalis stands much where he stood before, but the new lights, the important part that his work played in its time, and the germs of philosophic truth which have since spread throughout the literature of the world, have not hitherto been so lucidly set forth.

"Junipère"

JUNIPER HALL. By Constance Hill. (Lane. 21s. net.)

NOT many, even of the most faithful students of Fanny Burney and her times, will recall without an effort the precise locality of Juniper Hall; and even when they have read Miss Constance Hill's explanatory sub-title, "A Rendezvous of Certain Illustrious Personages during the French Revolution, including Alexandre d'Arblay and Fanny Burney," they will still, it may be, wonder where Miss Hill has found material for this large and handsome volume. In Mr. Austin Dobson's delightful biography of the author of "Evelina," Juniper Hall is mentioned but once in the index, and scarcely more times in the text. But Miss Hill, as was shown in her agreeable book on "The Homes and Friends of Jane Austen," is a very pious worshipper of the *genius loci*, and her account of Juniper Hall is wanting neither in charm nor usefulness.

In the sad days which followed the deaths of Dr. Johnson and "Daddy" Crisp, Fanny Burney found evident comfort in frequent visits to the Locks at Norbury Park, and her sister, Mrs. Phillips, who was then established in a little cottage near the Park at Mickleham. Close at hand, in the valley of the Mole, was, and is, Juniper Hall, the not undignified mansion which has provided Miss Hill with a congenial theme and an attractive frontispiece—the latter engraved from a water-colour by Dibdin. Writing from Mickleham to Fanny, in 1792, Mrs. Phillips said: "We shall shortly, I believe, have a little colony of unfortunate (or, rather, fortunate, since they are safe) French noblesse in our neighbourhood. Sunday evening Ravelly informed Mr. Lock that two or three families had joined to take Jenkinson's house (Juniper Hall), and that another family had taken a small house at Westhumble, which the people very reluctantly let; upon the Christian-like supposition that, being nothing but French *Papishies*, they would never pay. Our dear Mr. Lock, while this was agitating, sent word to the landlord that he would be answerable for the rent." The

family at Westhumble was that of Madame de Broglie, and the party at Juniper Hall included then the Marquise de la Châtre, M. de Norbonne, ex-Minister of War, M. de Jaucourt, and most important of all, M. Alexandre d'Arblay. Later came Madame de Staël and Talleyrand, then an attractive man who had scarcely reached middle age. Miss Hill is much given to recalling, with almost sentimental fervour, the joy with which she has gazed upon a house, or sat beneath a tree, in company with the ghosts of Fanny Burney and her friends; but it is easy to forgive her enthusiasm when one thinks of this brilliant little society, and of the dramatic contrast between the quiet hospitality of the Surrey village and the lurid horrors so narrowly escaped. No one would wish to pain Mr. Dobson or Miss Hill by saying that in the society of Madame de Staël and Talleyrand, one might without difficulty have forgotten the existence of Fanny Burney: yet it is true that the first half of Miss Hill's book would be just as interesting if it told nothing but the history of these émigrés. D'Arblay himself had been *maréchal de camp* and Adjutant-General to Lafayette, and, by the aid of many judicious quotations, Miss Hill presents him in a very engaging light, as a man profoundly loyal to his friends and his cause. "He has a sincerity, a frankness, an ingenuous openness of nature," wrote Fanny in the early days, "that I had been unjust enough to think could not belong to a Frenchman." Of the visits constantly interchanged between the residents, Miss Hill gives admirably vivacious descriptions; and when at last she comes to the episode of the love-affair between M. d'Arblay and Fanny, she writes with an obvious enjoyment of the situation that is—perhaps naturally—to seek in Mr. Dobson's more reticent pages. We hear all about the proposal, the acceptance, and Dr. Burney's reluctant consent; the walls of Camilla Cottage rise before our eyes "like an exhalation" out of the profits of that dull book which Horace Walpole called the "deplorable *Camilla*"; and one leaves the history of "Junipère," as some of the refugees called it, with real regret. Miss Hill has been at some pains to collect fresh material, epistolary and pictorial, for her pages, and in spite of some superfluous digressions and a certain fervency of phrase which it is no longer accurate to call feminine, her book is agreeably picturesque and stimulating.

SIDNEY THOMPSON.

Cruikshank as Painter

CRUIKSHANK'S WATER COLOURS. With introduction by Joseph Grego. (Black. 20s. net)

It was lately my very unpleasant duty, in these columns, to animadvert upon what seemed to me to be the ill-advised resurrection of certain unfortunate book illustrations from the pencil of the artist who was known to his friends and admirers as the "inimitable George." Considered unworthy of publication at the time of their execution some thirty or forty years ago, they were now presented to a public which knows him not, as good examples of his workmanship, nay more! as ranking him amongst the book-illustrators of genius. As a matter of fact they were, with two or three exceptions, as perfunctory and valueless as any work that Cruikshank ever did, and his greatest admirers must confess that when he was bad none emulated better than he the little girl with the curl on her forehead. Thus it was that a great reputation was in danger of being blown upon, and one of our able-men getting written down as vulgar, mechanical and incompetent.

The publication of the present volume fortunately goes some way towards redressing this grievance. It is therefore with the more satisfaction that I now find myself able to recommend, though not altogether without reservation, the beautiful volume which lies before me—a volume

which it will be the pleasure of every good Cruikshankian to add to his already well-stocked shelves. For the opportunity to do so they must, I imagine, thank Mr. Joseph Grego, but they will not bless him for the turgid and inexpedient introduction with which he has thought fit to preface the volume. This and the fact that the title of the book raises hopes not destined to be realised are unfortunate blots upon a production which does credit alike to the publishers, Messrs. A. and C. Black, and the colour-printers, Messrs. Carl Hentschel & Co. And first a word with Mr. Grego, not upon his literary style, concerning which it would be difficult to write with becoming seriousness, but upon the unsavoury matters which he has thought fit to resuscitate in his introduction.

Cruikshankians are only too well aware of the extravagant claims which the disappointed artist made to work which was as undoubtedly due to the genius of Dickens and the industry of Ainsworth as the illustrations were to his own skill with the pencil or the etching needle. I was at pains to put the whole matter on a proper footing in a small volume published some seven or eight years ago, and I must confess to some resentment at seeing Cruikshank's pamphlet, fortunately for his reputation hitherto difficult of access, dragged into the light of day and presented without the arguments for and against the claims contained therein, as though it held the final and incontrovertible truth.

Mr. Grego would have done better to have left this fatuous opusculum to moulder away on the shelves which hold the eccentric lucubrations of other lop-minded men of genius. It is, of course, perfectly true that both Dickens and Ainsworth found Cruikshank a most stimulating and valuable collaborator when he was in an amiable humour; but to suggest a subject for, or to discuss the details of, a work of fiction however elaborately with its writer, cannot for a moment be held to justify a claim to artistic origination or joint-authorship.

But enough of stricture. Putting aside the introduction, we have in the three beautiful series of hitherto unpublished water-colour drawings here presented to us a revelation of Cruikshank's versatility which should go far to revive a somewhat waning reputation. For this I, for one, render Mr. Grego my heartiest thanks. True, the matter is familiar enough to every admirer of "the man that drew the awful Jew," but the manner is as unfamiliar as it is delightful. Here we find the artist realising in water-colours with unexpected felicity the illustrations to "Oliver Twist," "The Miser's Daughter," and Maxwell's "Irish Rebellion;" with which, in black and white, all the world is, or ought to be, familiar.

It is unnecessary here to dwell upon their charms. They must be seen to be appreciated. It is enough to say that the best of them, which are to be found in the last series, for movement, invention, and mastery would do credit to von Menzel himself; and what better claim to respect could be made for them than that?

G. S. LAYARD.

THE KINSHIP OF NATURE. By Bliss Carman. (Murray. 6s.)

FROM the days of Dryden—nay, from the days of Ben Jonson and Cowley—poets have had a tendency to fall into essay-writing. In modern times the tendency has increased rather than diminished; and it has throughout been of such advantage to the essay that the reviewer must needs look kindly on it. Ben Jonson, Cowley, Dryden, Leigh Hunt (to stop short of the present day) form a lineage illustrious enough amply to justify the practice. The poet's prose is usually excellent prose; sometimes rich, and seldom other than idiomatic and pure. The latest recruit to the growing band is Mr. Bliss Carman, a Canadian poet of deserved repute this side the water, with a lusty and individualised joy in nature. It is the outward eye, rather than the "inward eye" of Wordsworth, which inspires the nature-poetry of Mr.

Carman, on whom is the roving impulse of the New World. Does a like inspiration show itself in his prose?

Well, these essays are not altogether as his verse. The essential man of the poetry is discoverable also in the prose, if you understandingly look for him. But Mr. Carman's philosophy is very much more to the front, more predominant, one might almost say more exclusively evident, in these essays. We say "philosophy," because such is the term loosely applied nowadays to all theorising upon problems of life or nature. But in the stricter and older sense of the term, Mr. Carman, like most poets, is too in love with the concrete for his speculations to be classed as philosophy. But a poet's thought by any other name will smell as sweet. Briefly, these essays are dominated by a conviction that the faculties of men at large are oppressed, confined, in part atrophied; and that in giving them free play lies the salvation of society. Commercialism, there is the enemy. It is commercialism which suppresses some of the noblest and most necessary faculties in the masses of men.

Body, mind, and soul, cries the author, are all equal; he can make no distinction of nobility between them. So, likewise, taste, reason, and conscience are to him equal faculties, and to be cultivated equally. Human happiness lies in the equal cultivation of all human faculties "to a normal degree in a normal way." No one faculty should be thought inferior to another faculty, or depressed in favour of another faculty. Let the bit be taken off all these powers of humanity, and let them race neck-for-neck. Freedom for every faculty of man. To distrust the result is to "believe in the ultimate evil of the spirit"; for if the good be stronger than the bad, the less repression the better. Release all human powers, and full steam ahead.

Such is Mr. Carman's theory. He is, in effect, a democrat—if we might not say an anarchist, or at least a socialist—carrying his democracy into the region of thought. The native righteousness of human nature, therefore liberty and equality for all the faculties of humanity—such is the logical outcome of the poet's democracy applied to speculative principle. We are not concerned to dispute or agree with, but merely to emphasize it. What really and chiefly concerns him, however, is the suppression of one human faculty—the faculty of taste, the native perception of beauty. All work should be art, should be the expression of the workman's self, and therefore a joy in the doing of it. Modern conditions make this impossible. Brutalise the workman by stamping out individuality or the chance of individuality in his work. There is in his work no outlet for himself, therefore he has in his work no joy. Art is divorced from life, and becomes etiolated; life, divorced from art, becomes base. There must be freedom for the common workman as there is freedom for the thinker and artist; that is the radical, only cure. We are minded to ask, is there freedom for thinker and artist in the modern Western state, gripped by the dollar and the driving-wheel? But, however we may view the all-sufficiency of Mr. Carman's cure and theories, there can be no question that commercialism is, as he declares, the enemy, the crushing and throttling influence upon modern life. Nor are these essays without abundance of other things: happy natural observation which recalls the writer's poetry, suggestive artistic theory. One essay, "Rhythm," reads like a variation on the subtle essay of an English poet and prose-writer; but has its own observation and personality. Always the style is pure, clear, direct, with that undeniable quality which comes from the habit and exercise of poetry. "Trees" is Mr. Carman the poet, pure and simple; and very delightful it is. It is a gain to know Carman the essayist; though he does not weaken our preference for Carman the poet. Which, probably, is as he would have it be.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

IVAN LE TERRIBLE. Par K. Waliszewski. (Plon-Nourrit.)

THE latest of M. Waliszewski's fascinating series of monographs of Russian monarchs, which he entitles "The Origins of Modern Russia," is as interesting and as informing as any that has yet appeared. Waliszewski has the gift of a beautiful style, and evidently regards history as an art and not a science. The book is particularly interesting at the present juncture, since much in it has a bearing on the Russia of to-day.

Waliszewski points out how the great empire of the North develops, both internally and externally, by a system of avalanches. At long intervals a sudden displacement of the centre of gravity produces a rapid forward movement followed by a longer or shorter period of stagnation. In the vast task assigned by fate to the Russians, it is inevitable that they shall meet obstacles and gird themselves up for effort. Just at present their domestic progress seems at a standstill, and their foreign policy firmly fixed in the grooves formerly followed. Their activity has been absorbed by the conquest of a new domain destined to extend to the Chinese seas on one side, and to the Persian Gulf on the other, a conquest that is likely to cost them dear. But not the less are the domestic problems, the solution of which is for the time being left aside, growing slowly and surely to a head.

The beginnings of Russian progress are, according to Waliszewski, to be sought in the reign of Ivan the Terrible, who was the first Russian monarch to assume the title of Tsar. Everything that was accomplished later by Peter the Great and Catherine II., the acquisition of the Baltic coast, the annihilation of the last vestiges of the Tartar power, the conquest of Siberia, the opening of political and commercial relations with all the countries of Europe, the introduction into Russia of the elements of foreign culture, and the reorganisation of the empire on the same bases as those on which it rests at the present day—all these things were inaugurated by Ivan the Terrible. Hence the reason of Waliszewski's monograph.

To understand Russian history it is necessary to understand the relations between the Tsar and his people, and the best description of those relations is to be found in the Muscovite cycle of historical chants. There the Tsar is by no means repulsive; he is accessible to human feelings, severe but just and even generous. His semi-sacerdotal position naturally sets him above criticism, but he undoubtedly wins sympathy. The people are with him even in his worst crimes, and if they cannot applaud, they respectfully close their eyes, or cover what revolts their conscience with the mantle of fiction. Ivan the Terrible was level with the morality of his age, and it may truthfully be said that in no country of Europe does sixteenth century history resemble an idyll. Indeed, in some ways a false idea has attached itself to Ivan's surname. The Russian word *grozny* has not the same signification as the English word *terrible*: it means rather a man who is respected as it becomes a man of the highest rank to make himself respected. In the days of Tsar Ivan, material greatness and brutal force were almost synonyms, but Ivan had imagination, wherein he differed most strongly from Peter the Great, one of the most positive spirits that ever lived, and both Ivan and his people deluded themselves as to the value of the end pursued and the extent of the sacrifice demanded.

To us, the most interesting portion of Ivan's career is that which concerns his relations with Queen Elizabeth. He was a veritable Anglo-maniac. Naturally anxious for alliance with a Power whose navy, trade and credit were beginning to rule the world, it also occurred to him that England might be a place of refuge in case he was driven from his own country. He even tried to marry an English wife, Lady Mary Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, and made it a condition that if he so honoured England, she must lend him her army and her

fleet against Bathory. Shakespeare's reference to the ambassadors from Muscovy in "Love's Labour's Lost" will be remembered. Needless to say, nothing came of the negotiations, although to the last moment Ivan cherished the idea of visiting England. The interviews between the Tsar and Bowes, the English ambassador, quoted at length by Waliszewski, are most entertaining. Indeed the whole book is delightful and an example of the way in which history should be written. To understand Russia in the twentieth century, it is well to get acquainted with Russia in the sixteenth century, and there can be no better opportunity of so doing than that offered by this volume.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND SOCIETY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
Ford Lectures, 1903. By Leslie Stephen. (Duckworth.
5s. net.)

A NEW volume by Sir Leslie Stephen has always been welcome, because it was sure to contain the quintessence of sanity and common sense. It was sure to be based upon knowledge, and inspired not only by impartiality but by frankness. Sir Leslie's utterances were never mere echoes. If they repeated what had been said before, they were none the less his own deliberately-formed opinions. In the present instance, discourses which were intended to be read and actually were read, though not by their author, aloud to audiences, gain, we consider, by being set forth in type. For in this review of the literary and social characteristics of a century, the writer is even more than usually concise in style and in expression. He covers a large extent of ground with remarkable and even embarrassing rapidity. He is so allusive that a perusal of his pages can hardly be recommended to anyone who is not already well acquainted with the subject. Possessing that preliminary acquaintance, no one can fail to be delighted with this luminous survey of the conditions under which literature was produced in England during the century named. Sir Leslie helps the reader to understand how largely the authors of that period were influenced by their environment—how greatly governed their efforts were by the class or classes they addressed. Take, for example, the dramatists of the Restoration: "There were, we must remember, only two theatres under Charles II., and there was a difficulty in supporting even two. Both depended almost exclusively on the patronage of the court and the courtiers." To the taste of the court and of the courtiers they consequently appealed. It does not follow from this that the whole nation, or even all London, revelled in cynical pictures of immorality. "A very small minority of the people can ever have seen a performance." By-and-bye the man of letters looked for appreciation not only to the "nobility and gentry," but to the wits of the coffee-houses, and later still, to the middle-classes who rejoiced in such products as "The Spectator" and "Clarissa Harlowe." This reminds us of an example of Sir Leslie's frankness as a critic. "I will confess," he says, "that the last time I read 'Clarissa Harlowe' it affected me with a kind of disgust." He was shocked by the elaborate detail in which Richardson tells the story of Clarissa—"rubbing our noses, if I may say so, in all her agony, and squeezing the last drop of bitterness out of every incident." Again, in regard to the "Spectator": "Spite of the real charm which every lover of delicate humour and exquisite urbanity must find in Addison, I fancy that the 'Spectator' has come to mean for us chiefly Sir Roger de Coverley. It is curious, and perhaps painful, to note how very small a proportion of the whole is devoted to that most admirable achievement, and to reflect how little life there is in much that in kindness of feeling and grace of style is equally charming." With Sir Leslie's general conclusions it is possible everybody may not find themselves in complete agreement—as, for instance, where he says that "Literature must be produced by the class which embodies the really vital and powerful currents of thought which are moulding society." This is true, of course, of the popular

literature of every epoch: the accepted literature of an epoch is always that which gives effective expression to contemporary emotions and ideas. But all that is really great and permanent in a writer is independent of his surroundings; the literature which lasts is that which gives consummate form to the elemental passions and aspirations of humanity.

SCHILLER UND DIE NEUE GENERATION, EIN VORTRAG. Von
Ludwig Fulda. (Berlin: J. G. Cotta. 75 pfennig.)

IT is well sometimes to pause and ask ourselves why certain authors who long held the ascendancy fall to low estate and are neglected by the new generation. The caprices of fashion, though they may count for something, are, as a rule, not so very largely responsible for such sweeping changes. Fulda, in the admirable lecture in which he tries to account for the eclipse that Schiller has undergone among the educated classes in Germany, has, we think, hit the right nail on the head. He makes the time-spirit responsible. Goethe's influence has increased. While Schiller is no longer much read; he has ceased to be an important influence in the people's life. The reason must be sought in the extraordinary change that has taken place in the political and social life of Germany, and more especially in the intellectual and spiritual life, during the last third of the nineteenth century. In 1859 the ideal of the German citizen was summed up in the words unity and liberty. Since that time, those ideals have been partly realised and partly pushed aside. Unity has come to pass, and to those who possess it Schiller's glorification of it is unneeded. The meaning attached to the term liberty has also changed, and if the serving of a prince means rapid advancement, no one refuses, although in his inmost heart a man still cherishes "Männerstolz vor Königsthronen." With freedom of thought it is the same. Men say, "Thought pays no customs duty," that is, we think what we please, and say, if it comes to that, something different. Idealism, too, is out of date and Schiller is an idealist of the purest water. Nowadays we conceal our real feelings under a mask of calm sobriety; pathos and sentiment we avoid like the fires of hell. Schiller was pathetic and even sentimental. Schiller said, "The brave man thinks of himself last." The individualist of our day says, "The strong man thinks of himself first." Then women are no longer satisfied with the place in society assigned them by Schiller, and they therefore cease to read him.

The naturalistic tendencies of modern literature are also against the appreciation of Schiller's peculiar genius. His strength rests on the typical, that of the naturalistic writer on the individual. Schiller aims at giving us inspiration, naturalism at giving us a mood or a temperament. Goethe's star has risen as Schiller's has set, and perhaps for this reason: Goethe teaches us to enjoy the world we live in, he heightens its charms for us and demands that we shall recognise and revel in its beauty. Schiller desires us to imagine a better world and to aim at its realisation. From that point of view, Goethe is the poet of the possessors, Schiller that of the needy and aspiring. So the people, who in 1859 were needy and aspired, but who are to-day in possession, have turned from Schiller to Goethe.

But all the same, Schiller's star can never suffer total eclipse. There will always be those who are needy and who aspire, and such seek in art and poetry not the adornment of life but its consolation. The adherents Schiller has lost in the upper and middle classes of society he will find again two-fold and three-fold in the lower classes. And when the calm and happiness of the others is disturbed, then will they, too, turn again to Schiller. Then will men once more listen to the voice of the poet of the "Bells," and Schiller, the Tyrtæus of the moral struggle, will walk equal with Goethe, the high priest of beauty. If Goethe is like the sun which first made day,

day (says Fulda), Schiller is like the moon whom men honour as their kind friend, their most trustworthy guide as often as it is night.

The point of view is of extreme interest, the criticism touches some of the blots on the culture of the present time and helps to explain the neglect of other great authors beside Schiller.

HANOVER AND PRUSSIA, 1795-1803: A STUDY IN NEUTRALITY. By Guy Stanton Ford, B.L., Ph.D. (New York: The Columbia University Press. 8s. net.)

THIS volume is one of a series of monographs on historical, political, and economical subjects, edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. It is the fruit of much study of archives in London, Berlin, Hanover and Dresden, and of the diplomatic and historical works in existence dealing with the period. Dr. Ford has gone into his subject with American impartiality and German thoroughness. Perhaps his necessary reliance on German sources for most of his material may have somewhat Teutonised his style. There is no need to call Hanover a "Zankapfel" when the English "apple of discord" would express the same familiar metaphor. A writer for English-speaking readers should not credit these readers with too great knowledge of German. No doubt the historical students and scholars for whom this publication is meant mostly know German; no historian can afford to neglect that language. But it is not good to be unnecessarily foreign.

The period of study is interesting, but not from any momentous events or any remarkable skill even in diplomacy. Great events there were, but they only indirectly affected Northern Germany. In 1795 Prussia withdrew by the Treaty of Basel from the French Revolutionary War, in which she had joined reluctantly and without effect. An army and general in earnest would not have been stopped by a mere skirmish at Valmy. In 1803 Napoleon, disregarding the distinction, which the rulers of France before him had recognised, between Great Britain and Hanover, occupied and practically annexed the latter country. Between those periods Prussia had directed her energies towards keeping herself and North Germany neutral. In this Hanover, ruled by a governing clique in the name of George III., acquiesced. But between these dates, Prussia, forced into the Armed Neutrality of 1800 by Czar Paul and the First Consul, occupied Hanover herself as a retaliation for the action of British ships and prize courts towards neutral vessels. This action, which entirely stultified the previous policy of Prussia, was forced on that state by the threats of the mad Czar; but it was generally attributed to Prussian hunger for the convenient territory that would close the great gap between Prussia's eastern and western provinces. I think Dr. Ford allows too little weight to this ever-present idea. Hanover was the bait which Napoleon dangled before Prussia to keep her apart from his enemies. It was the knowledge that he did not mean the offer sincerely that led to the war of 1806. In fact, the desire to have Hanover and the plan of a North German Confederation under Prussia are the two keys of Prussia's policy from 1795 to 1806, as the possession of Silesia and the partition of Poland explain her policy before that time.

Anyone who seeks to unravel this sordid record of selfish diplomacy can have no better guide than Dr. Ford. I wish he would generalise a little more; and in his prefatory sketch of Hanoverian history (page 26) he states, as nearly all writers do, that the first overtures for the Anglo-Prussian Alliance of 1756 came from George II. The Newcastle Papers make it quite clear that Frederick the Great made the first overtures to George II. early in June, 1755. This point, of course, comes outside Dr. Ford's period.

A TRUE HISTORICAL RELATION OF THE CONVERSION OF SIR TOBIE MATTHEW. Edited, with a Preface, by A. H. Mathew. (Burns and Oates. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. MATHEW, by giving us this autobiographical document, has deserved well. The narrator was the son of a Dean of Christchurch; a great-grandson of Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury; and a grandson of Barlow, who consecrated him. He became a Roman Catholic, was ordained priest, and shortly before his death was professed as a member of the Society of Jesus. He wrote well the excellent English of his day—a day in which, indeed, it has been said no man could write ill. And he wrote with an admirable sincerity out of a full heart. Those were days in which it was ill arguing with an archbishop: "If my Lord of Canterbury were angry before, he was enraged now, and spake of nothing but prisons and other punishments of a worse kind, and declared that he would presently commit me." This was upon Matthew's return from Italy, whither as a young man he had travelled for the sake of learning the language and amusing himself after the fashion of the country. There, at Rome, he had fallen in with Father Persons (or Parsons) the Jesuit (responsible perhaps more than any other member of the Society for the sinister reputation it still enjoys among the British lower middle class), who seems to have handled him with wise discretion and honestly enough, giving him for consideration passages from the Fathers and the Scriptures pertinent to the controversies of the times. It is of interest, perhaps, to note that the same reference to St. Augustine's controversy with the Donatists that from the pulpit of Sardinia Street Chapel, and the mouth of Wiseman, struck Newman dumb was among those which together wrought conviction in this Anglican of the sixteenth century. Also, by way of contrast, one notes with a smile that, while still very far from proposing submission to the Church, he frankly placed himself at Rome under the protection of the head of the Holy Office, whose attitude towards the young man was a model of kindly hospitality.

The book is a human document of wider than merely controversial interest.

THE LITERATURE OF THE HIGHLANDS. By Magnus Maclean, M.A., D.Sc. (Blackie. 7s. 6d. net.)

LONG before the non-Gaelic-speaking reader has reached page 159 of this volume he will have formed a conclusion which Dr. Maclean has there put into words for him thus: "To English-speaking people who are dependent upon translations for their knowledge of the songs and poetry of the Gael, these latter must appear very poor and insipid in comparison with the artistic productions of their own language. Even the best, the most lauded efforts of men like Alexander Macdonald, Duncan Ban Macintyre and Dugald Buchanan seldom show in their English dress half so fine as the original. Few," he adds, "would ever divine that in the tuneful Gaelic these poems are of the most exquisite order." The Englished poems do not, as a whole, impress one with their poetic beauty, and we are at a critical disadvantage when Dr. Maclean presents us, as he frequently does, with a Gaelic sample, and calls upon us to admire its structure. But, taking largely on trust the estimates of quality offered to us, we still find the book genuinely attractive. Containing as it does the author's third series of Celtic lectures at Glasgow University, it treats of the poetry (and such scanty prose as exists) of the Highlands after the Forty-Five, and deals with names not unfamiliar to Lowland ears. His method is a combination of biography and criticism, with examples of the work of the various authors who have "flourished" since the Forty-Five (the golden age, he tells us, of Highland poetry), beginning with Alexander Macdonald—who had the distinction of being the first to publish a volume of

original Gaelic poems—and continuing down to and including several of those still living who turn Gaelic verses. Dr. Maclean has enthusiasm for his subject, and wide knowledge of all that pertains to it; he has, moreover, a literary style touched with the Celtic glow that carries the reader along without conscious effort. In the result we have a volume exactly adapted to form a sufficiently complete history for the English reader, and calculated to inspire the literary efforts of those who are lucky enough to be able to use, in addition to the common speech of these islands, the language in which, according to Gaelic tradition, Adam first addressed "our general mother."

MONNA VANNA. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. (Allen. 3s. 6d. net.)

"MONNA VANNA" will disappoint the admirers of M. Maeterlinck, for from no standpoint can it be judged a good play. The plot—thanks to the vagaries of the Lord Chamberlain's Examiner of Plays—is already so well known that but brief reference need be made to it. The theme of the drama is that Monna Vanna, wife of Guido Colonna, consents to go at night, clad only in her cloak, to the tent of Prinzivalle, the commander of the Florentine forces besieging Pisa, who makes this sacrifice the condition of his assisting the famine-stricken city; she goes; she finds in Prinzivalle a child love, of whom for years she had lost sight; she returns unharmed, accompanied by Prinzivalle, and in the end we are left to determine for ourselves whether she deserts her naturally infuriated husband or not. The latter point we need not discuss, but the central theme seems to us unnatural and unnecessary. Prinzivalle talks to Monna Vanna, when she comes to his tent, of the pure love he has borne for her ever since he had met her as a child in Venice, and she believes him! Believes this tale from the man who has made this horrible demand from her! In any case the horrible, but not tragic, detail of his demanding that she should come to him clothed only in her cloak should have been avoided by M. Maeterlinck. Had the author treated his subject otherwise, as he might easily have done, he might have given us a fine tragedy on the theme of a wife's sacrifice of her honour for the lives of her starving fellows. As it stands the drama is impossible and repellant.

But even setting aside his treatment of the theme, M. Maeterlinck has not done himself justice. The motives of the characters, certainly of Prinzivalle, are unnatural and unconvincing, and the conduct of Monna Vanna's father-in-law, Marco Colonna, when he returns from the Florentine camp to announce Prinzivalle's demand, is preposterous. He declares that the enemy "are not barbarians, thank God! They received me as an honoured guest," and "I saw Prinzivalle; I have had speech of him . . . he is humane and generous"! And so on! And Marco is not held up to us as a foolish fond old man, but as wise and good! No, there is no humanity in this play, though there is much fine writing.

Mr. Alfred Sutro has done his work so well that the translation reads like an original; higher praise could not be given.

Fiction

ANGELS AND DEVILS AND MAN. By Winifred Graham. (Cassell. 6s.) Miss Graham's title is a misleading one, for in her sufficiently amazing pages we encounter no actual fiends or angels, and certainly never catch a glimpse of anything human and real enough to be styled man. We have, however, a mysterious old *savant*, who lives in a haunted house and who discovers how to read thought by means of a specially-constructed ear-trumpet, a heroine "aglow from the light of a better, brighter world," a woman of the world, a professed adventurer and some other personages. In the course of the story the Professor detects a

projected murder—the motive of which gratuitous crime it must have taxed even his ear-trumpet to discover—brings the cynic and the woman of the world together, and accomplishes other remarkable feats. He is even equal to playing all the parts assigned him in the following interesting mixture of metaphor: "Upon all acquaintances the Professor took an immediate hold, riveting their imagination, and acting as a loving guide, manual or chart . . . attracting like a magnet." In the end this magnetic personage destroys his invention and dies, the heroine at his side "like a guardian angel, with drenched violet eyes," and the reader is left to recover as he may from the administration of such a dose of Marie Corelli and water.

STELLA FREGELIUS. By R. Rider Haggard. (Longmans. 6s.) This conflict between the wholesome and unwholesome is described by the author as a "tale of three destinies," and offered apologetically as a "modest story," in no sense a romance, or of the character perhaps expected. The author's name, however, on the title page ensures a story of unusual interest and characterisation always clear. But the problem itself—the possible conflict which may exist between earthly duty and spiritual desire—is uncomfortable. To put the matter clearly, Morris Monk, a young electrical engineer, of ancient lineage but bankrupt estate, is to be married, at the urgent suggestion of his father, to a really charming cousin, Mary Porson, an heiress. And then, unhappily, Stella, a parson's daughter, of Norse ancestry, penniless and a mystic, is cast up on the shore and forced to take refuge in Monk's house. The earthly duty in this instance is very clearly defined, and is as pleasant a lot as can well fall to mortal man: the projected nuptials call for no life-long renunciation; there is genuine affection both sides. On the other hand, the spiritual desire is unnecessary in kind, and obviously disastrous in effect. Conflict number one is determined by the drowning of Stella, and Monk is at liberty to marry Mary. Monk is happy in his married life, but the memory of the dead remains; the lid of the domestic cauldron is well screwed down, but the flame of a possible and spiritual indiscretion grows in strength. The author somewhat unfairly throws the blame on Mary; Monk begins to avoid his wife; to shake off her wholesome influence; to betake himself to his lonely workshop, to read old diaries, neglect food and sleep, and generally to cultivate the morbid side of life. He longs to conjure up Stella; and she comes, or he acquires the power to see her, not as a sheeted and melancholy spectre, but as his spiritual bride. We leave Monk to die, unfaithful in his madness to all that was really useful; true to his character perhaps, but false to his earthly duty, false to his manhood.

MYRA OF THE PINES. By Herman K. Viele. ("Red Cloth Library." Fisher Unwin. 6s.) The setting, at least, of this story is unusual and somewhat romantic. Given a little log house in the midst of the pine woods, eight miles from anywhere, inhabited by an absent-minded inventor who casts horoscopes for correspondents at a dollar a head, his wife who writes stories to fit illustrations and advertise articles of household interest, and Myra, their daughter, an unusually pretty girl with bronze hair, anything may happen. The only thing, as a matter of fact, that does happen is the advent of a lover for Myra, and her rejection of the well-meaning but otherwise unattractive agent for the property. We never recollect to have met before a pig woman in the pages of a book. Those who feel a curiosity as to her personality should read "Myra of the Pines." It is written in a pleasant, smooth style, and, if not particularly exciting, is nevertheless agreeably amusing. But then one cannot expect exciting things to happen in a solitary hut eight miles from anywhere.

JARWICK, THE PRODIGAL. By Tom Gallon. (Ward, Lock. 6s.) Randal Jarwick, an escaped convict and general consorter with thieves, relates his own exciting adventures in this volume. His adventures begin with his escape from prison, and end a week later with his return thereto. To say it was an exciting week is to describe it feebly. On the first day of his flight he falls in with his father, himself the daring and unscrupulous leader of a gang of thieves, posing as an eccentric philanthropist. He stumbles into the arms of his father over the corpse of a murdered man. After that adventures are fast and furious. To suit his father's plan Jarwick poses as the long-lost son of a justice of the peace, in order to enable his father's gang to rob the house. But to describe the complications and varied incidents of this story would be to re-write "Jarwick, the Prodigal." The chase after the mysterious seaman's chest which contains the body of the murdered man is reminiscent of "The Wrong Box." Jarwick's blind father, the malevolent and crafty murderer and thief, is a clever and convincing character. This story can be recommended to the reader in search of excitement.

LE SECRÉTAIRE DE MADAME LA DUCHESSE. Par Léon de Tinseau. (Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.) We have here a brightly written novel in epistolary form. The principal scene is a country house,

the residence of a duke who had repaired his finances by a marriage with the daughter of a rich iron-master. We are introduced to a house-party on a grand scale, and live for a time with persons whose most serious occupation in life is to amuse themselves. They are not, some of them, without intellectual leanings and powers, but solely frivolous ends are aimed at. We confess to feeling little interest in the persons and their doings. Even the struggles of the secretary, a good-looking, good-hearted young man of the middle class, against the many seductions of the luxurious life into which he is thrown, and against those of a fair, heartless lady, do not greatly arouse our enthusiasm. Happily catastrophes are averted, and all ends satisfactorily to the sound of marriage bells. The contrast which the author draws between middle-class virtue and aristocratic vice is, we think, too sharp. Neither class of the community has a monopoly of morals; Vauvenargues came very near the truth when he said, "The common people and the nobles have neither the same vices nor the same virtues." There are members of the aristocratic body who lead the simplest and straightest lives, exercising the best possible influence on all with whom they come in contact, while there are members of the middle class whose lives are selfish and hypocritical to the last degree. The most sympathetic characters in the novel are the duchess's son and daughter: the former is a soldier, the latter a girl in the schoolroom. They seem to combine the graces of the aristocrat with the more solid virtues of their hard-working maternal ancestors. Whether it was the author's intention to emphasise the good of such marriages as that of the duke and duchess we cannot undertake to say, but as we leave the son engaged to a rich and charming American beauty, the duchess's grandchildren will probably benefit still more by the mixture of races and temperaments.

Short Notices

SIENA. By Edmund G. Gardner. ("Mediæval Towns." Dent. 4s. 6d. net.) This study of "Siena" is worthy of the delightful series to which it belongs, and of Mr. Gardner's reputation as critic and historian. It can have been no easy task to draw into so small a compass the complex story of "soft Siena," as the wildest of Italian cities was ironically called. Mr. Gardner has, however, fulfilled his task with admirable completeness and lucidity, though at times the reader, recalling his more distinctly literary work, is inclined to regret that the strict limits of space have given him little scope for style. Even under such conditions, however, the author's distinction of touch can be felt, while the curiously apt use of Dantesque images and allusions calls to mind the fact that he is authority on all that concerns the Tuscan poet. In the little volume we have the story of Siena from the far mythic days when the smoko rose black and white from the altars of Apollo and Diana and gave the city the colours of her shield, to the time when the Republic, after its superb defence, fell before Cosimo de' Medici and the power of Spain. The chronicle is singular and fascinating, for Siena's alternations of savagery and piety, artistic luxury and mystical exaltation were as strange as was the fact that the untamed town amid its feasts and its excesses kept in its art to an unworldly idealism which mirrored little of the actual life. "These most turbulent of Italian people," writes Mr. Gardner, "who, in de Commine's phrase, 'are ever in division and govern their Commonwealth more fondly than any other town in Italy,' chose that their painters should give them an art which was exclusively the handmaid of Religion." From the confusion of the Siennese annals shines out the lofty and mystical figure of Saint Catherine, whose almost unparalleled career is treated by Mr. Gardner with very reverent sympathy. Scarcely less interesting, at least to the profane mind, is the life story of another of Siena's great citizens, Enea Silvio Piccolomini, Pope Pius II., whose extraordinary personality, at once that of poet, humanist and crusading zealot, unites and typifies so many phases of his day. Skilfully interwoven with the historic narrative, Mr. Gardner gives us an account of the churches and galleries of the city, together with much valuable art criticism. Lovers of the work of Sodoma may think the author a trifle severe on "Bazzi's beautiful melodrama," but in the main the comments are as sympathetic as they are well-grounded. The additional chapters take us to Lecceto and San Gimignano, and in these we miss the exquisite drawings by the late Miss Helen M. James which embellished the earlier portion of the book. Her beautiful work added much to the charm of a volume no less indispensable than delightful to every student of Siena.

PRACTICAL MORALS, A TREATISE ON UNIVERSAL EDUCATION. By John K. Ingram, LL.D. (Black. 3s. 6d. net.) This book is not a treatise on ethics, but a description of the Positivist conception

of Education. It is utterly impossible to believe that the book can have any influence whatever, save as an indication of the influence of the last half of the nineteenth century, which might never have said its say, as far as Dr. Ingram's book is concerned. The extraordinarily dogmatic tone of the author may be illustrated by such phrases as "encouraging in every one the vicious effort to rise above his class," "Sidereal Astronomy, which is merely matter of curiosity" and (of "Darwinism") "an unproved hypothesis, and one beset with difficulties . . . unfit to form an element of universal education." We cannot but admire a great deal that the author has to say, we cannot but recognise the great value of the work of Auguste Comte to the world—work which was a dignified, impressive and high-striving close to the pre-evolutionary epoch. It has its value even now, despite the falsification of many of his predictions and the introduction of a new conception which has utterly swept away his finely-conceived but utterly artificial system. It is to be regretted that Comte's followers should have become obsessed with the idea that nothing has been done since his time. The great Frenchman died in 1857, two years before the "Origin of Species" was published, and three years before the "System of Synthetic Philosophy" was begun. This book is deeply instructive as showing us the measure of the epoch-making achievement that began in the pregnant fifties of last century. Fortunately there is not the remotest possible chance that any one will ever be subjected to the astonishingly artificial system of education which Dr. Ingram here so pleasantly expounds.

THE TWELVE APOSTLES. By the Rev. George Milligan, B.D. THE POST EXILIC PROPHETS. By the Rev. J. Wilson Harper, D.D. (The "Temple Series of Bible Characters and Scripture Handbooks." Dent.) Two useful additions to this excellent series; useful reminders to those who know much, to those who know little useful instructors.

SUFFOLK. By William A. Dutt. Illustrated by J. Wylie. ("The Little Guides." Methuen. Leather 3s. 6d. net, cloth 3s.) Of the making of guide-books there is no end, and no end could be desired if all were as portable and as full of information as these little guides. Mr. Dutt, as was to be expected, has done his duty well by one of the most interesting of our Eastern counties. The illustrations and the map add greatly to the value of the volume.

EFFEUILLEMENTS. Par Hélène de Zuyten de Nyevelt. (Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 4 frs.) A bare two score poems go to make up a charming volume of good paper, clear type and pleasant photographic reproductions. The poetess has grace, delicacy, and much felicity of diction. Such verses as "Palette automnale" and "Une Chauve-Souris passe" are as clever as need be, and the haunting charm of "Rebellion," headed with a Byronian quotation, has a quaintness and suggestive profundity which prove the artist in words. Many of the poems are prefaced by quotations from English writers, such as Keats, Shakespeare and Shelley, which should enhance the interest of the book for English readers.

PRINCESSE AVRIL. Par Théodore Maurer. (Se trouve à Paris en la Maison des Poètes. 1 fr.) A tiny garland of very delicate verse. The poem which gives its name to the booklet opens with these lines:—

"Frère Princesse Avril, ton doux nom de légende

Serait à ta beauté délicate de fleur.

Soeur du lys virginal, tu lui pris sa paleur

Pour t'en aller vers Dieu comme une pure offrande."

Other poems such as "La Terre fleurie" and "La mère berce l'enfant" fully carry on the high promise given in M. Maurer's previous book of poems "Plaisir d'Amour"; he is by no means a "minor" French poet. Much may confidently be expected from him.

Reprints and New Editions

TANGLEWOOD TALES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne (*sic*). (Curtis 3s. net.) A pretty edition of these ever delightful tales. There is a regrettable misprint on the title page which may, however, make the volume of value to collectors.

THE POEMS AND SOME SATIRES OF ANDREW MARVELL. With an introduction and notes by Edward Wright. ("The Little Library." Methuen. 1s. 6d. net.) This reprint has a particular interest as it contains some new readings of the satires and includes the insertion of one or two long passages from MSS. sources. We are glad to find so warm an admirer and yet a keen critic in the writer of the introduction. He calls Marvell "the poet of the English country side, at that delicious moment when there is wafted upon the air of spring the odour of summer flowers." This pleasant green volume, admirably printed and containing an excellent frontispiece, should find a ready welcome.

New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

- Balmforth (Ramsden), *The Bible from the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism: The Old Testament*..... (Sonnenschein) 3/6
 Harper, D.D. (*The Rev. J. Wilson*), *The Post-Exilic Prophets*..... (Dent)
 Milligan, B.D. (*George*), *The Twelve Apostles*..... (")

POETRY, CRITICISM, DRAMA, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Maclean (Magnus), *The Literature of the Highlands*..... (Blackie) net 7/6
 Rihani (Ameen F.), translated and selected by, *The Quatrains of Abu'l Ala*..... (Richards) net 5/0
 Rain, M.A. (*Rev. Thomas*), *Browning for Beginners*..... (Sonnenschein) 2/6
 Skeat (*The Rev. Professor Walter W.*), done into Modern English by, *Chaucer's "Knight's Tale or Palamon and Arcite"*..... (Moring) net 1/0
 Jingles, *Free Trade Rhymes, Recitations, and Songs*..... (Nottingham: Caxton Press) 0/1
 Muir (R. J.), *Plato's Dream of Wheels*..... (Unwin)
 Mantzius (Karl), translated by Louise von Co-sel, *A History of Theatrical Art in Ancient and Modern Times, Vol. III. The Shakespearean Period in England*..... (Duckworth) net 10/0
 Young (Ruth), *Verses*..... (Longmans) net 2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Helmolt (Dr. H. F.), edited by, with Introductory Essay by the Right Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L. *The World's History, A Survey of Man's Record, Vol. II. Oceania, Eastern Asia, and the Indian Ocean*..... (Heinemann) cloth net 15/0, leather net 21/0
 Howe (Mary) and Hall (Florence Howe), *Laura Bridgman, Dr. Howe's Famous Pupil and What He Taught Her*..... (Hodder and Stoughton) 7/6
 Gordon (General John B.), *Reminiscences of the Civil War*..... (Constable) net 13/0
 A Faithful Minister, A Brief Memoir of the late Rev. Walter Senior, M.A., by his Son, W.S.S. (Stock) net 2/6
 Maurice (Major-Gen. Sir J. F.), edited by, *The Diary of Sir John Moore*, 2 vols. (Arnold) net 30/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

- Hill (Constance), *Juniper Hall, a Rendezvous of Certain Illustrious Personages during the French Revolution*..... (Lane) net 21/0

ART

- Corkran (Alice), *Frederic Leighton*..... (Methuen) net 2/6
 Great Masters, Part IX..... (Heinemann) net 5/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

- Ingram, LL.D. (John K.), *Practical Morals, a Treatise of Universal Education*..... (Black) net 3/6
 Andr , F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. (Eng ne), *A Naturalist in the Guianas*..... (Smith, Elder) net 14/0

EDUCATIONAL

- Browne, M.A., M.B. (Edward G.), *The Lub bu 'L-Albab of Muhammad 'Awfi, Part II*..... (Luzac)
 Gardiner, M.A., D.Sc. (George B.) and Gardiner, M.A. (Andrew), *A Latin Anthology for Beginners*..... (Arnold) 2/0

MISCELLANEOUS

- Hall, M.D. (G. Rome), *The Black Fortnight, or The Invasion of 1915*..... (Sonnenschein) 1/0
 Rowntree (J.) and Sherwell (A.), *Principles and Methods of Direct Popular Control of the Liquor Traffic (Scotland)*..... (Macniven and Wallace) 0/3
 The Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland, *Third Annual Report 1903*..... (Edinburgh: Trust Offices)
 Peddie (R. A.), *List of Early Printed Books*..... (St. Bride Institute)
 Smith (R. H.), *Table of Multiplication, Division, and Proportion for the Ready Calculation of Wage Premiums, &c.*..... (Constable)
 Masse, M.A. (H. J. L. J.), *Pewter Plate, A Historical and Descriptive Handbook*..... (Bell) net 21/0
 Pertwee (Ernest), edited by, *Routledge's XXth Century Humorous Reciter*..... (Routledge) 1/0
 Gilbert (Henry), edited by, *The Literary Year Book and Bookman's Directory, 1901*..... (Allen) net 5/0
 Zimmermann (Dr. H.), translated by L. Desroise, *Calculating Tables*..... (Asher) net 6/0

FICTION

- "Old Shropshire Life," by Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell (Lane), 6/0; "The Law of Life," by Anna McClure Sholl (Heinemann), 6/0; "Room Fire," by Hamilton Drummond (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "Patsy the Omdalun," by M. McD. Bodkin, K.C. (Chatto), 3/6; "The Master-Rogue, the Countess of a Croesus," by David Graham Phillips (Richards), 6/0; "Jarwick, the Prodigal," by Tom Gallon (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "In Low Water," by Nat. Gould (Everett), 2/6; "Myra of the Pines," by Herman K. Viole (Unwin), 6/0; "The Filigree Ball," by Anna Katherine Green (Unwin), 6/0; "The Interloper," by Violet Jacob (Heinemann), 6/0; "White Star: The Story of a Hachorse," by O. Darcy Friel (Everett), 3/6; "The Despoilers," by Edmund Mitchell (Cassell), 6/0.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- "The Merry Wives of Windsor," edited by H. C. Hart (Methuen), 3/6; "The Kingdom of God is Within You," "What Shall We Do," and "King Assarhadon," by Leo Tolstoy (Free Age Press), each net 0/6; "The Egregious English," by Angus McNeill (Richards), net 1/0; "The Book of Snobs," by W. M. Thackeray (Richards), net 1/0; "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Edward Gibbon, Vol. III. (Richards) net 1/0; "Critical Papers in Art," by W. M. Thackeray (Macmillan), 3/6; "Studies in Jocular Literature," by W. Carew Hazlitt (Stock), net 1/6; "Introduction to the History of Civilization in England," by H. T. Buckle, annotated by J. M. Robertson (Routledge), 5/0; "History of the London Stage and its Famous Players (1576-1903)," by H. Barton Baker (Routledge), 7/6; "Adonais," by Percy B. Shelley, faithfully reprinted from the edition of 1821 (Methuen) net 2/0; "Leviathan," by Thomas Hobbes, edited by A. R. Waller (Cambridge Press), net 4/6; "The Odyssey of Homer in English Verse," by A. S. Way, M.A. (Macmillan), net 6/0; "Great Expectations" and "Hard Times," by Charles Dickens (Macmillan), 3/6; "Edgar Allan Poe's Tales: A Selection" (Cassell), net 0/6; "An Agnostic's Apology," by Sir Leslie Stephen (Watts & Co.), 0/6.

PERIODICALS

- "The Atlantic Monthly," "The Printseller and Collector," "The Royal," "The Independent," "The Smart Set," "The Girl's Realm," "Ulna: the Manchester Grammar School Magazine," "Fall Mail Magazine," "The Woman at Home."

Foreign

POETRY, CRITICISM, DRAMA, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Sp nle (E.), *Novallis, Essai sur l'Idealisme Romantique en Allemagne*..... (Paris: Hachette)
 Cazamian (Louis), *Le Roman Social en Angleterre (1830-1850)* (Dickens, Disraeli, Mrs. Gaskell, Kingsley)..... (Paris: Soci t  Nouvelle de Librairie) 7.50 frs.
 Palestira, XXXVI, Thomas Deloney, Von Dr. Richard Sievers..... (Berlin: Mayer and M ller) 6.60 marks
 Neundorff, Pr. Phil. (Bernhard), *Entstehungsgeschichte von Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield*..... (Berlin: Mayer and M ller) 2 marks

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

ALL admirers of Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, and more especially those of limited means, will heartily welcome the edition announced by Messrs. George Newnes, Limited. This is an oblong 4to. (11 $\frac{3}{4}$ by 8 $\frac{3}{4}$), priced at 10s. 6d. net, whereas copies of the original fetch, to-day, anything from £100 to £850 when they are sold at auction. A newly devised method has made it possible, in surface printing, to follow more closely than ever before the marvellous subtlety and harmony of tone of the originals: an excellence which was due to the manner of their production, in which great leading lines were etched in, chiefly by the master himself, after which the plates were worked upon in mezzotint by others, but always under Turner's own supervision. There will be a short historical introduction by Mr. C. F. Bell, of the Ashmolean Museum, an acknowledged authority on the subject.—The Astolat Press will issue next month two additional volumes in the popular "Oakleaf" series of reprints, viz., "The Vision of Sir Launfal," by J. R. Lowell, and "The Story of the Holy Grail" from Malory.—The same publishers also have in preparation an edition of Milton's Poems in one volume, illustrated by Mr. William Hyde, with original etchings, mezzotints and engravings on copper.—"Hellenism and Macedonia," by Dr. N ocl s Kasas, Rector of Athens University, which Mr. Keith Thomas will publish next week, seeks to show in concrete form the true state of affairs in Macedonia.—Mr. Earl Hodgson is giving, in a book to be published next week by A. and C. Black, the result of his long experience in trout fishing. The wind, the light, the temperature and other atmospheric conditions are considered in a manner which, though novel, the publishers deem to be in the right vein and convincing. Inset at the beginning of the volume is a model book of flies for stream and lake, arranged according to the months. The flies, numbering fully 150, are all reproduced in colour facsimile.—Under the title of "A Bush Honeymoon and Other Australian Stories," Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish on February 29 a volume by Mrs. Palmer Archer, a Queensland writer who will now make her first appearance before the English public.—On February 29 Mr. Unwin will publish in his "Red Cloth" Library a new volume of stories by Mr. Louis Becke, "Chinkies' Flat."—A new Yorkshire periodical in the interest of local antiquities and customs, more particularly of the West Riding, is to be commenced in March. It will be issued monthly, and will be entitled "Yorkshire Notes and Queries," and published by Mr. Elliot Stock.—Messrs. Harper and Brothers will publish shortly an important work by Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun entitled "Greater America." This work, on which Mr. Colquhoun has been engaged for the past two years revisiting many portions of "Greater America" and renewing his acquaintance with the United States, presents the Great Republic of the New World in a new light.—Mrs. John Lane has now followed up her article on "American Wives and English Husbands" which appeared in the "Fortnightly" some years ago, by another on "Entertaining" for the March number of the same review.

Egomet

I HAVE to my surprise received many letters from unknown correspondents concerning these my egotistical outpourings. Will the writers of these kindly notes permit me not only to thank them, but to say that I feel towards them as if they were my friends? When first I began to write these egometistical notes I feared that they would be of interest to myself alone and it is gratifying to find that they have appealed to kindred souls. We booklovers, after all, are citizens of a great republic of letters, a republic where poverty is not counted a crime and where wealth is welcomed chiefly as a means of purchasing books, a republic that admits no distinctions of country or of race, a republic where rank does not exist and where the only qualification for citizenship is the love of books.

Between citizens of this world-wide republic should not liberty, fraternity and equality ever exist? Liberty to love each other even though we be personally unacquainted, liberty to read and to admire all good literature or only that portion of it which may appeal to our individual tastes, liberty to say our say of the writers we worship without giving offence to those whose opinions do not coincide with our own. Fraternity, for all booklovers are brothers, who do not quarrel as brothers are wont to do, brothers who may live together in amity however great may be the differences of taste and judgment. Over politics, over religion, over one question and another of more or less importance, men have ever and will ever dispute with rancour, but in the republic of letters, while there must be differences, all of us can agree to differ and to meet with a kindly good humour the vagaries of our brothers.

Equality too; all bookmen are equal however varied their abilities may chance to be, equal in that they all love books and find sustenance in them. Our literary as our physical digestions are not equally robust, but that matters not; books are food for the mind to all of us, therein we are equal as all men are equal in that they must eat to live, though many live to eat. All bookmen read to live, for the mind of a bookman calls for sustenance as well as his body, and many bookmen live to read, of which number I confess I am one. The murmur of the world is a noise to me; the hearts of men and women interest me more than the rise and fall of empires or the

clash of arms. Where better can I learn the secret heart of men and women than in the books they have written? Read between the lines every book contains something of autobiography. My circle of friends and of acquaintances is reasonably large, yet how little compared with the number of men and women in the world and how difficult it is to pierce beneath the mask that covers the face of the dearest friend.

But books present to me a picture of human nature, past and present, if therein there lies any difference, varied, subtle and unlimited. Study the works of any great writer as the outpouring of a man's or of a woman's soul and heart. Therein to me lies the wonder of books. Shakespeare to me is no mere poet, no mere playwright, no superhuman phenomenon as so many critics would have him be; but a fellow man and a fellow sinner, a fellow of infinite jest, of infinite heart, of infinite feeling; a man like myself who knew sorrow and joy, hope and disappointment; not a god but a god-like man. As I walk the streets of this noisy modern London I often have him by my side and what a companion he is! I walk with him not this noisy modern city, but the busy, bustling country-town London in which he dwelt; now and again we stand before some famous building—the Tower, the Temple, the Abbey Church of Westminster—and he tells me tales of the brave days of old, brave days but brutal, putting heart and life into the dry bones of history. Or we step into a tavern, and he points out to me, as we drink our sack or our Rhenish, the jolly folk amid whom we sit—Falstaff, Prince Hal, Ben Jonson, Bardolf, Kit Marlowe, Burbage, Dame Quickly and many another. Or of a night, as the chimes are sounding from the church towers and the moon rides high, he breathes into me the spirit of poetry, the mystic beauty of the silver Thames, the night shadows of men's souls, the pathos of the sleeping town, the loves, the hates, the despairs of human souls. O rare Will Shakespeare!

Such is he to me, such in less degree are others. To what do they stand to you, who with kindly eye read these lines and write to me as friends? If books are to you what they are to me, let us shake hands as brother bookmen and fellow citizens.

E. G. O.

Sir Leslie Stephen

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN had the double advantage of both being and looking a Man of Letters. His face, even when he was a Cambridge don, had the pale cast of thought; he exaggerated the stoop of the student; he wore the locks of the poet. In later years, when he walked from his house at Kensington Gore to the Athenæum—with a ground-devouring tread reminiscent of the days when he stalked from Cambridge to London, fifty miles, in twelve hours—he was recognised as an evident personality, a literary one and a picturesque one. A dozen years or more ago, strangers familiar with the portraits of authors thought, at first flash, that Tennyson had passed them. But the two men were not really alike, except in their unlikeness to all others. When they were seen together—say when the poet was declaring that Jane Austen was next to Shakespeare in English literature—they must have looked as different from each other in their faces as they assuredly were in their critical

judgments. For Sir Leslie Stephen, if not a supreme critic, was at least a sane one.

The son of Sir James Stephen who was as great a talker and in some moods as great a bore, as he was a great organiser and great tyrant at the Colonial Office ("Mr. Over-Secretary Stephen"), Leslie went with his brother FitzJames to Eton; then to King's College (where F. D. Maurice was a professor); and on to Cambridge where, in 1854, he was elected to a Tutorial Fellowship at Trinity Hall—a post for which he qualified himself by taking Orders, as did his friend, Henry Fawcett, a couple of years later. So far as he had a religious history, it came to the end of a chapter in 1863; and he wrote the "Finis" with a cool and steady hand. Looking back in later life he said that it cost him no regret to part with the Christian creed—a confession which singularly divides him from nearly all those contemporaries of his among Men of Letters who have suffered religious catastrophe or even

experienced religious development. Newman, for instance, felt that "life was over" when the wrench came that took him from the Anglican to the Roman communion; and Renan blended tears with his ink when he wrote, in words that move even those who have never believed, of the old time when the Litany of the Blessed Virgin made music in his ear and in his heart. Sir Leslie Stephen said that his own parting with Christ cost him no grief; and that, I think, must be held to be, among the "notes" of his personal character, the most salient note of all. His grandfather on his mother's side was the Rev. John Venn, of the Clapham school of Evangelicals; his grandfather on his father's side was a lawyer who shared likewise the religious and philanthropic sentiments of his friend Wilberforce—a devout follower of the "Clapham sect"; and his father, too—we have it on the authority of his greatest intimate, Sir Henry Taylor—was "fervently religious." Leslie Stephen could break therefore with late as well as with early traditions, and yet feel no pang; nor could he have wept, like Newman, after his Ordination vows, at "the thought of what he had then become." Perhaps this insensibility was not unconnected with his lack of the love of association—he did not care, he said, to look at a cottage because Wordsworth happened to have lived in it.

Yet in other respects heredity had its full share of influence on his life. Many secular advantages came to him as his father's son, advantages of friendships among the rest. Even the fact that he was Thackeray's son-in-law added a final touch to his marvellous fitness for the editorship of the "Cornhill Magazine." He held that post between the years 1871 and 1883. There and in the "Pall Mall Gazette" and the "Saturday Review" he published the admirable papers which, when issued in volume form, established him as a writer with whom readers were happy to spend "Hours in a Library," and in whose company they could recur to the "History of Thought in the Eighteenth Century"—a century with which his own turn of mind had much in common. His editorship of the first volumes—about a third of the whole—of the "Dictionary of National Biography" threw, at the last, these earlier experiences into the background; but they were his happy ones. The end of his "Cornhill" editorship, when it came, was accelerated by his amiability. He hated the editorial necessity of saying "No" to friends, and to friends' friends, and to the friends of the friends of friends.

One "mark" of his magazine editorship should be remembered. Great writers, in its pages, had been allowed to break through the rule of anonymity with full signatures. Leslie Stephen established a sort of second grade—to the young and little known writer of particular merit should be conceded his initials; and that is how we first met with "R. L. S." at the foot of a "Cornhill" article on "Victor Hugo's Romances," an article of which Stevenson used to declare (surely paying tribute to the sympathy and the understanding of the dictator-editor) that it was the first of his in which he had found himself able to say things in the way he felt they ought to be said. Mr. Sidney Colvin introduced Leslie Stephen to Stevenson; and there is an ever fresh pathos, which no perversity has power to disturb, in the familiar letter of Stevenson's about his first meeting with Henley, written in Edinburgh in 1874: "Yesterday Leslie Stephen, who was down here to lecture, called on me and took me up to see a poor fellow, a poet who writes for him, and who has been eighteen months in our infirmary. It was very sad to see him there in a little room with two beds, and a couple of sick children in the other bed. Stephen and I sat on a couple of chairs, and the poor fellow sat up in his bed with his head and beard all tangled, and talked as cheerfully as if he had been in a king's palace, or the great King's palace of the blue air." Leslie Stephen mourned when the Henley article came to

undo, as it seemed, that good day's work. Perhaps it consoled him for his failure to effect, what he once planned, a visit from Stevenson to Carlyle. When Stephen went to Chelsea with the proposal that he should, on some future occasion, bring a young Scot who was keen to meet Carlyle, and who had taken to the study of Knox, the sage would only grunt that he did not see why anybody should want either to see his "wretched old carcass," or to say anything more about Knox. By a strange coincidence, Leslie Stephen was down to speak at a dinner of his favourite Alpine Club on the evening of the day on which the news of Stevenson's death darkened London; and he spoke of that passing away with an emotion which many who knew him only in his work have felt this week in hearing of his own.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

Science

The Yellow Peril—or Promise

I AM certain that some readers of my article of last week may have felt that I was taking a great deal for granted in speaking so confidently of a future fusion of the white and yellow races. Whilst giving my insignificant assent to Spencer's advice that the Japanese should, for the present, avoid inter-marriage with Europeans, I yet declared that such inter-marriages would one day be a matter of common occurrence, and hinted at the entire desirability of the event. As for the "Yellow Peril," the assertion of which is the latest move of the Continental press, and of which we have heard much lurid and foolish talk in time past, I made not so much as an allusion to it.

But the question is well worthy of discussion, and highly in need of consideration in a somewhat more reasoned manner than that to which we are accustomed. For if, indeed, there be a Yellow Peril, then it is a peril indeed—to us, if not to the future of humanity; whilst if there be not, there must certainly be alternatives well worthy of the gravest thought.

The present talk of the Yellow Peril, whilst unconsciously dealing with an essentially scientific subject, has all the characters that distinguish the ideas of any untrained mind. Most notably of all, it starts with an unproved assumption which, if disposed of, leaves it without any trace of a foundation in facts. The assumption, of course, is that a racial war—I use the word war in the usual sense—is the inevitable result of a racial awakening such as we anticipate for the Mongolian. But before anyone expects to be seriously regarded in this matter, before he has any right whatever to further hearing, he must first either demonstrate or give reasonable grounds for the probability that racial war is the inevitable consequence of the modernisation of the Mongol. And, to accomplish this, he obviously must consider all the possible alternatives, and give reasons for regarding them as less likely than that against which he would warn us. Now at least three possibilities are patent to the meanest mind. (It is not a high order of intellect, but merely a logical and scientific method of approaching the question that is here needed.) Thus the white race may exterminate—or subjugate—the yellow as the consequence of a racial war, or the yellow may exterminate—or subjugate—the white, or the two may fuse without war. Before we indulge in wild speculation about the Yellow Peril we must dispose of the first and third of these possibilities—not to mention others, such as the likelihood that each race has its appointed term, and that without any yellow invasion, the white race may come, by inevitable law, to a natural end produced by internal causes. I submit that this way of approaching the subject is no more or less than reasonable, and that the conclusions to which some protagonists of Russia are at present rushing, have precisely the worth that attaches to all conclusions based upon unproved assumptions.

Now, as to the first possibility—that the white race will exterminate, or subjugate, the yellow—there is at least one most significant fact which is, at all times and in almost all connexions, worth remembering. It is that the birth-rate in nearly all “civilised” countries—that is to say, the birth-rate amongst white races—has been falling for many years past, and is steadily, generally and perhaps inevitably falling to-day. Sorry indeed should I be to attempt the task of explaining this phenomenon; but I certainly believe that it is not a symptom of an inevitable race-decadence, but that it is, on the contrary, a preventable and largely voluntary consequence of our present mode of civilised life. There is absolutely no evidence whatever in favour of the view that a similar phenomenon is to be observed in China and Japan. There is, on the contrary, every reason to believe that the yellow race is increasing, at the present time, more rapidly than the white. Numbers, of course, are not everything; but at this stage in Far Eastern events there is no need to observe that the brains are not wanting to the race which might have received the promise to Abraham. It multiplies as the “sands of the sea,” but these yellow sands run to brains as well as grit. Wherefore I believe that the white race has small promise of exterminating—or subjugating—the yellow.

The argument at present, therefore, is in favour of the Yellow Peril, and would perhaps be welcomed as conclusive by anyone to whom the third alternative had not presented itself. But we must not forget it. Perhaps we may hazard the guess that European civilisation will make less prolific the race that adopts it, just as it has lessened the fecundity of the race which credits itself—I understand—with having invented it. (We may remember that our civilisation was born in Western Asia, and not in Greece, as the Hellenists would no doubt have us believe.) Let us grant, then, that the rate of increase of white and of yellow may ultimately become very similar. What is to happen? Well, if you believe—which I do not—that the white race is already nearing the term of its career, nothing better could happen for the world than that, by an infusion of new blood, it should be rejuvenated, or, at any rate, that the best elements of its life should be represented in a new World Race. But if you do not believe that the white race is already thus dying of old age, and if you recognise, as you must, that war plays, as the centuries pass, an ever lessening part in the world drama, and that it is in the highest degree improbable that white and yellow should regard such an appalling criterion as desirable or even conceivable, then you are left with the alternative of peaceful fusion. Already this process has begun in the treaty ports of Japan, and in Tokio. If you believe that each race would prefer war to fusion you deny the lesson of the past that race-hatred, strong as it still is, yet is characteristic of a primitive stage and of primitive peoples. It has played a great part—like war, its offspring—but science has pronounced its doom. Science has given us means of communication which are daily and rapidly reducing the size of the planet on which we live. Race-hatred, the product of ignorance, misunderstanding, lack of appreciation of each other's past, and utter absence of the conceptions that science has given us, is a thing doomed—thank Heaven—to die. Science looks for the day—of its own bringing—when humanity shall have a single consciousness and a united front in the last war—in which union will indeed be strength, as disunion in the past has been impotence—the war which man will wage, with a success of which the history of his evolution from the dust is a guarantee, against the evils within and the evils without—or, in other words, against that which must be conquered in the heredity and environment that have produced him.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

IT is not often that the dramatic critic pays two consecutive visits to the theatre and is rewarded by being provided with ample food for thought and with two interesting, human plays. Yet such was the good fortune that came to me last week, the two plays being the adaptation of M. Brieux' “*La Robe Rouge*” under the title of “*The Arm of the Law*” and Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's original play “*A Man of Honour*.” Each piece is an earnest and almost entirely successful attempt to deal with real problems of life and in each the situations are natural, the characters truly drawn and the dialogue terse and effective.

“*THE ARM OF THE LAW*” possesses no love story, but deals with a phase of French law, which may be summed up as the examination of prisoners before trial by the examining magistrate, which, if M. Brieux' picture be true, is a relic of the mediæval examination by torture, mental in place of physical. Mouzon, an examining magistrate, has but one object in life—self-aggrandisement, which he can most easily achieve by bringing malefactors to book and by permitting no crime to pass by without someone having been punished for it. Being without a conscience he sets to work to prove Etchepare guilty of a murder of which he is in reality guiltless, and but for the conscience of Vagret, the public prosecutor, would have succeeded in doing so by means the most despicable. In the examination preceding the trial Mouzon uses every effort to make Etchepare confess, he tortures the wretched man and his wife in a manner truly fiendish. In the end despite Mouzon the prisoner is acquitted, but at the trial a past sin of the wife, Yanetta, is brought to light for the unholy purpose of breaking down the prisoner and of prejudicing him with the jury, the result being that Etchepare throws his wife from him with rage and contumely. The play holds the attention from first to last; our sympathies are played upon and—the one real blot upon the piece—our horror is aroused, it being questionable whether any dramatist is justified in bringing horror before our eyes. In any case the physical violence, once or twice too apparent, should have been avoided. Another matter with which I find fault is the concluding scene in which Yanetta murders Mouzon. It is melodramatic and unnecessary; the close of the play would be finer, more truly tragic if the curtain fell upon the pathetic figure of the abandoned Yanetta. The scene is laid in Mauleon, a small town situated on the French borders of the Lower Pyrenees.

Of the acting in “*The Arm of the Law*” it would be difficult to speak too highly. Mr. Arthur Bourchier is excellent throughout as Mouzon, every gesture and word is true and effective, he has created a sinister figure which will linger long in the memory; Miss Violet Vanbrugh is very good as Yanetta, but her passions would be made more real if there were occasional periods of calm amid the storm and stress, a few notes of restrained agony amid the outbursts of rage and despair. No one who has watched his previous performances will be surprised at the success of Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw in the difficult part of Etchepare, difficult in that it might so easily have been overacted. Mr. Robertshaw shows great discretion and acts with sincerity and power.

LOVERS of good plays and good acting should hold it their duty to support such plays as “*The Arm of the Law*” and “*A Man of Honour*”; the dramatist who takes his

art seriously and does indeed hold up the mirror to nature has a claim to encouragement which should not be denied by those who wish well to the theatre. If Mr. Maugham has not written a perfect play in "A Man of

could by no effort make happy, and then he would have had our entire sympathy and best wishes. But it is almost ungracious to complain at all concerning such a fine work, upon which we may base the hope that Mr. Maugham may prove to be the dramatist for whom we have so long been calling.



Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT

[An early photograph taken Birmingham in the 'sixties.]

Honour," he has, at any rate, written one which is very interesting, suggestive, and full of promise. His theme is an old one—are there any new themes in life? Old but treated with freshness and truth to human nature. Basil Kent considers it incumbent on him as a man of honour to marry Jenny Bush, a barmaid, although he does not love her and is more than half in love with Mrs. Murray, a wealthy widow. The marriage turns out a failure, the couple are thoroughly incompatible; Kent's passion for Mrs. Murray increases and is returned; the wife discovers that "there is no room for her," commits suicide, and Kent is left free, though what use he makes of his freedom we are left to guess. This sketch of the plot reads commonplace, but the play is anything but that, only commonplace so far as the realities of life can be called so. The tragedy, for it is such, marches on with the sure step of fate, stage conventionalities are absent, each character works out his or her fortune, and the spectators watch the play as they would watch, sympathise with, and share in a tragedy in the lives of those with whom they mix in everyday life. It is painful but it is true. The only fault I have to find is that Mr. Maugham has chosen the wrong man for the central figure; Kent should have had a stronger moral fibre; having taken up his burden he should have proved strong enough to bear it, to the degree, at any rate, of concealing his passion for the second woman. He could have separated from his wife, with whom it was impossible for him to live and whom he

Good plays make good actors, and there were several good performances in "A Man of Honour." Mr. Ben Webster did not shirk anything in the part of Basil Kent, he brought out clearly the many sides of the character; Miss Muriel Wylford was absolutely true as Fanny, never exaggerating the pathos or the emotion: a really memorable performance; and Mr. George Trollope was admirable as the despicable cockney cad, James Bush; all, indeed, were good. Again, let us hope that such a play and such acting will meet with due and prompt reward of popular success.

THE performances of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Court Theatre go far to prove that sumptuous mounting is not necessary for an interesting production of a Shakespeare play. But Mr. J. H. Leigh should have taken a little more care and have used greater taste in the selection of his scenery; magnificence is not called for, but discretion and artistic sense are needed. The Hall of Capulet's House and Juliet's Chamber show how much can be done and what beauty achieved by simple means. The acting is on the whole fairly good, the actors speak their words clearly and enter into the spirit of their parts. Mr. Charles Lander, however, lacks passion, his love is but cold; on the other hand Miss Thirza Norman is really charming as Juliet and Juliet should charm us. She is girlish, sweet-voiced, and pretty, rousing in us a deep sympathy for her pitiful fate. A Juliet to see and to remember.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE hit upon a theme for an excellent farce and Mr. Harrison Rhodes persuaded him to utilise it for a light comedy in three acts; or was it the reverse way? Collaboration presents difficulties to the critic who would rightly apportion blame or praise, not that in the case of "Captain Dieppe" there is much call for the latter. It is all so old-fashioned and so full of stage conventions: compromising letters, coincidences, detectives, black-haired villains, unnatural misunderstandings, jealous husbands, flirtatious wives and so on and so forth. The scenery is quite beautiful.

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER's work always demands attention and is always interesting. A new five-act drama, "Der Einsame Weg" (The Lonely Road) has just been produced at the Deutsche Theatre, Berlin. It both attracts and repels us. It presents the tragic history of two men, each an egotist in a different way, who have gone through life destroying instead of building up, and thus when they begin to grow old and to feel a need of human sympathy and affection, cannot win it anywhere. The underlying moral teaches that unselfishness and kindness towards others are sure to bring forth fruit, while lack of such qualities lead to the lonely desert. Needless to say the play was perfectly acted.

MR. J. M. BARRIE's "Quality Street," called "Im Stillten Gässchen" in the German version, had but a moderate success at Leipzig.

FRENCH playgoers must be getting somewhat tired of anti-semitism on the stage. "Décadence," M. Guinon's

new play just brought out at the Vaudeville, should have been called "The Two Races." But the plot is really only an old friend with a new face. Formerly the daughter of a ruined nobleman, who had mortgaged all his property, married a rich ironmaster to set things right. Now she marries—at least in stageland—a rich Jew. Guinon certainly shows quite impartially the faults of both sorts of people, the pampered aristocrat and the self-satisfied Jew. Their words are always violent, and their actions weak. The last act is the best where the rich husband points out to his aristocratic wife, who loathes poverty, how very poor she will be if she deserts him for her lover, the marquis. He succeeds in winning her back, the material part of her that is, but her soul belongs to the marquis. The play is, of course, thoroughly well acted by the Vaudeville Company.

"LA BOULE," the *chef d'œuvre* of Meilhac and Halévy, is to be revived shortly at the Variétés, after an interval of fifteen years, with a splendid cast.

JANE HADING has just given four performances—"La Châtelaine," "Frou-Frou," "La Princesse Georges," and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"—with immense success at the Royal Theatre, Athens. The last was a veritable triumph.

A FLEMISH version of Schiller's "Maria Stuart" has been attracting large audiences to the Flemish Theatre in Brussels.

MUTTER LANDSTRASSE. DAS ENDE EINER JUGEND. Schauspiel in drei Aufzügen von Wilhelm Schmidt-Bonn. (Berlin: Fleischel. 1m.)

THE tone and mood of an old folk-song breathes through this little prose play. It is the work rather of a poet than of a dramatist, and of a youthful poet. It depicts the return of a prodigal son who was not received with feasting and rejoicing. The scene in which his father brutally tells him it is hunger, and not love and remorse, which has driven him home, is full of point and insight. He shows Hans how his carelessness, his want of consideration for others, has brought suffering and misery on those he pretends to love, on his father, his mother, his wife, his child. Finally the father offers to take charge of the wife and child, but for Hans he will do nothing, he must wander farther along the road; and it is only then that Hans seems to realise that the fault of it all lies with himself. Trude, the wife, ill and hungry as she is, at first refuses to separate herself from her husband, whom she passionately loves, despite his misdoings. But at length Hans decides to go, and takes a pathetic farewell of Trude while she sleeps the sleep of exhaustion. He hears the Minstrel calling to him in his music:—

How beautifully you play, Minstrel! You ought to stand in a richly furnished and brilliantly lighted hall, and there draw such sounds from your fiddle, instead of wandering along the road in torn shoes. What is there in the open road that makes a man like you set it above everything on earth? How beautifully you play! What is all the suffering that comes from men compared with the everlasting peace that comes from those sounds. . . . The Minstrel tells me clearly that it's the open road which passes before your door. I will traverse it, over the hills, and see what lies behind them. That's the last consolation for such as I am. Those whom men cast out, the white road receives. It shall accept me as a son. There is the empire over which I am king, there am I as free as a bird. There are meadows and sunshine and the song of birds, and all is mine. Where

I please, I lay myself down in the grass and look up to the sky. I accompany any one I choose a little way and gladly listen to him, and if none smiles a welcome at me, I continue alone. Every mountain spring is mine, and all the fruit.

At times bald realism prevails in the talk, at others, as the above example sufficiently shows, the author lets his characters give voice to their inmost feelings in the most poetical language. Indeed, it is just the beauty of the words and of the sentiment that lies behind them that inclines us to forget the lack of true dramatic and psychological development. As to characterisation, the author is perhaps most successful with the women and with the wandering minstrel who, with a benign wisdom, observes mankind. And yet not without subtlety is it indicated that Hans, despite his worthlessness, wins plenty of love: from women, from casual travellers on the road, from his father's dogs who refuse to harm him, and from the servants who refuse to turn him out by violent means, even at their master's bidding. The atmosphere of the little play reminds us of Maeterlinck. Its charm is indubitable. We remember reading a little while ago an English novel, "The Winding Road," by Elizabeth Godfrey, that made on us much the same impression as this German play.

Musical Notes

THE controversy which has been waged in a contemporary concerning the music of Brahms has been interesting and instructive. The correspondent who maintained that those who cannot perceive the beauty of Brahms' music had no right to speak on the subject was going too far in saying this, of course. As Mr. R. A. Streatfeild properly pointed out, it is not only the function but the duty of the critic to express his own opinions whether these be right or wrong and whether they have the support of established authority or not. But while one may admit that anyone has a perfect right to call Brahms' music dull or dreary or dismal, or anything else, it is equally indisputable that such an one must be an object of sincere pity to those more happily constituted in this respect.

No doubt much nonsense has been written concerning Brahms by some of his more extravagant worshippers. No doubt, too, it is still too early to determine what position in relation to the greater masters Brahms will ultimately take. No doubt, further, he did put his name to many compositions which have little but their technical excellence to commend them. To represent that everything which Brahms wrote is of equal or of enduring value is absurd. But every composer has a right to be judged by his best, and when one calls to mind the glorious compositions in almost every form to be numbered among those which Brahms left the world, it becomes matter for sheer amazement that anyone possessed of any musical perceptions at all should fail to be moved by these. When one thinks of such chamber works as the B flat quartet, the clarinet quintet, and the first sextet, of such orchestral music as that contained in any of the symphonies, or of such choral music as the German Requiem supplies, or of such songs as "Wo bist du meine Königin," or "Meine Liebe ist grün," or "So willst du des Armen," or scores of others which might be named, it is hard indeed to resist the conclusion that the anti-Brahmsites must really be tone deaf.

MOREOVER while conceding theoretically the right of every musician to his own opinion on such matters there are limits even here. If one were to come forward for example and declare, as a musician, that he found

Beethoven, say, insupportable and reckoned him a wholly overrated master, one would admire his courage but would hardly respect his critical faculty. He would be perfectly justified in saying these things if he thought them. At the same time he would be giving himself away as an authority upon the art. Only a rabid partisan would attempt to place Brahms on the same footing as Beethoven. Yet there are certain works of Brahms, such as those above named and many more, inability to enjoy which seems to me hardly more inexplicable—I have in mind of course the case of cultivated musicians—than inability to appreciate Beethoven or Mozart.

In this matter of composers and their worth, it is not always realised that even in the case of the greatest masters it is only authority after all which establishes their fame—the consensus of opinion on the subject, that is to say, on the part of educated musicians. Neither the excellence nor the worthlessness of any music can be scientifically demonstrated. There is no means of actually proving that the C minor symphony, say, is a greater composition than the “Washington Post.” It is open to anyone to maintain the contrary if he feels disposed to do so. And by way of reply it can only be pointed out that the majority of cultivated musicians are against his view. Which is, of course, the argument of authority and nothing else. While, therefore, to come back to the point from which I started, every man is entitled to his own opinions concerning Brahms or Beethoven or Sousa, or any other composer, it is none the less pertinent and proper to cite against him the counter opinions of acknowledged judges in order to convince him of the error of his ways.

“AMORELLE,” the latest of the musical pieces (words by Mr. Barton White and music by M. Gaston Serpette), is not a very notable addition to the list, but in the person of Mr. Willie Edouin it enjoys the services of a comedian who may be trusted in due course to make the most of what, at present, can only be regarded as a somewhat unpromising part. On the opening night matters went very heavily, it must be confessed. But one would never think of pronouncing judgment on a musical comedy on the strength of its first performance, which properly should be regarded merely in the light of an experimental sketch to be worked on at will by all concerned until the desired result has been attained. When such needful changes have been made in the case of “Amorelle,” no doubt with the aid of such popular artists as Miss Mahelle Gilman, Miss Claire Romaine, Mr. Sydney Barraclough and others, it will develop into a sufficiently amusing entertainment.

In one of the musical comedies now running, a syndicate is described as a “large body of men entirely surrounded by money.” It is interesting to read that such an organization has been created with a view to obtaining control of the various operatic houses in Italy. Precisely how this rather considerable undertaking is to be accomplished on the strength of a modest capital of £4,000 is not indicated. But the statement is interesting as affording evidence of the fact that even in operatic Italy, where the subsidy system prevails, the result has not been all that could be wished. In point of fact the tendency of recent years has been all against the continuance of these grants in aid—various towns which formerly granted subsidies having latterly discontinued them. For particulars whereof see the recently issued Return.

A PARODY of Tchaikowsky's “1812” overture in the shape of an “Overture Anti-solenelle, 1903,” is a feature of the current programme, I notice, at the Palace Theatre. The composer is given as one Finckowsky, whom it is not too speculative perhaps to assume to be related to Mr. Herman Finck, the capable conductor of the orchestra at that attractive place of entertainment. In which connection is it not rather surprising that musical *jeux d'esprit* of this order are not more frequently attempted? Why should the skit and the parody be confined to literature? When will a musical humourist arise who shall do for the art of Wagner and Richard Strauss what Calverley, Seaman, and a score of others have done for the art of Tennyson and Browning. There would assuredly be no lack of material. Such things are done in private, of course, and occasionally in public by the popular entertainer. But why are they never published?

SOME of my readers may be glad to be reminded that the usual performance of Bach's “St. John” Passion music are being given on Fridays throughout Lent at St. Anne's, Soho. It is rather deplorable that in London we should be more or less dependent for such performances on the efforts of a small church choir and a scratch orchestra. But the enterprise displayed in the preparation of these special services at St. Anne's year after year, under the direction of the church's accomplished organist Mr. E. H. Thorne, is deserving of heartiest recognition. It was, I believe, the late Sir Joseph Barnby who originated these particular performances, which goes to remind one of the useful truth that the good, as well as the evil, which men do occasionally lives after them.

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Art Notes

I WAS glad to see that the Old Water-Colour Society had elected with Mr. Sargent and Mr. Tuke and Mr. Cameron, so exquisite an artist, and poet in his art, as Mr. Cadogan Cowper. Mr. Sargent it would be ridiculous to praise at the summit of his high career; and Mr. Tuke's open-air painting is as well known as Mr. Cameron's etchings and largely handled water colours with their rich warm yellow, brown, and scarlet preferences. But Mr. Cadogan Cowper is an artist's artist; and I fancy that most people will raise eyebrows of inquiry at his name. Yet he is one of our few living poetic painters. His six months' of assistantship to Mr. Edwin Abbey have been a happy completion to his schooling at the Academy. There was just the chance that his exquisite and graceful art and his dainty fancy might escape the rewards of public appreciation; but his election to the Old Water-Colour Society is a happy augury of his future success, and he deserves early recognition.

At the Fine Art Society's rooms in Bond Street may be seen an interesting little collection of water-colours by Mr. Wilfrid Ball, showing his wonted dexterity and skill and quickness of vision. In the other rooms there is on view a remarkably fine collection of engravings and drawings of the "London of the Georges," which will be of more than usual interest to collectors. The artistic merit of many of these old prints is sometimes as high as their old-world fascination; for in and through them all runs the strange fascination that old historic London holds for all who have imagination. Every day she changes her complexion like some perverse beauty. To dwell amongst these old pictures of her for an hour is to live in a London that is wholly different to the London of our days—her doorways, her very windows, seem to have changed; and yet, through all her disguises, we hear the same fascinating voice. Her dress seems but an affair of fashion after all—in and under all is the London that we know, a city by itself, a city like none other in all the vast world. Had Christopher Wren dressed her as he designed, she would even so have stamped her personality upon the splendid dress he would have had her wear. Many of these fine engravings would make charming decorations for the wall; and all of them hold something of fairy in them—a glimpse of the land that was "once upon a time."

At the Dutch Gallery in Brook Street is an exhibition of the lithographs of Fantin-Latour, which contains such fine works as his flower-piece, "Bouquet de Roses," and his large, and perhaps one of his most masterly pieces, "Hélène." In the "Hélène" we have his arrangement in black and white at its highest; and there is a sense of beauty in the nude, the lack of which is generally the chief fault in his lithography, his figures of women being heavy and clumsy in form. The lithograph of the roses is a masterpiece—in the sense of colour and the magic of the thing. Here also is his piece dedicated "à Stendhal," which shows his light touch to great perfection, especially after the eye has become rather cloyed with the vibrant trick of his florid pencil; and here also is his beautiful "Solitude" (Schumann) in its second state. Mr. van Wisselingh never gives us a commonplace exhibition.

At the Modern Gallery Mr. T. W. Allen shows a large number of his landscapes in oils, water-colours, and charcoal.

At Agnew's Galleries in Bond Street is an exhibition of works by the great English masters of water-colour that must mean the placing of a considerable sum of money on the walls of this small room. David Cox and Turner are well represented, and amongst the masters there is a



View from Mr. Cosway's Breakfast Room, Pall Mall, with the Portrait of Mrs. Cosway
Painted by W. Hodges & R. Cosway; engraved by W. Birch, 1789.
(Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.)

"Venice" by Müller that places him amongst the greatest of them all.

MISS MARGARET THOMPSON shows a number of water-colour drawings of the interiors of the historic houses of Hatfield, Warwick, and Knole at the Stafford Gallery, whose managers have begun to produce their coloured reproductions of Mr. Nicholson's delightful water-colour drawings of Oxford, and there is no doubt that these will be eagerly sought after by the undergraduates and the hundreds of those who love the glorious scenes of their youth with the love of youth. Oxford is indeed fortunate in having caught the fancy of William Nicholson.

MESSRS. SOTHERAN have on view at their well-known bookshop in Piccadilly a selection from the illustrations for the Bible, drawn by Tissot. Perhaps one of the strangest freaks in the history of nineteenth-century artists was the sudden desertion by Tissot of trivial modish social subjects, and his passionate aim to illustrate the Bible. One can imagine no more unpromising training. It was perhaps an essential part of such a man's nature that he should aim at painting the scenes in a purely realistic manner, and, calculating that in the East the fashions change but slowly, he essayed to reproduce the story of the genius of the Jews in terms of to-day. The loss in imagination and emotion was inevitable—to approach the grandeur of the Biblical story with the realistic spirit is to play at being a god in a billy-cock hat. But given the realistic point of view, Tissot did as quaint a Bible story in pictures as the world has seen. It is when he has a chance of displaying humour, odd to say, that his art serves him best, as in the boy Joseph being sold to

Potiphar. The quaint decorative effect of the flying ducks overhead as the lad Ishmael draws his bow to let fly an arrow is really quite fine. But it is nearly always when Tissot is furthest away from what one may call the Biblical spirit that he is happiest in his designs.

THE annual volume of "Art," the first volume of that artistic venture, makes a handsome book, and is a good guide to contemporary Dutch and Belgian art. It contains a paper on the sculptor Meunier, a reproduction of Rubens's glorious landscape in the Royal Museum at Brussels, and an excellent half-tone block of Rembrandt's portrait of himself as a young man from the Pacully Collection in Paris.

THE Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers have a gallery as small as their name is cumbersome; but the gallery contains several charming things. The accomplished and musical line of the Frenchman Helleu a'most sings in a very beautiful portrait of "Mademoiselle C.," and his fine craftsmanship gives distinction to some half-dozen other etchings at this year's show. Mr. Brangwyn shows the same grasp and mastery over etching that he has shown over every medium that he has used; indeed, both he and Mr. East display a large masterly quality and a poetic sense in the etched plate which sound a welcome note of the grand manner amidst much that is only too trivial and hesitating and "finicking." Amongst several plates that it would be a delight to possess was Mr. Hartley's "Twilight." Altogether a most interesting show. The special exhibition this year from the work of the old masters is a series of engravings by Andrea Mantegna.

MESSRS. METHUEN publish a wholly charming series of art monographs, entitled "Little Books on Art," which are a wonderful half-crown's worth. The number on "Greek Art" is good reading; and gives very fair illustrations of the different stages in the development of the great art of this wondrous people. But in the "Sir Joshua Reynolds" we get a really excellent biography, and considering the size of the book, a remarkably good series of illustrations of Sir Joshua's genius. This book is supplemented by "A Little Gallery of Reynolds," of which I cannot speak so highly, for the illustrations ought to have been double the size. In all these little books the cover-designs are a model of good taste. Altogether Mr. Sime is to be heartily congratulated on his little life of Reynolds, and the publishers on the very good illustrating of the same. The volume on Watts by Mr. Sketchley naturally does not lend itself to a very frank biography of a living man; but there is much interesting matter within its small limits, which if not so masterly in its grip of biography as Mr. Sime's "Reynolds" makes excellent reading. I am glad to see that the author supports Mr. MacColl in his passionate appeal to the nation to have a bronze cast of Watts's superb equestrian statue for Kingsway. It is a strange comment on the lack of the love of art in our public bodies that the Government should not have leaped to secure so great a masterpiece for the beautifying and glory of London. It is a fortunate thing for art that artists are imbued with the glory of their art and not dependent on the vulgar eyes of political demigods. Methuen's "Little Books on Art" are valuable gems.

I SEE that a monument is to be raised to the memory of the founder of the "Graphic," Mr. W. L. Thomas. It is a wonder to me that the men who benefitted in pocket

and in reputation by the shrewd good sense and business capacity of this able man have not so raised a monument by private subscription—for he made many careers and started the argosies of several men's fortunes. He made only one great blunder in his life—he served his political party in a blind dog-like way that ensured his being passed over in the showering of honours. If there is one editor in London who deserved a baronetcy more than another for his loyalty to his party it was W. L. Thomas. But he never understood politics, far less the way to win prizes from party; he never caused his party a moment of uneasiness; and he met his reward by being passed over. The most fitting reward would be for the party he served so well to honour the dead man's family; but his friends and all such as benefitted by his business astuteness could do worse than raise a bronze bust to his memory.

F. C. G. is to be congratulated on the artistic promise of his son, Mr. A. Carruthers Gould, whose exhibition, with the works of Mr. H. Fischer at the Doré Gallery, discovers him as a colourist and a poet in the translation of nature's moods. I would only say this, that in some of the twilight landscapes, true and delightful as is the colour by which the mood of evening is given, there is such a thing as overdoing the flat silhouette of trees in the waning light, and the suggestion of the leafage would often have given a valuable sense of roundness and what one may call "tree-iness" without destroying the value of the silhouetted trees, at the same time that it would have enhanced the charm of the landscape.

Is the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Engravers going to lose its strength by internal dissensions? Why is Mr. Derwent Wood resigning? What are all these rumours and counter rumours? Ah! the sturdy old Royal Academy has only to sit still and wait, and—the great rivals break to pieces and dwindle and fall to ruin; the "house opposite" becomes divided against itself; and the Royal Academy nods and smiles and continues to act as a "private society."

ONE of the most interesting of forthcoming exhibitions of one-man work will open at Hanover Gallery, in Bond Street, on March 15. The artist is a Belgian who has studied in Brussels and now resides in Surrey. M. Edouard van Goetheim paints en plein air with taste, conviction and a great deal of talent; his pictures of beach, boats and babies have a peculiar and individual charm which should render the exhibition particularly delightful.

THE Annual Exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society (President, Her Majesty the Queen) will be held this year at Moncorvo House, Ennismore Gardens, by kind permission of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Gretton, on March 5 to 8 inclusive, in aid of the usual London charities. Intending exhibitors should apply to the Hon. Sec., the Hon. Mrs. Mallet, 38, Rutland Gate, S.W.

IN connection with the above, a loan collection of miniatures by the late George Engleheart and John Smart will be shown. Owners of works by these artists who are willing to lend them for exhibition are requested to communicate with the Hon. Sec. of the Loan Annex, the Hon. Sybil Legh, Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square, S.W.

University Extension

A Suggestion to the Provinces

I FEEL indebted to the writer of the third letter on University Extension in last week's *ACADEMY*. He has forestalled me in laying stress on this lagging behind in the provinces. "Lack of a strong lead" is the root of the matter. In many cases there would seem to be no lead at all. I have frequently made lengthy stays in provincial towns in different parts of the country, and I do not remember ever to have come across any evidence of the working of the movement. It is true that I have not been looking for such evidence, being then unconscious of this educational force. But that surely is the proper test of its influence. When, by accident or design initiated by yourself, you come into contact with this force, when you know the existence even of this "Extension" business and understand its aims and inner workings, you begin to know something about the courses of lectures. Back in London, you suddenly discover from the printed matter you have succeeded in obtaining that there was a course of lectures, important to you, being delivered in — all the time you were making it your abode. Such information is then of little use.

The above must be the facts in scores of cases. All the burrowing has to be done by each individual; there is no canvassing for Extension students, no propagating of the movement. It would be interesting to have testimony of this from others, and some of the experiences of provincial readers on their introduction to University Extension.

Yes, we have museums, libraries, art galleries, and "Carnegie-libraries"—"How to use these institutions is still a lesson to be taught," says the correspondent I have already referred to.

How to assimilate knowledge is the keynote of all education. By merely getting together the materials you do nothing. The provincial libraries (Carnegie ones or otherwise)—many already with a museum or gallery incorporated—surely offer the easiest of starting points for a live working of the Extension Movement. The librarians have it in their power to develop a great work. Let them take the recent Bibliographical lecture* at the British Museum as a suggestion for similar lectures at their own libraries. Delivered under the auspices of the local centre, such a lecture would create a desire for more—people would begin to clamour for that absent "lead." You would no longer be liable to remain for long in the town without any knowledge of the educational work going on around you. And, after all, there is no starting of the machine to be achieved. Everything is all there ready, just waiting to be pushed a little faster. But, especially to one cognisant of the energy apparent in the London movement, the Provincial wheels are rolling very slowly. It will be easier to do the work that must be done if help is applied now before any parts actually cease from working owing to sheer inaction of those primarily responsible.

* See *THE ACADEMY*, February 6.

THE Spring Announcements Number of *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE* will be published on March 19. All communications for this issue should reach us by March 10 at latest.

Correspondence

Shakespeare Memorial

SIR,—As a humble member of the London Shakespeare Commemoration League, and as one wishing to support in the small degree possible to me the aim of that League to erect, at last, in London—shamed, surely, by its long indifference and even by its present apathy—a suitable memorial to London's poet, may I be permitted to say a word, I hope not out of season at this juncture?

Since the relation of the work of Shakespeare to the London of his time was so ably demonstrated by Mr. T. F. Ordish in his book on "Shakespeare's London," it has been, I suppose, apparent to those interested in the subject that the commemoration movement must issue in a memorial, or the patriotism on which London prides itself be proved an empty pretence. London's Shakespeare! Shakespeare's London! Is there not a thrill in the mere conjunction of the words? Could pages of eloquence carry an appeal more directly to a citizen's heart? And so, at last, the spell begins to work. Active steps are to be taken. Mr. Ordish, in the "Cornhill Magazine" of the present month, suggests—most opportunely it seems to me—a site. Mr. Badger comes forward with a munificent donation. Other subscriptions will now, no doubt, pour in, and in a short time we shall be confronted with the consideration of the form which the memorial shall take.

It is on this matter, and before the process of crystallisation overtakes this plan or that, I would wish to speak my word of warning.

The suggestion made by the founder of the League that the memorial should take the shape of a reproduction of the old Globe Theatre has been, I think, happily abandoned by him, and a scheme for the erection of a modern theatre is now favoured. Such theatre to be built (by public subscription, of course,) on a site granted by the London County Council, and endowed, I believe, by the State. This seems to me but a small improvement on his former proposition, but that is matter for future debate. What I would say is, let no one's pet scheme take the field till public opinion is ascertained. Let us wait until the great sleepy public is fully aroused from its lethargy—the process has well begun—and is frantic—as once aroused, the British public is sure to become—to record itself alive to its duties and its privileges. Then the London County Council, which in the meantime could become the trustee of a fund of which Mr. Badger's generous offer could form the nucleus, will be moved to grant a site, either that suggested at Westminster or some other, and a suitable memorial to Elizabeth's poet will at last be created in Edward's London. All this it seems is now on the way to accomplishment, but it is a moment which demands general enthusiasm, not criticism directed to any particular point. The ultimate aim must not be jeopardised by conflicting egoism, and the fads of individuals. In the matter of a memorial to Shakespeare, the poet not of a clique but of worlds, let none be of a party—all for the State.

And now, having said the word (with your kind permission) which the occasion seemed to demand and reason to dictate, let me, with feminine inconsistency, record the fact that, when the time is ripe for such selection, I myself shall vote for the form suggested by Mr. Badger himself—a form I think more likely to be the people's choice, less likely to lead to conflict of opinion than that of a theatre: a statue. In the age of Rodin, with English sculptors like George Frampton available, surely it might likewise be a work of Art!

I seem to see a wide, open space, planted, let us say, with "the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle," the lily, "mistress of the field"; with "violets dim, but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes," "the marigold that goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping"; "with 'hot lavender,' and those 'fairest flowers of the season' . . . our carnations and streak'd gilly flowers"—with these, and that green among them all "which by any other name would smell as sweet"—the flowers which Shakespeare loves. And rising from the centre of such space, sacred to the plants and blossoms which "to his music ever sprung," on huge, rough hewn base, and each standing forth on rough hewn base of its own, clear against the sky, those dearer creations of his brain; and so, up and up the enduring rock still figures standing forth, and still and still — until above them all stands the poet, looking down with mildly brooding brow upon the surging millions, moved at last to record the fact that he is *Theirs* and that they Love him.—Yours, &c.,

Shropham Manor.

MARY E. MANN.

SIR,—In entire sympathy with your notes in to-day's issue on the proposed Shakespeare memorial in London, I desire to place upon record my profound conviction, which I am sure is shared by very many Shakespeare lovers, that the memory and study of the poet will be much better served by some such scheme as you suggest, than by either a statue or a theatre. The atmospheric conditions of London render out-door statuary an artistic impossibility. We have a hundred instances of this in our streets and squares. A Shakespeare Theatre would be a profitless and superfluous institution. The national cult of the poet, so far as the great theatre-going public is concerned, is little beyond mere lip-service. Mr. Tree and Mr. Benson give, in their respective manners, adequate representations at frequent intervals. Within my theatrical recollection there has rarely been a time when there has not been at least one theatre playing Shakespeare, and this number has often been increased to three and even four.

Remains, therefore, the proposal for a permanent institution for Shakespeare study in London. There is no need to enter into rivalry with Stratford-on-Avon, which will always retain its place of honour as the Mecca of the poet's lovers. But Shakespeare spent by far the greater part of his working life in London. The town, as he knew it, was intensely different in nearly every respect from the London of to-day. But there are many prints, relics, memorials and maps of Elizabethan London, and it should not be a difficult matter to collect, on loan, or by purchase, a representative selection thereof, to convey to the student a comprehensive and homogeneous survey of the London in which Shakespeare lived, acted and wrote. To such a permanent exhibition I would add a lecture-room, where Shakespearean societies, public and private, might meet and debate; a representative portrait gallery of great Shakespearean actors, critics and commentators; and finally, a Shakespearean library, to which loans and donations should be craved, so as to make it as representative as possible.

Such an institution, I take it, would in time form a worthy memorial to our greatest poet, and would redeem London from the somewhat undesired stigma of failing to honour him adequately.

The nucleus of a fund with this object being, as I understand, already provided, there should surely be little difficulty in increasing it to the total amount required. It should have the hearty support of every lover of Shakespeare and London—and every right-thinking man and woman is both of these.—Yours, &c.,
February 20, 1904. F. S.

"Tolstoi and the Babies"

SIR,—It is pleasing to hear of Mr. Saleeby's delight that "a Student in Holy Orders" should regard the doctrine that the All-Good Father made human nature "desperately wicked" as "colossal nonsense," for I am sure that all other students of theology would regard it in the same light.

The doctrine of original sin teaches, as far as I know it, that the supposed universal tendency in human nature to sin, rather than righteousness, is the consequence of a human act; what I want is some authority for the statement that "the theologians assure us" that it was implanted in man by a Divine Act.—Yours, &c.,
STUDENT IN HOLY ORDERS.

[The theologians assure us of the existence of an All-Good and omnipotent First Cause, without which there could obviously be no human act, sinful or otherwise. They also assure us that human nature is "desperately wicked." It is not my fault that the two statements are incompatible, but it is the right of everyone—and I have exercised my share in it—to put the two assertions together, and thereby demonstrate the palpable contradiction between them. But of course I quite understand that the only chance for dogmatic theology is to prevent the comparison of its contradictory assertions. Isolate the noble belief in an All-Good First Cause in one cerebral convolution, and the "desperately wicked" theory in another, and the theologians claim you as a disciple; but utilise the association fibres between those two convolutions, and of course they repudiate your conclusion as "colossal nonsense," but it is of their making. Had I inquired of a theologian how he reconciled All-Goodness in the Cause and desperate wickedness in the Caused, he would have said, "Ah! that is the mystery." I prefer my challenger's phrase, "colossal nonsense."—C. W. SALEEBY.]

A Psychological Mystery

SIR,—Your contributor, who relates his startling experience in regard to preknowledge of the verbal contents of unread books, has happened upon what seems to be an absolutely insoluble

psychological enigma; and, in having foreknowledge of the very words of unfamiliar (or rather unperused) works, he seems to be unique.

Appropos of this subject, the following words of Samuel Warren are not devoid of interest:—

"I do not know how to express it, but I have several times had a consciousness of mere ordinary incidents, then occurring, having somehow or other happened before, accompanied by a vanishing idea of being able to predict the sequence."

Still, this latter is probably a common experience—I, for one, have frequently observed it—but to find the very sentences in a new book familiar is indeed amazing.

Pre-existence seems a too chimerical hypothesis to be tenable.

Can it be that memory is hereditary? Have we here a kind of atavism?—Yours, &c.,

Alderwasley, near Wirksworth,
Derbyshire.

J. B. WALLIS.

Byron's Seamew.

SIR,—

"The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild Sea-mew."

—"Childe Harold," T. 13.

It is assumed that the poet means a gull, say, *larus marinus*, or "great black back," whose cry is hoarse and disagreeable; that, however, does not appear to have been the original meaning of the word *seamew*, for indeed it has descended to us from classical antiquity.

Homer, *Iliad* ix., 563, introduces us to the word "halcyone" in his version of the history of Althoea of Calydon in Etolia, she was mother to the hero Meleager, whose wife Cleopatra had her name changed into Halcyone; this story is introduced as an episode to influence Achilles, for Meleager likewise got sullen and abstained from battle until an impending catastrophe occurred, when he reappeared and ended the contest.

Ovid (*Mett* viii., xi.) is very diffuse on the pathetic story of Ceyx, husband to Alcyone, who, lamenting his decease, they by divine intervention were both changed into mournful sea fowls, who pair together.

Chaucer, in his short poem on the death of the Lady Blanche, dilates at great length on part of Ovid's narrative; he describes himself as a victim to insomnia, so he reads himself to sleep and then dreams about the visit of Morpheus disguised as Seys (for Keux) to comfort Alcione; but he drops all allusion to the birds. Indeed we have another version whereby Ceyx is metamorphosed into a Keux, variously defined as a diver, a dipper, or a coote, totally different birds to the halcyone; how then could they pair together and nest among the sea-wrack, floating on the surface of the Arctic Ocean.

Now the gull is a sea bird and some species do breed in England; among them Yarrell defines a sea-mall, and a maw gull, varying his orthography to sea-maw and sea-mew; there is also a smew. We know all about the "sea" in A. S., and the mew; but the earliest mention of the compound known to me is in the "Promptorium Parvulorum," an early Anglo-Latin vocabulary, circa 1499, with the following variants: mowe, byrd, or semewe.

Semow byrd, with three definitions: (1) aspergo [a diver or dipper] to replace the Keux; (2) Alcio, i.e., the human female, Alcione; (3) alcedo, the Latin form of Alcyone, supposed a kingfisher.

So the kingfisher, known to science as *alcedo*, represents the fabulous birds in whose favour a period of peaceful calm, known as halcyon days, was conceded in midwinter, that the incubation of thier progeny might prosper; but our kingfisher is a land bird that preys on freshwater fish.

This change was especially designed to perpetrate the dolours of the human Alcione, and we see that the whole scheme of such process is a survival of metempsychosis; and its artificial character is proved by the amount of alliteration involved in the names chosen; thus the glossy blue, or resplendent azure, found in the kingfisher's plumage, may pair with the Greek *kuanos*; and the English suffix "mew" certainly represents the plaintive voice of the widowed Alcione. The kingfisher, among primitive people, was quasi-sacred, for in central Asia the pelt is preserved as an amulet, a bright breast ornament. This suffix mew, maw, mow, varies to mell or mall, French *miauler* (to mew).

The late Mr. Waterton protested against any attempt to class the Halcyone as a "gull"; he points out the different structure and incapacity for oceanic flight; still the fishing habit may stand as a survival of past existences and represent a true physical metamorphosis in the struggle for existence. The real interest of

this investigation is matter of literary criticism about Shakespeare's text, in the "Tempest," where Caliban offers his services, thus :—

"Sometimes I'll get the young *scamels* from the rock."

It is proposed to substitute "cliff" for *rock*, and to read *scamels* for *scamels*; but *scammel* is an established patronymic and scambler, of Norfolk, has a grant of armorial bearings from 1591, most probably for *shamble* as a Lenten diet, mainly of cod or shell fish.—Yours, &c.,

Highbury.

A. HALL.

University Extension

SIR,—All who are interested in the University Extension Movement will be grateful to you for the article which appeared in your issue of January 30, but there seems to be a suggestion in that article that the Extension work of the older Universities is in some senses dropping behind, and that a stimulus to it is required similar to that which has recently been given to the movement in London. I should be the last to deny that stimulus is always healthy, but I must demur to the suggestion that the Extension work of this University is in any way dropping behind. From the report just presented to Convocation, a copy of which I have the honour to enclose, you will see that the year which ended on September 30, 1903, marks the highest point attained by the work of this Delegacy since its inception. During the year then ending no less than 1,886 lectures distributed in 199 courses were delivered in 149 centres scattered throughout all parts of England; the number of students who were in regular attendance at the courses was 21,485. I should cordially agree that there is still room for expansion, but it would be difficult to find in these figures any evidence that the older Universities are dropping behind; nor am I aware of any grounds for the statement in your article that "London is going to become the centre of the movement under the University of London."—Yours, &c.,

Examination Schools, Oxford.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

Poets in School

SIR,—Attention has recently been called once more to the use of the masterpieces of English literature in the schoolroom—and in particular the selection of Gray's "Elegy" for recitation was instanced. It is, indeed, doubtful whether such pieces should be given, good as they undoubtedly are for elocution. How many people cannot remember the days when Mark Antony began his oration "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears! I come to bury Caesar"? But if the practice of using such classics for recitation by a class of boys or girls who cannot possibly appreciate them is open to doubts as to its advisability, there is even more ground for objecting to the custom of pressing them into the service of the grammar lesson. The writer well remembers analysing and parsing certain words during a grammar examination in the passage :—

"The hour has almost come
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself."

When the revelation that "Hamlet" was "jolly" (O! that school-slang!) came, through a visit to Forbes-Robertson's production, the ghost was unconsciously tabulating his speech in the mind of one auditor into "Hour, subject: has come: predicate," &c., &c., to the accompaniment of the inevitable piano-practice that always seems to go on during examinations.

The same association always attends the reading of—

"There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when
Brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street,"

and the picture is spoiled by those unforgotten struggles with parts of speech. How often we used to rebel among ourselves against "Hamlet's blessed old bletherings"! What else could be expected? We were between twelve and sixteen, and the only one among us who had read the play through gave a decided opinion that "he ought to have upped and done for his uncle, and saved all those acts of talk and queer grammar."

"Julius Caesar" was distinctly better. Plenty of things happened, and we gloried in the murder and battle scenes, and in the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius. When it came to learning by heart the different readings of Johnson, Warburton, or Malone, however,

our enthusiasm wavered, and it is more than doubtful whether we remember one single instance of the various discrepancies among the commentators.

A flavour of these compulsory delvings among the immortals has clung to our voluntary reading ever since. The mind, during the school days, is not able to digest such ripe material. "Lays of Ancient Rome" are the most lofty heights to which the immature mind, unless of very exceptional quality, can scale. As to the deliberate pulling-apart of words to show the skeleton beneath, it cannot too strongly be condemned, where the passages chosen are of such a character as the Ghost's speech. It cheapens the scene for ever after, to have so denuded it of its grace and beauty, pulled it apart, and put it together again, at a time when no conception of the spirit that animates it is there to hide from us that they are just words made into a sentence, like "Please pass the salt." Apart from this side of the matter, elocution and grammar books give far more suitable examples for use. The construction of blank verse is not at all favourable to the gaining of a practical knowledge of the analysis of ordinary English grammar. A sentence specially constructed to puzzle a scholar will do so, if not more effectually than a passage from Shakespeare, certainly to a more direct and useful end, and one which will be of more practical benefit to him. Horatio might have replied to, "To what base uses we may return," "Indeed we may, my lord, when we are quoted, recited, analysed, parsed, murdered, and hacked about by raw schoolboys and schoolgirls, and even sometimes paraphrased," for even this latter useless desecration is constantly committed.—Yours, &c.,

H. P. H.

The Stage Society and Maxim Gorki

SIR,—In reference to your unfavourable comment in a recent ACADEMY upon the Stage Society and Gorki's "Lower Depths" or "Doss House," may I be permitted to point out that—whether owing to an inefficient translation, to incongruous acting, to a want of conviction on the part of the actors, or to a combination of all three defects—the British Press seems to have gathered quite an erroneous interpretation of Gorki's idea and meaning. As an article in last month's "Fortnightly Review" attempts to show, Gorki's aim is to make it clear that even in the "dust bin" of the lowest strata or depths of humanity objects of intrinsic value may occasionally be discovered by people who will take the trouble to rescue them. Apart from this general aspect I would add that to anyone acquainted with Russia's present social unrest, Gorki's play is a study of absorbing interest. That when rightly rendered it does not lack of dramatic force and even deep psychological import, has, I think, been proved by the fact that the German adaptation of the play has been well received in Germany's capital, where it has been running for over eighteen months in a specially critical theatrical centre. The success, indeed, of the German version has been so great that a scheme has been set on foot to perform it in Russian in various Russian towns. It is a pity that such a new and original departure as Gorki's complex study, both in sociology and character, should have so completely missed its mark in this country.—Yours, &c.,

ALEXANDER KINLOCH.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 5, East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music, and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

The prizes will consist of 5s. worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller as early as possible in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood, and that on demand he (or she) may cooee a book or books to the value of 5s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5s.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No Questions or Answers received after Monday will be considered eligible for the current week's competition.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE

CHARLES DICKENS' NAMES.—A contemporary recently raised the question as to the correct spelling of Charles Dickens' third baptismal name, whether "Huffham" or "Huffam," concerning which his biographers differ. In the Portsea Parish Register the entry of the Baptism renders it with the second "h," while the Marriage Register at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, omits it. *Appropos* of the latter document, it may be pointed out that the novelist's signature is simply "Charles Dickens." The entry also records that the parties were married by licence, that the bride was a minor, that the officiating minister was the curate, the Rev. R. W. Morrice, and that the witnesses were the respective parents of bride and bridegroom and Dickens' friend and fellow journalist Thomas Beard, whose signatures are likewise appended. There is no doubt that "Huffam" is the correct spelling of Dickens' third Christian name, and Forster assures us that Dickens himself so spelt it "on the very rare occasions when he subscribed that name." As the late Mr. Robert Langton explains, it was the surname of the Charles Dickens' godfather, Christopher Huffam, "described in the London Post-Office Directory as 'Rigger to His Majesty's Navy, Limehouse Hole.'" It would be exceedingly interesting to discover an autograph signature of Dickens in which all his baptismal names are given.—*F. G. Kitton.*

"MOTHER-IN-LAW."—Not only in "Pickwick," but in "Nicholas Nickleby" and later works, Dickens persists in making his characters refer to a step-mother as "mother-in-law." If there is any authority for this apparent mistake I shall be glad to know of it.—*F. G. Kitton.*

WELSH TRIADS.—We owe to Geoffrey, of Monmouth, a nucleus for the Arthurian Cycle and various apocryphal distortions of Roman history; his completed "Chronicle" was translated from Latin into Welsh, and accepted by the natives as genuine history. But they do not appear to have any national records of an earlier date; thus, while the existence of Oonobelluna is attested by a copious coinage, and we learn from valid sources of his sons, named Caratacus and Togodumnus; but Geoffrey substitutes Guiderius and Arviragus, while the father is called Cynfein. Is this last name authentic, and have the Triads been printed in Welsh with an English translation?—*Querist.*

***AUTHOR WANTED.**—In 1830, Tennyson, in conversation with the Bishop of Ripon (Boyd Carpenter), on the "conflict of the powers of light and darkness," repeated the lines:—

"The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said 'Am I your debtor?'
And the Lord—'Not yet, but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better.'"

Are these lines original or quoted, and if the latter, who is their author?—*P. C.*

MAETERLINCKIANA.—Can any of your readers tell me if I can get a modern edition of John Ford's "Tis a pity, she's a whore," adapted by Maeterlinck under the title of "Annabella," 1895?—*Goh-mia.*

"RICHARD BARNFIELD."—How is it that every publisher (so far as I have noticed) inserts in their editions of Shakespeare's poems the ode "As it fell upon a day"? Is it not absolutely certain that Richard Barnfield wrote it? I have never seen any contradiction to Ellis, who gives it as Barnfield's in his "specimens," incidentally remarking it had been—this was prior to 1800—"attributed" to Shakespeare.—*K. M.*

GYPSY EXPERIENCES.—Who is the author of the papers on "Gypsy Experiences," published in the "Illustrated London News" in December, 1851, and reprinted in F. Himes Groomer's "In Gypsy Tents"? In the preface to that work the writer of the "Experiences" is stated to have died while the reprint was passing through the press, i.e., in 1850, or possibly the end of 1849.—*A. W.*

AUTHOR WANTED.—

Are the following lines by Shelley? If so, in which of his poems shall I find them?—

"I loved—Oh no! I mean not one of ye,
Or any earthly one, though ye are dear
As human heart to human heart may be.
I loved—I know not what—but this low sphere
And all that it contains, contains not thee,
Thou whom seen nowhere, I feel everywhere,
Dim object of my soul's idolatry." —*P. R.*

***TICKLE ME, TOBY.**—In Carlyle's "Past and Present," Book II., chapter VIII., I find the following: "And the Prior responds, 'Willelmus Sacrista is a fit man, bonus vir est,'—for all his red nose. Tickle me, Toby, and I'll tickle thee." Who and what was Toby?—*G. O. W.*

SHAKESPEARE AS LAWYER.—There are several passages in Shakespeare which suggest that he was well versed in the law. Is it possible that he served in some capacity in an attorney's office during the interval between leaving school and his marriage?—*Clames.*

[See review of Mr. Churton Collins' "Shakespeare Studies" in last week's ACADEMY.—*Ed.*]

GENERAL

TRANSVAAL VOLKSLED.—Can any one refer me to an English version of the Transvaal Volkslied?—*H. R. S.*

BOWING.—What is the earliest reference to the act of greeting by raising the hat or cap? When did it come into general use? Is there any book on historical forms of greeting, such as shaking hands; the military salute, &c.?—*M. S.*

REFERENCE WANTED.—

What was the, in 1800, "well-known story of the squire and the Apple Pie"? It is alluded to in a work on Cambridge.—*K. M.*

JESSIE.—What is the origin of the name "Jessie," and can it be traced in Great Britain before the eighteenth century? Does "Jessica" occur anywhere before the date of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice"?—*A. W. (Tonbridge).*

Answers

LITERATURE

"SPRING IN ENGLAND."—

"Give me back one day in England
For it's spring in England now."

The quotation is from Rudyard Kipling's poem entitled "In Spring Time," published in the "Departmental Ditties."—*Erbod.*

"RUNAWAYS." In the expression "Runaway's eyes may wink," has received countless interpretations, but not one commentator has discovered that the word "runaway" formerly meant a watchman. In Thomas Brewer's "Life and Death of the Merry Devil of Edmonton" (1631) we read: "By-and-by came the constable with the bloody runnawain to bear Smug to the stocks." If we turn to the original comedy, 1607 (once attributed to Shakespeare), we find that Smug is taken by "the master constable and the watchmen," clearly showing that in Brewer's day, at least, "runaways" were equivalent to "watchmen," thus at once explaining "Janit's" puzzling reference. "AN-HEIRES," in the line "Will you go, An-heires?" Everything has been suggested, from "my nheers" to "cavaliers." But an American friend once pointed out that "mine host" uses out-of-the-way words, such as "cavaleiro justici," and that his "An-heires" was simply what a scribe writing to dictation would put down for "Anheires" the attic Greek for "men"—another proof that Shakespeare knew Greek!—*Edina.*

[Answer also received from *W. H. P.*]

"LAMBKINS."—Does not Pistol mean that they live merrily, with the sportive carelessness of young lambs, and that in such a manner they are to go and "condole the knights"?—*W. H. P.*

[Answer also received from *H. C.*]

AUTHOR FOUND.—The correct form of the couplet is:—

"For though the day be never so longe,
At last the belles ringeth to evensong."

The author was Stephens Hawes, a minor poet of the sixteenth century, and the couplet occurs in his principal poem, "The Pastyme of Pleasure" (1506), which was printed by Wynken de Worle in 1517.—*W. F. Cobb.*

[Answers also received from *T. H. M. (Newcastle), P. R. (Hertford), K. K. (Belfast), Edina (Cambridge), C. R. S. (Bury), A. L. G. (Leek), J. N. (Hull), and M. A. C. (Cambridge).*]

"JES'AMY BRIDE."—Jesamy is a name for a fop who wears jasmine in his button-hole, but a writer in "Notes and Queries," 1897, suggests that "jesamy" is equivalent to "jasmine," and that Goldsmith simply used the word to express Mary's sweetness, daintiness and grace.—*Charles R. Sanderson.*

"BABY."—I think the idea is to be found in an earlier writer than Sir Philip Sydney. In Ellis' "Specimens of Early English Poets" under the head of "Uncertain Authors," of the reign of Henry VIII., will be found some verses called "A Praise of his Lady," in which occurs the following lines:—

"In each of her two chrysal eyes
Smileth a naked boy;
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lamp of joy."

One edition gives "lamb" for "lamp."—*K. M.*

"SILURIST."—Answers received from *A. S. S. (Keighley)* and *M. T. (Jarrow).*

GENERAL

***CHURCH WINDOW.**—This mode of representing the departure of the soul is a traditional one in art. It probably originated with the ancient Egyptians, who represented the soul as a bird with human head and arms hovering over the mummy. The idea is common in early Christian art and appears in the catacomb frescoes in the form of the *Orans*—a female figure with out-tretched arms. An early lead medal of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence shows a figure rising from the dead body. The realistic spirit of medieval art emphasized the idea further: by representing the figure issuing from the mouth of the body.—*H. F. D.*

[Answer also received from *R. G. (Nürnberg).*]

"THE OX WITH THE CRUMPLED HORN."—The reason for walling the ox with the crumpled horn was probably because the animal with such a peculiar and unusual growth was considered lucky. Unusually formed objects are frequently encountered as charms or amulets. Among the many attempts at an explanation of the sign of the "Crooked Billet" it has not been remarked that a crooked billet was probably adopted as a sign because of its singular irregularity among other billets composing the bundle, and its consequent predilection of good-luck.—*J. H. McM.*

"ENIGMATIC DATE."—I have recently been occupied much in elucidating an incorrect date of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but I have never met with so strange a date as that given by "W. P." I should suggest it stood for 1490 and explain it thus: the "r" is probably partly obliterated "x," so that necessarily will read ninetee. This of course still leaves the "1" to be accounted for; my not this being accident, a surmise, and not part of the printed matter? If on the other hand "W. P." has been told "1490" stand for "14" I confess I have not met with a similar case nor do I see how it could. Will "W. P." give the name of the author and printer? I do not know the book "Fasciculus Temporum," my collection of fifteenth-century books being small, but I am forming an index of rare and extraordinary printed dates and should be glad to help to the elucidation of this one.—*K. M.*

a. AN OLD CHARADE.—"Coachman."—*J. L.*

**b. "A skirt is essential. Fair ladies, I ween,
Without one in public you'll never be seen.
And if you should venture without as escort
Tho' swift be your horses, you risk to get hurt."**

—*K. B. (Amsterdam).*

**c. "Without a dress of proper mien
You ladies never will be seen.
Without address you'll drive and drive,
And yet you never will arrive!"**

—*K. K. (Belfast).*

d. Linchpin.—*F. G. F. (Bervie).*

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the four booksellers whose names follow :—

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Messrs. J. Poole & Co., 104, Charing Cross Road, W.C.
Mr. James G. Bisset, 85, Broad Street, Aberdeen.

NOTE.

An attempt has been made—possibly unintentionally—to make use of the Questions and Answers columns of *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE* for a quite illegitimate purpose. An enquirer wrote asking the origin of a certain quotation. The question was duly inserted, and it then appeared that it was one of a series of quotations in a weekly contemporary, for the identification of which prizes were offered. This is a serious misuse of the privileges of the "A. Q. A." columns, and whilst it is impossible entirely to obviate this form of misuse, it is hoped that a timely warning may be sufficient to deter others from like malpractices. The columns are entirely for the purpose of mutual exchange of interesting information and not to assist in the winning of prizes in other papers.

Mr. Andrew Melrose's List.

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The Academy and Literature**SPECIAL SPRING****ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER.**

The issue for March 19 will be a double number, including a Special Supplement, which will contain, in as complete a form as possible, a Catalogue of all the New Books announced for publication during the forthcoming Season.

Considerable attention will be given to the arrangement of the lists. The books will be classified according to subject and importance, prices will be given, and each series of announcements arranged in such a way as to be most useful for future reference to Booksellers and Book-buyers.

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London: 5 March 1904.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.]

Literary Notes

MISS M. E. FRANCIS (Mrs. Francis Blundell), whose serial, "Lychgate Hall," now running in the weekly edition of "The Times," will be published in this country and America by Messrs. Longman, is working in collaboration with Mr. Sydney Valentine on a dramatic version of her story "Fiander's Widow," published in 1901. The same writer is also contemplating an original three-act play.

SHAKESPEAREANS will be interested in the picture in this week's issue of the statue by Louis Hasselriis, the Danish sculptor living in Rome, which will be erected at Elsinore this year. Of the inscriptions upon the memorial one will be the quotation from Saxo's Danish Chronicle—"Valiant Amleth, worthy of immortal fame."

THE London Shakespeare League, founded in 1902, is doing and has done much good work, as is clearly shown in the latest annual report of the Association. The celebrations in April last were most successful, including a performance of "Twelfth Night," by the Elizabethan Stage Society, a lecture by Professor Gollancz on "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and the reading of a paper on "Shakespeare's London" by Mr. Ordish. Not the least interesting feature of the Commemoration was the Public Dinner held in the Victoria Hall at the Criterion Restaurant. Dr. Furnivall occupied the chair, and received a pretty compliment from the Dinner Committee in the shape of a handsome floral tribute. Sprigs of "Rosemary for remembrance" were laid at the side of every place at the table. The speech of the Chairman was in a happily reminiscent vein. He recalled a conversation with Browning, and the poet's words—"Well, Furnivall, what possesses me more than anything else is the royal ease of the man. Here are we striving and jostling on the lower slopes, and then Shakespeare just comes in among us, and passes through and seats himself on his throne above us and we are silent." "Take your Shakespeare," exclaimed Dr. Furnivall in another passage of a most animated and eloquent discourse, "and read the plays in their chronological order—that is, in their order of production—and you will feel yourself in contact with the man himself; you will observe the growth of his mind and the increasing power of his art, as if he were a personal friend; and all this rot about Bacon, all this twaddle about cryptograms, all this silliness about cyphers, will drop off you like water!" The attendances were highly satisfactory. The nucleus of a Shakespeare library has also been formed. The Commemoration festivities for this year bid fair to be more extensive and even more popular; I hope to provide details of them shortly.

As will be seen from the letters printed in the correspondence columns this week, there is considerable divergence of opinion as to what will be the best form for the London Shakespeare Memorial. Three propositions have been put forward—i., a Monument; ii., a



THE ELSINORE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL

Theatre; iii., a Picture Gallery and Library. On one point there is fortunately no second opinion—that there should be a memorial of one character or another. As I have said before, whatever scheme may be finally decided upon must be supported by all, no matter whether it be their pet project or not.

ON Saturday last the lecture room (including the gallery) at the British Museum was again filled by members and friends of the Central Association of U.E. Students. The occasion was a lecture on the Parthenon by Dr. Emil Reich, organised by the above Association in order to throw light on the lectures on Greek History and Art in Dr. Reich's course on History at the University. In every way it was a great success, and the Central Association is doing inestimable good by these supplementary lectures. Major Martin Hume is to lecture in the same room on March 26, when the subject will be "Some Living Documents in the Spanish MSS. Catalogue." Major Hume is giving a course of lectures at Birkbeck Institute on "Spanish Influences upon English Prose Literature."

THIS year being the centenary of Herder's death, the English Goethe Society also had its celebration, which took the form of a meeting at the Medical Hall, on the 24th ult. Dr. Karl Breul, Reader in Germanic at Cambridge, gave a most interesting paper on the famous German writer and philosopher to whom the world at large and England in particular owe so deep a debt of gratitude. Herder powerfully influenced Goethe at Strassburg. The latter caused him to be called to Weimar, where, by his writings and translations, he did more than any one else to introduce English literature to his fellow-countrymen. Percy's "Reliques," the "Volkslieder," and "The Cid" were dwelt on by the lecturer as well as the "Ideas on the History of Mankind." His and his wife's friendship for a long time graced Goethe's life; still his last years were marred by great bitterness of spirit.

THE Thackeray letters conclude in the March issue of "The Century," and contain some interesting matter. There is pleasant confirmation of an oft-made statement in "The old Major" (Thackeray's stepfather) "grows to be more and more like Colonel Newcome every day." Of his own "young women," one of whom became the wife of the late Sir Leslie Stephen, he says, "I am afraid the two Lambert girls in 'The Virginians' are very like them, but of course deny it if anybody accuses me." Of his new home at Palace Green he writes, "If I live, please God, I shall write the history of Queen Anne there," and again, "I want, if I can afford health and time, to write the life of Queen Anne in that room with the arched window which has a jolly look-out on two noble Kensington Garden elms." His income in 1860 he puts at about £5,000. Here is a tantalising semi-clue: "A friend of mine is coming out to N.Y., to whom I shall give a letter. He is a queer fellow, the original of the Chevalier Strong in 'Pendennis.'" Does that letter of introduction still exist? If so, to whom was it given?

VERY topical and full of informing matter is "The Fortnightly" under Mr. W. L. Courtney's editorship. In the March number, beside political and general articles may be noted "The Collected Poems of Christina Rossetti," by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, "Entertaining," by Mrs. John Lane, and "How they Teach Acting at the Paris Conservatoire," by L. J. Mrs. John Lane's paper is spirited and amusing.

THE "Chicago Tribune" throws light upon the Poe poem recently printed as a new discovery, but, of course, the light may be false. I quote the following paragraphs as interesting and amusing:

In the year 1876, living in the State of Indiana was an ambitious young man named James Whitcomb Riley. His ambition ran to poetry. He could not, however, get the great magazines of the country to further it and his contributions to the local papers died with their birth. To a friend he once laughingly complained if he could sign his poems with a big name they might not only be accepted by the magazines, but win him fame.

Then a friend demurred. Thereupon young Riley wagered he could write a poem, sign it with a big name, and it would be copied far and wide. As a result of this wager there appeared in the Kokomo (Ind.) "Sentinel" a copy of verses entitled "Leonanie," with the following explanatory introduction:

"In the house of a gentleman of this city we saw a poem written on a flyleaf of an old book. Noticing the

initials, 'E. A. P.,' at the bottom, it struck us possibly we had run across a bonanza.

"The owner of the book said he did not know who the author of the poem was. His grandfather, who gave him the book, kept an inn in Chesterfield, near Richmond, Va. One night a young man, who showed plainly the marks of dissipation, rapped at the door and asked if he could stay all night, and was shown a room.

"When they went the next morning to call him to breakfast he had gone, but had left a book, and on the fly leaf he had written these verses."

Riley won his wager. The poem was widely copied throughout the newspapers. It was eagerly commented upon and accepted by some as a genuine Poe treasure trove, and it was scornfully rejected by others. But among those whom it imposed upon was so good a poet, so keen a critic, as William Cullen Bryant.

VERNON LEE devotes her study in Literary Psychology in this month's "Contemporary" to "Carlyle and The Present Tense." The following quotations are interesting:

"It seems an idiotically obvious remark, yet one is apt to feel a little shock of surprise when its truth is brought home to one: *the present tense makes things present*; it abolishes the narrative and the narrator. This can be verified, as the relation of relief and colour is best verified in pictures, by a process of reversing, like standing a picture on its head. The ballad gives us this. For in the ballad the bulk of the telling is sometimes in the present tense, and the effects are obtained by a lapse into the past. For instance:

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair o' shoon of the velvet green;
And till seven years were come and gone
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

Here the ballad-monger, like the uneducated folk of our own day, experiences a difficulty in following an action without actually witnessing it, hence he speaks in the present; but when he wants to sum up the result, he unconsciously employs the past tense, which makes an end of the business. And of course the alternation with the past tense produces by contrast an extremely lively tense of the present. In more artistic ballads the past tense is prevalent, and there is a jump into the present at the moment of passion and action, with a very solemn drop back into the past to give the result. Thus, in the *Braes of Yarrow*:

Two has he hurt, and three has slain
On the bloody braes o' Yarrow;
But the stubborn knight crept in behind,
And pierced his body thorough.

Again:

She's ta'en him in her arms twa,
And given him kisses thorough;
She sought to bind his mony wounds,
But he lay dead on Yarrow.

It is surely no mere coincidence that the past tense should here recur as soon as the action is finished."

"The present tense, therefore, which is a rough and ready dramatic trick in the ballad, and a vulgar dodge for realisation in a writer (for all his genius) of the superficial psychology of Dickens; the present tense is also the natural form of the lyric or the prophecy. For men like Shelley, Browning, or Carlyle, it is the tense of the eternal verities, which, from their very nature, have not *been*, but, like all divine things, always *are*."

MR. ANDREW LANG is a master of Historical Mysteries, and thus introduces in "Cornhill" "The Case of Allan Breck":

"Who killed the Red Fox? What was the secret that the Celts would not communicate to Mr. R. L. Stevenson, when he was writing 'Kidnapped'? Like William

of Deloraine, 'I know but may not tell'; at least, I know all that the Celt knows. The great-grandfather and grandfather of a friend of mine were with James Stewart of the Glens, the victim of Hanoverian injustice, in a potato field, near the road from Ballachulish Ferry to Appin, when they heard a horse galloping at a break-neck pace. 'Whoever the rider is,' said poor James, 'he is not riding his own horse.' The galloper shouted, 'Glenure has been shot!'

'Well,' said James to his companion, 'whoever did it, I am the man that will hang for it.'

Hanged he was. The pit in which his gibbet stood is on the crest of a circular 'knowe,' or hummock, on the east side of the Ballachulish Hotel, overlooking the ferry across the narrows, where the tide runs like a great swift river.

I have had the secret from two sources; the secret which I may not tell. One informant received it from his brother, who, when he came to man's estate, was taken apart by his uncle. 'You are old enough to know now,' said that kinsman, 'and I tell you that it may not be forgotten.'

Let all good Stevensonians read the paper; the story is quite fascinating.

THE Clarendon Press promise several books which should meet with a warm welcome; I note more particularly "A Collotype Facsimile of those Portions of Shakespeare which found no place in the First Folio," namely, *Pericles*, *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece*, the *Sonnets*, and *The Passionate Pilgrim*; "*Elizabethan Critical Essays*"; and "*Selected Drawings from Old Masters in the University Galleries and in the Library of Christ Church, Oxford*" (Part II.).

THE "Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone," edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by Mr. Herbert Paul, will be issued early this month by Mr. George Allen. As the editor of the volume tells us, "A merciless intellectual critic Lord Acton could hardly help being. He had so trained his mind that it rejected instinctively a sophism or a false pretence. His intimate friends agreed that he was the raciest and most stimulating of companions, with an instinctive perception for the true significance of a hint, so that they never had to tell him a thing twice, nor to explain it once."

THE most interesting contribution to "Harper's" is an article, excellently illustrated, on "The History of The Alphabet," by Dr. Henry Smith Williams. There are also some letters from Hawthorne written to his friend and publisher, W. D. Ticknor; here is a curious passage from them:

"... I hate England; though I love some Englishmen, and like them generally, in fact. I shall be true to my country, and get on with John Bull as well as I can. The time will come, sooner or later, when the old fellow will look to us for his salvation. He is in more danger from his allies than we are either from them or from him. The truth is, I love England so much that I want to annex it, and it is by no means beyond the scope of possibility that we may do so, though hardly in my time. I would far rather have it than Cuba."

In the same letters there is an unusual appreciation of Leigh Hunt:

"... I saw Leigh Hunt, whom I like very much, partly, perhaps, because he is half an American. I wish you could do for him some of the good offices which you

do for other English authors, by republishing his works. It is strange that he has not a greater popularity on our side of the water, since he possesses many of the literary characteristics which we are quick to recognise. His



MISS MARY JOHNSTON

[Photo. Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.]

poetry I know very little about, and should not care much about reading it; but his prose essays are as fine as anything in the English language."

And this about Reade.

"I saw in London, among about a thousand other noticeable people, your author, Charles Reade—a tall, stoutish, fair-haired, light-complexioned man, thirty years old or upwards. He did not make a very strong impression upon me. I like his books better than himself; not that I saw any fault in him, either."

But as a whole the letters do not tell us very much that we should miss if untold.

MESSRS. CASSELL send me Part I. of "The Russo-Japanese War," to which Mr. Arthur Diósy contributes an introduction on the causes of the conflict. Naturally, the accounts of the fighting cannot be considered in any way final, but are most useful as a summary of our present knowledge of the state of affairs and will prove very acceptable to those who desire to follow the events of the war with intelligence. The illustrations are all very good, and the maps and plans excellent; so, too, are the paper and the print.

THE Literary Year Book for 1904 (Allen) shows many signs of steady improvement, and indeed it is a work of reference of very great usefulness to all literary workers. The literary summary of 1903, by Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, is a model of the difficult art of condensation.

Bibliographical

THE seventh (and last) volume of the verse section of the latest and best edition of the Works of Lord Byron (John Murray) runs to 458 pages. Of these, 228 are devoted to an elaborate and comprehensive Bibliography of Byron's poetry, with 32 pages of contents and summary—260 altogether. Mr. E. H. Coleridge, the editor, is to be congratulated on the successful completion of his laborious task, which is a matter also for self-congratulation by all students of Byron. Only those who have done such work themselves can realise how large is the measure of time, energy, and judgment which has to be expended on it. Here are details of 113 editions of the "Poetical Works" of Byron; of seven French translations of them, of thirteen German, of one modern Greek, of four Italian, of two Polish, two Russian, one Spanish, and one Swedish. Then come details of 26 Selections from the Poems, and of one Armenian, six French, three German, and three Italian versions of such. Next the "Miscellaneous" collections, and translations of them, are dealt with; and, finally, we have the bibliography (with translations) of all the separately published Poems and Collections, arranged alphabetically according to their titles. The biography and criticism of Byron are not dealt with in this volume; and in the meantime an admirable essay in that direction is to be found in Mr. J. P. Anderson's appendix to the volume on Byron in the "Great Writers" series.

Of the remaining 200 pages of the volume before us 100 are devoted to a valuable Index to the contents of the whole seven volumes of verse; while ten are accorded to an Index of First Lines. That leaves 88 pages for the text of "Jeux d'Esprit and Minor Poems, 1798-1824"—73 in all; 45 from the one volume of the Works in 1837, 18 collected from various sources, and 10 now printed and published for the first time. (At least, Mr. Coleridge says 10, but I can find only 9.) These newly published pieces include two satiric ballads aimed at Gally Knight, an alternative version of the "Windsor Poetics," a love-song (quite in the Byronic manner), a (war) "Song to the Suliotes," an autobiographic scrap ("Of rhymes I printed seven volumes"—this was in February, 1818), a distich, and two other trifles—all of them more or less illustrative of the writer's mind and character, and therefore sufficiently welcome. The pictorial illustrations (including a fine portrait of the Countess of Lovelace) number nine.

To me, and I dare say to many others, the Thackeray

letters in this month's "Century" are, on the whole, rather painful reading. They have, however, some touches which possess a biographical bearing, such as the references to the novelist's candidature for Oxford and his squabble with Edmund Yates, and there are also allusions to "The Virginians" which have a literary interest. Thus, in November, 1857, Thackeray writes: "I don't think 'The Virginians' is good yet, though it has taken me immense trouble, but I know it will be good at the end. I tremble for the poor publishers who gave me £300 a number—I don't think they can afford it, and shall have the melancholy duty of disgorging." "This series" of letters, the editor of the "Century" tells us, "were written to a single American family"—which is rather a bad slip of the editorial pen.

The Dryden House edition of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's "Historical Memoirs of My Own Time, 1772-1784," will presumably be taken from the original edition, in two volumes, issued in 1815. Will it also include Wraxall's "Posthumous Memoirs of his Own Time," which appeared in three volumes in 1836? The two sets of Memoirs were brought together in 1884, in five volumes edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, who annotated them, and, moreover, was able to supply, from manuscript, some chapters hitherto unpublished. One never hears of any proposal to reprint Sir Nathaniel's "Curiosy remarks made during a Tour through some of the Northern Parts of Europe in 1775-76," or his "Tour through the Western, Southern, and Interior Provinces of France" (1784).

One hopes that the promised volume about Beattie (of "Minstrel" fame) will be rich in allusions to his distinguished contemporaries. Concerning this minor bard himself, quite enough would seem to have been already written. There was the Life, by Alexander Bower, in 1804; and then the Life, by Sir W. Forbes, in 1807 (reproduced in 1824). Then there were the two volumes of Letters in 1820. There is also a French Life, by C. A. Mallet. Of short biographies, prefixed to editions of Beattie's Works, there have been several—notably those by Park, Chalmers, W. Mudford (1809), A. Dyce (1854), G. Gilfillan (1854), J. S. Gibb (1864), T. Millar (1880). And, meanwhile, who dreams of reading Beattie?

A fresh reproduction of Turner's "Liber Studiorum," must always be welcome, when adequately done, and the one which is forthcoming is sure to have its public. It is, however, only five years or so since we had an edition of the "Liber" in two volumes, itself reproduced (if I remember rightly) from that edited by Mr. Stopford Brooke, in 1882. In 1890 had come the "Selection" from the "Liber" of which the most interesting feature was, perhaps, the introductory essay by Mr. Frederick Wedmore. In 1861 the Department of Science and Art published, in folio, photographs of thirty of Turner's "Liber" drawings. Ten years later, also in folio, came the "Liber" in three volumes, with the whole of the original etchings reproduced in autotype.

Mr. George Allen's new and pretty editions of "Sesame and Lilies" and "The Crown of Wild Olive" serve to remind one that both of these books were first published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, the former in 1865, and the latter in 1866. "Sesame and Lilies" went into a second edition in the year of its issue, Ruskin supplying a preface for the reprint. The fifth edition was published by Mr. Allen in 1882. It will be remembered, also, that in 1902, Mr. Allen, cutting the book in two, printed "Of Kings' Treasuries" and "Of Queens' Gardens" separately on vellum. The history of "The Crown of Wild Olive" has been less eventful.

THE BOOKWORM.

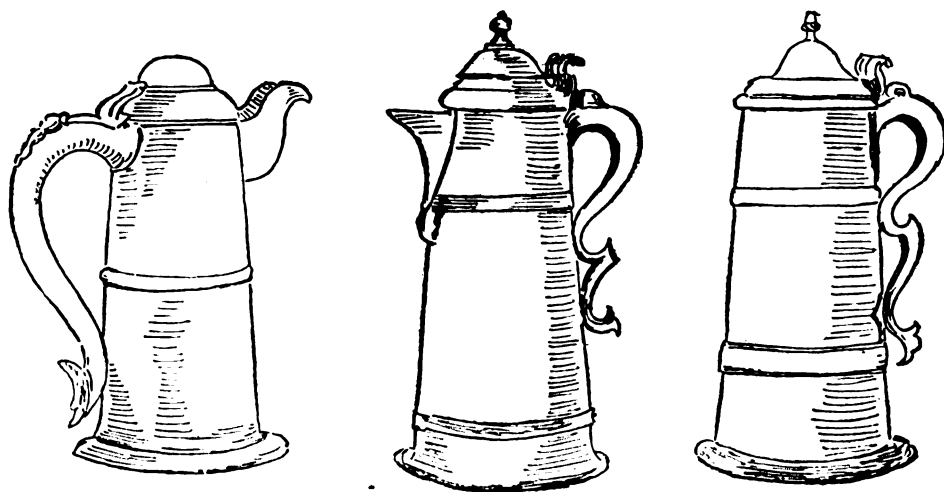
Reviews

An Humble Alloy

PEWTER PLATE. By H. J. L. J. MASSÉ. (Bell. 21s. net.)

THERE is something almost pathetic in the sudden elevation of the humble alloy bearing the unpretending name of Pewter to the rank of a fine art, examples of which are eagerly sought by connoisseurs and after being long neglected on some kitchen dresser are now promoted to an honoured place on the carved oak overmantel of their

descendants of valuable heirlooms. Fortunately, in the golden days of pewter, it was customary to use it for ecclesiastical as well as domestic purposes, and the numerous excellent illustrations of Mr. Massé's volume include, with many noble examples of English tankards, Scotch "tappit hens" or covered jugs and eared porringers, German flagons and dishes, &c., various beautiful and rare specimens of French and Flemish bénitiers, engraved sepulchral discs from Mont St. Michel, English and foreign chalices and alms-dishes and other church utensils, which, being subject



THREE TYPES OF CHURCH FLAGONS

(From "Pewter Plate" [Bell].)

envied possessor. The life story of certain specimens would indeed read like a romance and would be even fuller of thrilling episodes than that of Hans Andersen's immortal tin soldier. The exhaustive monograph of Mr. Massé, the able organiser of the present exhibition at Clifford's Inn, treats the subject from the technical and æsthetic rather than the popular side, and in his determination to omit nothing that can be of service to the connoisseur or collector, the author has perhaps somewhat overlooked the claims of the general public, to whom the personal equation is always of such absorbing interest. In spite of this, however, his work is a most useful one and admirably supplements the erudite "History of the Pewterers' Company" of Mr. Charles Welch, the learned librarian of the Guildhall, who has kindly allowed his fellow enthusiast to describe the touches or distinctive marks of Pewterers preserved in the Company's Hall from the reproductions given in his own more costly volume.

In his Introductory Remarks Mr. Massé suggests that "the chief cause of the disappearance of much old pewterware was the maker's custom of recasting the various objects when they had become damaged instead of repairing them," an incidental proof of the low esteem in which they were held. "Travelling pewterers," he adds, "went their rounds carrying with them one or two moulds and a few tools," often, especially in France, doing quite a brisk trade in recasting plates and dishes. Unscrupulous hawkers and tinkers, like the wicked magician of the "Arabian Nights," often exchanged old ware for new in spite of its being illegal to do so, little dreaming that in relegating their ill-gotten goods to the melting-pot they were depriving their

to comparatively little wear and tear, often survived their secular contemporaries.

It is in Mr. Massé's opinion impossible to revive the real old art of Pewter-making, and the attempts to do so have only resulted in failure. "Manufacturers," he says, "have produced the wrong kind of alloy; it is far too crude and white, . . . too brittle and hard, and there is no nice feeling in it," it has moreover none of the soft pearly grey colour which is half the charm of genuine old pewter and over-decoration has replaced the simple dignity of earlier forms. In view of the hopelessness of a renaissance of true art-ware the directions given by Mr. Massé as to the cleaning and repairing of old specimens are of great value and it is a pity that they cannot be published separately for the education of ignorant servants, who in their zeal for a bright surface often do irreparable mischief. NANCY BELL.

A Doughty Dame

DUCHESS SARAH: THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE TIMES OF SARAH JENNINGS, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH. Composed and arranged by One of Her Descendants, Mrs. Arthur Colville. With ten photogravure plates, and two other illustrations. (Longmans. 18s. net.)

MRS. COLVILLE seems to have a feeling that history has never quite done justice to the first Duchess of Marlborough. Perhaps her uneasiness was unnecessary. It is more than possible that the Duchess has not been in the thoughts of the world at all. In the story of the Esmonds, one remembers, the lady, at a critical stage

of the Jacobite plot, is felt to be lurking, momentarily, in the background; but were it not that we refresh our memories of the great novel now and then, the Duchess would be forgotten. Why is Mrs. Colville so anxious about her ancestress? The Duchess was a beautiful woman, and that is good; but there is really no reason for believing that she would have been a person of importance had she not had the good fortune to marry a youth who turned out to be a military genius of the highest rank. In days of old the wife of a soldier so distinguished was necessarily a power at Court; and that the Duchess of Marlborough was until, our enemies abroad having been fairly well subdued, Queen Anne was free to ease herself from the dominance of the Duchess. The Sovereign, it is true, may have been ungracious, even ungrateful; but Mrs. Colville and the other descendants of the Duchess have really very little to complain of. Their ancestress feathered the Marlborough nest extremely well.

When all is said and done, that is the outstanding truth. If the Duchess had a touch of genius, it was for business of the commercial kind. She was in charge of the accounts of the Royal Household, and managed them efficiently. Other persons in the same position had winked at secret commissions to servants and "officials"; but the Duchess was strictly honest. Perhaps her biographer is justified in thinking that such integrity was remarkable. These pages imbue into us a general feeling that in Mrs. Colville's estimate the age was one in which all notable men and women, save her ancestress, were of easy virtue in money matters. Still, it must not be supposed that the sole claim of the Duchess to the esteem of posterity lies in the fact that in a period of pillage she did not steal. Her virtue was more than negative. Besides being a faithful keeper of the Royal accounts, she was a faithful founder of the fortunes of her own family. Year in, year out, during the whole of her career, she kept a vigilant eye on the interests of her posterity. She went into the City at the age of seventy-nine to bid for Lord Yarmouth's estate, which she hoped to get, as it dovetailed with some of her property. She wished to leave a good fortune to her descendants, in hopes that they might be entirely independent of Courts and parties, and expresses a wish that they will join with a king only when he has the welfare of the nation at heart, and a minister only when he is for the good of the king.

To this day Blenheim is a splendid proof that what may be called the material part of the Duchess's ambition was fulfilled. Some may even think that the most modern of her many descendants is accomplishing to the letter the spiritual clauses of her testament. Others may have difficulty in feeling sure that independence in regard to the Minister springs solely from an agitated regard for the interests of the Monarch. That Mr. Balfour is averse from the good of King Edward seems hardly a tenable theory. Testamentary dispositions on the great scale always lead to trouble. Where Peter the Great tried his hand and failed, how was the Duchess Sarah to try hers with assurance of success? Peter said that Russia was ultimately to take the Indies; and, now that his heirs and successors cannot do as he ordained, it is declared that he never said anything of the sort. Let us, then, deal gently with the Duchess. It is really not the Duchess Sarah's fault that her descendants find it difficult to pursue the thorny path of party politics. Besides, the Duchess, when she had time to spare from money-getting, had interests which assured to her the best regards of THE ACADEMY. Mr. Pope found her attractive, and she

was conscious of the distinction. "If you talk to Mr. Pope of me," she wrote to Lord Marchmont, "endeavour to keep him my friend, for I do firmly believe in the immortality of the soul as much as he does, though I am not learned enough to have found out what it is."

Clearly the Duchess knew her limitations. Her biographer has the same grace. Mrs. Colville fears that "want of literary experience" may have been the cause of imperfections in her work. One must not contradict a lady.

W. EARL HODGSON

Shropshire Lads and Lasses

OLD SHROPSHIRE LIFE. By Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell. (Lane. 6s.)

To this collection of stories of life in Shropshire, the dates of which vary from the reign of Queen Anne to the closing years of the eighteenth century, no reader familiar with Mr. A. E. Housman's inimitable little volume "A Shropshire Lad" can come with a sense of strangeness. Cleeside and Wenlock Edge, Ludlow Fair and Shrewsbury Gaol, their names are all indelibly impressed on the memory. The very motives of stories and poems are at times visibly akin. Who that reads "Christ's Tree," with its sombre conclusion, but must recall the lines of the young yeoman who has slain his brother Maurice, "And here's a bloody hand to shake, and oh, man, here's good-bye!" And if in none of the stories does "Rose Harland, on her Sundays out, walk with the better man," there is the reverse of the picture in "The Holy Well," where pretty Thersa Stanley carries off stalwart Launcelot Shingless from under the very eyes of her rival Bell.

Stories of a remote countryside must of necessity concern themselves mainly with strong passions and lawless deeds, for it is in virtue of terror rather than of charm that they survive orally, for the garnering of the writer of a later day. Instances occur to the average reader at the first cast. Wilson's perennially juvenile "Tales of the Borders," Hardy's "Wessex Tales," Snowden's "Tales of the Yorkshire Wolds," and Mary Linskill's "Tales of the North Riding." These all have the legendary element developed with greater or less artistry. One of Lady Catherine Gaskell's characters, Priss, in "The Witch's Unguent," well expresses the mood that lies at the root of the majority of the happenings which result in such tales as these:

"Parson Sundays, and then let the devil have his due. 'Tis the only course for a long life and a safe 'un. I knows my duty, and I won't imperil my mortal soul by playin' fox and hare with both."

But if a daredevil or a ne'er-do-well is most often the stock from which a folk-tale blossoms, and tragedy follows close on the heels of exploit, the best specimens of the genre have another side which is all delight. This is the terseness of the rustic speech, so often packed close with shrewd obscurities and humorous expression. "Old Shropshire Life" fulfils this condition nobly. Who can forget such sayings as the following, gathered haphazard from its pages?

"Hearts and kisses be allus in fashion, same as colic and physic later. One comes afore t'other, but t'other allus comes."

"There's a deal of comfort in clothes, especially when you have the right sort and other folks the wrong."

"Thou art like a chip in milk, no harm and no good."

"He's not worth hiring who talks of tiring."

The desire of Joan Hannett to give her husband a "ham-burial" is one to be met with all up and down the land. But it would be interesting to learn if the belief is at all widespread that a cock hatched-out by an owl will make an invincible fighter, and what is the especial virtue of ale made from water saved in butts from the church roof.

Amongst the old card-games, of which many are mentioned, "Bold Davy" is provocative of curiosity as to its rules, and the precise difference between "Wheezy" and "Wheezy-Wee" might prove interesting if defined.

Many allusions to local wisecracks or simpletons, "Old Bold's Treasure," "Ippekin's Cave," "Mother Gormal's Geese," "Parson Jack's Black Horse," "Will Dangs' Sow," "Mike Dobson's Dog," and "Darnfold's Dog" (who tried to talk Dutch!) make one long for an appendix dealing with these mysterious personages, as the excellent glossary deals with Shropshire words. In a later edition—for Lady Catherine Gaskell's book is of the kind that "goes into editions"—this may be supplied, and the glossary extended by the inclusion of the meanings of a few words she has overlooked, such as a "litherman's load."

The titles of some of the songs alluded to—"The Lord He breathes through verdant green," "There is a world my heart doth know," and "Hang the branches round the hearth," for instance—make one long for a collection of "Shropshire Songs" to keep company with Mr. Baring-Gould's "Songs of the West."

But perhaps it is best to be thankful for the feast provided and avoid even the appearance of fault-finding, or the condemnation of Idonea by her aunt Joan Hannett may fall upon the writer:

"Why, at Day of Judgment she'd notice a feather in the archangel's wing if it didn't hang proper, even if Michael war blowing the last trump. Her wudn't miss a fault however great the glory. There's some as has eyes for light, and some for specs!"

Mention should be made of the excellent process illustrations, from photographs, of notable Shropshire buildings, which heighten the interest of the volume from the topographical point of view.

F. CHAPMAN.

Poetry and Poetics

UNSEEN KINGS. By Eva Gore-Booth. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)

VERSES. By Ruth Young. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE KNIGHT'S TALE OF PALAMON AND ARCITE. Done into Modern English by Rev. Professor Walter W. Skeat. (De La More Press. 1s. net.)

ADONAI. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. From the Edition of 1821. (Methuen. 2s. net.)

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE POEMS OF TENNYSON. By Henry Van Dyke, D.D., LL.D. (Ginn. 2s. net.)

OF these books only two represent new contributions to verse. Miss Young's "Verses" may be briefly dismissed. They are pleasant, feminine, but weak; nowise distinguished from the mass of like publications. It is different with Miss Gore-Booth's "Unseen Kings." The book—especially the title-poem—belongs obviously to the school of Mr. W. B. Yeats; while on this same title-poem Maeterlinck has perhaps some influence in a few minor features. There is the haunting vagueness, the regret for "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago," the wistful longing, the unearthly, passionless passion, the engrossment in a world of legend and enchantment, which we peculiarly associate with Mr. Yeats. Nor is this all: the manner, too, is evidently his. Miss Gore-Booth, let us say frankly, has not compassed that elfin magic of which Mr. Yeats has the incommunicable secret. But it should none the less be said that she does attain a certain effect of mystery, a certain measure of enchanted atmosphere. She displays, indeed, a true imagination, a poetic gift of her own; and is far from a mere copyist. Her style and diction are choice and finished; while she has considerable power of imagery, and that imagery is really imaginative. Her book is one of much promise—and, indeed, performance.

The other verse-books belong to the past. Professor

Skeat, undeterred by many eminent failures in the like emprise, has followed in the footsteps of Wordsworth and others by attempting to modernise Chaucer. He has chosen for his attempt "The Knight's Tale," the miniature and masterly epic of Palamon and Arcite. His handling is exceedingly reverent; he has made the minimum of possible change, and the changes are effected as skilfully, we think, as could well have been done. It is about as good a modernisation of Chaucer as could be hoped for. And yet (we speak for ourselves) the intimate charm of the poetry has disappeared in the process. That is not his fault; it inheres in the subtle nature of poetry itself. Yet much remains for the general reader to whom the ancient English is *caviare*.

Of the "Adonais" we need only say that it is a faithful reprint, in a handy and cheap little volume, of the original edition published in 1821. Many Shelleians will be glad to have it.

Then a quiet, unpretentious, but at the same time sound and scholarly study of Tennyson's work; designed evidently for practical use. It well fulfils its purpose, being clear, concise, and judicial. We may specially call attention to the section on the sources of Tennyson's poems, in which Mr. Van Dyke successfully breaks a lance with Mr. Churton Collins. A good and useful book.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

A Splendid Home

THE ART OF THE PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE, WITH A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BUILDING AND ITS OWNERS. By Julia de Wolf Addison. (Bell. 6s. net.)

THE Pitti Palace! At the words we seem to see in the splendid home that he built for himself, dominating Florence, the crafty old tyrant, Luca Pitti, where he sits brooding on his downfall, staring at his broken ambition, tricked by the wily Pietro de' Medici, tricked by the self-same roguery wherewith he himself had jockeyed this Pietro's father, old Cosimo de' Medici, out of power, and won his own reign of dictatorship over Florence. One sees the old fox striding there, baffled, looking out over Florence through the windows that he had boasted to old Cosimo should be built by the first architect of Italy, Brunelleschi; each window, he had sneered, should be larger than the great doorway of the palace of the Medici; and now he wondered, scowling, if the dead Cosimo de' Medici were leering out of heaven or hell, through their magnificent span, upon his overthrow by this son of his, Pietro, chuckling at the use of the same trick that had befooled the father. For in the Piazza Signoria was much murmur of the election of Pietro de' Medici, the place indeed being packed with the troops of the Medici, horse and foot. He knew his power was gone—had known it for hours—from the moment when Pietro, feigning sickness, had had his lying treacherous interview with him. How bitterly he must have laughed—had they not kissed?—nay, he the tyrant Pitti, had he not even wept? This betrothal of his daughter to young Lorenzo de' Medici had been but Medicean dust flung in his cruel old eyes by a fit son of that even more cruel house. Baffled, he had bowed his head supinely to his own ruin and the destruction of his friends and comrades. As a fact, however, it was not this builder of the palace who had begun the splendid art collection which was to become one of the wonders of the world, but the infamous art-loving Cosimo I. de' Medici, he who bought the palace from Luca Pitti's bankrupt grandson for his wife, Eleanor of Toledo—that princely picture-loving scoundrel of the Medici who slew his own son before his mother's eyes. What strange stories that old palace could tell! With an excellent and brightly written sketch of its history, the author begins her book, which, given Messrs. George Bell & Sons for publishers and Julia de Wolf Addison's

blithe pen for the writing, opens with bright promise. But when it comes to describing the art-galleries—and their catalogue makes the bulk of these pages—the book becomes dull reading. The only hope of giving an idea of pictures is to give reproductions. If the author and publishers had done this, and been content to let Julia Addison's pen write a short life of each artist and the gossip about each picture, we should have had a nearly perfect book. The literary description of pictures is a tedious thing. And the quotations from literary celebrities upon works of art are generally pitiful reading. George Eliot and Hawthorne knew nothing of the art of painting. Did not even Ruskin fling contempt on Rembrandt and Whistler, and give honour to Miss Alexander and her dreadful giggled snowdrops! Surely Raphael's "Donna Velata" is a sadly overrated picture; as, indeed, Raphael is a sadly overrated genius. Surely Julia Addison does not really feel this half-concealed contempt for Rembrandt, who is one of the giants of immortality in the whole realm of art, a vast colossal figure of a man. Yet the book is worth the buying, if it were only that the author gives us a little reproduction of that exquisite work of Furini's, the "Allegorical Head"; indeed, Furini will rise from the dead even yet.

HALDANE MACFALL.

THE RISE OF ENGLISH CULTURE. By Edwin Johnson. (Williams & Norgate. 15s. net.)

THE author of this book was at one time in the ministry of one of the denominations. Beginning to write as an apologist, instead of discovering, he says, a solid basis of witnessed and accredited facts, he found "nothing but clear and irresistible evidence of the schemes and devices of a secret literary society, whose bold statements have again and again to be contradicted out of their own writings." There was, in fact, no Christian Church before the eleventh century. The histories and chronicles, the donations and charters, upon which later historians have built up the records of what are called the Dark Ages are all of them more or less clumsy contrivances of the Benedictine Order. Nay, the New Testament itself is a forgery of the same designing body. "Nothing is understood of English History until we see that it is a branch of Church History. Nothing is understood of Church History until we see that it is Benedictine History, and that Benedictine History is a branch of theological art." Gildas, who is assigned to the sixth century, is a monk who has an admirable command of the Latin Bible, "which no monk had or could have until the late fifteenth century." His name, therefore, covers the personality of a fifteenth-century Benedictine. He is certified by Bede, and Bede by William of Malmesbury, and so on. All these are but names in the catena of pretended evidences. The conspiracy was not merely local, it extended throughout the continent of Europe. Mr. Johnson takes us far and wide, pointing out to us on every side the baseless character of the evidence on which by the credulity of later ages has been set up the fabric of mediæval history. And he shrinks not at all from the logical conclusion. The historical conscience was yet undeveloped in the human mind; record of the past there was none—only a blind stretching back into a limitless, featureless waste of infinite time. A thousand years are to the Lord as one day, and to the monks one day was as a thousand years. The world in which they had slumbered they knew not at all how long was waking up around them; strange tales of absurd, impossible discoveries, subversive of all the known facts that they had heard and that their fathers had told them, were rousing men to curious and dangerous inquiry. It was

necessary once and for all to assert the sober truth. For cosmogony and geography there was the book of Genesis; and for the Christian era, if there was no document, documents must be made. And they were made—on a handsome scale. Here was a state of things—the best possible, for by it they lived rich and at ease; it must be accounted for. The vague possible centuries of the past were mapped out in congruity with the monastic notions of what ought to have happened in them, even as the recluses made their maps of a four-square world with a four-square Jerusalem at the point of intersection of its diagonals. It would have been easy to invent a score of centuries, but as a matter of fact they limited themselves to eight or ten. For nothing less than this is the amazing conclusion which we are called upon to face: that the larger part of the so-called Middle Ages are to be wiped out; or, rather, that they never existed.

The author of "The Rise of English Culture" has been for some time dead, and the book itself has had to wait thirteen years for a publisher. We cannot suppose that the theory it advocates will meet at once with universal acceptance, but those who accept it will cling to it, no doubt, with the greater tenacity.

JAPANESE PHYSICAL TRAINING. By H. Irving Hancock. (Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.)

THE author describes this very interesting book as containing "the system of exercise, diet, and general mode of living that has made the Mikado's people the healthiest, strongest, and happiest men and women in the world." We are not prepared to endorse a good many of his statements; and indeed it was inevitable that, in dealing with a highly technical subject such as this really is, little errors in anatomy and physiology should creep in. At the same time, we must admit that these do not appreciably detract from the value of the work. It is, of course, a text-book, should you want one, of the system known as *jiu-jitsu*; but were that all, there would be no reason for noticing the book here. Much as this system would doubtless benefit many individuals in this country, he would be a blind guide who advocated any system of physical training as in need of urgent attention, whilst the physical unfitness of certain classes in this country is due to causes much more profound and much more clamantly asserting themselves to the discriminating ear.

The chapters of real value in this book do not deal with *jiu-jitsu* at all. A Japanese wrestler is now giving practical demonstrations of this art in London, and we hear that it is the latest feminine craze. Fortunately Yukio Tani had the good taste to refuse a challenge recently offered him by an Englishwoman. No further comment need here be made upon his art.

The really interesting things are those which the author tells us of Japanese diet and hygiene. It is with necessary admiration that one reads of their appreciation of night air—about which most Westerners still have their delusions—and their attitude towards alcohol. We fancy Dr. Archdall Reid, with his theories that the alcohol habit must pass over any race, and that abstemiousness is therefore to be found only amongst races whose ancestors have been thoroughly weeded out by alcohol, may have some difficulty in explaining away the case of the Japanese, whose *saké* is a beverage somewhat weaker than the average Rhine wine. They take their tea weak, too, do these wise people, declining to drink the tannic acid which a degenerate taste—wanting a little "body" in its tea—demands in the West. For opium they do not care, but of recent years they have adopted tobacco-smoking as a national habit, but not to the same extent as in Western countries. Fortunately the verdict of science is not with the author when he suggests that the—very moderate—

Japanese use of tobacco may work for the partial weakening of the race. Such an effect cannot be ascribed to tobacco except when it is used by the growing organism, on which it acts as a powerful and most subtly injurious poison.

The last point we have room to note is concerned with the Japanese diet, the principal ingredients of which—we mean principal in the sense of nutritious—are rice, fish, and eggs. They consume little meat, and the bulk of their diet is very much less than ours—as well it might be. Of course, it is arrant nonsense to claim that the Japanese obtain their strength from a vegetable diet. Animal products, such as fish and eggs, are an indispensable part of their food, which they know how to prepare so as to get the most value for the least digestive effort. The more one reads about the Japanese the paler becomes one's Aryan skin. They make one a little nervous!

Fiction

THE AMERICAN PRISONER. By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen, 6s.) In power to seize one's thoughts and send them flying after fictitious events, Mr. Phillpotts is unexcelled. Not that he is a great artist; he is not even the Hardy of his Devonshire, despite his triumphant adaptation of peasant speech to humorous purposes. But he has a great creativeness, and the world of laughter and passion which he creates is a reality till we have explored it from end to end. "The American Prisoner" is a story of Dartmoor, laid during the war declared against England by America in 1812. Captured Americans were lodged by thousands in a vast circular enclosure on Dartmoor, and one of them is chosen by Mr. Phillpotts to gain the heart of a heroine whose father detests Cousin Jonathan. Villainy culminates in the person of a rather impossible wool-stapler, who quotes whenever he opens his mouth, but fails not of uncanny effect. The palm of picturesqueness belongs to his tool, an art-loving miser, who asks "Do a woman salt down reptiles and make her meal of blind-worms and berries if she have got a gold mine hidden?" Hers is, however, the theft of an amphora worth eighteen thousand pounds; and, thanks to her, Mr. Phillpotts fairly drives melodrama tandem. The parts of the book relating to the prisoners constitute historical fiction of exceptional freshness. Nature does not play the semi-deific rôle allotted her in "The River," but a stern scenery is admirably visualised. As a writer, Mr. Phillpotts indulges rather self-consciously in the unaccustomed word, but his dialogue flows apart from himself with a freedom which announces him a favoured listener as well as an excellent inventor. Fame blows an uncritical trumpet, but he deserves a blast from it, if indeed he deserves not a tune.

TO-MORROW'S TANGLE. By Geraldine Bonner. (Cassell, 6s.) It is seldom that one reads so unpretentious yet satisfying a piece of writing as "To-morrow's Tangle." The story throughout is admirably restrained and unforced, the style of narrative simple and clear. Yet it is by no means a commonplace or undistinguished book, either in plot or writing. The prologue, which gives the clue to the tangle of later years, takes place in the Californian mining district in the early 'fifties, when Jake Shackleton barter his helpless half-dying wife and her sickly infant, who have barely survived the dreadful hardships of the Utah desert, to a miner for a pair of horses. But Jake Shackleton does not continue his way alone—he takes with him his second wife, in order to marry whom he has become a Mormon. When we say that the miner cherishes the woman and her child, the heroine of the story, named after the beautiful Californian wildflower, Mariposa Lily, bringing the child up as his own daughter, and that Jake Shackleton becomes a millionaire, the tangle of to-morrow may be divined. The story of Mariposa takes place in that picturesque, lazy, cosmopolitan city of San Francisco—not the San Francisco of to-day, but the city of thirty years ago, when the mining craze brought strange people within its walls. Mariposa is an interesting figure in her early matured beauty, her Spanish dignity, and innate

simplicity and sweetness of nature; in reality, a little girl masquerading in the guise of a triumphantly maturing womanhood. One of the best character sketches in the book is that of Mrs. Willers, the up-to-date American journalist, foolish and over-dressed as an afternoon caller, but self-reliant, alert, and withal womanly in her newspaper den. "To-morrow's Tangle" is an interesting novel much above the average.

CHINKIE'S FLAT. By Louis Becke. (Unwin, 6s.) Mr. Becke lays his first story—for the present volume is a collection of stories, notes, and reminiscences—in the wilds of North Queensland, and thus allows himself full scope for his undeniable vitality and unhackneyed expression. He knows the rough men of unfrequented places, he understands the elemental passions which guide them, but his ideas of love-making are distinctly primitive, and certainly dull. The publisher's note which accompanies this book leads one to expect "a strong love interest," and therefore one watches with intensity the possible developments which may result from the introduction into a mining centre of several young girls. The reader's heart quite justifiably is observed to flutter. The situation is there, in the shape of "Magnetic Villa," which offers to the miners a refined home from home; the men, bearded, good-natured ruffians, are undeniably there; the girls are there; but Mr. Becke fails to develop the latent possibilities, he seems to think the reader will let him off with a mere grouping on a veranda, or a stroll on the beach at 8 a.m. The situations, to put it mildly, come to nothing; and even the heroine, in desperation, finally proposes to her hero. There is a rescue from black tribes which is thrilling enough; and the pictures of social life are amusingly suggestive of possible home life in a Margate boarding-house. One looks to Mr. Becke for brilliant description and realistic presentment, and the reader will not be disappointed in "Chinkie's Flat" as far as the mining life and adventure are concerned.

V. C.: A CHRONICLE OF CASTLE BARFIELD AND OF THE CRIMEA. By David Christie Murray. (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.) Let it be said that it is not the author's fault if nothing fresh can be written about heroic young men who dash recklessly across a fire-swept zone to rescue superior officers. The author who deliberately sets himself this task is bound by tradition to a certain type of hero, and to a heroine beautiful of course, and trusting come weal come woe. The victorious section of this book can be left to the reader's delectation without comment. But there is another side to the book, which deals with the simple villainy of Jervase, the hero's father, who is in partnership with Jervoyce, the hero's uncle. This brilliant couple convert an unproductive salt-pit into a noble property by running a little adit from their own worthless shaft into the rich one of a neighbour. And when discovery follows, Jervoyce, described as a pious sneak, betrays himself, and is hustled off to Spain; but Jervase stays to fight it out. A long night alone with the brandy decanter suffices to restore equanimity and to settle a plan of action. The psychology of the situation is mastered, roughly perhaps, but very surely; and the reader learns to appreciate the genuine power and imagination of the author. Old Jervase fights, his back to the wall, his hand on his cheque-book, to save his skin for his own sake and his name for his son's sake. This rough, dishonest, piratical, but affectionate old father alone makes the book worth reading.

LE CHEMIN DE LA GLOIRE. (Les Batailles de la Vie.) Par Georges Ohnet. (Ollendorff, 3fr. 50c.) Time was when a new story by Ohnet brought joy to the hearts of novel-readers. "Serge Panine" and "Le Maître de Forges" won a fully deserved popularity and sold in thousands. But of late that popularity has begun to wane; readers recognise Ohnet's conventional idealism, his mediocre style and his elementary psychology. His last book is scarcely free of those faults. The stage and the American millionaire are playing a large part in the popular French novel of the day. Even Paul Bourget and Anatole France in "La duchesse bleue" and "Histoire comique" have tried their hands at theatrical novels, and have not, it must be confessed, found in them their greatest triumphs. Rich Americans appear in almost

every novel, but, so far as our experience goes, their faults are always unduly magnified, and their good qualities unduly ignored, except perhaps by Bourget and by Pierre de Coulevain, whose "Eve victorieuse" is probably the best novel ever written by a European about Americans. The theme of Ohnet's novel is the destruction of the artist's soul by luxury, but the treatment is commonplace and at times even wearisome. Given a musical composer who has attained recognition after a hard struggle with poverty and neglect, and who owes his success in large measure to his mistress, a singer who has splendidly interpreted his music, and an American heiress, a great beauty, who ardently desires to attach a celebrated artist to her millions, and we know exactly what will happen. The artist will abandon his mistress, marry the heiress, and live in a luxury and ease that will sap his energies and dry up the fountain of his inspiration. Fortunately in this case the artist perceives the error of his ways in time, and, compelled to choose between his art and his wife, unhesitatingly elects to live for the former. For a brief space of time the luxury-loving wife, who is singularly lacking in intelligence and charm for an American even when she is the possessor of millions, bears her husband company in the simpler mode of life which is the only one for an artist. But jealousy, for which there is not the slightest cause, of his former mistress, drives her to leave him for ever, to procure a divorce, and console herself by marrying a wealthy cousin to whom she had been engaged before she met the French musician. The work is too obtrusively didactic in tone, and too full of *longueurs*. Ignorance of American manners and customs is shown in writing of the heiress's father as Sir Brandon.

Short Notices

NEW POEMS. By Ronald Campbell Macfie. (Lane. 5s.) Conscious of having just so much space to fill, we are tempted, on ethical grounds, to employ it all with quotation from Mr. Macfie. Come to think of it, what good reason is there why one should not fill one's space with the best that may be put into it? Mr. Macfie, as the reader of "Granite Dust" well knows, is a veritable poet. There are a few such, of course, alive to-day: but this writer is of a more modern spirit than any of them, and comes near to making much contemporary verse read, by contrast, as anachronism. Mr. Macfie is modern in the best sense: in the sense that recognises the unparalleled intellectual awakening of the nineteenth century. His verse comes from a soul which neither denies nor sophisticates Truth. The nebular hypothesis, the theory of evolution, are accepted by him because he knows that they must be accepted. If modern science be incompatible with the poetic spirit, then these verses are inexplicable. To us they prove that which needed no proof: the profoundly significant truth, well urged by Keats and Tennyson, that Truth and Beauty are inseparably one.

Space fails for quotation from the fine blank-verse poem to the Queen, from the beautiful verses which Mr. Macfie heads with the last two lines from Mrs. Meynell's sonnet, "Renouncement," or from the many poems in which the surgent spirit of modern science is met and reconciled; but we quote *in extenso* a little poem, "Faith," in which a beautiful thought is beautifully realised:

If Faith were given human form,
Alive and warm,
I think thy steady-burning eyes,
Where Love and Hope and Courage dwell,
I think thy mouth, so sweet and wise,
Would suit her well;
For if not very Faith thou art,
Yet Faith abiding in thy heart
Hath wrought thy features to her will
And made them pure, and glad, and still

THOMAS DELONEY. Eine Studie über Balladenlitteratur der Shakspeare-Zeit. Nebst Neudruck von Deloney's Roman "Jack of Newbury." Von Dr. Richard Sievers. (Palaestra, XXXVI.) (Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 6 m. 60 pf.) Dr. Sievers has made a very careful and useful study of the ballads

of Thomas Deloney (1543?-1607?), the silk-weaver, whose verse Michael Drayton found "full of state and learning." At the end is printed from the 1630 edition, now in the Bodleian, Deloney's "Pleasant History of John Winchcomb, in his younger years called Jack of Newbury." Three of Deloney's ballads are on the Spanish Armada. Dr. Sievers classifies the ballads thus: Narrative ballads (1) dealing with contemporary events, (2) with older history, and (3) with romantic subjects; Lyrical ballads: (1) humorous, (2) pathetic; and, lastly, Dialogues. The style and versification of the ballads are also described and criticised. It is a valuable contribution to the history and materials of English ballad literature, and no student of the subject should neglect the little treatise. The value of the series generally is much enhanced for English readers by its reprints at a moderate price of books which are not easily accessible.

ENTSTEHUNGSGESCHICHTE VON GOLDSMITH'S "VICAR OF WAKEFIELD." Von Bernhard Neuendorff. (Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 2m.) The application of scientific methods to pure literature which meet us at every turn give rise to many a sad reflection. In the pamphlet before us Goldsmith's beautiful prose idyll is subjected to as searching and minute a diagnosis as if it were a devastating disease. We learn every detail of the "outer history of its origin," every detail of the "inner history of its origin;" two alleged sources of the tale are proved to be erroneous, originals in life or literature are found for each character, for each episode, while the views of life—Dr. Primrose is likened to Job!—expressed in the work are carefully analysed. In the end Goldsmith is classed with Richardson, since both authors combine character-drawing with admirable description of the immediate environment of their characters, but Goldsmith is allowed to have progressed beyond Richardson, because to character-drawing he adds character-development. Despite all this panoply of learning and all this minute investigation, we prefer to remember that the late Sir Leslie Stephen says in his last book, "English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century," that "the greatest attraction of the Vicar is due to the personal charm of Goldsmith's character."

UNE VILLE D'EAUX ANGLAISE AU XVIII^e SIÈCLE: LA SOCIÉTÉ ÉLÉGANTE ET LITTÉRAIRE À BATH SOUS LA REINE ANNE ET SOUS LES GEORGES. Par A. Barbeau, de l'université de Caen. (Paris: Alphonse Picard et fils, 1904.) Why could not an Englishman have done this thing? Here is a soundly written, profoundly interesting, and thoroughly studied book dealing with the social and literary life at Bath during the reigns of Queen Anne and the Georges. It is a comprehensive and admirably drawn picture of the manners, the people, the times, and the influence of Bath on the non-political history of the period. True, we have our Ainsworth, our Beau Nash, our Christopher Anstey, and a library of Bath Guides, old and new, but M. Barbeau has delved far deeper. He has compiled a bibliography of some five hundred volumes, dealing more or less directly with Bath and its history. Not content with quoting from Goldsmith, Fielding, Smollett, Lady Jackson, Sidney Colvin, Allan Cunningham, Thomas Moore, Pepys, Peter Pindar, and a score of others, he has been successful in finding references to Bath, in its heyday, in dozens of obscure writers, whose contemporary descriptions, all duly acknowledged in full, in most carefully printed footnotes, enable him to present a very faithful series of views of the place and its people. The book is an epitome of information, scholarly, dispassionate, faithful, and studiously unexaggerated, the result most evidently of many years of the closest study. An appendix contains Mr. Swinburne's admirable "Ballad of Bath," and there is an excellent index. Altogether a most remarkable book.

Reprints and New Editions

a SESAME AND LILIES, b THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE. By John Ruskin. (Allen: 3s. each net, leather; 2s. 6d. each net, cloth.) These two volumes should certainly take the place of honour among this week's reprints. They supply a long-needed demand in a most satisfactory manner. We have no doubt that many will hasten to avail themselves of these very moderately priced volumes. They fulfil in every particular Ruskin's own idea of books: "Valuable books should, in a civilised country, be within the reach of every one, printed

in excellent form for a just price; but not in any vile, vulgar, or, by reason of smallness of type, physically injurious form, at a vile price."

CORIDON'S SONG, AND OTHER VERSES. With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson, and an Introduction by Austin Dobson. (Macmillan. 2s. net.) This charming collection of dainty sketches, illustrating various verses by divers poets, first published in 1894, again makes its bow to us. The paper on which the engravings are printed does adequate justice to the skill of the illustrator, while the whole "get-up" is pleasant and serviceable, so that we may often refresh our memory with a sight of these delightful sketches as the binding is not too delicate for frequent use. Of one thing we may be sure—we shall never tire of these dainty drawings.

LEVIATHAN. By Thomas Hobbes. (Cambridge English Classics. Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d. net.) The first issue of this series is worthy of special attention. The aim of the Cambridge University Press in sending forth what we may hope will be an invaluable series is altogether praiseworthy and worthy of support. Briefly, their aim is to provide accurate texts of such works as are greatly and oftentimes neglected, and reprints of many books that are not at present accessible in a well-printed or authentic form. We note that two volumes of this series to be issued shortly are "The English Works of Roger Ascham" and "The Poems of Richard Crashaw." In all the volumes of these series the original spelling and punctuation will be faithfully preserved, the only change from the original edition being that the old type-forms of j, s, &c., will be made uniform with modern usage. We wish this venture every success.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS AND HARD TIMES. By Charles Dickens, with an Introduction by Charles Dickens the Younger. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.) The description of the writing and conception of these two books and the extracts from his father's letters on the subject, as given in the son's preface, make very interesting reading. We never could bring ourselves to like the ending of "Great Expectations"; so that it is pleasant to hear that Dickens did not approve of it himself, but was persuaded to give the usual "happy ending" by Bulwer. "Bulwer, who has been, as I think you know, extraordinarily taken by the book, so strongly urged it upon me, after reading the proofs, and supported his view with such good reasons, that I resolved to make the change."

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S TALES: a Selection, with an Introduction by Tighe Hopkins. (National Library: Cassell. 6d. net.) Mr. Hopkins, in his short introduction to this selection of tales, gives a graphic and sympathetic sketch of Poe's life and writings. He says: "The spectacle of this delicate genius, with whom literature was a religion, wandering from publisher to publisher, 'with his fine print-like manuscript, neatly rolled,' and finding none but a beggar's market, is pathetic, if not quite unfamiliar; but what reward there is in posthumous renown has certainly been Poe's." The hundred-dollar prize story, "The Gold Bug," is included in this small volume.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON will publish immediately an important work by Professor William North Rice, Ph.D., LL.D., entitled: "Christian Faith in an Age of Science."—Last year Mr. T. Fisher Unwin brought out a book by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond (better known perhaps as Mrs. Main) entitled: "True Tales of Mountain Adventure for Non-Climbers Young and Old." This first attempt to popularise the subject of Alpine climbing met with so satisfactory a reception that Mrs. Le Blond has been encouraged to prepare another book on the same lines. It will be published by Mr. Unwin on March 7 under the title of "Adventures on the Roof of the World," and will contain over 100 pictures, mainly from photographs by Mrs. Le Blond.—Professor Pasquale Villari's great "Life of Savonarola" has passed through many editions in England. Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is now bringing out a new issue at half-a-crown net, uniform in size and binding with the cheap edition of Mr. John Morley's "Life of Cobden." It has nearly 800 pages, and contains all the original illustrations.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Jülicher (Adolph), translated by Janet Penrose Ward, An Introduction to the New Testament (Smith, Elder) 16/0
Unbelief in Christian England, by a Mission Priest (Skeffington) 2/6
James, LL.D. (The Rev. M. H.), Death—And What Then? (Skeffington) 2/0

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Cranmer-Byng (L.), rendered by, The Odes of Confucius (Orient Press) net 1/0
Collins (Edwin), translated by, Rabbi Bachye's "The Duties of the Heart" (Orient Press)

History and Biography

- Johnson, M.A. (Edwin), The Rise of English Culture (Williams & Norgate) net 15/0
Colville (Mrs. Arthur), Duchess Sarah, being the Social History of the Times of Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough (Longmans) net 18/0
Newmarch (Rosa), Henry J. Wood (Lane) net 2/6

Art

- Addison (Julia de Wolf), The Art of the Pitti Palace, Florence, with a Short History of the Building and its Owners (Bell) net 6/0

Miscellaneous

- Leigh (R. A. Austen), edited by, Eton under Barnard, 1754-1765 (College Press, Eton) net 2/0
Society for the Protection of Birds, Thirteenth Annual Report (The Society)
The Book of the Face, or the Art of Judging Character from the Features and Habits, by a Doctor of Philosophy (Drane) 0/6
Kassias (Néocles), Hellenism and Macedonia (Thomas) 0/6
Bracey, K.C.B. (Lord), Fifty Years of Progress and the New Fiscal Policy (Longmans) net 2/0

Fiction

- "Unto Each Man His Own," by Samuel Gordon (Heinemann), 6/0; "The Game of Love," by Walter Fuller (Drane), 6/0; "Strong Mac," by S. R. Crockett (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "Chinkie's Flat," by Louis Becke (Unwin), 6/0; "A Bush Honeymoon," by Laura M. Palmer Archer (Unwin), 6/0; "The Turnstile of Night," by C. N. Williamson (Hurst & Blackett), 6/0; "The Red Leaguers," by Shan F. Bullock (Methuen), 6/0; "Our New Selection," by Steele Rudd (Arthur Hoey Davis) (Bulletin Newspaper Co., Sydney), 6/0; "M.I.C.S.," by Burford Delannoy (Ward, Lock), 2/0 and 3/6; "A Consummate Scoundrel," by Guy Boothby (White), 5/0; "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow (Constable), 6/0.

Reprints and New Editions

- "Chronicon Adm de Usk," A.D. 1377-1421, edited by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, K.C.B. (Frowde), net 10/6; Keble's Poems, "Lyra Innocentium" (Parker), 4/0; The Works of John Ruskin: "The Crown of Wild Olive," and "Sesame and Lilies" (Pocket Edition) (Allen), net 2/6 each; "The Stage Shakespeare," "Henry V.," "Henry VIII.," "Twelfth Night," "A Winter's Tale," "Othello," "Much Ado About Nothing" (Collins) net 1/0 each; "The Works of Lord Byron," Poetry, Vol. VII., edited by E. H. Coleridge, M.A. (Murray), 6/0; "Coridon's Song and Other Verses from Various Sources," illustrated by Hugh Thomson, with Introduction by Austin Dobson (Macmillan), net 2/0; "The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb," Vol. IV.—Dramatic Specimens and the Garrick Plays, edited by E. V. Lucas (Methuen), 7/6; "The Tower of London," by W. Harrison Ainsworth (Methuen), net 3/6; "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám," translated by Edward FitzGerald (Methuen), net 1/0; "A Woman of Wiles," by Alick Munro; "In Deadly Peril," by Emile Gaboriau; "Kenilworth," by Sir Walter Scott; "The Sorceress of the Strand," by L. T. Meade (Ward, Lock), each, 0/6.

Periodicals

- "Leisure Hour," "Sunday at Home," "Boy's Own Paper," "Girl's Own Paper," "American Historical Review," "Longman's Magazine," "Pictorial Comedy," "All the World," "Friendly Greetings," "Cassell's Magazine," "Magazine of Art," "Windsor Magazine," "Connoisseur," "Cassell's History of the Russo-Japanese War," "Macmillan's Magazine," "Temple Bar," "Empire Review," "Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine," "Fortnightly Review," "Ainslee's," "Chambers's Journal," "Blackwood's Magazine," "St. Nicholas," "School World," "Photo-Miniature," "British Food Journal," "Contemporary Review," "Cornhill Magazine," "The Cosmopolitan," "English Illustrated," "Indian Antiquary," "The Dial," "Burlington Magazine," "Lady's Magazine," "Pearson's," "The Ibis," "The Artisan," "Westminster Review," "Independent Review," "World's Work," "Art."

Foreign

Theological and Biblical

- Archiv für Religionswissenschaft, herausgegeben von Albrecht Dieterich und Thomas Achelis (Leipzig: Teubner)
Pougin (Arthur), Essai Historique sur la Musique en Russie (Paris: Fischbacher)

Art

- La Bibliofilia, Rivista dell' Arte Antica in Libri, Stampe, Manoscritti, Autografi e Legature (Firenze: Leo S. Olshchki)

Miscellaneous

- Levy (Oscar) Das neunzehnte Jahrhundert (Dresden: Pierson) 2 m.
Bericht der Kommission zur Erhaltung der Kunstdenkmäler in Königreich Sachsen, 1900-1902 (Dresden: Meinhof & Sohne)
Bedier (Joseph) Hommage à Gaston Paris (Paris: Champion)
Barbeau (A.) Une Ville d'Eaux Anglaise au XVIIIe Siècle (Paris: Picard & Fils)

Periodicals

- Mois Scientifique, "The Bookseller: Revue Mensuelle et Journal Général de la Librairie Anglaise."

Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

XII. On the Romantic Style

I FEEL a longing often for that atmosphere, that philosophy, that attitude, those gestures, those sentiments, and those actions—above all, those actions which we call romantic. Is there no romance left in life? Or, was the thing we now call romance ever, at any time, alive? One is told much about its traditions, but religion, in spite of its traditions, is an eternal element in man. If romance, as it is understood at present, were either a natural state or a genuine instinct, no amount of traditions could kill it. I see that it has been killed, and so I am urged to the conclusion that it had no supreme vitality in the first place. A few nights ago I attended the performance by some popular players of a famous romantic drama. The lady who represents the heroine was very pretty and ridiculous—the most delightful marionette conceivable. I could have watched her for hours: the charming face, the lovely black eyes, the helpless white hands, and the fingers covered with big rings, the brilliant clothes, the picturesque amazing head-dress—utterly unlike the sombre magnificent stillness of Velasquez, whose tragic art is so much admired, quoted, and compared with other arts in portraiture by people who have never been across the threshold of the galleries at Madrid. But Velasquez or no Velasquez, I adored the lady: she was a darling; I wanted to put her on my mantel-piece and dust her beautiful embroidered gown every morning, and cover it—and her—with Chinese silk every night. She murmured curious M'mms each time she spoke, and I did not care what she said so long as she said M—m—m first, and moved her splendid eyelashes up and down. I know she is a fine actress when she is not playing a romantic part, and if she were not a fine actress she could not have made herself such a priceless gem of a doll. She evidently said: "I am to be a physical impossibility—I will therefore be a mechanical triumph." And she succeeded. O why can't I have that bewitching object (and her changes of costume in a velvet box with a silver key) for ever on my mantel-piece!

But let me come to the men. Were cloaks ever quite so scarlet before? did their wearers ever throw them around and about themselves with so much play? did swords ever stick out so far beneath long tattered mantles? were tattered mantles ever so curiously tattered? did hats ever stand so perkily on heads? did plumes ever curl with such determined curlings? did collars ever sit so high in the back, or fall, with such abandon, from noble throats? did human beings ever strut, ever bellow, ever attitudinize, ever "ha! ha!" and "ho! ho!" with such overpowering imbecility? did lovers ever talk in such periods? I cannot believe it. What is worse—for me, perhaps—I should be so sorry if I were obliged, by irrefutable evidence, to believe it.

Spain is acknowledged to be the original home of romance, and the Spanish, of all European people, have changed very little in the course of the centuries. They are the least theatrical, least self-conscious race in the world: to see the peculiar naturalness which we call child-like, we must study Spanish men and Spanish women. Their movements are quiet; their faces are, for the most part, transparent—the character, either gentle or undisciplined, shines through: in speech, they are simple; in feeling, they are not subtle, but, on the contrary, very definite; their eyes are not given to flashing—they are usually steady and profound; they are neither very merry nor very sad, but they are graciously serious. In their loves the women have much in common with Irish women. They are as faithful and they are less discerning—that is to say, they give a blind love and they are not witty in detecting the ironies—many of them hard—in all affection. They are domestic women who bring up large families and control small households; they dress plainly; they have few luxuries, and they are exceedingly pious in a matter-of-fact way. How unlike the heroines of romance! The men are easily happy, easily gallant, and easily married. If they are quick-tempered, they are not swashbucklers; they are fond of children, and they are great admirers of beauty; they are abstemious eaters and drinkers; they are not eager for money; they delight in gardens and sunshine; they are not much given to talking; they smoke too much; they are, no doubt, unambitious; they are not dashing—they are, in fact, a little amateurish when, in small companies, they parade the streets to gaze up at girls on balconies, or when, in places of public amusement, they applaud their favourites—acrobats, for choice. They have a passion for acrobats and conjuring tricks. Women dancers are not popular—once away from Madrid where the customs are cosmopolitan. But again, how different from our heroes of romance! Imagine a hero of romance patiently watching a cabbage grow out of his sombrero! Imagine a hero of romance buying circus tickets for his wife and nine children! Imagine a hero of romance taking them all home in a tramcar to a little dinner of vegetable soup, ham, and fruit! As for the higher classes, the higher classes are precisely the same everywhere, and a Spanish grandee of the first rank might be an English duke of the old, old school sitting alone in his ancestral stronghold wondering at the new vagaries of society, or he might be one of the newest type of English aristocrat. In neither case would he resemble the romantic characters of romantic drama. Perhaps this is as well.

Nevertheless, I should like that priceless gem of a doll—she is modern and she represents an idea; she's an adorable symbol of clap-trap, and if she is not in the least like a Velasquez portrait, it is because she is so truly of this century, and so surely a sign of these times. No man alive could put her, as she is, on canvas. Mere superficial impressionism could do her no justice. She is herself a triumph over all the difficulties of Nature.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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Egomets

IT has ever been the fashion to laugh at literary critics for the varying verdicts they pronounce upon the books they are called upon to review. Is this just? Would not the wonder be if they did not differ in their judgments? Criticism is not an exact science, it is an art, and art is but the expression of the artist's emotion, be he man of letters or painter. Just as two painters will see with different eyes the same landscape, so will two critics read with different mental vision the same book. Critics do not vary in their opinions of modern works only, but also in those they hold of classics, differing in the latter cases more than they are sometimes willing to admit. What a fetish is literary fashion. Who dare confess that he has never read "Paradise Lost"? That he cannot read Montaigne's "Essays"?

It would not hurt our literature if there were a little more plain speaking about accepted classics. It is not necessary for me to deny that a book is good and great, simply because I am not able to appreciate or enjoy it. It would be marvellous indeed were my taste so eclectic that I could find beauties in all the writings that I am told—and believe—are beautiful. My mental vision is limited as is every man's to a greater or less degree, therefore there are certain great books that have for me no charm, charm they ever so many others whose opinions I respect and accept. This fact does not trouble my literary conscience; there are more books in the world that I desire to read than I can ever hope to peruse, why then should I expend any given time devouring those which bring me no mental sustenance, which only cause me mental dyspepsia?

It is the same with the men I meet. Some I instinctively like, some I dislike, though the latter are often, I know, interesting, able men; they do not interest me, however. It is not a matter of reason, simply a question of personality. Their personality does not square with mine; there I permit the matter to rest, contenting myself with my own familiar friends. So is it with my books; some I am qualified to enjoy, others are not meat for me. The meat, I know, is sound and sweet, but it is not to my taste, and why should I cloy my literary palate with sweets which are sour to my thinking? No, I will not destroy my individuality by endeavouring to force myself to admire every book that is admirable, nor will I offend my literary conscience by pretending to enjoy that which is distasteful to me.

There is only too great a tendency to-day toward sameness, in literary as in other matters. For example critics will squabble over the date of a play of Shakespeare, or over the position of a comma, but they all with one consent fall down and blindly worship at the shrine of St. Shakespeare, unable to see the spots upon the sun. Shakespeare to them is a god, not a man. I, for my part, love my author friends with all the greater love in that their faults make them human, giving me a sense of fellow feeling with them. Had Shakespeare been a saint and his works of god-like perfection, I verily believe his plays and poems would have appealed to me in vain. So with other of my loves, with Addison, Fielding, Goldsmith, Thackeray. And the upshot is just this, I must make my friends for myself; no re-

commendation from the most gifted of critics will persuade me to like a book unless that book is really to my liking; nor will I make pretence; I would be an honest book-lover or none at all.

Honesty! Am I with all my endeavour and my protestation an honest lover of books? Honestly I do love them with all my heart, but do I judge them honestly? Not a bit of it; did I do so I should be a saint and a god-like critic. But I pride myself upon being a mere man and none of the best. I love my prejudices; so does every man, as he will find if he looks himself in the face. I love my faults and try not to grow over-proud of my virtues, such as they are, especially of those virtues with which my friends credit me and which I know I do not really possess. I have my dislikes as well as my likings among authors, and never—never—will I bring myself to read—or—I am too great a coward to name the names, they are those of famous men and mighty, but I do not love them. But, on the other hand, I will do myself the justice to say that I can clearly see the blemishes of the books I love, and I love them all the more because, like myself, they have their weaknesses.

E. G. O.

Science

The Ways of Memory

HERE and now let me repudiate any inference from what follows that there is a single good word to be said by science on behalf of materialism. To enforce that repudiation, I intend next week to show how the most recent advances in physics—especially the physics of radium—and in psychology have reduced the doctrine of materialism to the level of a lying impertinence—which it always was, indeed.

My colleague who writes the column "Egomets" has described his sensations of recognition and foreknowledge in reading books that are new to him, and Mr. Wallis, in last week's "Correspondence," has criticised the matter. With him I hold the suggestion of pre-existence to be chimerical and untenable; and will only add the comment, for the benefit of the Hellenists, that thus is it now possible to dispose of a belief held by Plato! Then Mr. Wallis inquires whether memory is hereditary. In the sense that he intends, my answer would be no, but in another sense, yes. Heredity, indeed, may be regarded as cell-memory, may it not? Nor is it unthinkable that if the reproductive cells may remember and reproduce the tricks of gesture or tones of voice of a parent, they might even be regarded as reproducing ideas acquired by the parent. This, however, would be to hold, in its extreme form, the view that acquired characters are transmissible: whilst it is, of course, the obvious and unfortunate fact that the new generation does not start with the knowledge of the old, but has to make a fresh start at the beginning for itself.

But certainly I do not hold that the problem raised by "E. G. O." is "absolutely insoluble." On the contrary, I believe that a study of memory—ludicrously brief as this present must be—may suggest a rational solution.

Modern psychology holds—it has no choice—that every memory means a change impressed more or less deeply upon the grey surface of the brain or cortex

cerebri, the apex and flower of the material universe, beside the wonders of which radium and its attributes are of a quite immeasurable triviality. When a singer, after long practice, learns to get a note well "forward" which was formerly "throaty," those cells in the motor area of his brain that control the muscles of his throat and tongue and palate have acquired by practice a *memory* which thereafter enables them so to co-ordinate the movements of those muscles as to ensure good "production." The effect of practice, as in any other art, mechanical, mental, or both, has been so to alter the constitution of the nerve-cells as to produce a new mode of action. Beyond a doubt, this is the physical basis of memory. And it is worth noting that no practice or thought ever adds a single unit to the total number of cerebral nerve-cells—about two thousand millions—with which one is born. Nerve-cells are significantly incapable of division and reproduction. All the experience of living merely modifies the state of the cells already present. That modification is memory.

Now let us go a step further. The cerebrum consists of two halves or cerebral hemispheres, the only direct connexion between which is provided by a number of "commissural" nerve fibres which cross over transversely from one side to the other, forming a white body known as the *corpus callosum*. The fibres in this bridge come from and represent every area in the hemisphere of either side. Now there still remains a popular belief that it is the front part of the brain that does the thinking. I have not space to discuss that view here, but the modern belief is that, for the processes of consciousness, no less than the entire cortex is needed—and no wonder. Nevertheless, each cerebral hemisphere may be regarded as probably a complete unit capable of producing consciousness, though the services of both in co-ordination are doubtless preferable. Now the co-ordination certainly takes place, as regards intellectual processes, by means of the *corpus callosum*. And here comes the theory.

Is it not possible that, now and again in certain persons, circumstances may interfere with the simultaneity—or approximate simultaneity—of action of the two hemispheres? The visual image of printed words, which passes—such is the arrangement of the fibres—from both eyes to both hemispheres, may be perceived by the one somewhat before the other.

Given all these data, any one may form a theory. This is mine, and I offer it for no more than it is worth. One hemisphere of "E. G. O.'s" brain perceives the words a second before the other, and sends across an account of them to the second hemisphere by means of the *corpus callosum*. Immediately thereafter, the words reach the second hemisphere straight from the book. But that hemisphere has already had private intelligence on the subject from its more rapid fellow: so when the new account comes in from the eyes it very naturally says, "By Jove, I've seen that somewhere before!" Its error is excusable, for it is only the rare exception for an appreciable interval of time to separate the action of the two sides. I am tempted to go further—to become more materialistic than ever, I may be told—and suggest that if one side of the body be next a fire, let us say, and therefore somewhat warmer, the scalp of that side will be warmer—and will contain more blood. The circulation of the scalp and of the *cortex cerebri* are connected, so that for the moment, and in persons whose vaso-motor apparatus is sufficiently sensitive, one cerebral hemisphere may be somewhat better supplied with blood than its fellow. Hence there will be momentary departure from synchronous action.

If all this strikes the reader as a very complicated and mechanical explanation of "E. G. O.'s" experience, I can only say that I did not raise the subject!

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

CONCERNING dramatic literature we have many erudite volumes, but Dr. Karl Mantzius has provided us with that long-desired work, "A History of Theatrical Art." Dr. Mantzius comes to his task well equipped; he is a distinguished actor and stage manager at the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, and has studied at the universities of Paris and Copenhagen with marked success; his dissertation before he "proceeded doctor" at the latter seat of learning being upon the History of the English Theatre in the Time of Shakespeare, which forms the third volume of the work under examination. As a scholar and as one practically acquainted with all the ins and outs of the stage, Dr. Mantzius had the means in his possession to write an accurate and illuminating history of theatrical art, and it may at once be stated that he has succeeded in his undertaking. There is much talk just now among lovers of the theatre concerning the present condition of English acting, much of which talk has been wild and whirling, by reason of the fact that many of those who have taken part in it have had but little, if any, knowledge of the art of acting, its history—for we can only understand the present by the light of the past—its difficulties, and its aims. To such as well as to all students of the theatre I can cordially recommend these three admirable volumes.

DR. MANTZIUS' work covers a vast field; he takes us with him from the first beginnings of the actor's art down to the close of the reign of Charles I. of England. The Chinese and the Japanese and the Indian theatres are passed in rapid review, and then the theatre of Greece is discussed in detail in one of the most valuable sections of the work. It is here, perhaps, more than anywhere else that the Doctor's experience as an actor serves him well; what are difficulties to the inexperienced are smoothed away by the practical knowledge of the expert performer. Volume II. carries us to the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, the early Church and secular plays are fully dealt with, and the section upon the Italian comedy, the *commedia dell'Arte* in particular, is quite admirable.

VOLUME III. brings us to this country and the London of Elizabeth and Shakespeare. There is much interest in the emphasis laid upon the influence exerted upon the English players by professional Italian actors who visited these shores, a point not so fully gone into elsewhere, if my memory serves me well. For my own part, I believe that the influence of foreign actors on the London actors of that day has always been underestimated, while the connection of miracle and mystery plays with the drama of Elizabeth has been over-estimated. Take it for all in all, this volume is an admirable summary of Elizabethan stage history, written with great knowledge and keen perception. Dr. Mantzius would be superhuman if there were not points upon which his opinions could not be accepted.

WHAT grounds are there for definitely stating that the Globe was the only theatre in which Shakespeare had any pecuniary interest as part proprietor? There is no proof, but there is surely probability, that he had some such interest in the Blackfriars Theatre. Concerning the "Merry Wives of Windsor," the author speaks of Sir John Falstaff "brought to life by order of the Queen"; was Falstaff dead then, and ought not this order of the Queen to be noted as unconfirmed gossip? It is, of course, a matter of opinion, and should be stated as such, that Malvolio was "a caricature of the sour and conceited Puritans." Anent these unpopular folk, we find Dr. Mantzius, as becomes a player, their bitter enemy; but, after all, they were human beings and sometimes did what was right; more than that cannot truthfully be said of most people. Why does Dr. Mantzius dogmatically assert that there were no prompters in those days? Actors in their methods were very much the same then as now, and it is not likely that they found it well to depend solely upon their memories. Is it not most probable that there was a prompter, probably seated upon the stage, or situated behind the curtain? However, all these are small points, and mostly matters of conjecture. What is certain is that Dr. Karl Mantzius has placed all students of the stage deeply in his debt, and that no one who would fully instruct himself in the history of the art of acting can afford to neglect these admirable volumes, each of which is provided with a bibliography and index. One real grumble: the bad new fashion is followed—is it new or old?—of not naming the sources from which many of the engravings have been drawn.

THE writer of "Musings without Method" in "Blackwood's Magazine" delivers himself this month of a terrific but over-emphatic onslaught upon the present condition of the drama and the stage in this country. In most of what he writes there is sound sense, but sometimes sound without sense. It is not the increase of musical comedy—inane as it often is—that is so disastrous; it is the decrease of serious drama and good acting that is to be deplored. With comedies our theatres are not ill provided and of competent actors of comedy we have not a few. The star system and the abuse of power by some actor-managers rightly come in for blame, but, after all, the star system is no new evil, and actor-managers such as Sir Henry Irving, Mr. John Hare, Mr. Forbes-Robertson and some others have done good work for the theatre.

NOR does the writer go deep enough when he lays upon the shoulders of our actors the deplorable fact that we "find few dramatic masterpieces to represent." A great playwright will write great plays be the tools to his hand for their representation never so bad. On the other hand, I quite agree with his arguments against the proposed institution of a subsidised theatre, though I shall shock him by saying that one of my reasons for agreeing with him is that to my mind a theatre always has been, always will be, and always should be a commercial undertaking. If there is not a sufficient public to support good plays and good acting, let there be no bolstering up the drama, turning it into a hothouse plant which would wither at the first breath of fresh air. I believe, as has been pointed out before in these columns, that a *répertoire* theatre could be formed upon a paying basis; if it cannot, the drama must become a matter of reading, not representation. One other point: the actor-manager is not master to-day "of all the theatres in London which are not given over

to the cult of burlesque." Firstly, burlesque is practically non-existent; secondly, what of Mr. Frohman, who has "presented" us with "Quality Street," "The Admirable Crichton," "Letty," and "Little Mary," all well staged but not over-decorated, and all well played? The cure for the present condition of affairs rests with those of the public who want better fare; if they will ask for it they will obtain it.

THE Mermaid Society, which, under the presidency of Mr. Philip Carr, devotes its attention to the production, or rather reproduction, of old plays, announces performances of Congreve's "The Way of the World" at the Court Theatre on the evenings of March 20 and 21, and on the afternoon of the latter day. Seats for the two last performances can be obtained from the secretary of the society, 3 Old Palace Chambers, Old Scotland Yard, Whitehall.

AT the Royalty Theatre on March 26, in aid of the Irish Literary Society, the Irish National Theatre Society will perform in the afternoon Mr. W. B. Yeats' "The King's Threshold," and two little plays of Irish peasant life by Mr. J. M. Synge, "In the Shadow of the Glen" and "Riders to the Sea." In the evening, in addition to "The King's Threshold," will be given Mr. W. B. Yeats' farce, "The Pot of Broth," and Padraic Colm's "Broken Soil."

THE date of the Stage Society's *matinée* of "A Soul's Tragedy" by Robert Browning is now fixed for Monday, March 14. Owing to the great increase in the number of members of the Society, there will probably be no seats for sale to the public. The offices of the Society are at Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

THE forthcoming publications of the Berlin "Society for Theatrical History" promise to be very interesting. Among them are two hundred unpublished letters of Iffland, the eighteenth-century actor, manager, and playwright, the stage history of Schiller's dramas, and a portfolio of portraits of the most famous actors and actresses from Neuberger to Ludwig Devrient. In the autumn the Society will publish, under the direction of A. L. Jellinck, the first number of an annual entitled "Archiv für Theatergeschichte" (Record of Theatrical History); besides miscellaneous articles it will contain a comprehensive bibliography of dramatic literature which should prove most useful to all interested in the subject. A subscription of twelve shillings a year entitles to membership and two publications.

Musical Notes

IN "The Darling of the Guards," the new burlesque at the Prince of Wales's, Mr. Arthur Roberts has a part after his own heart, and even Mr. Beer-bohm Tree himself could hardly fail to laugh at some of his funniments. The latest success of His Majesty's was obviously made for parody, and if Messrs. "David Burlesco and John Leatherlung," the authors of this "Skittle in One Throe and Seven Japanese Screens," have not developed all its possibilities in this respect, they have provided a sufficiently amusing entertainment which is sure to draw the public for a considerable time to come. Naturally much play is

made with the incidents of the torture-chamber, from which, when the trap-door is lifted, the strains of "Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you," are wafted, while Miss Edna May is quite translated in the Japanese costume and coiffure of "Say-So-San, daughter of Sago." In a word, the whole production is bright and entertaining.

AN interesting programme has been announced in connection with the Wagner and Mozart performances in the coming autumn at Munich, which may well have greater attractions for amateurs than Bayreuth in these days. "Tristan und Isolde," "Der Fliegende Holländer" (newly mounted), and "Die Meistersinger," in addition to the "Ring," are the Wagner works to be given this season at the Prinz-Regenten Theatre, while the Mozart operas to be performed at the charming little Residenz Theatre will be "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," "Don Giovanni," and "Zauberflöte." The names of the artists are not yet announced, but with such conductors as Mottl and Nikisch at the head of affairs the quality of the performances can of course be relied upon. Mr. Hugo Görlitz is the British agent of these Munich performances, which are to run from the middle of August to the middle of September.

THE report that M. Jean de Reszke will become a naturalised Frenchman in order to undertake the management of the Paris Opera House after the retirement of M. Gailhard will require confirmation before it is generally credited. While it is true in the first place that M. Jean de Reszke has a decided affection for Paris, and in the second that he has been credited before now with views of his own on operatic management, those best acquainted with him will have most difficulty in fancying him discharging with success the duties of such a post as that referred to or finding such duties in any way congenial. It is equally difficult, moreover, to imagine such a coveted position being conferred on one not a Frenchman by birth, who has, further, given no proofs of any exceptional gifts as a manager—a position requiring not vocal but administrative skill.

THE season of opera in English announced by Mr. Ben Davies for the coming autumn promises to prove an undertaking of the first importance, inasmuch as it is avowedly designed to prove the initial step in a much bigger scheme involving eventually, if all goes well, nothing less than that permanent establishment of opera in the vernacular which has been so long and to all seeming so vainly desired. But the scheme will, of course, require the most careful and judicious management if this happy result is to be attained, and those behind the project cannot realise this too clearly. It will not be enough to start with one or two works and hope to build up therefrom. A repertory of some scope prepared in advance is essential to the success of any such scheme, and in every other respect the management should be of the best. What about a conductor, for example? If Mr. Wood's services could be secured, his co-operation alone would prove a tower of strength to the undertaking.

"LIVING MASTERS OF MUSIC," the new series of musical monographs which Mr. John Lane is publishing, makes a promising start with "Henry J. Wood"

by Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, the editor of the series. Mrs. Newmarch goes hardly too far in describing her hero as the central figure, apart from creative artists, in English musical life to-day, and the well-written sketch of his career which she provides should possess interest for many of those thousands who at the Queen's Hall and elsewhere have thrilled responsive to his magnetic art. One fact recorded is rather interesting. When Mr. Wood and the Queen's Hall orchestra played at Windsor by command in 1898, the Queen, struck, like so many others, by his un-English appearance, demanded of Mr. Wood an assurance of his nationality from his own lips. But "our only conductor" is in point of fact not wholly English, since his mother was of Welsh origin, and to this Celtic strain may doubtless be ascribed not only, as Mrs. Newmarch suggests, his striking physiognomy, but no inconsiderable portion of his artistic genius.

THOSE doubting Thomases who, on a well-established principle ("A prophet hath honour," &c.), have found it difficult to accept a mere Britisher as a full-blown genius worthy of comparison with the bearers of names so vastly more difficult to pronounce, may be reassured, perhaps, on learning that, in faithful conformity with tradition, Mr. Wood was (1) the child of musical parents, and (2) a prodigy of almost Mozartian precocity. At the mature age of ten, we read, he "often acted as deputy-organist of St. Mary Aldermanbury," while the organ recitals of "Master Henry J. Wood" were a feature of the Fisheries and the Inventions Exhibitions of 1883 and 1885. Mr. Wood, therefore, though not yet thirty-five, has had no lack of experience. Mrs. Newmarch analyses in a very discriminating manner the characteristics of Mr. Wood's artistic methods, and, though some might have wished, perhaps, for a larger measure of personal and anecdotic matter, has produced a very interesting volume.

THE Brahms controversy has been settled at last. Here is the final judgment on the matter which has been delivered by the critic of the "Pall Mall Gazette":

It is perfectly useless for critics who consider themselves as almost apostles of Brahms to continue their determinate epithet (*sic*) of certitude in regard to his career. There were some, we believe, who did not quite accept Beethoven in his Ninth Symphony; they are now wiped out of consideration, and the fact remains that Brahms does no longer appeal either to the general public, or to the critic of the time. Why should such a conclusion be, save that it realises all the points which we in these columns have emphasised now for many a long year. If Mr. Arthur Roberts were permitted to realise in his own way of thinking the influence which Brahms exercises over a somewhat ready congregation, he would be able to make more than a subtle appreciation of that which in the art of music needs occasionally the correction of parody to make it serious, and, *à la* Henley's phrase, unashamed.

The fact being as stated, it is clearly idle for misguided concert-givers, such as Richter, Nikisch, Richard Strauss, H. J. Wood, and the rest, to continue their vain efforts to popularise that music which "does no longer appeal either to the general public or to the critic of the time." But why drag in Mr. Arthur Roberts? And what *does* that wonderful last sentence mean anyway?

Art Notes

AT Clifford's Inn, off Fleet Street, may be seen an exhibition of Pewter Plate that no collector ought to miss; and that few silversmiths cannot benefit by seeing. This old pewter is designed with a breadth, a simplicity, and a feeling for beauty of form that put nearly every trading silversmith of to-day to shame. I do not mean of course the "Arts and Crafts" men who have given all their fine talents to checking the ghastly designs of the trading manufacturers. But what one has to realise is that in the old days these charming designs were the ordinary designs of things. At Liberty's, for instance, I see a strenuous attempt being made to bring back beauty to the designing of silver and pewter, but there is a tendency even at Liberty's to use meaningless contorted forms and lines which are in their way as vulgar as "manufacturer's design." I know nothing more hideous than the things that are wrought by most silversmiths for prizes and cups. Racing cups, yachting cups and the like, are horrible things, so that we shall soon say, not that such-and-such an act is as horrible as sin, but horrible as a racing cup, not that so-and-so is as ugly as the devil, but as ugly as a yachting cup, or hideous as a cruet-stand. How it is that the silversmiths of the last seventy years rest in their graves no mortal effort of thought can think; for when one considers the amount of hideousness they have put upon the world it makes one groan. That there is no need for this hideous design is shown by glancing into the windows of one or two houses, Liberty's and the like. But people go to the ugly designs, and the ugly designs make a good fight for it, against beauty. In this old pewter at Clifford's Inn is no straining after eccentricity, no willowy-wallowy extravagant line, but just fine good taste and simplicity of conception. The very hinges seem to have been lovingly wrought. The spoons are a joy to look at. There are to be four lectures delivered on the history and manufacture of pewter and all things appertaining thereto, the last three on the 9th, 16th and 23rd at half-past eight in the evening, for such as are interested in this delightful hobby.

At the Woodbury Galleries in Bond Street are shows of paintings by Miss Biddy Macdonald, Miss Colthurst, and Mr. Medlycott. Miss Macdonald's portrait of Lady Alix Egerton is an excellent piece of work, and ought to win her many commissions. Such good portraiture is all too rare amongst women. Miss Colthurst's best work is a largely handled landscape which she calls "Au Parc Monceau, Paris." Miss Colthurst gives us good paint in several of her works here, but she rarely seems able to make an interesting picture like the "Parc Monceau."

At the Ryder Gallery in Albemarle Street is a show of paintings by Mr. Stirling Dyce, and at McQueen's Gallery in the Haymarket Miss Blanche Baker and Miss Margaret Kemp-Welch hold exhibitions of their works. At the Leicester Galleries, Mr. E. T. Reed is about to have an exhibition of some hundred and twenty drawings entitled "Punch in Parliament," dealing largely with Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal Policy and other questions of the day. Glasgow is the richer for its annual show at the galleries of the Royal Glasgow Institute.

THE points upon which I touched some weeks ago concerning the "International" have, oddly enough, been much brought to the front since, first owing to an article by Mr. D. S. MacColl in the "Saturday Review," and secondly by an article in "The Burlington Magazine." We sadly miss Whistler's bitter ink in the business. But, after all, the "International" is a more serious business than a quarrel. The point I suggested was that, as the Society had largely grown out of the New English Art Club, that club had thereby been weakened of some of its best blood, and ought to add its remaining strength to the "International." The "International" has a strength and a position such as no rival society to the Royal Academy has possessed for many a long year. And it acquired that position by gathering together the work of big men outside the Academy and, by the splendour of its achievement, putting the Academy to utter shame three several times. The effect of this upon the Academy has been electrical. To-day that body has roused in a way that seemed almost impossible. Its professorship of painting, instead of being flung to some dull fellow to send the students to sleep, has been given to a man whose lectures have been eagerly reported, and at length, in the public press. The immortals, of whom all but some half-dozen were snoring themselves into nonentities, have roused and elected Mr. Brangwyn to their body. All these things have been serious blows to the "International," in spite of their triumph in securing Rodin as president. For the "International," being assured of its position, has become almost more exclusive than the old Academy. It is needless to say that this must wreck the Society in a few years, for young blood must be poured into it, and the younger men will not love the Society for their being treated ungenerously by that Society. And it will be a bad day for artists when the International loses its strength, for the one hope of keeping the Academy alive is to have a strong rival body of men near its doors. The only way the Academy can meet such a position is by waking up and electing men such as Sargent and Abbey and Brangwyn. It is absolutely a matter of life and death for the "International," then, that the society should not only eagerly admit new blood, but that its executive committee should most energetically strive to entice into its midst the promising young fellows. If this could be managed without the fatigue of searching through stacks of canvases the job would be no difficult one; but a young and unknown man has no other means of getting his work seen than by sending it up for the selecting jury. It seems to me, then, that by far the

The Prudential Assurance Company in their fifty-fourth Annual Report, issued on Thursday last, show assets £51,217,377, being an increase of £4,062,176 over 1902. The total surplus is £2,194,981, disposed of by adding £550,000 to the Reserve Funds; £1,167,348 for distribution amongst participating policy holders and shareholders under the Company's special Act, leaving £477,633 to be carried forward.

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simplest way out of the whole trouble would be for members of the jury to visit the studios of artists and secure pictures. It would lead to a far better feeling amongst artists—a sort of guild fellowship. And it would prevent an enormous amount of anxiety and of the waste of narrow means amongst young and struggling artists.

It is, will, and must always be to the eternal shame of the Academy that Whistler and Beardsley and Caldecott and Madox Brown and a dozen others died without its gates. It is to its shame that such men as Sime and Conder and Nicholson and the like are without its gates to-day—not even exhibiting upon its walls. It is for the "International" to give such men their chance. There are several of them. And every one is an addition to its strength. No society can patronise such men; they bring honour wheresoever they go.

THE editor of "The Burlington Magazine" says that there is a finer artist than Mr. Brangwyn who ought to have been elected to the Royal Academy. I do not think this is a fair way to attack the Academy. He should at least have the courage to name names when he strikes at other names.

I HAVE received a letter from Count Gallatin, from San Remo, wherein I gather that he is not the author of "The Drawings of Aubrey Beardsley"; so I presume that the book is written by a younger member of the family.

Correspondence

Shakespeare Memorial

SIR,—The suggestions which you have made with reference to a London Shakespeare Memorial commend themselves much to my mind. But I am not in a position to form any opinion as to the scheme of a Shakespeare Theatre.—Yours, &c.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

SIR,—In answer to your communication, I am in favour of the putting up of a worthy monument to Shakespeare in London, and of the naming of our streets after men who have rendered distinguished service to art and literature. I am, in short, inclined strongly to any course which serves to turn people's ideas from sanguinary wars and the pursuit of the mean political game.

As to the shape which a memorial to Shakespeare should take, I am not at this moment prepared to express an opinion.—Yours, &c.

ARTHUR W. PINERO.

SIR,—The only suitable memorial to Shakespeare in London in my opinion would be a theatre dedicated to Shakespeare's works, so that there might always be some of his plays running in London; and the foundation of a Dramatic School for the education of those actors in whom he took so deep an interest.—Yours, &c.

W. L. COURTNEY.

SIR,—In reply to your letter, I must confess that I have no sympathy whatever with the scheme for a Shakespeare theatre, library, or museum in London. I think that it has been proved by experience that these projects have vulgarised Stratford-on-Avon, as well as helped to destroy its old-world attractiveness. No one can read a description of Stratford-on-Avon as it was thirty years ago without feeling very keenly the infinite mischief that time and the modern commercial spirit have done for that town. Libraries, museums, picture galleries and theatres would only tend to give vulgar advertisement to numbers of people other than Shakespeare. What London wants is a fine monument to the poet, in a conspicuous position in the new Kingsway, a monument on the same colossal scale as Mr. George Frampton's "St. Mungo," at Glasgow, and perhaps carried out by that accomplished sculptor. The Gambetta monument in Paris and the Frederick monument in Berlin are my ideals of how we should honour famous men.—Yours &c.,

CLEMENT SHORTER.

SIR,—I must confess that my feelings are exactly expressed by the words of a poet only less illustrious than he:

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an Age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Under a Star-ypointing Pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such dull witness to thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a lasting Monument."

To my mind the only memorial which would be in the slightest degree appropriate, or not positively objectionable, would be a State-aided theatre, where we could see some really good acting of Shakespearean plays, the subordinate parts well filled. I say State-aided, because no manager without financial help could make an institution of this kind permanently pay its way. The actual structure should be designed by the best architect of the day, in a style most suited for modern requirements. But it is highly improbable that such a building will see the light.—Yours, &c.

PHILIP NORMAN.

SIR,—In reply to yours, I am strongly in favour of Mr. Sidney Lee's proposal that the intended memorial to Shakespeare should take the form of a national theatre.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

SIR,—While fully agreeing with your correspondent from Shropham Manor, I should like to suggest an extra use for the fund. It seems to me that a series of lectures on Shakespeare delivered to the poorer classes would do more to perpetuate his memory among them than a statue whose exact meaning they might possibly not comprehend. I would suggest that these lectures should treat specially of localities in London mentioned in the poet's works. It would, I believe, give the poorer classes an interest in Shakespeare if they realised what spots in London were his favourite haunts. Possibly they would not feel this as vividly as "Egomet" does, but I am sure they would in a less degree. Trusting to see many more suggestions in your paper before long.—Yours, &c.,

A LOVER OF SHAKESPEARE.

A Psychological Mystery

SIR,—I think the psychological mystery referred to by your contributor may be explained without supposing a previous existence. When we read, a curious sympathy prompts our imagination, so that we think we know what is coming. The thinking and receptive power work simultaneously in us, just as in a person who vamps an accompaniment on the piano. If we were to shut the book and try to quote the forthcoming passage we should be somewhat at a loss. Perhaps it is more natural to infer that we have read the passage elsewhere in a different form; it is astonishing to find how often the same things are said. But neither solution implies either pre-existence or atavism.

Precognition of incidents has been analysed by Mr. Punch, when he describes Mr. William Sikes in his prison cell as suddenly conscious of having been there before! More often than we realise we have all "been there before"; that is to say, if not in exactly the same, at least in very similar circumstances. Take the simple instance of a group of people talking round a fire. A good memory and a little imagination will account for the phenomenon. I do not believe that people with bad memories ever experience it.—Yours, &c.,

GERTRUDE M. SAUNDERS.

"Tolstoi and the Babies"

SIR,—Mr. C. W. Saleeby should know better than put to "Student in Holy Orders" that cheap dilemma of a First Cause either not All-Good or not All-Powerful. Can he not see that it leads straight to a mechanical universe and the crudest determinism? I thought Dr. James Martineau in his "Study of Religion" had finally disposed of that fallacy.

"Original sin" is not merely a theological doctrine, but a scientific fact—necessitated by evolutionary science and the laws of heredity. I generally enjoy Mr. Saleeby's articles, and sympathise with his outlook, but he is evidently obsessed with antagonism to some defunct mode of theological thought.—Yours, &c. S. E. KEEBLE.
Manchester.

SIR,—In connection with this controversy, it may be of interest to recall the following passage in Browning's "Gold Hair":

"The candid incline to surmise of late
That the Christian faith proves false, I find;
For our Essays-and-Reviews' debate
Begins to tell on the public mind,
And Colenso's words have weight:

I still, to suppose it true, for my part,
See reasons and reasons; this, to begin:
'Tis the faith that launched point-blank her dart
At the head of a lie—taught Original Sin,
The Corruption of Man's Heart."

Account for it as we may, the mixture of evil and good in our nature is a fact that can scarcely be gainsaid. And, when it is rightly understood, the Christian doctrine of Original Sin does something to lighten the difficulty. St. Augustine's words, uttered in the storm and stress of strife, must be read in the softening light of later theology, and qualified by the milder language of the Greek Fathers, or by his own utterances in controversy with the Manichees.

Happily the harsh views of some old divines on the future state of unbaptised children form no part of Catholic doctrine. These crude opinions may well be called "colossal nonsense." But for my part I should prefer to describe them in St. Augustine's own phrase as *magna magnorum deliramenta doctorum*.—Yours, &c. W. H. KENT, O.S.C.

St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater.

Cruikshank

SIR,—I notice that Mr. Layard again seizes an opportunity of belittling Cruikshank's drawings for "The Pilgrim's Progress." He is, of course, entitled to his opinion; just as other critics are entitled to call these Bunyan illustrations "treasures" ("Studio"), "fine examples of Cruikshank's work" ("Graphic"), "curious and extremely characteristic" ("Westminster Gazette"), "all good" ("Daily Telegraph"), or to declare, with the "Athenaeum," that "Cruikshank should henceforth be recognised as the illustrator of Bunyan, a master of gravity and fancy, which the foolish suppose to be incompatible." But Mr. Layard is not justified in repeating on every possible occasion that these drawings which offend his taste were considered unworthy of publication, either by the artist or others, when executed. If I were not to notice this, some might mistake reiteration for a statement of fact.—Yours, &c.,
HENRY FROWDE.

February 29.

Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure"

SIR,—There is a curious parallel between the heroine of "Monna Vanna" as given in the review thereof at p. 218 of last week's ACADEMY, and the case of Isabella in "Measure for Measure"; both are pure-minded women and subjected to temptation through pity and affection. I need not deal further with Mr. Sutro's production than by reference to the name given to the Florentine General, which may or may not be historical; it reads Prinzi-Valle, which might well be hyphenated as Prinzi-Valle, both the component parts being good Italian. Thus "prinzi" appears in Antonini as *prenze*, and is equivalent to the Latin "princeps"; while Valle and Valli are patronymics found in any good biographical dictionary: *Anglicé dale, dell*.

But this prefix is used by Shakespeare thus: "The prenzie, Angelo?"

The "Globe" editors follow the text of the First Folio, Act iii. scene 1, l. 95. Charles Knight alters to "precise,"

and a contributor to this week's "Notes and Queries," 10th ser. i. p. 161, proposes to substitute "Seeming." There is a lot in old writers that is "hard to be understood," but it may be more decorous to plead ignorance rather than to alter an author's plain text.

That Shakespeare should use an Italian word is no marvel, considering his close intimacy with *resolute* John Florio; that worthy was a sort of librarian to Shakespeare's patron, the Earl of Southampton, and it is easy to understand what ready command the poet thus obtained of all the current literature of the day: original and translated. The Earl was himself a highly cultivated man, with degrees from both Universities, and familiar with all the court tittle-tattle then current.—Yours, &c. A. HALL.

Monna Vanna

SIR,—"And Monna Vanna comes to him clothed only in a cloak." Your reviewer thinks that it is a horrible meeting; from his artistic point of view he sees only a tawdry melodramatic spectacle in the scene of the meeting, and he, naturally, turns away with his sense of art on edge.

I wish that he had looked a little longer, as I cannot think it possible that he can know his Maeterlinck well enough just yet; had they been more intimate friends he would have better understood the meaning which in Monna Vanna is so very admirably expressed. Ask him to look closely at the important points in the character of Prinzi-Valle, and tell him to notice how these points so cleverly meet the different points in the environment of Prinzi-Valle at the time of the action of the play. Tell him to look backwards now that he has finished his study of the play, and tell him to notice carefully—this time—the true meaning of the character of Prinzi-Valle, and he will see a tragedy woven by the very finest of art fabrics, instead of that horrid, ragged melodrama which had so set his teeth on edge. Look!

A torrent of passion bursts upon the soul of Prinzi-Valle, given by the revival of his early intense love for Monna Vanna; she is only a few miles away, but she is the wife of Guido Colonna, whom he has conquered. His love for her is now the most cherished of his possessions. He is proud of it, and characteristically wishes to show how he values it to all the people of his world, forgetting in his exultation that they will question the honesty of his demonstration, and to Monna Vanna herself most of all he wishes to make it known; so, being all-powerful regarding the matter, he imposes that striking condition sprung from the native luxuriance of his imagination. And this meeting is a chaste conception of a very wise man.—Yours, &c.

F. MANNING SPROSTON.

University Extension

SIR,—Judging from the accounts you have published of the University Extension Movement, one feels that the energy, enthusiasm, and ability with which the work is being carried on promise much for the intellectual progress of our nation. If that progress should prove to be less signal than one would wish, the failure (one feels) will not be chargeable to any unprofitableness of the subjects studied or to any lack of thoroughness in the teaching as such; in those matters the movement leaves little to be desired. Such failure as there may be will but prove afresh the difficulty of making serious intellectual advance, and the consequent necessity of a higher ideal of culture than that at present prevailing.

I suppose we can all agree with the general statement that "the validity of a culture is to be measured by the light it yields to a man's path," but perhaps we do not all recognise that if that "light" is to be more than the *ignis fatuus* of our prejudices with their nakedness more or less cunningly hidden by learning and sophistry, there will have to be a very thorough assimilation of one's knowledge and an intense, whole-hearted application of the intelligence to the matter in hand. We need, in a word, the critical faculty—

the imagination and the judgment—constantly exercised and made efficient by the knowledge of the many snares and pitfalls of the carnal element in our nature that beset the path of the student no less than that of the "practical man."

This I believe briefly indicates the ideal, and I would like to urge upon the Committee of the Central Association of U. E. students that something might be done for the realisation of that ideal by developing any means that may exist for mutual criticism among the students. To compare notes, to learn what varied significance similar knowledge has for different minds, is a valuable experience and stimulus, as many a student can testify; and if the use of such means still leaves the ideal unattained, some consolation may be found in remembering that mutual criticism is bound to produce good in proportion to the honesty and intelligence that go to the making (and receiving) of it.—Yours, &c.

Hadlow, Kent.

HORACE B. LAKEMAN.

SIR,—I have been much interested in reading of the revived enthusiasm of the University Extension Movement in London. There seems to be great hope of it being a success, if it is properly and simply organised and efforts made to overcome the weaknesses which have crippled similar ventures in other places. Up in the North, where we proverbially grasp new ideas so much in advance of the Metropolis (*vide* public opinion—of course not my own), this latest society of students is merely an adaptation of efforts of our own. Years ago, University Extension was a power to be reckoned with in the North Country, and the "Tyne-side Students Association"—some hundreds strong—with a well-printed and exceedingly well-written periodical "The Student," flourished for some long time. Its decay seemed to me to arise very materially from the fact that knowledge has become more and more specialised, and the very wide and general range over which University Extension courses work—from Astronomy to Philosophy—does not tend to keep together any very homogeneous mass of students. For instance; one course of lectures attracted and another repelled, and the never ceasing fluctuation finally dissipated the whole body of really working members. To-day the University Extension Movement is merely a ghost of its former self. If London can manage to steer clear of these shoals and sandbanks, she will have achieved a notable success, and the North looks with interest on the experiment.—Yours, &c.

GUY WILFRID HAYLER.

63 Rothbury Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Sonnets from the Portuguese

SIR,—That the fossil oleo-resin amber was regarded by the poetess as a crystalline body may be reasonably doubted. The characteristics and vegetable origin of amber, well known to the Elizabethan writers (see "Hamlet," ii. 2 and "An Epitaph" in Masson's "Milton's Poetical Works," iii. 67), must have been familiar to the Miss Barrett who made them her "thoughtful study."

The "New English Dictionary" (ii. 1231, col. 2), under "Crystalline" with the sense "A crystal; a crystalline rock," has two quotations, both from Mrs. Browning, one being from the passage to which E. Dick has directed attention. As, however, a bee in a natural crystal is as unrealisable a concept as a wreck on the coast of Bohemia or "an ethereal amalgam," it seems difficult to escape the conviction that Mrs. Browning, like some more modern versifiers, may at least once in her life have committed the venial error of wandering into the inexplicable.—Yours, &c.

The Hermitage, Sutton.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

[This Correspondence must close.—ED.]

Shakespeare and Jane Austen

SIR,—Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, in his interesting article upon the late Sir Leslie Stephen, says, in effect, that Tennyson declared Jane Austen to be "next to Shakespeare in English literature." What authority is there for this statement? Tennyson, according to the authorised biography, considered

that "the realism and lifelikeness of Miss Austen's *dramatis personæ* come nearest to those of Shakespeare." But he adds, "Shakespeare, however, is a sun to which Jane Austen, though a bright and true little world, is but an asteroid." Mr. Meynell impugns, by inference, the "sanity" of (his own version of) Tennyson's critical judgment; but this pronouncement is surely sane enough.

Miss Austen wrote six novels dealing with the life of the "upper middle classes" in their country homes; Shakespeare wrote thirty-eight plays dealing with most things under the sun. Clearly, therefore, they are, in range, not comparable. Yet there are but two writers in English letters who possessed the rare gift of producing, by means of an imaginative sympathy, an almost perfect illusion of reality. And these are, surely, Shakespeare and, in her smaller sphere—her "two-inch square of ivory" she calls it—Jane Austen. I, at least, would be glad to hear of a third. This, I take it, is not more than Tennyson meant.

Either Tolstoi or Tourgenief—with whom, again, Miss Austen is, in range, not comparable—might perhaps stand third. But, as I hold, at a considerable distance.—Yours, &c.

E. KNOX LINTON.

"All Round Readers"

SIR,—I have been much interested in reading your literary notes in a recent issue of THE ACADEMY, and find that you have been called to task for saying that the public in this country really fond of good literature is but small and is not increasing as it should be. This is perfectly true; to examine the cause, or causes, of a condition of things not in accordance with the advance of civilisation is desirable. Perhaps the chief reason is the democracy of the age, which renders many thousands unable to read anything but the Radical newspapers; another hindrance to the study of literature is the prevalent devotion to athletic sports: girls' schools of the day encourage in the pupils an absorbing interest in hockey. A third reason is that publishers' readers recommend the publication of works that certainly cannot be called sound literature. It was the opinion of Sir Walter Besant that good judges of books are exceedingly scarce, and he pointed out that in respect to novels it was often the case that one would be rejected by publisher after publisher sometimes even in words of contempt, while it eventually proved a masterpiece. There are those who assert that in the present day there are no big poets, no great novelists, but this is not the case. There is incomparably more literary power in the land than recognition of it.

You speak of the desirability of training the mind to enjoy solid books. Women will always prefer fiction, and there is no harm in that, provided the novels in the market are high-class works, for a thoroughly good novel is a production of genius, whereas the historian or the essayist may be a man of small talent merely. Unfortunately it is not the best novels that are most read. The works of E. Livingston Prescott display genius of a high order resembling that of George Eliot, yet she failed to get her meed of praise.

The Radical tendency of the day destroys all interest in intellectual pursuits. With the multitude democracy is an absorbing passion. I have seen men not altogether devoid of brain power, who consumed by this passion suffered the mind to degenerate. It may be argued that there are, on the contrary, members of Parliament who are democratic leaders and at the same time men of high mental endowments: scholars, scientists, authors. This is true: they are those whose ancestors have had all the education of their respective periods, they have been themselves at public schools and universities, their associates are men of birth and cultivation, or of cultivation without birth, consequently their Radicalism is little more than a political attitude—a party watchword. With some it is a half religious, half romantic sentiment. To legislate for the poor, to befriend in every possible way the working classes is their unselfish desire. Now this amount of democracy influences votes in the House of Commons and furnishes material for political speeches, but it does not interfere with the cultivation of the mental

faculties; for it occupies only a small corner of the soul. The democracy of the multitude has its origin in intense egotism. "There ought to be no caste, one man is as good as another," is the creed of many. There is little interest taken now in high-class poetry, you say. Of course there isn't, for the democrat of this description has no veneration, no idealism. To enjoy the best poetry one must be able to get away from oneself, one must be humble and enjoy looking up. The man who can appreciate the great authors recognises that caste is entirely a mental thing. A distribution of wealth would in no respect make men equal. Happily so, for who would wish to see the world of mind as flat as a level country?—Yours, &c.
B. S. G.

SIR,—May I suggest that the decline of interest in higher literature which you bewail is due in part to the predominance of scientific thought and study? And that this explanation applies no less to higher art? Since Spencer has taught us in his famous work on "Education" that Science is all-important and all-embracing, the sole Empress who rules the mind of man with sovereign sway, and at whose feet Literature and Art must sit as humble and docile hand-maids—waiting for the hall-mark of her gracious approval, all my opinions, and doubtless the opinions of countless others, have undergone a radical change. There was a time when I admired the "Quoit-thrower," but since Spencer has pointed out that it violates the laws of gravity, it has become positively repulsive in my eyes. I used to marvel at the music of the "Messiah": how can I do so now, when I realise that it bolsters up the absurd doctrines of "the current theology"? Formerly, I have been lost in wonder at the "Madonna di San Sisto": what must I think of it now, when I see that it involves the physiological absurdity of birds' wings attached to a mammal's shoulders? Shakespeare seemed to me at one time the greatest of poets: but what must my opinion of a poet be who is so ignorant of the "Erdkunde" that he gives Bohemia a seaboard, and who represents Macbeth as determined in his "conduct of life" by the suggestions of witches, in defiance of psychological principles and ethical data? What possible interest can I feel in the catastrophe of Othello and Desdemona, seeing that their marriage was contracted in defiance of the biological section of the Synthetic Philosophy? "Lycidas" has for years appeared to me one of the most glorious poems of the world's literature: but the scales have fallen at last from my scientifically enlightened eyes, and I am revolted by a poet who knows so little of "First Principles" that he describes his ear as plucked by one god of an extinct mythology, and his actions as living and spreading aloft under the eyes of another, who disregards biology in bidding the flowers come to strew his friend's hearse, and outrages physiology by picturing his friend as a visitant of the "monstrous world." I used to delight in the great historians, but I delight in them no longer: for I have been taught that they do not "illustrate the right principles of political action." When Thucydides writes that "the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men," I am intensely disgusted; and when Tacitus writes "Beneficia eo usque laeta sunt dum videntur exsolvi posse," I am unspeakably shocked. Thucydides and Tacitus have now been handed over to the dustman; and I am studying the volumes (slightly ponderous, it must be confessed, but so admirably nutritious) of the "Descriptive Sociology."

Many readers, I do not doubt, have turned their backs on the higher literature for the same reasons, and with the same vehemence as your obedient servant,

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

An Explanation

SIR,—I do not in any way desire to find fault with your disparagement of my "Judicial Dictionary," but would merely suggest that, as the book has been over forty years in growth, it asks for something more than that its pages be "turned over," and if you gave it that something more, I fancy you even would find it not unprofitable, as an eminent Lord Justice of Appeal testifies to its utility to the Bench,

and regards the book as "one of the best productions of our time."

But my reason in writing this note is to refer to your concluding sentence, and to explain that the book—in order to secure American copyright—had to be "set up" by American typographers, their Trade Union having insisted on that protection as a condition to Congress granting copyright in the United States to any foreign book. In that way they secured an advantage over their English brethren, who have no such protection *qua* English copyright for American books.

Then the printing from the stereo plates had to be done in America, because of the heavy American import duty on books, which would have prevented the book getting any practical benefit from its American copyright—which benefit turns out to be important in consequence of the vogue the book is having in the United States.

Possibly, you may think this practical example (involving in itself a loss to English industries of something like £2000) not wholly uninteresting from a literary and political standpoint.—Yours, &c.
F. STROUD.

"The Stage Society and Maxim Gorki"

SIR,—I am obliged to you for kindly publishing my letter with the above heading in your last issue. Unfortunately a printer's error nullifies the point of one of my remarks. The sentence, "A scheme has been set on foot to perform it in Russian in various Russian towns" should read "in various German towns."

As a matter of fact, the performance of Gorki's "Doss House" in the Russian provincial towns was at the outset suppressed by the censor.

Trusting that you will kindly extend your hospitality to these few lines,—Yours, &c.,
ALEXANDER KINLOCH.
February 27.

[Many other letters are held over for want of space.—Ed.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

Each prize will consist of 5s. worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5s. Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE.

HETTY WESLEY.—Mr. Quiller-Couch dedicates his "Hetty Wesley" to "Andrew Lang, a good champion of Hetty," and I suppose, therefore, that Mr. Lang has also written on poor Hetty. But I cannot find what he has written, and I should be very much obliged if you could kindly tell me; and also mention any other books on the subject.—K.P. (Ealing).

BOOK TITLES.—It would save reviewers and librarians much needless trouble if an Act of Parliament were passed compelling authors to state clearly in a few words the subject and aim of each book published, say, on the leaf next the title-page. Has such an idea been suggested before?—W.P. (Bristol).

SHAKESPEARE.—In how many languages are the plays of Shakespeare now published?—A.X.B.

POEM ATTRIBUTED TO POE.—Dr. Alfred R. Wallace draws attention in the February "Fortnightly" to an unpublished poem of Edgar Allan Poe, of which the first line runs—

"Leonaina, angels nam'd her, and they took the light"

I have an impression this poem was published fifty years ago, and that it was written by one of Poe's imitators. Who was he?—*H.Z.*
(See *Literary Notes* in this issue.)

SLAV FOLKLORE.—Where can one find evidence for the worship of the Slavonic god, Zernebock, in England?—*A.W.*

GIPSY-LORE SOCIETY.—Is the Gipsy-lore Society still in existence, and, if not, how many volumes of its *Journal* were published?—I fail to find it under "Academies" in the British Museum Catalogue.—*A.W.* (Tonbridge).

AUTHOR WANTED.—I should like to trace these verses. I do not know which is original and which translation—

Θεός, ὁ φωνῇ βασιλεύων
ἐν Ἀρείᾳ παίδων ἀρετὴν αἰεὶ
παρενύθισσας τὴν δύστην
τοιαύτῃ θανόντας χαίρειν.

Thou art the voice to kingly boys,
To lift them through the night;
And comfortress of unsuccess,
To give the dead good-night.

—*Frederick William Rolfe.*

"HYMEN'S PRAELUDIA."—Or "Love's Masterpiece," being the ninth and tenth parts of that so much admired Romance, intitled *Cleopatra*; by J.D., 1659.—Am I right in concluding "J.D." to be John Davies, of Hereford, and the *Cleopatra* to be "Le Roman de Cléopâtre," by the Sieur Gautier de Costes, Sieur de la Calprenède, published at Paris in 10 vols., October 1642-43? My copy of "Hymen's Praeludia" is a small folio; the French work I have never met with; has a copy been noticed of recent years?—*K.M.*

"THE NEW ATLANTIS."—H. F. Sharp states in his Dictionary of Authors the 1st edition was in 1660. Is this correct? I believe there was an edition in 1651. The actual title-page has no date in my copy, but it is bound up with the "Sylvia Sylvarum" and the "History of Life and Death" (6th editions), and these two bear the date of 1651. The publisher is the same, Dr. Rawley.—*K.M.*

"MEMORABILIA CANTABRIGIAE."—The author of this work, Joseph Wilson, says (the book was published in 1803) he had the intention of publishing a similar work on Oxford: As I am getting together works on Oxford, I should be glad to know if this work ever appeared.—*K.M.*

GENERAL.

THE HERMIT KINGDOM.—Can any reader tell me why Corea is so called, and who first gave it that name? Surely there are other nations equally, or more, inaccessible—Tibet, for instance?—*E.M.A.* (Sevenoaks).

GREENLAND'S ICE MOUNTAINS.—In the original edition of Heber's "Hymns," published in 1827, the second verse of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" begins thus—

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle."

By whom and for what reason was "Java" altered to "Ceylon," greatly to the detriment of the hymn as it stands in modern versions?—*J.E.* (Cardiff).

PROPHET—FIGS.—What is the source and context of the quotation, "In the name of the Prophet—Figs"?—*A.W.*

OLD NURSERY RHYME.—The following nursery rhyme was well known to me in childhood, and I have seen it in print in one collection, dating probably from the sixties. But I have not met with it of late years, and it seems new to most people to whom I have mentioned it—

"Ding-a-ding-ding, hear the bells ring!
The Parliament soldiers have gone to the king.
Some they did laugh, and some they did cry,
To see the Parliament soldiers pass by."

Is there reason to suppose that this has been handed down from the time of the Civil Wars?—and, if so, to what event does it refer? I am uncertain whether the end of the second line should read—"to the King," or "for the King."—*A.W.*

SUNDAYS IN LENT.—As a child, I had a Northumbrian nurse, who, every Lent, used to quote a couplet, supposed to be names for the Sundays in Lent (ending with Easter Sunday). It ran as follows—

Tid, Mid, Miserè,
Carlin, Palm, Pasti-egg day.

As there are five Sundays in Lent before Palm Sunday, one has got omitted. Can any one tell me the complete lines, and the meanings of the names? The only one she offered any explanation of was "Carlin," which was so called because on that Sunday, during some siege, the inhabitants of Newcastle were saved from famine by some sacks of "Carlin beans"—whatever they were. Is this correct? and can any one supply the details?—*E.M.A.* (Sevenoaks).

A LOST CAUSE.—Sir George Young, in addressing the boys of University College School, told those who had not won prizes that they must not be disheartened by failure; and he related an anecdote—"There were two men who had espoused a lost cause. At last their enemies put them to death. One, before he died, exclaimed, 'I have kept the bird in my bosom.' (The bird of enthusiasm, always fluttering and striving to rise and soar.)" Who were these men, and what was the cause?—*J.S.M.*

"TAFETY WAS A WELSHMAN."—What is the origin of these lines? Do they apply to political relations between England and Wales? and, if so, when?—*E.H.W.B.*

FAYNETS.—In children's games, where the ideas of combat and penalty are involved, as in "touch," when any one of the players wishes for a truce, he calls out "Faynets." Can any of your readers tell me the origin and etymology of this word? I have never seen it in print, and my spelling is phonetic.—*F.P.*

Answers

LITERATURE.

LAMBKINS.—As I have received no satisfactory reply regarding the use of "lambkins" by Shakespeare and Browning, I beg to offer a solution of my own. It is that "lambkins" in "Henry V." Act II., Scene 1, last line, is an example of profane swearing, equivalent to "God's lambkins," on the analogy of "God's bodykins" ("Hamlet," II. 2, 523), and "Od's pittikins" ("Cymbeline," IV. 2, 294). As to its use by Browning in the last line of "Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis," I submit that Browning did not realise that he was making use of a profane expression, but simply echoed the Shakespearean phrase without much reflection on its meaning.—*A.T.* (Edinburgh).

*** ENIGMATIC DATE.**—There are many editions of the "Fasciculus temporum omnes antiquorum cronica complectens," including that printed by Rat-

dolt of Venice in 1480 (Hain *6,926). The British Museum contains several early editions of this work, but not the one under consideration. In this no author, printer, or place is given. It should consist of 88 leaves, but the last blank one is wanting. Sig. 1, A.—P in sixes, except A in eight. P 5 and 6 are blank. It is printed in Gothic Letter, and is illustrated with woodcuts. The date as previously given is perfectly clear, not obliterated or defaced in the slightest degree.—*W.P.* (Bristol).

AUTHOR FOUND.—"For though the day be never so long."
[Other replies received from *E. Leslie Sikes*, and *G. W. A.* (Liverpool).]

*** "MOTHER-IN-LAW."**—Among others, Miss Austen, in "Emma," and Thackeray, in "The Adventures of Philip," uses "Mother-in-Law" for "Stepmother." Possibly the expressions were considered interchangeable.—*S.B.* (Malvern).

"TICKLE ME TOBY."—The allusion is probably to Toby and Widow Wadman in Sterne's "Tristram Shandy." The apostrophe is allied to the more cynical "Scratch my back and I'll scratch yours," and scoldingly describes the graceless confederacy of rascals.—*S.C.* (Hove).

AUTHOR FOUND.—The lines quoted by *P.R.*, beginning—

"I loved—Oh, no! I mean not one of ye,"

will be found in Shelley's fragment, "The Zucca," written in 1822.—*Edna.*

[Answer also received from *F. Baddeley.*]

GISTING'S LAST BOOK.—I should class "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" with such works as Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," Lamb's "Essays of Elia," and Montaigne's "Essays." Some librarians class it with the novels, under fiction; it is so placed in the Public Library here, and, what is more curious, so is Maeterlinck's "The Buried Temple."—*W.H.P.* (Bury).

TENNYSON.—The lines quoted by Tennyson to the Bishop of Ripon are by the Poet himself in the "Demeter" volume. They commence the poem. "By an Evolutionist."—*E.K.L.* (Birkenhead).

[Answers also received from *C. Sharp* (Brighton), *E.W.K.*, *L.L.* (Shortlands), *M.A.C.* (Cambridge), and *M.McL.D.*]

JESSAMY BRIDE.—In the "Conclusion" of "Old Mortality," Scott makes Miss Martha Buskbody say—"I have not been more affected by any novel excepting the Tale of Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy, which is indeed pathos itself."—*S.B.*

CARLYLE.—The lines "So here hath been dawning," &c., are original, and may be found in *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, Vol. I., Appendix I. (p. 475, Centenary Edition), along with several other short poems by Carlyle, written between 1823 and 1833.—*J.A.B.*

[Answer also received from *Index.*]

OHNE PROSPHOR KEIN GEDANKE.—I find this referred to as "Moleschott's Formula." If it is to be met with in Goethe's Works, it must be either as a quotation or in the way of allusion.—*Index.*

KIPLING.—In Spring Time. Reply received from *H.P.H.*

GENERAL.

"THE SQUIRE AND THE APPLE PIE."—The story seems to be a variant of the famous anecdote of Lord Eldon. When Fellow of his College, he sat in judgment on a complaint of the undergraduates that the cook had sent to table an "Apple Pie that it was impossible to eat." Eldon ordered it to be brought before him to be tested, but it was found that it had already been eaten. Hence, "as it has been eaten, the plea falls to the ground, and judgment will be for the defendant cook." Afterwards Lord Eldon was accustomed to say that he wished all his cases were Apple-Pie cases.—*S.C.* (Hove).

"COUNTING-OUT VERSES."—I was brought up in Dublin, and the version I was taught (I presume by my mother) was the following—

"Wonery, twoery, dickory, devy,
Holloway, crackery, John o' Morevy,
Discum, dendum, American time,
Humbledom, bumbledom, twenty-nine.
O U T, out;
You are a dirty slut;
You are out!"

Index

"COUNTING-OUT VERSES."—The following are the counting-out verses with which I was familiar in my early days—

Ena, dena, dina, dust,
Cattler, wena, wina, wust,
Spit spot must be done,
Twiddle-um, twiddle-um, twenty-one.
O U T spells out;
Girls and boys must fairly be
Turned out.

—*M.K.P.*

"AN OLD CHARADE."—I did not know the answer to the Charade when I sent it, but I have since heard from a member of the Austen family that the correct answer is believed to be "alight" (a-light).—*F.* (Cambridge).

"AN OLD CHARADE."—The answer evidently is—A light (Alight).—*P.J.O'N.* (Dublin).

AN OLD CHARADE.—

Miss Austen has surely invented a saint.
The patron of all who use powder and paint;
'Tis in concerts and ball-rooms you meet with *St. Art*,
And if you would get there, of course you must start.

J.A.B.

Note.—Correspondents are requested to note that each question and each answer must be written on a separate piece of paper, and each slip must be duly authenticated by name and address. If two or more questions or answers are written on the same piece of paper there is considerable risk of the first one only being used. Among the inadmissible questions and answers this week are two with initials only; one asking a purposeless Shakespearean conundrum; one repeating a question which has already appeared in a contemporary; and, finally, a long reply on an entirely irrelevant subject.

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the four booksellers whose names follow:

Mr. John Hogg, 54, Queen Street, Cardiff.
Mr. Alfred Hills, 60, High Street, Sevenoaks.
Messrs. Wm. George's Sons, Top Corner, Park Street, Bristol.
Mr. Charles Jones, Old Bookstall, Colonnade, Malvern.

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SPECIAL SPRING

ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER.

The issue for March 19 will be a double number, including a Special Supplement, which will contain, in as complete a form as possible, a Catalogue of all the New Books announced for publication during the forthcoming Season.

Considerable attention will be given to the arrangement of the lists. The books will be classified according to subject and importance, prices will be given, and each series of announcements arranged in such a way as to be most useful for future reference to Booksellers and Book-buyers.

NOTICE. This number has always rapidly ran out of print; it is therefore advisable to order at once.

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London: 12 March 1904.

Price Threepence.

* [Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.]

Literary Notes

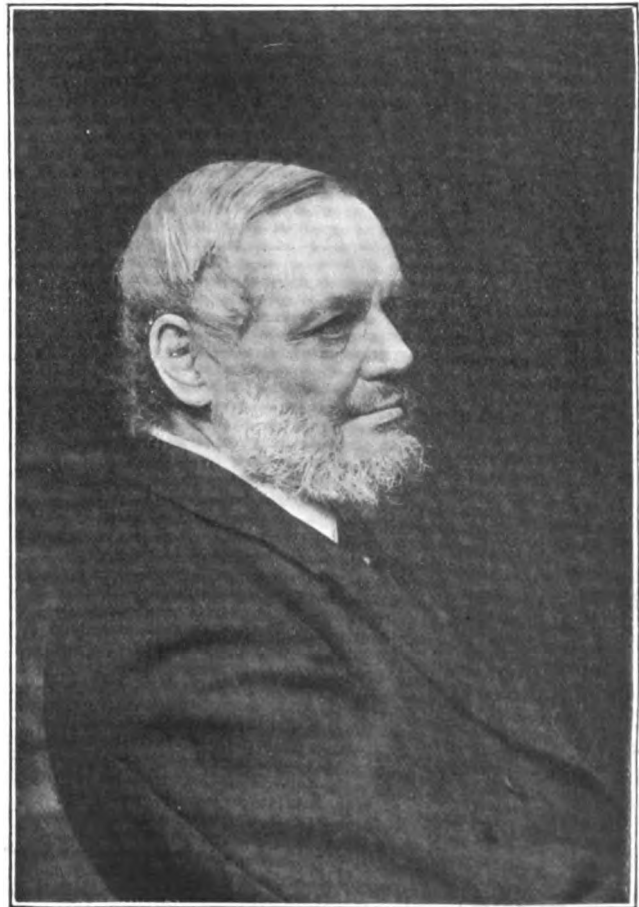
IN "The National Review" there is a curious article "Is Fiction Deteriorating?" by Miss Jane H. Findlater, suggested chiefly by the "Life of Charlotte Yonge." The writer points out that Miss Yonge influenced our fiction to a very considerable extent, and that Sir Guy Morville, the hero of the "Heir of Redclyffe," became the good, just as Rochester was the bad hero of noveldom. "The enthusiasm about Charlotte Yonge," Miss Findlater quotes, "among the undergraduates of Oxford in 1865 was surprising," there were regiments of which every officer owned a copy of the "Heir of Redclyffe," and Rossetti, William Morris and Burne-Jones "took Sir Guy as their model"; who would have thought it? But Miss Findlater's article is suggestive rather than critical.

It is difficult to estimate the influence of fiction to-day, but there can be no doubt that it is very great. The amount of time spent by hundreds of thousands of readers in the reading of novels passes computation, and there are very many whose whole outlook on life is based upon fiction. It is not probable, scarcely believable, that such an influence can be wholesome. It might become so, of course, were our present-day works of fiction true to life and human nature, but as matters stand it is a deplorable fact that the vast majority of readers in this country devote themselves to fiction and newspapers, neither very safe guides to a knowledge of truth.

PUBLISHERS are often censured for not issuing masterpieces instead of second or third class literature. I wonder how many people outside the inner circle realise what terrible rubbish is being continually offered to publishing houses in the hope apparently that it may see the light of print. What weary work is that of a publisher's reader, miles and miles of type-written and hand-written copy to look through and how few grains of wheat amid the mass of chaff! Most often a glance at a MS. is enough to determine its fate; sometimes, however, many pages have to be read before the reluctantly unfavourable opinion is formed. Then not infrequently the reader is vexed to see how a 'prentice hand has frittered away a good idea or how a fine writer is wasting his force in beating the air. Only at very rare intervals is the discovery made of a MS. which is worth careful consideration, still more rarely does there come from an unknown writer a work worth publishing.

VERY unbusinesslike are the proceedings of many who desire to see their books published or their articles and

stories accepted by the magazines. Take an example. The majority of magazines have a more or less decided line of policy with regard to stories and articles, yet editors are pestered with MSS. utterly unsuited to their pages. They are also worried and wearied with articles



DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.

[Photo. James Hyatt, Mortimer Street, W.]

on subjects which have already been recently dealt with, and, a very common occurrence, are offered tales and essays ludicrously late—e.g. Christmas matter sent in long after all the Christmas numbers have gone to press. A little business forethought and common sense would save many a disappointment to would-be contributors and worry to editors and publishers.

readers. Editors want good, fresh, *suitable* copy and do not reject proffered contributions through carelessness or for the fun of rejecting them.

EVEN as editor of this journal I receive many a MS. which I need but glance at to see that it is quite unsuitable. Articles many thousand words in length, articles upon subjects quite outside the lines upon which the paper runs, poems, letters running to two or three columns in length. It is not pleasant to be compelled to say "No" so often; as Thackeray found to his cost, there are thorns in the editorial cushion. On the other hand how much good copy and interesting there is yet unwritten! How many men and women there are who have the materials but never do or perhaps never can use them! The Editor's lot in life would be eased if only would-be contributors were business-like and a little less thoughtless.

MRS. DE COURCY LAFFAN sends me two pleasant little booklets, one dealing with "The Companionship of Books," and the second with "Warwickshire Echoes in Shakespeare's Plays." The latter subject has never yet been exhausted; perhaps Mrs. Laffan will some day write more at large concerning it; it is usual to say that there are already too many books about Shakespeare, but if beaten tracks be left there are still many which should, and I hope will, be given us.

THERE are books which are not books, as Lamb has told us, though they be paper and print. To such belongs "Specification," of which the issue for 1904 lies before me. To architects, surveyors, and engineers this bulky volume must be a *sine qua non*, and even to the inexpert it is not wholly without interest. There are, for instance, some fascinating illustrations, which appeal to antiquary and artist as well as to the architect: those, for instance, of details of a house at Lisieux, of the Church of Notre Dame, Senlis, and of the North and South Churches of Hayling Island: some even of the working drawings are instructive to the lay mind.

MESSRS. APPLETON will publish in America, probably in June, the second volume of "Memoirs" by Madame Adam, under the title "My Literary Life." Mrs. Hugh Fraser has written a novel of Japanese life, which will be published by Dodd, Mead & Co., in the States.

MR. JOHN CORBIN, the dramatic critic of "The New York Times," has written for the April "Scribner's" an article on "Playgoing in London." Mr. Corbin is well qualified to deal with the subject and it will be interesting to see ourselves with American eyes. Mr. Frank Craig and Mr. Raven-Hill have drawn the illustrations.

THE Niagara campaign during the war of 1812 will form the subject of Captain Mahan's article in the same issue.

JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS has promised to write a volume on "Wellington" for "The Heroes of the Nations," to which series he has already contributed "Napoleon" and "Hannibal."

THERE is a good article on the late Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, by Dr. J. H. Bernard in "The New

Liberal Review," from which I quote a characteristic comment made by the Provost when it was suggested that the college library should subscribe for the publications of the Henry Bradshaw Society:

"It is quite right for a library to go on subscribing for books that nobody reads. What small fraction of the books in the library is ever opened in the course of a year? There is no limit to human eccentricities, and no doubt there must be some people who read Henry Bradshaw books, or at least like to have the power of doing so, if the fit should seize them. But all these Societies for reprinting unreadable books, Wyclif Society, Parker Society, Anglo-Catholic Theology, &c., are chiefly for the benefit of vendors of waste paper."

SCRIBNER'S is capital as ever; there is the continuation of Mrs. George Bancroft's letters, with very interesting illustrations, some of which, however, are not very well printed; a beautiful series of drawings "Music and Life" by Howard Chandler Christy; Captain Mahan's "The War of 1812," and an article on Richard Strauss by James Huneker.

"THE BOOKMAN" for March devotes itself chiefly to Milton, concerning whom Mr. J. H. Lobban writes in interesting fashion; the illustrations, as ever, are excellent. Altogether British bookmen have reason to be grateful for so capital a periodical as "The Bookman" now is.

Two hundred pounds have been received in response to the appeal published early in February on behalf of the rebuilding of Lower Brixham Church, Devon, in memory of the author of the hymn, "Abide with Me." But £2,000 is the sum needed for its completion, and the Vicar, the Rev. Stewart Sim, will be glad to acknowledge any sums sent to him for this purpose by lovers of the hymn. A morning concert, under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Christian, will be given on May 10, at Grosvenor House, and will be supported by many influential West Country ladies. Madame Clara Butt will sing "Abide with Me" at the concert, and twelve other well-known artists have kindly given their services. Tickets, £1 1s. each, may be obtained from the Hon. Sec. of the concert, Lady Maxwell Lyte, 3 Portman Square, or from Messrs. Mitchell, Old Bond Street.

THERE is an interesting article in "The New York Bookman" upon "What English Books are known in Japan." Highest in favour stand—who would guess it?—Irving's "Sketch Book," closely pressed by Gray's "Elegy" and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," all of which possess that sense of beauty which so appeals to the Japanese. Rossetti and Swinburne have their devotees, and "Hall Caine is unknown in Japan, except as a friend" of the former. How many Japanese poets are familiar names in this country?

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS sums up Hawthorne's work thus—all "is in one form or another 'handling sin.' He had the Puritan sense of it, in the blood, and the power to use it artistically, in the brain." Summary criticisms are dangerous, but on the whole this one seems to be full and just—on the whole, for it barely touches that mysterious sense of another world at work in this so typical of Hawthorne's writings. The whole article—in "The Lamp"—is well worth study.

"THE BOOK MONTHLY" started well and improves month by month. The March issue, among other good

matter, contains a pleasant personal appreciation of Mr. George Meredith by Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, and there are some good notes upon recent Continental literature.

FROM "The Reader Magazine" I quote: "Excuse me, but I'm not quite sure about the title of the book I want. Is it 'The Crockett Minister' by Stickit or 'The Stickit Minister' by Crockett?" The quotation is from an amusing paper on "The Pitfalls of Book Titles." Other samples of mixture are given, "The Scarlet Letter" for "The Red Badge"; "The Count of Corpus Christi"; and Ouida's "Moths" has been accepted by a servant sent to the library in place of Lubbock's "Ants." There is a good deal in a name, as publishers well know.

THE future of the daily newspaper in this country has been the subject of much discussion during past days. Will the present halfpenny papers affect the prices of those journals which are still fixed at one penny? Will "The Standard" and "The Daily Telegraph," for example, ever announce a reduction of price? Also, when will competition cease? Will a farthing daily be the next move? Will the time come when readers will be paid to take in a daily paper the proprietors of which will reap their harvest solely from the advertising columns? Seriously, does this keen competition tend toward the dignity of journalism? We were wont as a nation to be proud that our newspapers were not as other nations' are, but soon we may find that comparisons will be odious. Startling headlines and "written up" news are not the be-all and end-all of journalism. Newspapers, too, often have a disastrous influence in diplomacy.

AFTER several years of slightly clouded fortunes, the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts appears to be entering upon a period of renewed prosperity. The Institute had for many years been housed in its own premises, but when the pictures belonging to the Corporation of Glasgow were removed to the new galleries in Kelvingrove, the directors sold their building and leased the old Corporation Galleries in Sauchiehall Street. There, they have opened the forty-third annual exhibition of the Institute with a collection of over nine hundred exhibits in painting, sculpture, and other forms of art. The loan pictures include a portrait of Quin, the actor, by Gainsborough, lent by his Majesty the King; Sargent's "Children of Asher Wertheimer, Esq."; Orchardson's "Queen of Swords"; Tadema's "Pyrrhic Dance," lent by the Corporation of London; Constable's "Barges on the Stour"; portraits by Raeburn, and examples of Corot, Millet, Sidaner, and others. In sculpture Rodin is represented by his head of the late W. E. Henley.

THE characteristic of the Exhibition is its level standard of solid achievement. There is no sensation; no work that looms large in the view to the overshadowing of the ruck of the paintings. Here and there, it may be, the abundance of space at their command has rendered the Hanging Committee more than kind to the slender virtues of some of the exhibits; and one has a feeling that the very commodiousness of the Galleries, while it will simplify the work of the hangers, may have just a tendency to lower the standard of excellence in the works. But the future may be left to itself; there is little in this year's show calling for animadversion on the score of lowness of quality. The President of the Royal Scottish Academy is represented

by a single portrait; and but few of the well-known Scottish painters are absentees. What may be termed a literary picture is Duncan McKellar's "Robert Burns at Loudoun Manse," the home of the Rev. Dr. Lawrie, who may be said to have been the poet's one friend among the clergy, and who sent to the blind poet Blacklock the little book of poems published at Kilmarnock, which action was the direct means of introducing Burns to Edinburgh society and to the pecuniary profits of the Edinburgh edition of 1787.

THE irritability of poets is notoriously shared in full degree by painters; and this trait has had an amusing exemplification in the Glasgow show. Among the painters invited to send works were MM. Jean Delville and Paul Artot, two of the professors in the Glasgow School of Art. The treatment of these gentlemen at the hands of the Hanging Committee has called forth some public comment. While, however, M. Delville has accepted the situation, M. Artot was so little pleased with the place assigned to his picture that he demanded its withdrawal. The Committee refused to move, and the irate artist cut away the canvas, leaving the empty frame on the wall. This the Committee promptly removed. As exemplifying a different point of view it may be mentioned that an eminent Scottish artist has given it as his opinion that in this exhibition no good picture has been badly hung.

IN connection with the exhibition an anonymous donor has given £600 for the purchase of works to be added to the Corporation Art Galleries collection. The selection has been made by a small committee of artists and laymen, who have chosen three works. Mr. H. H. La Thangue's "Provençal Winter," rich with blossom and golden fruit, is one of these; another is Mr. W. Y. Macgregor's large painting of "Durham, Evening"; and the third is Mr. George Houston's "Ayrshire Landscape," a vast stretch of country painted in low tones, with singular beauty and softness. The choice of these works has met with general approval.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—On Tuesday next (March 15), at five o'clock, Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge will deliver the first of two lectures on "The Doctrine of Heaven and Hell in Ancient Egypt and the Books of the Underworld," and on Thursday (March 17), at the same hour, Mr. Sidney Lee commences a course of two lectures on "Shakespeare as Contemporaries knew him." The Friday evening discourse on March 18 will be delivered by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones on "The Foundations of a National Drama," and on March 25 by Professor Dewar on "Liquid Hydrogen Calorimetry."

Bibliographical

THE bibliographies given with each volume of the current "Library Edition" of Ruskin have always been, and continue to be, a valuable feature thereof. On Tuesday Mr. Allen issued the three volumes containing "The Stones of Venice," and it may interest and even be useful to some of my readers, if I condense into a few lines the leading facts given by the bibliographer. It is well known that the work originally consisted of three volumes. Of these, Vol. I. came out in March 1851, and it is notable that a second edition did not appear till September 1858. For this the text had been slightly revised, and some appendices omitted. Volume II. was issued in July 1853, and republished with very few alterations in March 1867—a very long interval.

Volume III. appeared in October 1853, and was not re-issued till April 1867—another long interval. The first edition of the whole work (the text following that of the second edition of the separate volumes) was brought out in October 1873, and not until July 1886 was there a second edition of it (with additions from the "Travellers" edition). An edition of the whole work on a smaller scale was issued in June 1898, and reprinted in 1900 and 1902.

The "Travellers" edition alluded to was a selection from the complete work, made by Ruskin himself, endowed by him with a new chapter, and issued in two volumes—the first in July 1879, the second in 1881. Of this selection there were further editions in 1881-5, 1884-8, and 1888-90; it was also reprinted in 1892, 1894, 1896, 1897, 1900. An authorised edition of it, introduced by Charles Eliot Norton, appeared in New York in 1891; there were, of course, many unauthorised American editions. It may be noted further that the chapter in Volume II. on "The Nature of Gothic" was reprinted, by permission, twice in 1854, and sold for the benefit of the funds of the Working Men's College; it was also reprinted in 1892, by William Morris, at the Kelmscott Press, and in 1899 by Mr. Allen.

In 1897, Mr. R. Farquharson Sharp, of the British Museum, published through Mr. George Redway a volume described on the title-page as "A Dictionary of English Authors," and on the first page of the text, less accurately, as "A Concise Dictionary of English Literature." So far as it went, it was a very useful publication, but it was marked by numerous unaccountable omissions. Mr. Sharp had ignored (with others) the following writers, then or since deceased: Alexander Bain, George Bancroft, T. Haynes Bayly, Shirley Brooks, G. W. Cable, Thomas Carew (!), Sidney Dobell, George Gissing, James Grant (of "The Romance of War"), Dr. Gordon Hake, Lionel Johnson, Edna Lyall, H. S. Merriman, St. George Mivart, Cosmo Monkhouse, J. Cotter Morison, C. Kegan Paul, Sir Walter Raleigh (!), T. W. Robertson, W. Bell Scott, F. R. Stockton, Bayard Taylor, "Artemus Ward," Charles Dudley Warner, Augusta Webster, and Oscar Wilde. I am glad to see that, in the new edition of the "Dictionary," just issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul, there is an appendix in which all the above-named writers duly figure, and in which many of the notices in the body of the book are brought down to date.

That is well; but there are still some inexplicable blanks in Mr. Sharp's volume. Why, for example, is poor Blair, of "Grave" fame, omitted? And again, why does one look in vain for Mrs. Hodgson Burnett? Mr. Sharp would have done well to omit all living writers, who are sufficiently cared for in "Who's Who," and, indeed, need a little "Dictionary" all to themselves. That is the rock on which Chambers' new "Cyclopædia of English Literature" has split. It has attempted to deal with contemporaries, and has come to grief, both in its admissions and its omissions.

Messrs. Bell & Sons seem to have in hand a re-issue on thin paper of works selected from Bohn's Libraries. These libraries were very valuable in their day, and even now they include editions which have not been superseded. The promised reprint of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" will, I presume, present in a cheap form the edition in three volumes, supervised by Mr. A. R. Shilleto and introduced by Mr. A. H. Bullen, which was published by Messrs. Bell in 1893 at 31s. 6d., and in 1896 at 10s. 6d. The only other edition of the "Anatomy" of recent years is that which Messrs. Chatto issued in 1881 at 7s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., and

which, I take for granted, is still procurable. The proposed reprint of Coleridge's "Friend" will be welcome; the work is by no means so well known as is to be desired. The poet's "Aids to Reflection," which is also to be reprinted, was published by Messrs. Bell just twenty years ago at 3s. 6d., and in the following year, by another firm, at 2s. The announced reprint of Miss Burney's "Evelina" testifies anew to the recent re-growth of that lady's reputation.

Among Messrs. Methuen's announcements I note reprints of selections from "The Anti-Jacobin" and of Pierce Egan's "Life of an Actor." Of the former we cannot very well have too much; in a handy volume it will be especially acceptable. I cannot recall the issue of any such volume during recent years. Pierce Egan's book was reprinted in 1891 in two forms—at 6d. by Messrs. Dicks, and at 14s. by Messrs. Pickering. The latter, of course, reproduced the coloured etchings by Lane, without which the "Life" is of very small account.

Fancy Newman's "Apologia" for sixpence! In 1885 Messrs. Longman published it at 6s.; in 1890 they issued it at 3s. 6d. One likes to believe that so historic a work has a sixpenny public.

THE BOOKWORM.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

A new work on Bedfordshire local history is in the press, and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock very shortly, entitled "Dunstable: Its History and Surroundings." It is written by Mr. Worthington G. Smith, whose researches in the district are well known. Very full information is given in the work on the Roman and pre-Roman periods, while the Saxon and Norman periods are dealt with, and the folklore, traditions, architecture, geology, natural history, and botany of the district are fully represented under their various sections. The volume will be fully illustrated with sketches, photographs, and maps.—Messrs. Spottiswoode & Co., Ltd., are about to issue from the Eton College Press a new periodical to be called "Etoniana," which will deal with the antiquities and history of Eton College. They will also publish immediately the second part of "Bygone Eton," a series of views of Eton in the past.—Messrs. Bell have completed their arrangements for the issue of a new series of thin paper reprints to be entitled "The York Library." The volumes to be included in the series will be drawn in the main, but not entirely, from "Bohn's Libraries," and will be issued in an attractive form, on thin but opaque paper. Where necessary the volumes will be revised and re-edited, and care will be taken to obtain the best possible texts, which will in all cases be printed complete and unabridged. Introductions and notes will be added where they seem to be called for.—Mr. John Lane will publish on the 22nd inst. a new romance by Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, entitled "The Napoleon of Notting Hill." Mr. Lane will also publish on the same date Herman Melville's "Typee," edited by W. Clark Russell, with notes by Marie Clothilde Balfour. This volume will be an addition to the New Pocket Library.—The Lectures on Painting which were delivered in January to the students of the Royal Academy by Mr. George Clausen, A.R.A., are to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock immediately. The volume will be illustrated by numerous reproductions of the pictures of great masters and sketches by the author.—A new novel by Mr. A. G. Hales, the well-known war correspondent of the "Daily News," will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on March 14. The title is "The Watcher on the Tower," the period being that of Napoleon's invasion of Russia.—To the thin paper reprint of the "Mermaid" series Mr. Unwin will add on March 14 "Nero, and Other Plays," edited by H. P. Horne, Arthur Symonds, A. W. Verity and Havelock Ellis, and "The Best Plays of Thomas Dekker" with notes by Ernest Rhys.

Reviews

A Brilliant Dulness

ENGLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. A Study of the Rise and Influence of British Power within the Straits, 1603-1713. By Julian S. Corbett. 2 Vols. (Longmans, 24s. net.)

IN history, one good book makes many. Captain Mahan's celebrated work has set writers investigating the history of sea power, and may lead to our possessing a body of scientific naval records worthy of our unique Navy. This work of Mr. Corbett's is a fine book, carefully but not too minutely documented, and as interesting as a good novel. It is a worthy successor to his books on Drake and the Elizabethan sailors.

And yet, as the author says in his preface, it would seem that the early Stuart days were hopelessly dull after the brilliant Elizabethan romance. Still, as he tells us of them, they are not dull at all. This is partly because of his skilful treatment and graphic style, but chiefly because in the inglorious annals of the Stuart Navy we see more clearly the working out of great laws of historical development. The true student of history often takes the greatest pleasure in some dry record of dull proceedings or even of absolutely abortive attempts to do something; for in these he may see most clearly the tendencies guiding nations and statesmen, often against their own will and without their own knowledge. To know what happened is the first task of historical study; but to know how and why it happened is the real aim of the student and the historian.

It is plain, on the most cursory survey of the modern history of the Mediterranean, that some general law was drawing the British Navy to the Midland Sea. The Elizabethans were singularly timid of venturing past the Rock, though the appearance of an English fleet there would have crippled Spain by land and greatly weakened her by sea. The bulk of native Spanish troops for the Netherlands were shipped over to Italy and marched north by Franche-Comté. Italian regiments, too, might have been kept at home by a naval menace. But the golden lure of the Indies drew men away. It was only slowly that the Sea Powers came to interfere with the Mediterranean.

Omnis origo pudenda is a true maxim, and it is certainly true of the development Mr. Corbett recounts. A privateering ruffian named Ward, who had shipped on a royal pinnace soon after James I. came to the throne, won over some sailors of the crew to steal a bark chartered by a Catholic recusant. With this he seized a larger ship, and took service under the piratical ruler of Tunis. Here he and other rascals taught the Barbary corsairs to build the sailing ships that had beaten the galleys off the ocean. With these they did so much damage that the Spaniards had to bring their sailing galleons from the Atlantic. The Duke of Osuna, the famous Viceroy of the Two Sicilies, with a French corsair for his instructor, built a squadron of broadside sailing ships to cope with the Algerines. Venice, threatened by Spain, hired English and Dutch armed merchantmen, and this irregular intervention was followed by the despatch of a regular fleet in 1620 under Sir Robert Mansell. It was aimed ostensibly against the Algerines, in alliance with Spain; but the Spaniards never rested till they got the fleet recalled.

The English navy did not return till 1650, in chase

of Prince Rupert's Royalist fleet, which had been harboured in Portuguese and Spanish ports. Then the Dutch naval war drew the fleets of Holland and England to fight out their quarrel on the highway of the Levant trade. Finally Blake's appearance in the Mediterranean drove Mazarin to come to terms with the Commonwealth and overbid the Spaniard for alliance.

Yet, singularly enough, it was France that invited England to a permanent occupation of a Mediterranean port. France, unable herself to support Portugal openly against Spain after the Peace of the Pyrenees, forwarded Charles II.'s marriage with Catherine of Braganza, which gave us Tangiers and Bombay, the beginnings of Mediterranean and Indian empire. This was done with a purpose, indeed, and the purchase of Dunkirk was part of the bargain. It is interesting to note how Mr. Corbett defends this transaction, and I think with justice. Dunkirk, if retained, would have been a perpetual source of trouble and danger, from both France and Spain; and for naval purposes it was unnecessary, serving no end that could not be answered by the English harbours opposite it.

The story of the failure of Tangiers is well told by Mr. Corbett. His narrative is calculated to give a view higher than that generally taken of Charles II.'s statesmanship. All through the record we see the same tendency, baffled again and again, always recurring. At last the permanent lines of naval strategy were laid down by Admiral Russell's cruise of 1694 in the Mediterranean with the allied fleet—a movement which Mr. Corbett marks as the turning-point of the war of William III. Louis XIV. made haste to detach Savoy from the Alliance by bribes; and in 1695 he was for the first time clearly outweighed by William.

Finally comes the climax of the story in the great strategy of the War of the Spanish Succession, which Mr. Corbett ascribes unhesitatingly to Marlborough. 1704 was not only the year of Blenheim, but the year of Gibraltar, and from that time the Mediterranean has never lost the sight of the British ensign.

I hope Mr. Corbett will follow up his record with the richer and more interesting story of the later development of the Mediterranean fleet. He is inclined to overrate, perhaps, the effect of naval movements on international policy; every specialist exalts his own province. But other historians are far more inclined to leave it out of sight. The complicated politics of Southern Europe from 1713 to 1793 would be wonderfully lit up by a clear record of what was done and planned in naval matters. To the wild witches' dance of eighteenth-century diplomacy, the British sailor's hornpipe contributed not a few figures.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

"The Shores of Old Romance"

MARSH-COUNTRY RAMBLES. By Herbert W. Tompkins. (Chatto. 6s.)

OH, for a day in Essex in the spring! A wish that will seem curious to those ignorant folk who look upon Essex as a dismal flatland, but understandable to those who have realised that it is one of the most delightful of our counties. This eastern county, with its mud-bound shores and reedy creeks, has a charm somewhat akin to that possessed by Broadland; it is a county of

slow-running rivers, of gentle hills and placid vales, of luxuriant meadows and fields, a land of birds and flowers and trees. Mr. Tompkins is a born Rambler, and has in "Marsh-Country Rambles" given us fellow-ramblers a volume of sheer delight. He rambles in the true spirit of a lover of Nature; foul weather as well as fair has its beauties for him, he loves Nature as a friend, and he writes in the first person, as do all worthy rambles.

Essex is a happy land of marshes, as our author proves to us, for there is about the marshes a serenity of beauty that is known only to low-lying countries. The first day, as with the first day in Holland or on the Broads, is apt to prove disappointing to the newcomer; he looks for that which he will not find, but soon finds that for which he did not think of looking, that which cannot be found elsewhere. Mr. Tompkins carries us to the banks of the Colne, the Blackwater, the Crouch; to Wakering Marsh, to Rochford and Stambridge, to Maldon, to his own particular and nameless island, to the land of "Mehalah," to St. Osyth and to Mersea: when occasion arises he tells us the old tales of the Saints and other holy men, of piratical Northmen and picturesque but bloody-minded smugglers; church, hall, and village inn all find their proper places in his pictures; plants, flowers, birds, fishes, all figure in his pages.

How near to, yet how far from, London are some of these quiet Essex villages; "The sight of three strange men," says our guide, philosopher, and friend, "caused no small stir among the cottage folk, and more than one wee islander"—it was on Foulness—"was held up at the window or in the open doorway to watch us pass"; and here is a vignette: "We found ourselves before a window of tiny panes, which gave light to one who was busy with his pipe, newspaper, and beer . . . here, surely, I might hope to meet some unsophisticated rustic, some man whose only wisdom is the wisdom of the wayside, some veteran whose world is the Essex archipelago . . . nor was I disappointed. Hardly had we grouped ourselves around the fire, when we were joined by two rambles who had crossed by the ferry from Burnham; and then the door opened slowly and there entered a broad-shouldered Essex patriarch. Father Time had laid his hand heavily upon him, and he stooped painfully under the burden of his years; but his speech was cheerful, with a touch of that dry humour which is at all times wholly irresistible. He lives, I will answer for it, in Thanksgiving Street." There are stories of ghosts, murders and superstitions, for your marshmen are ever superstitious, hearing as they do daily strange voices upon the waters and uncanny sounds upon the quaking shore, and there are, too, wondrous tales of the shooting of birds. Mr. Tompkins has a warm place in his heart for all the good things of Nature, but keeps his warmest for the birds.

Altogether a delightful example of the wander-book, for which we are very thankful. Those who know Essex will welcome the volume for auld acquaintance sake, those who do not will read it with great pleasure and profit. But why is there no map? What does a wander-book do without a map?

Old French Ballads

LE ROMANÇO POPULAIRE DE LA FRANCE. CHOIX DE CHANSONS POPULAIRES FRANÇAISES. Textes critiques par George Doncieux, avec un avant-propos et un index musical par Julien Tiersot. (Bouillon, 15f.)

GEORGE DONCIEUX died March 21, 1903, at the age of 46, leaving the work before us half-printed. Friends

took it in hand, and saw it through the press; and M. Tiersot furnished a preface in which he gives some details of the author and his work. Coming to Paris from Lyons in 1877 Doncieux contributed numerous articles of literary and dramatic criticism to the "Paris Journal," the "Monde" and the "Contemporain," and poems to various poetical collections and miscellanies. The latter will be shortly published in a separate volume. Greatly attracted by the charm of mediæval poetry and popular legends, he finally devoted himself entirely to the study of that subject. At the suggestion of Gaston Paris, he published in the "Romania" in 1891 his study on "La Pernelle," a study that formed the nucleus of the present volume, the purpose of which, according to the author, is not only to give the public a wide and characteristic collection of French popular songs based on their primitive texts, but also to offer the results of a careful critical study of their themes, origin, development, transformations, and of their relations to the traditional songs of the different nations of Europe.

In the introduction Doncieux deals generally with the elements, distinctive character, language and peculiarities of ancient popular French poetry. He discusses the rhythm and verse construction, the language and style, and the themes of the ballads. His observations on the last point are extremely interesting. Sometimes an historical event forms the frame-work for anonymous actors in an atmosphere from which all local colour has disappeared; at other times the subjects are taken from the Gospels and the lives of the Saints (the Old Testament has furnished nothing to French ballad literature), or are supplied, translated or derived from foreign legends; the rest are romantic tales or purely poetical fictions due solely to the balladmongers' imagination. Of those poems Doncieux says in an eloquent passage:

"They abound in vague, tender, sportive, or melancholy situations, in oaths of eternal fidelity, in declarations of love, in timid confessions that need to be encouraged, in regret for dead loves or for uncongenial unions, in the cunning tricks of lovers to obtain their hearts' desire; sometimes we have a more striking picture—a woman separated from her lover, ardently desiring death; a girl who, betrayed and abandoned by a fickle youth for a richer rival, kills herself; a widow who throws herself into her husband's grave; an affectionate friend who dies on the coffin of 'sa mie'; a bold gallant drowned in sight of his fair lady; a ruined girl who flees from her family; a long absent husband who on his return finds his wife married to another; vengeance, abductions, the innocent murdered, the guilty chastised, the sufferings of women persecuted by their husbands or parents, suicides of outraged virgins—as many sad, poignant or tragic situations may be found here as in Shakespeare's plays or Balzac's 'Human Comedy.' Indeed the popular ballad is in its way a mirror of loving and suffering humanity."

Doncieux employs a uniform method in presenting his study of each poem. He begins with a geographical catalogue of each version, that is, he arranges chronologically under the names of the province, district, department, town or village, all the known versions, so that the reader can at a glance gain a notion of the relative age of the texts as well as of their geographical distribution. The name of the editor, and, when possible, of the collector, is carefully noted. A rhythmical definition of the ballad follows, and then comes its text. Lastly we have the commentary, analysis, and study of the theme, the genealogy and ramifications of its different forms traced back to its earliest germ so far as such an investigation is possible. A very full bibliography

giving all the authorities used by the author—the only work in the English language referred to is the American collection of English and Scottish ballads edited by J. F. Child—is prefixed. M. Tiersot's musical index forms an appendix.

The volume contains a number of most interesting things. For instance, we learn how the subsidiary theme of "*La fausse morte amoureuse*" which plays an important part in "*La fille du roi Loys*" is the same story as that used by Lope de Vega in his "*Castelvines y Monteses*," and by Shakespeare in "*Romeo and Juliet*"; that the English ballad "*The two Clerk's sons of Oxenford*" is a later elaboration of the French ballad "*Les écoliers pendus*"; that the main story of "*Cymbeline*" may be found in "*Les anneaux de Marionson*"; that "*La marquise empoisonnée*" is the germ of Scribe's "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*"; that Victor Hugo in the fifth act of "*Marion Delorme*" uses a situation similar to one in the ballad of "*Pierre et Françoise*"; and that the story of Judith and Holofernes became that of "*Renaud, le tueur des femmes*," who after drowning thirteen women in a fish-pond was himself drowned in it by the fourteenth. Balzac, Zola, and Maupassant, not to mention our own Tennyson, have all turned to excellent account the theme of "*Le retour du mari soldat*," in which after a long absence the husband returns to find that his wife, thinking him dead, has married again, and that the only thing left for him is to say:

"Adieu, la femme et les enfans!
Je m'en retourne au régiment."

Of the poetical and literary charm of these old ballads it is not here the place to speak. We will only further record that the excellence of M. Doncieux's scholarly and critical contribution to folk-lore makes his early death the more to be regretted. Gaston Paris' words regarding his own intellectual attitude—"What awakens and sustains the ardour of the scholar, in researches that may sometimes seem scarcely worth the time and trouble they take, is the thought that he is helping to build that great monument, the history of the human mind"—may well be applied to Doncieux, who like his master was a seeker after truth, and no specialist in the narrow sense of the word.

ROBERT BROWNING. By Edward Dowden. The Temple Biographies. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

TILL now, Browning has not been over-fortunate in his biographers. The "*Life*" by Mrs. Orr was somewhat of a disappointment; it was felt that, though the writer had probably done the best with her materials, the result was, nevertheless, inadequate. Then came the compilations—Mr. William Sharp's in 1890, and, last year, Mr. G. K. Chesterton's, in which, alas! there was more of Mr. Chesterton than of Browning. Happily the task of writing the memoir for the "*Temple Biographies*" has fallen to the lot of Dr. Dowden, who here shows himself not only an acute yet sympathetic critic, but an eminently careful and fair biographer. The book, of course, does not come into comparison with the writer's much more elaborate "*Life of Shelley*." All that Dr. Dowden had to do was to provide a summary of the information already available; and this he has done in very workmanlike fashion. He has evidently absorbed all the literature of the subject, even where it has taken the form of magazine articles. The outcome of his labours is a monograph, simple, clear, sufficient. The

* Cf. Bédier, *Hommage à Gaston Paris* (Champion).

student of Browning will still have to go for details to Mrs. Orr, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Gosse ("*Personalia*"), and the Browning Letters; but for the purposes of the general reader Dr. Dowden does all that is necessary



Illustration from "*Pa Gladden*." (Hodder & Stoughton)

and does it most pleasantly as well as accurately. Particularly agreeable is his treatment of the love-making which preceded Browning's marriage; it is marked by much tender humour. Dr. Dowden does not draw a sharp dividing line between his biographical and his critical pages. On the contrary, the criticism arises out of the biography, Browning's several publications being dealt with in their chronological order. This may not satisfy everybody; but, seeing that Dr. Dowden's main duty is biographical, we think he has adopted the right course. The method certainly helps to illustrate the intellectual development of the poet. It is always important to know the circumstances in which a writer produces his works, the conditions by which they were affected. In this respect the book before us should prove useful. It should also supply the student with many fruitful suggestions. Great as has been the bulk of the criticism on Browning, to which Dr. Dowden has himself contributed, there is nevertheless much in this volume which will come freshly to many. The analysis of the plays is particularly well done. "*Browning's tragedies are tragedies without villains. The world is here the villain, which has baits and bribes and snares wherewith to entangle its victims, to lure down their mounting aspirations, to dull their vision for the things far-off and faint*" (page 55). "*In creating his chief dramatis personæ, Browning distributes among them what he found within himself, and they fall into two principal groups—characters in which the dominating power is intellect, and characters in which*

the mastery lies with some lofty emotion" (page 56). Dr. Dowden elsewhere notes that, though Browning possessed "a considerable gift of humour," it was humour not of the highest or finest or subtlest kind; it was very far from the humour of Shakespeare or of Cervantes" (page 125). The book contains some excellent portraits and other illustrations.

THE ELIZABETHAN LYRIC: A STUDY. By John Erskine, Ph.D. (Macmillan, 6s.)

THIS is a volume of the series called "Studies in English," issued from the Columbia University of America. It is distinctly unlike the exercises, in an amazing pseudo-scientific jargon, which have brought the name of American Professor into considerable literary disrepute on this side the water. Quite the contrary, it ranks with the best work of our English Universities and thoroughly deserves its title of "a study." For here, in a volume of very moderate compass, we have a thorough investigation of the Elizabethan lyric, in its development from pre-Chaucerian times, set forth in clear and careful style. Beginning with the early form of the lyric, it traverses the period of the "Miscellanies," the Sonnets, the Song-Books, and ends with the lyric in the Drama. Further, a preliminary chapter considers the lyric in general, while a final chapter deals with the Elizabethan lyric in its metrical forms. The result is the most complete and careful treatise on the subject, in a compendious form, that we have seen.

A single section may illustrate the thoroughness of Dr. Erskine's handling—that on the lyric in the Elizabethan Song-Books. He remarks that these songs furnish the popular idea of the Elizabethan lyric; which may be defined as one of lightness, briefness, emotional quality, grace and musicalness. This singing quality is generally stated to have arisen from the early association of words with music—to have been a legacy from the music, in fact. But, as Dr. Erskine says, this shows a singular miscomprehension with regard to the character of Elizabethan music. In truth, any one who lights for the first time on an Elizabethan madrigal, with no previous knowledge of its nature, is sadly disappointed at the contrast between the music and the dainty lightness of the poetry. It was the desire to sing the Italian madrigals to English words which founded the Elizabethan lyric school. Now the madrigal was not only a brief lyric form, of six to ten lines, but also a musical form adapted to this lyric stanza. The Elizabethan madrigal was often quite irregular in metrical form, provided it fitted the musical form. And this musical form was a secular adaptation of church music, serious and polyphonic in character, the parts being all of equal importance, and following each other in fugal fashion. There was no place for gaiety or lightness. But, confined to one melodic theme, it compelled brevity and succinctness in the poet, thus exerting a beneficial influence on the English song-writers who soon sprang up. How the English popular song affected it, modifying it to what was called an "Air," with a principal melody, subordination of parts, and repetition of the melody in successive stanzas—whence came the songs of Campion and the best-known Elizabethan lyrists: all this Dr. Erskine traces in a detailed and interesting examination. To many his explanation of these forms will be new and welcome. The entire book is an excellently wrought-out and attractive study of a fascinating subject, which should find a place on the shelves of every lover of literature.

EXAMINATION OF AN OLD MANUSCRIPT PRESERVED IN THE LIBRARY OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND AT ALNWICK, AND SOMETIMES CALLED THE NORTHUMBERLAND MANUSCRIPT, with a two-page facsimile. By T. Le Marchant Douse, B.A. (Taylor & Francis. 2s. 6d.)

IN 1867 there was found at Northumberland House the manuscript of an early work of Francis Bacon. It consists of four "Praises," in which the objects praised are respectively Fortitude, Love, Knowledge, and the Queen. In certain scribbles on the outer sheet that covered the manuscript proper, Baconians somehow find evidence to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Some of the scribbles are written with the MS. right way up, others with it upside down, others again slantwise. As among these scribbles the names of both Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare oftentimes occur, and as the MS. is a work by Bacon, it is necessarily regarded by some as a valuable document in the case of Bacon *versus* Shakespeare. Mr. Douse has a different, and, in our opinion, a more plausible theory. By an ingenious examination of all the scribbled words, he makes out the scribbler to have been John Davies of Hereford (1565?-1618), poet and writing master. He taught writing for a long series of years in the family of Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland, and it is supposed used the sheet in question, on which was originally written only the titles of the Four Praises and other documents contained in the fastened MS. sheets that followed, to try his pens after he had cut or mended them. Being a scholar, and a lover of literature, having acquaintance among the nobles, and also among the poets and dramatists of his day, in the semi-conscious act of random scribbling, whether to try his pens or to furnish his pupils with models of fine penmanship, it is not wonderful that he should have written, among other kindred things, such names as Shakespeare, Bacon, Sidney, Nash, the Earl of Essex, the Earl of Northumberland, and quotations from "Lucrece" and the "Jew of Malta." We have no space here for the details of Mr. Douse's examination; his conclusion is "that in John Davies of Hereford we have a witness of the very highest character, whose testimony as to the personality and achievements of his contemporaries, and especially of Shakespeare, is based on first-hand knowledge, and is incontestable."

That Mr. Douse's pamphlet is very interesting, and that his arguments are exceedingly well put, there is no gainsaying, but Shakespeare, the man, and his undying works, are happily beyond the need of any such defence.

Fiction

THE RED LEAGUERS. By Shan F. Bullock. With a map. (Methuen, 6s.) Mr. Bullock is hardly the man we should have expected to imagine so sensational an enterprise as the reconquest of Ireland by the Irish, yet this novel is characteristic of him in all but its prophecy. He gives the autobiography of an Irish adventurer from the time when he was persuaded to accept the captaincy of the Armoey commando to the date of his flight to France, when the Republic was drowning in talk. We do not have a bird's-eye view of the movement which for a space turns "E.R." into "I.R.," but we follow our guide through innocent villagers' blood into a little *cul de sac* which he makes for himself by mixing love with war. Beyond doubt this Captain Shaw, who conscientiously records the insult and scorn to which he was subject, interests enough to extort the confession that one has a sneaking regard for him. That is high praise, for it is just this sneaking regard which cannot be produced save by some one very human and therefore arrantly alive. The

principal members of Shaw's commando are a pair of artistic successes; Christy the cruel and copious, babbling of strategy and Napoleon, has the reality which satire is too humorous to provide. To palliate the excesses of his Republicans, Mr. Bullock's adventurer might have depicted the harsh aspect of Ulster Presbyterianism, but he has refrained, and the magnanimous Sassenach must imagine it for himself. What, by the way, is the value of the elaborate error in the map?

THE DELIVERANCE. By Ellen Glasgow. (Constable, 6s.) In this romance of the Virginian tobacco fields we welcome an unusual and remarkable novel, which will add fresh laurels to Miss Glasgow's fame. There is a breadth of treatment, a skilful handling of great natural emotions, an all-pervading atmosphere, which mark out this novel from most of its fellows. It is a story of natural animal instincts, of hate and love, of revenge and remorse, which, passing through the refining fire of sorrow and self-sacrifice, are finally subdued unto the life of the spirit. The entire action of the story takes place in a little village in Virginia some thirty years after slavery was abolished. Christopher Blake, a young giant of the soil, is the rightful but defrauded owner of Blake Hall, where his ancestors had gallantly if recklessly lived for two hundred years. His birthright has been taken from him by his father's one-time overseer, who took advantage of the Blake prodigality and heedlessness to ruin the family and send them forth homeless and penniless. Christopher Blake, his blind mother and two sisters, are living in a mere hovel when the story opens. The overseer, who has been in possession of Blake Hall for some twenty years, has a grandson and a granddaughter. Christopher attempts to pay back his debt of revenge by ruining the grandson. The story of Christopher's inevitable but fiercely fought-against love for Maria, the granddaughter, is a fine piece of writing. All the minor characters in the book are careful, vivid studies, especially that of the blind mother, who is never told of their change of fortunes, and whose injunction to her son on her death bed is "Remember to be a gentleman, and you will find that that embraces all morality and a good deal of religion." Altogether a book instinct with life, not paper-and-ink life, but real life; the characters live and breathe, hate and love with an unforgettable intensity and truth.

PA GLADDEN. By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.) The "Pa Gladden" stories will probably be familiar to many readers through the medium of American magazines, in which they have been appearing for some time past. The early death of the authoress after these her first attempts at literature has given an added interest to the tales. "Pa Gladden" is a delightfully quaint character in his whole-hearted generosity, his tenderly optimistic views of mankind, that reminds one a little of that well-known heroine of American fiction, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Pa Gladden has many of the characteristics that endeared Mrs. Wiggs to so many readers. The little rosy-cheeked man, tender alike to man and beast, who sees the hand of his Creator in every thing, and hears His voice in every sigh of the wind or ripple of the stream, is a distinct personality. Perhaps to the English reader the dialect is a little too broad to be read easily. He says to his horse Cephy, a reformed animal, "Oh yes, Cephy, I'm a pore worm jes like thet wriggly brown one thar, jes an atom, ez the elder says, but I feel clean ter the bone that the Omnipotent has mastered his hull job. I don' hol' thet one creetur he has made air overlooked or fergotten, nary one lost outer his jurisdiction." He and his wife, Drusilla, constitute themselves father and mother to all living things, "sence we hain't no special childern." Each of the stories is woven around Pa Gladden and one of his kindly actions. The scene at the prayer meeting when Pa Gladden rebukes Brother Adam for his self-righteous conduct is very graphic and affords a good picture of the Church of the Dutch Settlement in America. The authoress has, at any rate, evolved a character that will not readily be forgotten.

FACING THE FUTURE, OR THE PARTING OF THE WAYS. By Robert Thynne. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) On a

very slight thread of story the author has drawn into sequence the various aspects of thought in the Anglican Church: the High Church sympathy with the ritual and dogmas of the Church of Rome, the Protestant adhesion to the faith of the Reformers, and the progressive spirit which would reconcile science and religion. The narrative gathers about Dr. Thorn and his household. This reverend gentleman has been diverted from his clerical career by his mathematical pursuits, and has held for some years an Oxford professorship. The peace of his student life is suddenly broken by a letter from the Prime Minister offering him the vacant episcopal see of Twickenham. Therewith come searchings of heart as to his own convictions regarding the incertitude and contradictions which are making of the Church of England "a house divided against itself." He inclines to the party which recognises the validity of scientific methods as applied to the truths of the Christian revelation. In sharp contrast with him are two of the ritualistic order—the Rector, Dr. Ducie, keeping outwardly a moderate course, though secretly a member of the various societies within the English Church working for the interests of Rome; and his curate, Reginald Lyster, openly pledged to all efforts for reunion with Rome. The author's allegiance is given to the Protestant party, but no reformer's zeal can excuse the spirit of the chapters on the Society of the Holy Cross and the Anglican Sisterhood at Tower Abbey. Therein are Jesuitical and Inquisitorial methods without a suggestion of the spiritual exaltation which justifies ascetic practices and withdrawal from the world. Not content with these studies within the Church, the book is overweighted with a summary of the philosophy of Comte, given in a conversation between the bishop-elect and his brother, an exponent of the religion of humanity. The book is not imaginative literature, despite a feeble love story, and the form of fiction seems chosen for oblique and inferential attacks upon the motives and methods of the High Church adherents. Among the virtues called forth by religious controversy, the author does not hold that "the greatest of these is Charity."

Short Notices

TWO THOUSAND MILES IN WHARFEDALE. By Edmund Bogg. Illustrated. (Heywood; Sampson; and Miles, 7s. 6d.) Wharfe, as everybody knows, is a river in Yorkshire, but by grace of the Romans she has a goddess Verbeia, whose benediction should rest on Mr. Bogg and his coadjutors for this recast of an entertaining book. One might call it monumental were it not for its chattiness and its charming illustrations, particularly those of country landscape by Mr. Owen Bowen, and the architectural drawings by Mr. Alfred Sutton. A region which includes Bolton Abbey, and recalls Harry Hotspur, and that Lord Chief Justice who committed his King's son to prison, exhorts to pilgrimage, but once started upon it the pilgrim may agreeably forget his goal. Perhaps the place of his oblivion may be Tadcaster, famous for ale. "In the reign of Edward III. there appear to have been two established brewhouses in Tadcaster . . . the former with a stock of the value of ten shillings, and the latter five shillings." Among many droll stories illustrative of Wharfedale life, the following, of a couple who lived near Bramham, suggests that there may have been a settlement of Swabians in the district. "One night, before retiring to rest, Jemmy said, 'Ah say, Nanny, we nobbut 'ev two matches i' t'hoose, ah think ah'll try 'em afore ah goa to sleep, and see ef they be reight uns.'" They were "reight" then, but to his surprise they were wrong next morning. Yorkshire wit twinkles in some clerical stories. When Parson Alcock found a joker had mixed the pages of his sermon, he coolly read them as he found them, saying to his congregation, "You can digest it when you get home." The Wharfedale of to-day, however, particularly rejoices in the fame of the Rev. Robert Collyer, once a blacksmith, whose American devotees acquired the anvil on which he hammered and the bell that summoned him to work.

HADES: THE GRAVE IN HADES, OR THE CATACOMBS OF THE BIBLE AND OF EGYPT. By S. F. Pells. (Skeffington, 5s. net.) This work is published as a kind of footnote to the author's translation of the Septuagint, the Greek version of the Hebrew Scriptures, and contains in the form of appendices, among other things, Aristæus' history of that version and the accounts of it given by Philo-Judæus and Josephus. But its immediate purpose is to show that the Old Testament teaches and implies nothing of an intermediate state, and that the requirements of the contexts in which occur the words *sheol* and *bar*, generally rendered "hell," are satisfied by the word "catacomb." The resurrection, he concludes, gains in significance and importance when we suppose the dead to rise re-created from the very dust into which in the grave (*sheol*) they have been dissolved, and in some way, too, which is not made very clear, he considers the idea consolatory to the survivors. It is not for us in the little space at our disposal to examine at length the order of his argument; but when he asks "How is it possible for the same word to mean 'grave' in one place and 'the abode of departed spirits' in another place?" we are bound to confess that the implied argument leaves us unconvinced. Is it not in fact the rule in every language to find that words by which are commonly denoted supernatural or metaphysical notions have at an earlier stage in their history natural or physical senses? Think of spirit, *anima*, *πνεῦμα*, heaven. And the Old Testament is not a single document, or even a literature of a single age. However, Mr. Pells' account of burial customs is valuable, and the publishers have done all justice to what is on the whole a monograph of real interest.

ADVENTURES ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD. By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond (Mrs. Main). (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.) "Dear Heart," said Tommy, when Mr. Barlow had finished his narrative, "what a number of accidents people are subject to in this world!" "It is very true," answered Mr. Barlow, "but as that is the case, it is necessary to improve ourselves in every possible manner, so that we may be able to struggle against them." This improving quotation from "Sandford and Merton" is an apt text for Mrs. Le Blond's new book on Alpine climbing, its perils, risks, and necessary precautions. The book is not primarily intended for the climber, but rather for those who do their climbing in a club arm-chair, and desire all the spice of adventure with the minimum of discomfort. And really the thing could hardly be better done. Here is a fat but not unwieldy volume of some three hundred pages, replete with authentic tales of hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field, illustrated with many excellent photographs of snow, rock, crevasses, séracs, slab-climbing, glaciers, avalanches, gissades, and moraines; there is a good index, a glossary of mountaineering terms, and a dedication to Joseph Imboden, "my guide and friend for twenty years," to whose skill, courage, and helpful comradeship due and merited tribute is paid. Altogether a thoroughly interesting and well-compiled book, in every way a worthy sequel to "My Home in the Alps" and "True Tales of Mountain Adventure."

GOD AND MUSIC, by John Harrington Edwards (J. M. Dent & Co.), is a gracefully written book about music, its nature and its power, which many may read with pleasure without feeling the slightest obligation to endorse its author's conclusion that it furnishes irrefragable evidence of a personal Deity. Mr. Edwards brings together most of the fine things and a good many of the foolish ones which have been called forth by music from writers of all ages, and appears to imagine that by collating in this manner these tributes to the power of organised sound he has thereby proved his case. Those therefore who, misled by the portentous solemnity of the author's preface, peruse his work in the expectation of finding therein some new and original "evidences of Christianity" may well be disappointed. But all who are fond of music may take pleasure at least in the eloquent testimony, not to any theological system, but to the power of the art over the hearts and minds of men, which the numerous and apt quotations in Mr. Edwards' pages disclose.

Reprints and New Editions

The reprints this week now lying before me on my study table are, I am inclined to think, more interesting and numerous than usual.

I take up a small but stout grey volume with a dainty white back, which will, alas! soon lose its pristine freshness on my bookshelves, Wordsworth's **PRELUDE**. (The King's Poets. Moring, 3s. 6d. net.) It reminds me immediately of a book I have just been reading, "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen," in which Elizabeth's matter-of-fact irreverent cousin says, pointing to the Prelude, "This is great rubbish." It is the only book Elizabeth takes with her in her wanderings on the island of Rügen. "I take it wherever I go; and I have read it and read it for many summers without yet having entirely assimilated its adorable stodginess." This present edition is prefaced by an admirable introduction by Basil Worsfold, and also contains a map of the Wordsworth country. Having begun with poetry, I will glance at the other books of verse. A very small dainty volume, so small that "volume" seems too ponderous a word for it, contains another edition of FitzGerald's **OMAR KHAYYAM**. (Methuen, 1s.) We have had so many editions that it seems hardly possible to find a home lacking the Sage of Naishápúr. If there is, I can commend this present edition, excellent alike in print and binding. What a treasure for a single shilling! Another expression of the wisdom of the East is **THE ODES OF CONFUCIUS**, rendered into verse by L. Cranmer-Byng. (The Orient Press, 1s. net.) These odes so many centuries old are still included in the ordinary school curriculum in China, called "The Shi King, or Book of Poetry." The twenty or so odes before me are taken from that volume, based on the prose translations of Professor Legge. The excellent frontispiece drawn by Mr. E. J. Sullivan to a volume of **TENNYSON'S POEMS** (Newnes, 3s. 6d. net) at once strikes the eye. The volume contains the poems written between 1830 and 1859, including "The Idylls of the King."

Now for prose. In that delightful series the "Red Letter Library" I have **THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE** and De Quincey's **CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER** (Blackie, 2s. 6d. each net), the latter containing an introduction by Charles Whibley. Side by side in this Library, yet how different in substance. Is it possible that they are united by their inherent truth? Mr. Whibley says "De Quincey was no hypocrite. His Confessions are a masterpiece of candour. He set down all things with no other desire than to tell the truth." Although De Quincey belongs to the century just passed away, he was to the end of his life as much a Pagan in heart as was St. Augustine before his conversion. De Quincey was born out of his time.

How many childish memories Harrison Ainsworth's **TOWER OF LONDON** recalls (The Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books, Methuen, 3s. 6d. net), remembrances of closely printed pages eagerly devoured, old-fashioned woodcuts haunting childish dreams. Now it seems a very thick book to read, then it was all too short. The only fault we have to find with the present edition is that the print is rather small and trying to the eyes, a serious matter nowadays, when our eyes have so many demands upon them.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE and **DAVID COPPERFIELD** lie before me in uniform editions. (Blackie, 2s. 6d. each.) Chris Hammond's drawings almost do justice to Jane Austen's delightful creations, and this is high praise. I think I do not like the story of Elizabeth Bennet in this binding; it is too vivid, giving not the least hint of the joys to be found within. The delicate touch, the quiet humour, the exquisite yet indescribable charm of Jane Austen demand a dainty binding. I am looking at some charming pale grey volumes before me on my bookshelves. "David Copperfield," somehow, does not demand so delicate a binding; a strong serviceable cover suits the more robust humour of Charles Dickens. The illustrations to this last are admirable.

F. T. S.

Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

XIII.—On Intellectual Society

ONCE I was called distinctly cultured. My passion for literature and all the fine arts is known: I am a little proud of my library, and, to this day, I travel with pocket volumes of Catullus, Homer, Dante, Saint-Simon and one or two others, in my port-manteau. I have read, and read, and read: I have views about architecture, ethnology, medical science, politics, and virtue. To my alarm—or is it to my relief?—I find that I can no longer discuss these profound subjects with the old zest: I prefer to hear why oaks won't grow in the east plantation, why the *chef* decided to postpone his marriage, why the Bletherings no longer smile at the Winterwolds, what Sir Charles said to the grocer, and how Mrs. Garing bore the news of Colonel Tottenham's engagement. It may be very trivial, but it is, at its pettiest, alive. And to be alive—even on a minute scale—is so much. Intellectual talk is all very well in its way, but it is mighty exhausting. A moment strikes when one can hear theories and criticisms no more: when long discussions of this or that book, this or that system of thought, excite terror and involve a nervous collapse: when the mere sight of a learned essay fills one with quakings, shakings, nausea: when the remarks of the tremendous Mr. X. on the enormous Mr., or Monsieur, or Herr, or Signor Y. do not seem to matter. Yet I love my books and my fine arts far better than ever. I understand them better; but I can no longer talk about them: it would seem as futile as an incessant discourse on my best friends or my nearest relatives. So, when a well-meaning acquaintance asked me the other day whether I thought the younger Dumas had much in common with Euripides, and if the Creevey Papers did not remind me of the Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz, I could no more: I said: "Not that! not that!" just as heroes say it in melodrama: I owned to the astonished scholar that I would sooner pore over "Tit-bits" and the "Referee" than hear a syllable about the French Impressionists, the Tendencies of Modern Spiritualism, or the Differences between the German and the English stage.

"Nature," said my acquaintance, "is taking her revenge. This is the result of overstudy."

Perhaps he was right, because I feel that I do no credit at all to my education, to my distinguished tutors, to my learned companions. But my most learned companions will forgive me if I confess that when we are all quite alone by ourselves, our conversation seldom turns on abstract ideas. We are scandalmongers, we retail gossip, we tell yarns about the absent, we meet to hear the news, and we do not disappoint each other. If any one of us even murmured the name of Hegel, or Masterlinck, or D'Annunzio, or even Leopardi (for a change), I think he would soon wish he had not spoken. The wearisomeness of so-called intellectual prattle is a cause of half the depression we find among literary people. They will seldom be natural: *il faut se faire valoir* is a first principle in cultured circles, or on the accomplished creatures go: if one is mad enough to refer to a new book, lo! all the brows are knit; Aristotle and Schopenhauer, the "Revue des deux Mondes," and Walter Pater are hurled at one's bewildered brain. "But surely—" "Is it finite?" "Did Browning not say it as well?" "Has it never been said quite so

piteously before?" these fly around one's head; few are equal to the strain. As for me, I have conversation endings to match chess openings. A great favourite in endings is this: "Beyond question, Mullins is too delightful." Mullins is my generic name for the genius of the second. Sometimes, if I am still comparatively animated, I go further, and add: "Mullins deserves all that is said of him. I love Mullins."

Such candour, however, will provoke ill-will. I have known a whole company to turn round and declare that "Poor Mullins has had his vogue." I persist, "All that was ever good in Mullins remains good. Therefore, I will love my Mullins."

The joke is that they do not wish me to love Mullins. They wish me to say those things against his, or her, work which they secretly think. When I remember the useless battles I have fought for many a Mullins, I reproach myself for the wanton waste of energy. How much wiser it is to live peaceably either among the deeply learned—who are always simple—or the healthy illiterate—who are simple also.

I have heard of a lady of rare talents who married what is called an "outdoors" man. She was a charming lady, with all the insidious sympathetic grace of a born artist, and many of the usual flesh and blood attractions. But she went, accompanied by the "outdoors" man (otherwise the slave of the lamp), to queer picturesque insanitary towns in Greece, where long-haired experts were constantly finding the lost fragments of Aeschylus. The erudition of these individuals at first dazzled the "outdoors" man: then he became envious: then morose: then bored: now he is dangerously ill. Intellectual conversation has driven him frantic. When I last heard of him, however, he was digging in the sand with a professor of astronomy. They pretended that they were amusing the professor's children. I believe myself that the children were trying to relieve the anguish of two utterly weary men. Within the house the lady with the rare talents was painting a sunset, while a gentleman of languid appearance was playing "marvellous" bits from Palestrina on a mandoline—of all instruments. There are, I remember, many, many mansions in Paradise.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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Egomet

I DISLIKE uniformity. No two pictures in my room are framed alike; why should they be? The frame should be appropriate to the picture, just as a woman's costume should be suited to her face and figure, a fact of which the majority of women do not seem to be cognisant. My books are almost in the same case, for I abominate sets—at any rate sets of authors. I like to pick up my volumes of Fielding, or of Goldsmith, or of Dickens, or of Miss Austen, or of Hawthorne, one by one; Edinburgh editions and such have no attractions for me. Indeed I have few sets and those only because I needs must. Thackeray, for example; of his works I have a complete set, neatly bound in red cloth, which I was compelled to purchase, because the introductions by Mrs. Ritchie contained biographical matter not elsewhere obtainable. Of no other novelist have I any "edition." My Dickens is most varied, big volumes and little, thin and fat, plain and illustrated, and so I like it to be. There is an unfamiliar,

unfriendly air about a serried array of companion volumes; variety in books, as in other matters, charms me.

A book buyer and a book collector are distinct personalities; any man with money can purchase books, only a book lover will collect them. To the latter class I affirm that I belong. Rare editions, expensive *éditions de luxe*, have no attractions for me—even though I cannot afford them. Some of my dearest friends wear but seedy habits, some of the volumes of my choice have but shabby bindings. All that I ask for is good matter and good manner, the latter including white paper, clear, clean print, a decent margin to the pages, a simple title-page and that the volume shall open easily without complaining cracks and creaks.

Yes; my bookshelves present a very motley appearance, the which is an additional claim upon my affection. I love, too, to arrange my volumes to suit my own will; here stand Dickens' novels, while in a far-off corner are my Dickens books; here is Master William Shakespeare together with lives of him, studies of him and various works upon his London, the while my other London books are in another room. Here a bookcase full of novels; then a shelf and a half of poetry and a like space devoted to essays. Here my literary books, lives and studies; a baker's dozen or so of volumes of English history, a handful of books upon Japan; twenty or thirty volumes on art and architecture; various travel books, history of Ireland books, and a spacious corner devoted to books on the noble art of cookery. Cookery books not literature, forsooth! And, pray, why not?

Then I had until lately a corner where I kept homeless books, which, not yet having been read, could claim no regular place. But, alas, that corner is no more and there are many books upon my shelves crying out, "Please, come read me!" So I will, big and little books, when I may.

But of all my books, next to my London and my Shakespeare, with which they are closely connected, first cousins at the least, do I love best my play and play-house volumes. There is much good, though not always savoury, reading in dead plays, dead to the stage but living to the student of bygone days and old-time fashions. If you would know your Shakespeare's London, read his plays with a Londoner's eye and read those of his contemporaries; what a hale, hearty town was that London of Elizabeth. I feel that I know its streets and sights and sounds better almost than I do those of the town to-day.

I never envy those who can walk into a bookshop and purchase volumes by the score; such people must exist for the bookseller's sake, but in themselves they are nothing worth. Give me the man who, with a few spare shillings, goes out into the town, who hovers around the second-hand bookshops and who balances the value of this book and that—the value to him—before he lays down his money and takes up his treasure. Such a man am I; how many a pleasant hour have I spent, pottering about bookshop windows. I am seldom brave enough to enter the shop until I have made up my mind to buy. As for beating down a price—I should lose my self-respect, of which I have my share, did I under-

take unseemly haggling. Even on rainy nights, I have stood comfortless before bookstalls, peering into misty windows, my money burning so that I knew I must go in and buy. Oh, the dear delight of book-buying; is there any pleasure upon earth—or in Heaven—which with it can compare? Not one.

E. G. O.

Mr. Gordon Craig's School of Theatrical Art

MR. GORDON CRAIG has the advantage of youth, of enthusiasm, of being a master in the art of colour, of understanding the essential art of music, and above all he appreciates the dramatic value of the action of the human body and of the human voice. He is fortunately bent on creating a school of acting.

Let us look at the stage as we know it to-day. There is one man who stands alone and above all others—Henry Irving. He is the master of every dramatic faculty—his voice, his action, his every movement utter the emotion that he would send across the footlights and arouse in your ears and hearts and eyes. He never makes a false step, never sounds a false note. With his hands he can express more than many actors with all their faculties. He can hold an audience absolutely alone. Then, a little below him, there are some dozen or a couple of dozen brilliant actors who can also hold an audience quite alone. Below these, a considerable gap, are some seventy or eighty actors who, with the aid of a few others of the like power, can hold an audience. And for the rest there are some nineteen thousand players who cannot hold an audience at all. Now it is clear that it is that mass of fourth-rate players to which we must look for dramatic salvation for the stage as a whole. And it seems to me that Mr. Gordon Craig's scheme is aimed to do just exactly this thing.

Now, in all the arts there is one thing clear: before an artist can utter the best that is in him, the craft of his art must have become a confirmed habit. The painter must not be learning how to draw or how to use his paint when he ought to be bending all his technical powers to producing the poetic emotion he wishes to transfer to his public. So Mr. Craig's aim is to make the body absolutely at ease in the rendering of the dramatic intention before the voice, and the voice likewise at ease before the living entity of a character is essayed by the player.

Enter the pupil. Mr. Craig begins by trying to dissuade the aspirant from going on the stage at all. The aspirant, being obdurate, becomes at once a part of a theatrical company to which he gives his whole service, first as an apprentice, and then as a member—a company of players all of whom are learning the elements, not with the view of being passed on to London theatres, but with the object of playing in their own theatrical company, the company in which they receive their training, and undergo that training with the ambition of eventually making that company the best in London. They are there, in fact, to produce plays. Now, obviously they are useless for the practical production of a play until they have mastered the essentials of their art. It is useless to thrust them on to a stage to merely watch a star act; they have got to act the play themselves. So they learn first of all to express action with the mute body, then with the voice. They must, in plain terms, learn to give the audience the whole clue to their dramatic intention by the action of the body before they are allowed to speak a line. They must stand easily, move easily, express all the simple emotions easily, then proceed to the delineation of the

passions. And then, and then only, are they allowed to use the voice. As soon as they can express emotion and action with the body and voice they must play each one his separate part on the stage according to his talents—playing that part always as a part of a whole, not as a subsidiary chorus to a star—in fact, each one helping the rest to hold the audience by combination where, separately, they could not. With this theatrical school, Mr. Craig does not aim at founding a State-aided theatre, or a hobby, but a theatre that shall depend for its very existence on the public good will. With it he means to produce plays, and to stand or fall by the popular verdict upon those plays, in competition with the best playhouses in London. The elimination of the star actor is not only essential to the full development of the young actors; but it will also enable those actors to receive an all-round remuneration—not, be it noted, from any objection to the star actor; in fact, as soon as an actor shows a restless desire to get above the others, he will be free to pass on to the London theatres, where at least he will start with his faculties developed; but he will not be allowed to star, or to attempt to star, in the dramatic commonwealth which is to be Mr. Craig's company. It will be seen that the school will be in a sense a repertory company. It will also produce new plays. It will produce "poetic" drama and "realistic" drama. And it will, above all things, produce poetic drama in a poetic spirit—Mr. Craig's aim in making the colour and arrangement of the scenery and grouping attune to the mood of each scene and act has already been attempted with signal success for opera and Shakespeare and Ibsen. He hopes to bring up a school of actors to work together so that colour and voice and action and every dramatic faculty in unison, the one as important as the other, shall express the emotion that the playwright desires to be transferred across the footlights into our ears and eyes and hearts. Of one thing we may rest assured, that if something is not at once done, the poetic drama will soon be a dead thing in the greatest land of poets that the world has yet seen. I have a suspicion of State-aided academies for keeping an art alive. The function of an academy is to preserve tradition; while, on the other hand, genius comes, and in order to utter itself has generally to begin by destroying tradition, bringing tradition indeed down into a clattering wreckage, and, having revived the art of which it is the glory and the light, it dies, to become in its turn the source of a hide-bound tradition. Academies are in their essence destructive to all great creative art.

HALDANE MACFALL.

Science

The Living Mantle of God

WE shall get as near as is possible, I fancy, to the materialist conception of the Cosmos by saying that it consists of two entities, matter and motion, which are constantly undergoing redistribution. The motion is regarded, at any rate by some, as a mere function of the matter, which is supposed to consist of small, hard, rounded atoms, something like very small grains of sand. More latterly, a materialist of a less unscientific school, the notorious Haeckel, of Jena, has given something more of its real importance to the motion or energy which is always associated with matter. He conceives of two inseparable entities, matter and energy, which constitute

the sum of all things. This admission of the existence of energy does not constitute him any the less a materialist, despite his quibble that energy is spirit. Now, what has contemporary science to say to this creed?

It is refuted by two sciences well-nigh as different as they can be—physics and psychology. First let us consider the judgment of physics. The small, hard, indivisible atom has totally disappeared as a tenable conception. This disappearance, curiously enough, is a blow alike to the materialists, who regarded it as the ultimate reality, and to many of their opponents, who regarded it as bearing the stamp of the "manufactured article"—to quote the phrase of a celebrated physicist of time past. But from henceforth the materialist and the supporter of the orthodox idea of "creation" must find other support than any to be derived from the atom. I need hardly reiterate here our present knowledge of the atom. My readers will remember that radium and radio-activity have shown that atoms consist of a large number of corpuscles or "electrons," which move within the atom as the planets in a solar system. But what is an electron? Is it a small, hard, rounded indivisible body, to which the name of atom should etymologically belong? Not at all, unfortunately for the materialists. The physicists have weighed the electron—which is apparently an invariable entity in all forms of matter—have measured its velocity, and have defined its properties. All its properties are electric. At first they said, "It carries a charge of electricity." Then they found that its weight—i.e., its inertia—is electric, and so they had to say, "It is a charge of electricity." Modify this a little further, and observe the significant conclusion. An electron is a unit charge of electricity. Why not then call it, as Sir Oliver Lodge suggests, an atom of electricity? But electricity is not a material thing, but a form of energy. So an electron is *an atom of energy*, and we have resolved all matter into a congeries of atoms of energy. Plainly, therefore, the term "Materialism" is out of date; all the quondam materialist has to do is to say, "Very well, it doesn't affect my position, which simply becomes one of 'energism.' I will call myself an 'energist.' My creed is that the Cosmos consists of Energy."

Obviously it was not worth while to write this article if that was the only conclusion—simply that matter had now been resolved into a form of energy, and that the term materialism could no longer hold. Spencer resolved matter into a manifestation of energy in "First Principles," forty-four years ago, and it was hardly worth while to devote an article to showing that within the last lustrum the physicists have experimentally demonstrated the truth of his reasoning. In the sense that we must refer all phenomena to energy we are all energists nowadays; but let us observe that our position is *toto coelo* apart from that of the materialists. Let us inquire into the value of our pretty verbal counters. We have resolved everything into energy, but what is energy? . . . Don't hurry on to the next paragraph. Make up your mind quite clearly and positively. First get a definite intelligible answer to the question—if you can.

Now what has psychology to say? Psychology has disposed of the old theory of "innate ideas." Locke did that for us, but Kant regarded time and space as the *a priori* forms of thought. Oxford and Cambridge still swear by Kant, of course, but modern psychology—if, indeed, I should not say physiology—has analysed all our perceptions of time and space, and can tell us how they are formed in our consciousness. The dogma of "innate ideas" having been proved false, we have to

recognise that all we know are states of consciousness derived, as not even the idealist questions in his heart of hearts, from our sensory impressions of the external world. But only the child and the unreflecting imagine that the external world is anything like our sense-pictures of it. Conceive the fibres of the auditory nerve running to the visual centres, and those of the optic nerve running to the auditory centre, so that you see the music and hear the conductor conduct. What sort of an external world is it then? We know nothing but phenomena or appearances. The noumena, or things-in-themselves, we can never know. All philosophy converges upon this truth. Physics has resolved all things into energy. But you have tried to conceive energy, and have failed. Psychology tells us that all we know are states of consciousness which tell us of phenomena, and phenomena are the attributes of energy, whereby we know that it exists, but know it-in-itself we never can. It is the Unknowable of Spencer, who taught that we are "ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."

Science, then, gives us indeed a mechanical universe and an absolute determinism—I leave it to one of my critics to explain his use of the term "crudest determinism"—but an enlightened science, knowing psychology as well as physics, teaches that this mechanical universe is but the phenomenon, behind which there is a noumenon "from which all things proceed." Some of us go a little further: and if you agree with us, "the stars of midnight shall be dear to you," as they never could be to Wordsworth's child. They shall be dear to you because, in the words of Tennyson's profoundly philosophical poem, "The Higher Pantheism," they are "the Vision of Him who reigns." I pray you look up that poem.

"Law is God, say some; no God at all, says the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;
And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?"

Pregnant and noble words, yet I give you greater, the phrase of that unique figure, unique because consummate alike as artist and scientist, the greatest of a great race, the poet-philosopher Goethe. What was his name for that which the fool in his folly was pleased to call a "fortuitous concourse of atoms"? To Goethe, as to many of us to-day, the Cosmos is "the living mantle of God."

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

AMID the dust raised by the discussion as to whether it would be well or not to found a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in London sight is sometimes lost of much good work that is already being done to extend knowledge and appreciation of Shakespeare's works among English-speaking peoples. Bare reference is all that is needed to Mr. Beerbohm Tree's and Mr. Benson's touring companies, which enable provincial towns to witness representations of Shakespeare's plays more frequently than we can in London. In a quieter but equally effective way excellently good work is being done by The British Empire Shakespeare League, which was formed three years ago, and which, though young, is influential.

It is usually forgotten that beside theatrical representation and private reading of Shakespeare's plays there is another and valuable method of studying those works, namely—public readings. It is not always possible—or profitable—to incur the expense attaching to a theatrical performance, and in addition to this consideration there are several of the plays which would not prove sufficiently attractive to the general public to make them appeal to any manager. Further, there are countless small towns and villages where no theatres exist. Further still, for purposes of stage representation in the present day of lethargy and late dinners, the plays are hopelessly shorn and lopped by actors and managers. It is in respect of all these considerations that such an association as the Shakespeare League above mentioned should be warmly supported.

UNDER the auspices of the League many professional actresses and actors have assisted in public readings in London and many large centres in the provinces. Elsewhere members of the League, after adequate and careful rehearsal, have read plays to their fellow members and to the general public. It cannot be doubted that these public readings will act as an excellent stimulant to the study of Shakespeare. Such readings at schools and colleges should prove to the younger folk that Shakespeare is not "dry rot." The annual subscription to the League is merely nominal, and all Shakespeareans will wish that it may live long and prosper, a wish that will be fulfilled if only backed by practical assistance.

It is notable how joyless are our dramas and comedies to-day, how lacking in jollity and lightheartedness. Is the world of men and women really so old and so gray? Is the joy of life dead? Or is it merely that this state of affairs is further proof, if such were needed, of how greatly out of touch with life is the theatre? The hero of a modern drama or comedy is usually a dull dog; he takes himself and all his doings in such terrible earnest; he never lets himself go, I suppose that would be bad form; he makes love in a manner so highly polished that we cannot but feel that it is the perfection of practice; he never shows any spontaneous emotion; he walks icily through life and—to sum up—bores us as apparently he bores himself. As for the so-called Romantic drama, with a big, big R, its heroes are still more depressing; beautiful sometimes to look on, but, oh, how we long to stick a pin into them so that the sawdust may run out and the dolls collapse!

THE full-blooded vitality of the older drama is a standing wonder to us degenerate folk. When again will a playwright draw for us a live young man, with a heart that beats and with blood in his veins? One who takes no thought of the morrow or of yesterday, but revels in the sense of his being alive to-day? One who does not think or talk overmuch, but who does something or longs to do something every moment? When shall we have such another as Mercutio, who lived if ever man lived, or a Prince Hal, or a Hotspur, or a Tybalt, or even a King Claudius or Macbeth? Or a Marlow, or a Charles Surface? In fact, when again shall we be granted a man not a clothes-prop? The dramatist of to-day has apparently given up the young hero as a hopeless case and has set up in his place the man of forty, which is very flattering to the latter. There are indeed, heaven be thanked, signs of amend-

ment. A great part of the charm of "Cousin Kate" lay in the fact that this merry comedy was lighthearted and joyous; the hero was a young man full of life and energy; as we looked on we were taken away from everyday worries, we were boys and girls again and all the world was young. So was it too in "Old Heidelberg," in which Mr. George Alexander renewed his youth, to the delight of many of us.

Yes, to-day we are apt to be old, serious, grim; let us offer up a prayer to our playwrights to remind us now and again that there is light in life still, that romance is not dead and that high spirits are not inimical to high thinking. Not all the problems of life are serious!

In "The Nineteenth Century" Mr. Henry Arthur Jones delivers himself of a vigorous attack upon the drama and the theatre of to-day. With much of what he writes every one will agree, but not with all. He rightly points out that in trying to put the drama right by first setting right the theatre we are making a mistake, that we are putting the cart before the horse, but throughout his argument he seems to underestimate the value of the cart; horse and cart must be harnessed together and work in accord if any progress is to be made. His plea is that the "English drama should be recognised and judged as a distinct literary art." So is it judged, but the judges of to-day assert that the drama of to-day has no literary merit. There's the rub.

No, I do not think Mr. Jones has probed the question to the bottom. The sickness from which the drama suffers lies deep; the drama has cut itself adrift from its sheet anchor—life. A drama—or a comedy—must deal truly with some human emotion, and it must hold the mirror up to Nature. Neither of these things does the drama of the day achieve, and without them it is nothing worth, and will remain so. Then as to acting, doubtless as a body our actors are neither highly skilled nor highly trained; many of them are admirable, many are not so. What we must aim at is to bring back the drama into touch with life and to found a *répertoire* theatre where the classics of our theatre will be continually and adequately performed.

THEN Mr. Jones tilts at musical comedy. What has musical comedy done to him that he should be so bitter against it? It is not, as I have pointed out before, the increase of light musical entertainments that need be deplored, but the decrease of serious drama, high comedy, and accomplished, earnest acting. The following quotation from Mr. Jones' article will amuse: "Oh, witless debauch of grave, religious England! Oh, converse side of our Puritan buckler! Oh, undergarments of prudery! Oh, burden of bigotry too hard to be borne! Oh, systole! Oh, Exeter Hall! Oh, diastole! Oh, Leicester Square! Oh, land of blind and bitter fury against the drama! Oh, sanctimony! Oh, license! Oh, nauseous pie! Oh, botchery of all our holiday hours!"

THE Stage Society's production of Browning's "A Soul's Tragedy" will take place at the Court Theatre. In order to provide seats for the greatly increased membership of the Society the committee has found it neces-

sary to announce a further afternoon performance of the play on Tuesday, March 15, in addition to that already fixed for Monday, March 14. This will make it possible for a limited number of seats to be sold to



MISS ELLEN TERRY

(At about the age of seventeen)

the public for the Tuesday *matinée*. Applications for these may be made either by letter to the Secretary at the Society's Offices, Trafalgar Buildings, Charing Cross, or (on the day of performance only) to the Court Theatre.

THE Clifton Shakespeare Society is a very live institution, if I may judge by the programme—now before me—of their twenty-ninth session. Among the works selected for reading and criticism by the members are "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Henry V." and "Every Man in His Humour."

Musical Notes

IT is good news that the London "Richters" are not to cease. They have not been too well patronised during the past season and perhaps it is idle for Dr. Richter ever to hope to regain that commanding position which he enjoyed in earlier days, when he had the field so much more to himself. Still it would be universally regretted if such far-famed concerts were to cease to be and it is satisfactory to know that, despite recent reports to the contrary, arrangements are already in hand for a further series. Whether, however, Dr

Richter will continue to bring his Hallé band to London, or rely, as in former years, on players drawn from the Metropolis, remains to be seen. Nor does it very greatly matter what arrangement is adopted so long as Richter himself remains to conduct. Of Richter indeed it might almost be said, what was observed by Voltaire in another connection, "If he did not exist it would be necessary to invent him."

THE indefatigable industry with which the Duke of Argyll pursues in circumstances distinctly dispiriting his chosen rôle of librettist is worthy of unqualified admiration. One has heard of that son of toil who begged for assistance as an out-of-work and on inquiry revealed the fact that his chosen calling was putting on skates; but the Duke of Argyll displays a very different spirit, for he insists on putting on skates, so to say, whether there is the faintest chance of his services proving of any avail or not. For whom his latest libretto is intended, or whether there is any probability of his ever hearing it wedded to immortal song at all, is not stated. But one can hardly conceive of the most determined librettist deliberately undertaking a work of this kind "in the sky" (as Wagner used to put it), so that one must conclude that there is yet another British opera in process of gestation to vex the souls of unappreciative managers and point a moral too little needing further illustration.

THAT was rather amusing evidence which came out in a recent law case in which the proprietors of certain private orchestras were concerned. Certainly it is reassuring to learn that membership of a "White Hungarian" or "Blue Pomeranian" band is by no means incompatible with a sound British patronymic and a nationality which knows nothing of Hungary or Pomerania. The thing has been darkly suspected before, of course, especially perhaps by those who have occasionally addressed friendly words in their vernacular to one or other of these "exiles" to receive a smiling answer in the purest accent of Cockayne. But to have it established beyond dispute in a court of law is even more satisfactory. Distressful native artists who have been eloquent over their displacement by these visitants from foreign parts may henceforward take matters with more philosophy and learn that many a stout British heart may beat beneath the uniform of Ruritania.

ONE of the incidental drawbacks attaching to a colossal salary must be the prodigious sums sacrificed when from any cause the payment otherwise your due is not forthcoming. The thought is suggested by the recent statement that a little dispute between Madame Calvé and Mr. Conried, of the New York Opera, involved a loss to the former of no less than \$14,000 in respect of a single week's engagements. It is true that the figures published in circumstances of this kind seldom bear any very exact relation to the truth, since it is to the equal interest of both manager and vocalist to exaggerate the actual facts. Still, the sum which Madame Calvé sacrificed, whatever it may have been, was certainly no small one—and all, it would appear, because the singer had a fancy for not singing just at that time a particular rôle which the ruthless manager found written in her bond. Truly Art hath her vic-tories no less renowned than war.

In this connection, by the way, another sacrifice, of a more serious nature, at the dictates of principle and conviction, is reported from America, in this case in

relation to the well-known composer Mr. Edward MacDowell. Mr. MacDowell has, it seems, found himself compelled on this score to resign his position—one of the very finest of its kind in the States—at the Columbia University. Particulars are wanting at present as to the precise reasons of Mr. MacDowell's action, though it is known generally that he found himself out of sympathy with the musical ideals and artistic aims of his directors, and gave up his position on this account. Such action speaks volumes for Mr. MacDowell's independence and artistic integrity, and is assuredly deserving, irrespective altogether of the particular matters in dispute, of warm sympathy and admiration. Happily Mr. MacDowell is of those who can do even better work as a composer than as a teacher. Columbia's loss will, it may be hoped, prove the general gain.

"THE CINGALEE; OR SUNNY CEYLON" is quite on the accepted lines of previous successes at Daly's, and there seems not the slightest reason to anticipate that it will find less favour with the public than any of its predecessors. Failure is a word, indeed, which is simply unknown in Mr. George Edwardes' vocabulary, and since he has recently informed a wondering world that, despite their popularity, productions of this order do not really pay, he must be commiserated once again on the prospect of "The Cingalee" enjoying a prolonged run. Indeed, the old apple-woman who lost on every transaction, but made up for it by doing such a large business, is not in it with Mr. Edwardes. But this aspect of the matter is obviously of no concern to the general public, who are content to know that no one gives them better value for their money in this particular kind of article than Mr. Edwardes, and to take full advantage of that fact. "The Cingalee" will attract many a crowded audience for many months to come.

A VERY amusing setting of Goldsmith's "Mad Dog," by Mr. P. H. Williams, a young composer of whom more is likely to be heard, was a welcome novelty at the Ballad Concert last Saturday—the more so since humour, save of the unconscious kind, is so seldom encountered at these, or, for that matter, any other concerts. Why composers should invariably take themselves with such oppressive seriousness has never been satisfactorily explained. But Mr. Williams is evidently not of those who cannot attune their lyres to lighter moods, and the very emphatic success of his song, as sung with immense spirit and humour by Mr. Kennerley Rumford, might well encourage others to experiment in the same direction. Mr. Williams' amusing Wagnerian references were especially appreciated. At the same time another song from his hand, "Day and Night," which Mr. Rumford gave as an encore, showed that he can be equally effective in a totally different vein. This little song, so short, so simple, but so sweet, is, in truth, quite a gem, and if it does not attain much popularity in due course I shall be surprised.

Art Notes

THE Leicester Galleries as usual have a good show of work for the eyes of the jaded picture critic—an exhibition of drawing by E. T. Reed of "Punch" fame. E. T. Reed has a position and a style, an appeal and a public all his own. His pencil sketches show him an accomplished draughtsman; and he transmutes these pencil studies into quaint

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inked line; his fantastic figures thus handled take quaint attitudes and situations that rouse a laugh at the impact of the picture upon the eye. It reminds me of Mark Twain's saying, "First get the truth and then you can distort it as much as you like." Under all E. T. Reed's laughter-provoking extravagance and whimsicality is the severe figure of Truth demurely peeping. In the very animals of the now wide-famed "Prehistoric Peeps," one seemed to be back amidst the solemn guesses of the geological museum—they were all built on the most serious discoveries. E. T. Reed has above all the very gift of a caricaturist, he can exaggerate the personal lines of an individual until the portrait becomes a more pronounced likeness than a legitimate portrait. His predecessor, Mr. Harry Furniss, had none of the true caricaturist's powers, he was best in the absolutely grotesque, and as a consequence E. T. Reed is as funny as his predecessor was dull. Those terrible punning Lika Joka jokes are dead, thank the gods of laughter; and in their place we have a fantastic line that plays round the figure until the very page seems to shake with merriment. It is all full-blooded and jolly as a school-boy. There is something a little cast-iron and hard about his pen-line, yet in it is an individual note that seems to get out of the drawing the whimsicality that he is trying to get across to us. Max Beerbohm, who perhaps actually draws even less well, nevertheless gets an even more telling sense of satire into the biting line with which he draws his caricatures. It is a strange fact, but if you were to employ the whole accomplishment of the Royal Academy you would not get from the best drawing at your service such marvellous humour as E. T. Reed will give you within his strange limitations, nor such a sense of venom as Max Beerbohm puts into his pen-line. A. an absolute artist in his caricature, Sime is of course better than any of the men of to-day, yet his line never gives us the jolly good-nature of E. T. Reed, nor the absolute contempt of Max Beerbohm. Whilst for the political cartoon, to give the essential ridiculousness of a whole political situation, incomparably the wittiest pen is that strangely hard yet so wonderfully telling one that is wielded by Carruthers Gould, whose passionate belief in his political ideals gives to his hand a strength and a rapier lunge that have not been surpassed in our day. But for robustious good-humoured laughter at everybody and everything we must go to E. T. Reed.

THE expressions of opinion in "The Magazine of Art" by artists upon L'Art Nouveau are delightful; and it is full time that such opinions were given. Personally, I think L'Art Nouveau is an abomination. It is destroying furniture and architecture. In France it threatens to spoil the streets of every large city. The very iron railings seem to be becoming possessed with this contorted mad running pattern that is the vile unrest at the centre of the ghastly movement. It is Arts and Crafts gone mad—drunkenly mad. But the worst part of it all is the second-rate and shoddy imitation of it that is simply flooding the shops of the jewellers' and silversmiths' trades. In this stage it seems to contain vulgarities undreamed of even in mid-Victorian years, for at least mid-Victorian furniture was solid, and, if pompous, at any rate aimed at strength. But I see, indeed, it is creeping into several good shops, that threat of these contorted meaningless lines of ornament, a form of decoration that breathes falseness and baseness in every curve. And I regret to say it is creeping into that most simple metal of pewter, to say nothing of

silver. So far, it is but a threat in pewter. And if there is one metal that has been saved from defilement it is pewter. No metal has suffered such debasement as silver. Look at an ordinary cigarette-case, or a cruet, or indeed any silver "ornament," and the probability is that it is a horrible thing. But pewter has escaped. And he who would work in pewter cannot do better than go to Clifford's Inn and see what beauty the old men wrought with this lovely, dull, pleasant metal. They insisted on the roundness of a flagon, on the spoon form of the spoon, on the essential lines of every utensil they touched, and they brought a glory to their craft by consequence, which will never be surpassed.

MESSRS. METHUEN have issued the "Leighton" biography in their charming series of "Little Books on Art." The little biography by Miss Alice Corkran is interesting except when she drops into those terrible descriptions of pictures—the sort of thing that the art critics of a few years ago gave to the press, and that nobody, very wisely, read. The reproductions from Leighton's pictures are not very well chosen, and are far from successful; but the landscape "City of Tombs, Assiout," is beautiful. I do not know whether the coloured ink is to blame, or the downright badness of the process blocks; but I fancy it is as much the choice of the works reproduced.

THE "Connoisseur" for March contains a coloured reproduction of Rembrandt's "Old Lady" at the National Gallery, a paper on Irish silver Hall Marks, a charming paper on Toby jugs by Dion Clayton Calthrop, and an excellently illustrated paper on "Wax Portraits." An interesting number. Fascinating as is the Toby jug, it has always seemed to me that far more fascinating even than its burly grotesqueness are the splendid colours of the rude glazes. I have seen Toby jugs that for sheer beauty of colour put jewels out of splendour.

It looks as if the picture known as "La Belle Jardinière" in the Louvre were not the original, if we are to judge by Marriotte's challenge to the authorities in the pages of "The Weekly Critical Review." The original is on canvas of Raphael's period, whereas the Louvre picture is on wood. It is asserted that the canvas has hung in the gallery of an obscure collector of pictures, and only at his death has it been taken from the room where it has hung for more than a couple of centuries. So we are likely to be in for a new and violent wrangle over a great man's masterpiece. I am bound to say that, though I have not seen the find, I am convinced that there are more than a few pictures at the Louvre that are extremely doubtful in their claims.

At the Goupil Gallery in Regent Street may be seen an interesting collection of pictures by well-known artists. There is an exquisite little Mauve called "Milking Time," which is a typical example of his greens and silver greys and blacks. Le Sidaner is represented by his very beautiful pastel "La Neige," which has been shown in these rooms before, which, indeed, it is a wonder to see unsold. He sends also a very fine work, "Le Trianon," that I have not seen before. A true poet this man. Blanche sends more than one fine canvas, and his "Bérénice au Miroir" is one of the strongest examples of his painting and one of the best colour-harmonies I remember seeing from his hands. Brabazon's delightful "Santa Maria della

Salute" is also here. Mura and Bosboom are at their best.

At Graves' Galleries are a large number of water-colours and pen-and-ink drawings by Clifford Harrison, that show the strangely varied talents of this much-gifted, much-stricken man. There is a preface to the catalogue in which Ruskin is quoted in one of his fatuous moods; indeed, Clifford Harrison's minute detail was bound to appeal to Ruskin. But, as a matter of fact, the pathetic thought on surveying these clever and elaborate drawings of Clifford Harrison's is that so much life and time and labour should have been wasted in getting effects that are utterly ineloquent by minute and cast-iron tickings of pen-strokes, by a means that is lacking in emotion. Yet the artist's eye chose his subject with a rare skill; it was his medium that was largely responsible for robbing it of its most poetic qualities. If Harrison had tried to get his effects largely and broadly and in a few minutes, he might just have seized the moods of Nature which died out as he wrought and stippled. It were as though a man tried to produce the orchestral effects of an opera upon a Jew's-harp or the fine-toothed comb.

MR. JAMES BOLIVAR MANSON is showing his water-colours of "Old Paris" at 184 Adelaide Road, St. John's Wood, and who that knows the fascination of Paris will regret the pilgrimage?

Correspondence

The Late Master of the Temple

SIR,—The late interesting and amiable Master of the Temple was fond of recalling his early connection with Boz. Not very long before his death he told me of a curious fact associated with "Dombey and Son." When a lad he was sent to a school or "seminary for young gentlemen" kept (or "held" as the French would say) by a Dr. King, and where he had among his schoolfellows Charles Dickens the younger and, I think, Mr. Marcus Stone. This Dr. King was a suave and mellifluous personage—and the descriptions, imitations, &c., given to their parents by these youths suggested to Boz the figure of Dr. Blimber, as well as the humours of his Brighton school. The last time I conversed with this charming and somewhat quaint man, he described to me Eliza Draper's tomb or tablet in Bristol Cathedral—she in whom "genius and virtue were united"—so runs the inscription: though the poor adventuress seems to have possessed neither. We miss his strange and most original face and figure—the face a very unusual one—the white silky hair, the yellow fallow cheek, the wiry well-formed frame. He was quite a unique in most things. A man of finish, too, and eke of distinction.—Yours, &c.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

Shakespeare Memorial

SIR,—Probably everything has been said that it is profitable to say in regard to Shakespeare, but I cannot help dwelling in imagination on the delights which would result from hearing one of Shakespeare's plays given in a building as nearly identical as possible with that in which the play was produced. What should we say to hearing a piece written for the violin attempted on the 'cello, or a sermon intended to be heard from a pulpit in the nave delivered inaudibly in the chancel, a place reserved for ritual? In both cases a *coup manqué* would probably be the result.

One of the charms of a visit to Nuremberg is the impression of the Middle Ages given by the architecture of houses, churches and public buildings. While, as a most quaint finish to the whole, the eating-house where Hans Sachs ate a sausage is preserved, and one can there follow his example if one wishes to do so.

(Continued on page 284.)

EVIDENCE

A Great Change

I started on your course with so poor a memory that study seemed useless and with practically no power of concentration at all. To-day things are different. I can concentrate my thoughts upon any subject I have in hand; I can recall with ease anything I wish to remember; and also, thanks to your system, I have learned to think clearly.
T. C. BOULTON,
The Beeches, Cirencester, Glos.

Study

I may say that I benefited considerably by the lectures which were recently given here on your system.
A. BLACKIE,
Peterhouse, Cambridge.

Preaching

I am glad to testify to benefit already received in preaching without notes, and in other things where one's memory is tried.
R. HAWKINS,
Pickwick Road, Corsham, Wilts.

Literature

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DRYDEN STEAD, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Lond.
95 Newtownards Road, Belfast.

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I am still delighted with your Memory System, and to study it is a pleasure. It seems to me the best way imaginable of learning words of a foreign language.
(Miss) K. REDFORD,
27 Fishergate Terrace, Portlaidu.

By Post

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The Examiner, October 17, 1901.

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The appeal to our deeper natures through our ears as well

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Yours, &c. ALICE SARGANT.

Quarry Hill, Reigate.

SIR,—I do not think the nation is pining for a Shakespeare Memorial in London. It would require a great deal of money, which we have not got to spare just now, and a good deal of architectural ability, which we have not got at

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Thirtle (James William), *The Titles of the Psalms*(Frowde) net 6/0
Holtmann, D.D. (Oscar), translated by J. T. Bealby, M.A., and Maurice A. Canney, M.A., *The Life of Jesus*(Black) net 18/0
Pells (S. F.), *Hades: The "Grave" in "Hades"; or the "Catacombs" of the Bible and of Egypt*(Skeffington) 5/0
Stone, M.A. (Darwell), *The Discipline of Faith, Sermons and Addresses*(Brown, Langham) 3/6
Young (the late Rev. Canon Peter), *Self-Surrender, Mission Addresses* (S.P.C.K.) 0/6

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Faraday, M.A. (L. Winifred), *The Cattle-Raid of Cualnge, An Old Irish Prose-Epic*(Nutt) net 4/0
Dowden (Edward), *Robert Browning*(Dent) 4/6
Laurie-Walker (Agnese), *Glow-Worm Flames*(Paisley: Gardner) net
Buchanan (George), translated from the Latin by A. Gordon Mitchell, *John the Baptist, a Drama*(Paisley: Gardner) net
Fowler (W. Warde), edited by, *An Oxford Correspondence of 1903* (Oxford: Blackwell) net 2/6
Hemstreet (Charles), *Literary New York, Its Landmarks and Associations*(Putnam) net 10/6
Foulke (William Dudley), *Protean Papers*(Putnam) net 4/0
Tunison (J. S.), *The Graal Problem, from Walter Map to Richard Wagner*(Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co.) net \$1.25
Hughes (C. E.), compiled by, with Preface by Sidney Lee, *The Praise of Shakespeare: An English Anthology*(Methuen) 3/6
Ramsay, M.A., LL.D. (G. G.), *The Classics and Popular Education* (MacLehose)

History and Biography

- Knowlson (T. Sharper), *Leo Tolstoy, a Biographical and Critical Study*(Warne) net 2/6
Canton (W.), *The Story of the Bible Society*(Murray) 6/0
Bright, D.D. (The Rev. J. Frank), *A History of England, Period V. Imperial Reaction, Victoria, 1880-1901*(Longmans) 4/6
Spence, D.D. (The Very Rev. H. D. M.), (Dean of Gloucester), *The Church of England, A History for the People, Pt. 1 (Cassell)* net 0/6
Britain's Sea-Kings and Sea-Fights, Part 1(Cassell) net 0/6
Reich (Emil), *Foundations of Modern Europe, Twelve Lectures* (Bell) (net) 5/0
Transactions of the Royal Historical Society, new Series (Offices of the Society)
Gaqnet (Francis A.), edited by, *Collectanea Anglo-Premonstratensis, Vol. I.*(Royal Historical Society)

Travel and Topography

- Le Blond (Mrs. Aubrey) (Mrs. Main), *Adventures on the Roof of the World*(Unwin) net 10/6
Durham (Mary E.), *Through the Lands of the Serb*(Arnold) net 14/0
Tompkins (Herbert W.), *Marsh-Country Rambles*(Chatto & Windus) 6/0
Ellaby (C. G.), illustrated by B. C. Boulter, Rome(Methuen) 3/0

Science and Philosophy

- Randall (Frank K.), *Psychology*(Fowler) net 3/0
De Boer (Dr. T. J.), translated by Edward R. Jones, B.D., *The History of Philosophy in Islam*(Lusao) net 7/6
Lamb, M.D. (Captain George), *Some Observations on the Poison of the Banded Krait (Bungarus Fasciatus)* (Calcutta: Government Printing Office) 0/9

Art

- Mein (Will. G.), *12 Drawings Illustrating A Fragment by D. L. A. Jephson*(Everett & Sons) net 7/6
Great Masters, Part X(Heinemann) net 5/0
Tyrrell-Gill (Frances), *Turner*(Methuen) net 2/6

Educational

- John, M.A. (Ivor B.), *Macaulay's Lives of Goldsmith and Johnson* (Black) 1/0
Brandin (Louis) and Hartogg, B.A. (W. G.), *A Book of French Prosody* (Blackie) 3/6
Hawkins, M.A. (Cecil), *Elementary Geometry, Part I.*(Blackie) 2/0
Grose (F. S.) and Webber (Howard), *Practice in Conversational French* (Blackie) 1/6
Moorman, B.A., Ph.D. (F. W.), *The First Part of Henry the Fourth* (Blackie) 1/6
Collyer (Mrs. D'Aroy), edited by, *Les Facheux, by Molière*(Blackie) 0/4
Le François (E. B.), edited by, *Le Château de la Vie, by Laboulaye* (Blackie) 0/4
Lyde, M.A. (L. W.), *Asia, Reader V.*(Black) 1/4
Thornton (John and F. Oliver), *The Junior Book-Keeping Examiner, 1904*(Macmillan) 0/6
Johnson (R. Brimley), edited by, with Notes, &c., by Fanny Johnson, *Twelfth Night*(Blackwood) 1/0
Modi, B.A. (Jivanji Jamsheji), *Jamaspi, Palukvi, Pasend and Persian Texts*(Bombay Education Society's Press)
Blake's Historical Charts, Nos. I. and II. (Sheffield: S. W. Blake) 1/6 and 0/9

- Hall & Stevens, *A School Geometry, Part I-IV, III-IV, IV-V* (Macmillan) 3/0, 1/6, and 2/0
Payen-Payne (de V.), edited by, *Voyage en Italie, by Théophile Gautier*(Cambridge Press) 3/0

Miscellaneous

- Ensor (R. O. K.), edited by, *Modern Socialism*(Harper) net 5/0
Edwards (John Harrington), *God and Music*(Dent) net 4/0
Günther (J. H. A.), *English Synonyms explained and illustrated* (Groningen: Wolters) 2.90 fl.
Hodgson (W. Earl), *Trout Fishing*(Black) net 7/6
Bowley (A. L.), *National Progress in Wealth and Trade*(King) net 2/0
"Daily Chronicle," *Map of the War*(Lloyd) 1/0
Griffin (A. P. C.), *A List of Books on the Philippine Islands in the Library of Congress*(Washington: Government Printing Office)
Manley (Kate), *Household Accounts*(Macmillan) 2/0
Bartholomew, F.R.G.S. (J. G.), *"The Strand" War Map of the Far East*(Newnes) net 0/6
Day (George), *ABC of Carpentry*(Drane) 1/0
Ford (The Rev. G. Estwick), *Gambling, an Analysis* (Religious Tract Society) 0/6
Report of Manchester College, Oxford

Fiction

- "Life in a Garrison Town," by Lieutenant Bilse (Lane), 6/0; "The White Room," by Fergus Hume (White), 5/0; "A Maid of Mystery," by L. T. Meade (White), 6/0; "The Indiscretions of My Lady Palgrave," by Amyot Sagon (Arrowsmith), 6/0; "Birds of a Feather," by E. E. Kellett (Arrowsmith), 3/6; "Cherry's Child," by John Strange Winter (White), 6/0; "The Magnetic North," by Elizabeth Robins (Heinemann), 6/0; "An Act of Impulse," by Helen Baylies (Greening), 6/0; "Pa Gladden, The Story of a Common Man," by Elizabeth Cherry Walts (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0; "Eau," by Joseph Hocking (Ward, Lock), 3/6; "A King's Desire," by Mrs. Aylmer Gowing (Long), 6/0; "The Holladay Case," by Burton E. Stevenson (Harper); "Lux Crucis, A Tale of the Great Apostle," by Samuel M. Gardenhire (Harper); "A Master Hand," by Richard Dallas (Putnam), 3/6; "Anthony Folgate," by Edwin J. Ellis (Richards), 6/0; "The One Before," by Barry Pain (Richards), 1/0 net; "The Land of Silence," by G. B. Burgin (Nash), 6/0; "The Triumph of Mrs. St. George," by Percy White (Nash), 6/0; "The Sons of Cormac," by Aldis Dunbar (Longmans), 6/0; "Three Lives and a Love," by W. H. Farrar (Drane), 6/0; "The Lady Cake-Maker," by L. T. Meade (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0; "The French Wife," by Katharine Tynan (White), 6/0.

Reprints and New Editions

- Thomson's Septuagint, edited by S. F. Pells, 2 Vols. (Skeffington), net 12/0; "Gerald the Welshman," by Henry Owen, D.C.L. (Nutt), net 3/6; "Love the Widower," by W. M. Thackeray (Macmillan), 3/6; "A Dictionary of English Authors," by R. Farquharson Sharp (Kegan Paul), net 7/6; "The Elements of Moral Philosophy," by Mohit Chandra Sen, M.A. (Murray), 3/6; "The Prelude," by William Wordsworth, edited by Basil Worsfold (Moring), net 3/6; "A Historic View of the New Testament," by Percy Gardner, Litt.D. (Black), 0/6; "Life and Times of Savonarola," by Prof. Villari (Unwin), net 2/6; "The Paston Letters, 1422-1509," Vol. III, edited by James Gairdner (Chatto & Windus), in 6 Vols., net 12/6; "Dick Turpin," by W. H. Ainsworth (Greening), 0/6; "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen (Blackie), 2/6; "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens (Blackie), 2/6; "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," by T. De Quincey (Blackie), net 2/6; "Confessions of St. Augustine," edited by the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. (Blackie), net 2/6; "Tennyson's Poems, 1830-1859" (Newnes), net 3/6; "The Japs at Home," by Henry Harland (Newnes), 0/6; "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," by Henry Goudy, D.C.L. (Clarendon Press), 3/6 net; "Specification, No. 7 (1904)" (Builders' Journal), 2/6 net; "The Lord Protector," by S. Levett-Yeats (Cassell), 0/6; "Emerson's Essays, a Selection" (Cassell), 0/6; "Twelfth Night" and "King Richard II." (Methuen), each 1/0 net.

Periodicals

- "Harper's Monthly Magazine," "Commercial College Chronicle," "The Commonwealth," "Good Health," "Field Naturalist's Quarterly," "Architectural Review," "Bookman," "National Review," "School," "Book Monthly," "United Service Magazine," "Antiquary," "Genealogical Magazine," "Monthly Review," "The Author," "The Play-Pictorial," "Reader Magazine," "Japan's Fight for Freedom, Part I," "Alpine Journal," "Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute," "Geographical Journal," "The Reader's Index," "Indian Magazine," "Bible Society Gleanings and Monthly Reporter," "Current Literature," "The Lamp," "Bookman" (New York), "Scribner's Magazine," "Lippincott's Monthly," "Good Words," "Sunday Magazine," "New Liberal Review," "The Animal's Friend."

Foreign

Poetry, &c.

- Doncieux (George), *Le Romancero Populaire de la France* (Paris: Librairie Emile Bouillon) 15f.

Periodicals

- "Deutsche Rundschau," "Archiv Bibliographico," Vol. IV. No. I., "Mercure de France."

all, and would then be merely serviceable as an advertisement of ourselves. Shakespeare's memory is likely to outlast the British Empire. If we must do something, let us form a really good collection of Shakespearean literature, and give it a special room at the British Museum.—Yours, &c.

ARTHUR H. ROPES ("Adrian Ross").

SIR,—No opinion of mine on the subject of the proposed Shakespeare Memorial would be worth a line in THE ACADEMY, for I have given no thought to the subject, and at present lack a moment to spend upon it.

To me everything calculated to promote scholarship is to be encouraged, and I should find myself out of sympathy with any memorial involving much expenditure in brick and mortar.

I can conceive of a National "Shakespeare Scholarship" becoming one of the prizes of our intellectual life.—Yours, &c.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure"

SIR,—Mr. Hall in his letter to THE ACADEMY writes: "That Shakespeare should use an Italian word is no marvel considering his *close intimacy* with resolute John Florio."

May I ask Mr. Hall's authority for this statement?

Florio was Southampton's Italian tutor, and Southampton was Shakespeare's patron, but there the connection between Shakespeare and Florio seems to end.

We have had many surmises as to where Shakespeare obtained his knowledge of French and Italian, and this is the latest and most novel of the lot.

Mr. Sidney Lee ("the most eminent Shakespearean scholar of the time") says: "He (Shakespeare) *doubtless* possessed just sufficient acquaintance with Italian to enable him to discern the drift of an Italian poem or novel."

Was Florio Shakespeare's Italian tutor as well as Southampton's?—Yours, &c.

GEORGE STRONACH.

Shakespeare and Jane Austen

SIR,—In answer to Mr. E. Knox Linton's courteous challenge, let me say that when I spoke of Tennyson's declaring to Sir Leslie Stephen that Jane Austen was "next to Shakespeare," I remembered not merely talks with Sir Henry Taylor when I had the fortune to be his guest in old days at Bournemouth, but also the following passage in his Autobiography: "Alfred talked very pleasantly that evening to Annie Thackeray and L—S—. He spoke of Jane Austen, as James Spedding does, as next to Shakespeare." Mr. Knox Linton has here two great authorities with him, and may well be content. For my part, I can but shelter myself behind Sir Henry Taylor, whose comment was: "I can never imagine what they mean when they say such things."—Yours, &c.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

Re "Tolstoi and the Babies"

SIR,—One of my critics of last week quotes Browning on Original Sin. May I remind him of the much more philosophical and totally incompatible conception of evil which he will also find in Browning, in the sublime final stanzas of "Abt Vogler"?

Mr. Keeble accuses me of putting the "cheap dilemma of a First Cause either not All-Good or not All-Powerful": but my difficulty is to reconcile All-Goodness in the cause with "desperate wickedness" in the caused. The difficulty thus made by the theologians is dissolved directly we get a rational conception of sin. The more than obvious suggestion that "original sin is a scientific fact necessitated by evolutionary science and the laws of heredity" I utterly deny. Scientific ethics, which both Comte and Spencer recognised as the goal of science, has a conception of sin which differs quite immeasurably from that of the theologian. This I shall try to show next week. I could not do so this week, as I had to redeem my promise about materialism.—Yours, &c.

C. W. SALEEBY.

A Psychological Mystery

SIR,—With all respect to your lady correspondent, I consider she has done little more than restate the difficulty. A "good memory and a little imagination" might account for that confused sense of recognition to which Samuel Warren referred, but not for the peculiar experience of "E. G. O.," who finds the books familiar "not merely in a general way, but *verbally* so."

Mr. Saleeby furnishes an excellent solution of the "pre-cognition" problem *per se*; but his theory fails in an important particular when we attempt its application to the case of "E. G. O." The cheery writer of "Egomet," it should be remembered, seems to experience the sense of pre-knowledge—not merely "now and again" or as a "rare exception"—but in a sustained manner, inasmuch that whole books (and not simply odd sentences therein) are verbally familiar. Thus, on Mr. Saleeby's hypothesis, one of "E. G. O.'s" cerebral hemispheres must read, so to say, ahead of the other all through the volume, and, as a necessary corollary, we are forced to view "E. G. O." as a physiological anomaly.

It seems to me we shall have to adopt Mr. Saleeby's theory in the main, but leave out the idea that the lack of simultaneous action of the two cerebral lobes is a rare or short-lived occurrence.

Physiologists are agreed, I believe, that the left hemisphere (governing our right-hand side) is the more important and susceptible of the two, and we have only to suppose that in "E. G. O." the superiority is greater than in the normal subject. Thus, under appropriate conditions, that which in the latter is rare and of brief duration is in the former more frequent and sustained.—Yours, &c.

J. B. WALLIS.

The Yellow Races

SIR,—Have we ever fully considered the question: Why should we think the white race permanently superior? White hair, still more white eyelashes, most of all the paleness which we ourselves call ghastly or deathly, are not things to be proud of in a coloured world! At best they mean weakness, at worst senescence or even (as in the Albino) the genetically defective; or again disease, *anæmia*. Only in one respect is white naturally supreme—in light, which is the glory *e.g.* of the diamond.

But why should not another race emerge into domination as the white race has already done: taking up (as Japan has already so significantly taken up) all the white race's special practical and scientific powers, and adding the powers of concentrated "intuitive" thought and intensity of penetrating contemplation which the "Eastern" races possess?

Are we the Silver Race, and may there be not merely, as we say with contemptuous patronage, a "Yellow" Race, but a "Golden" one, or rather one of unnamed colour, to succeed us? When man had through brown stages reached the yellow point, one can imagine his saying, Here is the crowning colour; and when the future whiteness was suggested, replying in scorn, A pallid, pale-blooded, cold, weak race! But he would hardly have conceived the rosy white race as it exists. Nor would he have readily anticipated its present supremacy.—Yours, &c.

V. W.

March 2, 1904.

[The above, by a curious coincidence, was written before the appearance of Dr. Saleeby's article in the same sense.]

[Many other letters are held over for want of space. The Editor must again request correspondents to write as briefly as possible.]

NEXT WEEK

A Chess Column

will be inaugurated and

A COMPETITION ANNOUNCED

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE.

* **SHAKESPEARE QUERIES.**—Are there any references in contemporary Elizabethan literature to the peculiarities of serpents, corpses, and eels referred to in the following quotations from "Pericles"? Also what are the earliest allusions in English literature to these peculiarities?

- (1) And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, . . . I. i. 132.
- (2) The sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship
be cleared of dead, . . . III. i. 47.
- (3) Thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, . . . IV. ii. 154.—*E. W. Hardy* (W. Didsbury).

"A PAIR OF WHITE CATS."—Is Sheridan's phrase "a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington," merely a satirical metaphor on Lady Teazle's extravagance, or does it refer to a breed of diminutive ponies modish at the time?—*F. E. Goldsmid* (Canterbury).

"WIPE THE TEARS."—In "Lycidas" these lines occur—

Sweet Societies
That sing, and singing in their glory, move
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes."

The last line must be taken literally or metaphorically. The literal is more to be expected in Milton, but in the Bible there is the phrase used metaphorically, "And He shall wipe all tears from their eyes." Can any one give a definite theory for the two lines?—*Hilda Thorp*.

"TO BREAK SQUARES."—"This fault, in Trim, broke no squares with them." "Tristram Shandy." Bk. II. Chapter 5. What is the meaning of a fault breaking no squares? The military use of the word hardly seems a satisfactory explanation, something more personal would seem to be suggested. *Viator* (Ventnor).

"CLUB LAW."—In the "Spectator," No. 239, Addison refers to Club-law as *argumentum basilium*. Does he mean the argument of kings, or does he refer to some Basil, and if so, to what Basil?—*Pedagogue*.

GENERAL.

THE TAIL AND THE DOG.—Can you or any of your readers tell me the origin of the saying, "It was the tail that wagged the dog"?—*W.F.W.* (Uganda).

"COTSWOLD LIONS."—I came across this expression in an odd page of an old "Tatler." It seems to be another name for Dutch courage, but how can it have originated, and what does it mean?—*Agnes Watson* (Hull).

ACCENT MARKS.—Is there a dictionary of accents showing their various uses in different languages. For instance, the diæresis in English is used to separate two vowels to form two syllables, in German it generally stands for the elision of a letter, while in Persian it changes a noun masculine to the feminine gender. What I require is a tabular list, or a work dealing entirely with this subject.—*W.P.* (Bristol).

CORNER COLUMNS.—It was the custom of the Greeks, when building a temple, to make the corner columns thicker than the rest, the reason given being that, if they were not larger than the others, they would appear to be smaller; why is this?—*F. Eric Steinthal* (Ilkley).

"COCK AND BULL STORY."—Who is the earliest writer to use this phrase, and what is its origin? Sterne refers to it as if already received into the cant vocabulary when he makes Yorick explain to Mrs. Shandy the story of a "cock and bull"—and one of the best of its kind, madame, I have ever heard" (vide last chapter of Bk. IX).—*G.D.D.*

ROUND CHURCHES.—Would any correspondent kindly inform me which are the four Round Churches in the county of Gloucester?—*Templar*.

PHYSIOLOGY OF INSECTS.—What are "the physiological reasons which keep insects small," alluded to by H. G. Wells in "The Time Machine"? The passage is not in the work as it stands at present, but occurred towards the close of the last instalment as originally issued in the "New Review" in 1895.—*A.W.* (Tonbridge).

* A GLOUCESTER SAYING.—While on a visit to Bristol, I was struck by the frequent use of the saying "as sure as God is in Gloucester," when they spoke of anything deemed to be a certainty. Can any one give the probable origin of this saying, which seems to be in general use in the West Country?—*R.N.* (Sunderland).

Answers

LITERATURE.

* "GREENLAND'S ICE MOUNTAINS."—The "Missionary Hymn" was written by Heber, when he was rector of Hodnet, for a service in Wrexham Church

on Whitsunday, 1819, at which his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, was to preach in aid of the S.P.G. That Heber wrote in the second verse

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle"

is evident from the original MS., a facsimile of which was published some years ago by Messrs. Hughes & Son, of Wrexham. That "Ceylon's" appears as "Java's" in the collection of Heber's hymns published in 1827 by his widow is also undoubted; and that the alteration was made by the author himself, or with his sanction, we may take as certain. The reason is not far to seek. When Heber arrived in the East, and especially after he visited Ceylon, he discovered two facts, viz. (1) that "Ceylon" is accented on the last syllable, and (2) that the "spicy breezes" of that island are a myth.—*Donald Ferguson* (Croydon).

AUTHOR FOUND.—"For though the day be never so long." A special interest attaches to this couplet, as in Foxe's "Martyrs"—telling of the Martyrdom of George Tankerfield in 1555—we find the following passage: "After dinner ye sherife came to him, to carry him to the place of execution. Who considering the shortness of time, his saying was that, although the day were never so long, yet at the last it ringeth to even-song." Foxe, in a side note, calls this "A pretty saying of the marit." Now either Tankerfield was quoting—incorrectly as people will do—from Hawes' poem, or else his was a commonly known older version of the couplet, and, owing probably to the popularity of Foxe's book, has become the generally accepted one. Tankerfield, we are told, was a "London Cooke." Now a days we should not expect a cook to quote lines from our present or past Laureate; for Stephen Hawes held the post of Poet Laureate to Henry VII., and can hardly with justice be called a minor poet of his time. It is possible Hawes may have borrowed or altered a well-known couplet; if not his "Pastyme of Pleasure" must have achieved considerable popularity.—*Cheriot* (Kelso).

AUTHOR FOUND.—

"Thou art the Voice to kingly boys
To lift them through the fight,
And comfortress of unsuccess
To bid the dead good-night"

were first published at the beginning of "Many Inventions," and subsequently in his book of verse known as "The Seven Seas," under the head of "To the True Romance," by R. Kipling.—*Eerbod*. [Similar reply from *A. F. Whyte* (Edinburgh).]

"So here hath been dawning another blue Day." [Reply also received from *Cheriot* (Kelso).]

"TICKLE ME, TOBY."—Rather more of the context should have been given: at all events the preceding sentence "Whereupon Wilhelmus Sacrista says: 'Our Prior must be named, *qua caput nostrum est*, being already our head.' And the Prior responds, 'Wilhelmus Sacrista is a fit man, *bonus vir est*,—for all his red nose. Tickle me, Toby, and I'll tickle thee! Venerable Dennis too is named.' Three monks had to be nominated. The point is that William the Sacrist votes for the Prior, and the Prior returns the compliment by voting for the Sacrist. Toby stands for a familiar personal name, and tickle is used in the sense of to gratify.—*M.A.C.*

"AS IT FELL UPON A DAY."—This ode until lately was attributed to Shakespeare, but is now confidently assigned to Richard Barnfield; it is found in his collection of "Poems in Divers Humours," published 1598.—*M.M.D.*

GENERAL.

"JESSIE."—According to Miss Yonge's "History of Christian Names," Jessie is short for Janet, and probably from it Shakespeare named his Jessica; or else the latter name may be intended as a feminine of Jesse, the father of David.—*M.A.C.*

* SUNDAYS IN LENT.—(A) I offer the following conjectures: (1) Supply "Yea" at end of first line. (2) Tid, Misere, Yea, are connected in each case with the Gospel for the Sunday.

Tid for Temptation in the Dessert. (Gospel, 1st Sunday in Lent.)

Misere for Have Mercy on Me. (Gospel, 2nd Sunday in Lent.)

Yea for Our Lord's reply at end of Gospel, 3rd Sunday in Lent.

(3) Mid. Mid-Lent Sunday (the fourth) sometimes called Refreshment Sunday. (4) Pasti-Egg Day, Easter Day. Corruption of Paschal-Egg. (B) Carlin. I have gathered the following particulars from the "New English Dictionary." Spelling in sixteenth century, carline; eighteenth, carlin. Derivation possibly from *care* in Care-Sunday+ling. One of the two verbs to *carl* means to parch (peas). Carling-Sunday, the 5th Sunday in Lent, on which it was customary to eat parched peas. Quotation: "In Northumberland the day is called Carling Sunday. The Yeomanry steep peas, and afterwards parch them, and eat them on the afternoon of that day, calling them carlings." "Gentleman's Mag.," 1786.—*T.H.* (Ely).

"PROPHET—FIGS."—I believe the quotation: "In the name of the Prophet—Figs" is to be found in "Rejected Addresses," in the imitation of Dr. Johnson. But I have not the book by me to verify the reference.—*H.B.F.* (Hastings).

"FAYNETS."—The form of the word to which I was used as a child was *faynets*, or *fay-meets*, or *fay-meeds*; which I gradually, as years advanced, interpreted as standing for *FAIR MEANS*.—*A.H.H.*

"COUNTING-OUT VERSES."—In "benighted Somerset," the form of these lines differs somewhat from those you have given. As I first heard them about the year 1840, they ran thus:

"Onery, Ooery, Ickory Ann,
Filosy, Folosy, my son Jan.
Queezy, Quayy, Virgin Mary,
Inkerum stinkerum staggerum buck,
O U T spells
You nasty stinking dish-clout, Out."

GEORGE SWEETMAN (Wincanton).

"MOTHER-IN-LAW."—The "Century Dictionary," after the usual meaning, gives (2) Step-mother [now only provincial English] and illustrates by a quotation from Middleton (1570-1627).—*M.A.C.* (Cambridge).

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Literary Notes

THE Spring publishing season is upon us, as is amply proved by the publishers' lists of announcements printed in this week's issue of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE. I deal elsewhere with some of the most interesting of the works promised, but here I may note that publishers are not looking to the future with altogether hopeful views. It is usually held that such events as a big war or a general election interfere seriously with the general sale of books. A great public crisis is believed to drive the reading public to the daily and weekly papers and away from any books save those which directly deal with the crisis in question. Personally I venture to think that this view is not quite sound. Doubtless during a crisis the newspapers are more carefully and fully read than at other times, but unless the pockets of the book-buying public are hard hit, I fancy that good books are as eagerly bought as at other times.

It is the second, third rate books that fail to find a market when the minds of the public are intent on national events; a fine novel, a striking biography, or a sound history appeals to a public which asks for books, possibly all the more eagerly, when the papers are full of sensation—of battles, murders and sudden deaths. The plucky publisher, who does not fear to put his fate to the test in such times, will probably startle himself and others by his success. It is much the same with providers of dramatic and musical entertainments, who follow old-established customs and rules, without really considering the matter for themselves.

In fact, publishers, as other business men, in this country are apt to be somewhat conservative. Matters are changing considerably, as, for example, the summer months are not invariably, as they used to be, considered a dead time for book publishing. Another point is that the book-buying public is rapidly increasing, though I fear the new public is somewhat uncritical. But take it for all in all, though there be many bad symptoms, the book market is healthy, and an enterprising publisher may keep a good heart—but he must be enterprising.

It is a pity that it is not more generally recognised that publishers, booksellers and bookbuyers are after all working for one common object, the distribution of good literature, and that this object can best be attained by all three parties working in harmony. As for the publishers, it is difficult to see how they can further assist the booksellers, unless possibly by an ex-

tension of the net price system. As for bookbuyers, it may fairly be asked of them that they should support only those booksellers—i.e. the large majority—who maintain the dignity of their business, selling books.



MRS. MARGARET DELAND.

The writer of "John Warl, Preacher," "Dr. Lavendar's People," &c.
[Photo. by Harper & Brothers, New York.]

not as grocers sell tea and cheese, but as intelligent men who are themselves bookmen.

As for the booksellers, it really seems that their weakness lies chiefly in a lack of uniform action. Would it not be possible and profitable to found a Central Booksellers' Association in London, with a club and meeting rooms, &c., which should become a working centre for all legitimate first and second hand booksellers? A sort of booksellers' Lloyd's? Perhaps some of the many interested in the matter will let us have the benefit of their views, not only on this suggestion, but on the whole question.

MESSRS. NISBET & Co. will publish immediately a new volume by Sir Robert Anderson, "Pseudo-Criticism: or The Higher Criticism and Its Counterfeit."

The "argument" is that criticism is no preserve of the philological expert, but essentially a question of *evidence*; and that those who are practically versed in the science of evidence are better fitted than the book scholars to deal with it. The proper place for the expert is the witness table, not the Bench. The work shows the evil effects of pseudo-criticism in the case of three representative men: Professor Harnack, Professor F. Delitzsch, and Professor G. A. Smith. The Harnack chapter is mainly an extract from the same author's "Christianised Rationalism," a reply to Dr. Harnack's "What is Christianity?"

THE New York "Critic" recently presented its readers with an examination paper upon Browning for household use, and now gives us the answers. I do not wish to spoil sport, so reprint a few of the questions only:

"Quote the poet on the effect of over-eating."

"What are the ingredients of savoury soup?"

"Quote the poet on the best method of cleansing woollens."

"What precautions does the poet advise in the matter of corset lacing?"

A COUNCIL meeting of the London Shakespeare League was held on March 9, at Bedford College, at which it was announced that Dr. Furnivall had accepted the Presidency of the League. The programme for the birthday celebrations this year was discussed; among the various items of interest included in this may be mentioned the annual dinner on April 23, the performance of one of Shakespeare's plays upon April 22 under the superintendence of Mr. William Poel, various lectures and a "Shakespeare Ramble" round London.

THE chief aim of the League is to strengthen the interest taken by Londoners in the life and work of Shakespeare in the Metropolis and in the many relics that remain to us of his day. Another of its purposes is to focus the various suggestions that have been made for a London Shakespeare Memorial; at present the danger is that for want of organisation energy will be wasted in vague discussions and suggestions. There must not be more than one Richmond in the field. The first thing to do is for those whose hearts are in the matter to meet together and to decide upon the form which the memorial is to take; the second is for all then to support the decision arrived at and to work heartily and in accord to make the memorial a certainty and a success.

IN connection with the commemoration of Shakespeare in London next month, Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. intend to make an appropriate contribution. They will issue a new and cheaper edition of "Shakespeare's London" by Mr. T. Fairman Ordish, published in 1897, and now out of print. Besides some revision of the text and several additional illustrations, the book will contain two new chapters, one of these being an itinerary of buildings and sites of Shakespearean interest in London, with accompanying guide-plans. The volume will be issued in good time for the Shakespeare celebration.

THE whole of the stock of bindings produced by "The Guild of Women Binders," and "The Hampstead Bindery," comprising unique, artistic and valuable specimens of the book-binder's art, is to be sold at greatly reduced prices, in many instances at half the original cost. A number of valuable prints and engravings, and rare and scarce books, including numerous first

editions, will also be offered for sale. Such stock will be on view at 61 Charing Cross Road, London, W., from March 12, 1904, and daily thereafter (except Sundays) from 10 a.m. till 5 p.m. All communications respecting the businesses of "The Guild of Women Binders," "The Hampstead Bindery," Karslake & Co., and Frank Karslake, should be addressed to Oscar Berry, Monument House, Monument Square, London, E.C.

A TRANSLATION of a Japanese novel by a Japanese writer will shortly be issued by Messrs. Turner of Boston (U.S.A.) under the title "Nami-Ko-San." The story has already attained a circulation of over 80,000 copies in Japan. The tale is written by Kenjiro Tokutomi, and deals with the "mother-in-law" question from the Japanese point of view.

MRS. GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN, author of that delightful book "Emmy Lou," has completed a novel, "The House of Fulfilment," which will appear serially in McClure's Magazine.

MESSRS. DODD, MEAD & Co. are issuing a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, limited to one thousand copies. The original edition, dated July 5, 1776, was printed at Philadelphia by John Dunlap.

THE Jubilee dinner of the London Association of Correctors of the Press promises to be an interesting function: Lord Goschen will be in the chair, and among the guests will be Sir John Colomb, Major Martin Hume, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Sidney Lee, and Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P. Every author and every editor owes a deep debt of gratitude to correctors of the Press, as deep a debt as is owed by public speakers to Press reporters. We hear, now and again, of the blunders of authors; we should hear frequently of such if it were not for the keen, clever work of Press correctors, who stand between writers and their public, saving both from many an unhappy "slip of the pen."

Bibliographical

STUDENTS and lovers of Matthew Arnold should not fail to read Mr. G. W. E. Russell's preface to his new study of that writer. They will remember how disappointed they were with the two volumes of Arnold's Letters which Mr. Russell edited—letters which represented him on almost every side except the literary, and proved, moreover, to be singularly deficient in liveliness and sparkle. Mr. Russell is now in a position to be frank about this matter. "In reality," he says in this preface, "my functions were little more than those of the collector and the annotator. Most of the Letters had been severely edited before they came into my hands, and the process was repeated when they were in proof. . . . The result was a curious obscuration of some of Arnold's most characteristic traits—such, for example, as his overflowing gaiety, and his love of what our fathers called Raillery. And in even more important respects than these, an erroneous impression was created by the suppression of what was thought too personal for publication." This, of course, explains everything. And it shows how much damage may unwittingly be

done to a man by those who are most keenly sensitive about his reputation.

In the list of "Half-Forgotten Books" which Messrs. Routledge are said to contemplate re-issuing, I am surprised to find Charles Macfarlane's "Camp of Refuge" and "Reading Abbey," Captain Chamier's "Ben Brace" and "Tom Bowling," Mrs. Opie's "Adeline Mowbray," R. M. Bird's "Nick of the Woods," and Albert Smith's "Pottleton Legacy." Is it possible that there is any demand for these on the part of the present-day reader? And why G. A. Lawrence's "Brakespeare," which was one of his least successful stories? (His "Guy Livingstone" and "Barren Honour" are, I presume, still on Messrs. Routledge's list.) Amory's "John Bunce," Mrs. Radcliffe's "Romance of the Forest," Harriet Martineau's "The Hour and the Man," Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," Maxwell's "Stories of Waterloo"—that is a



GORDON'S BIBLE.

[*"The Story of the Bible Society" (Murray).*]

different matter: these are all classics in their way, and always worth adding to a library, if set forth in a suitable get-up. Not even a classic has any chance nowadays unless the format be at once new and neat.

Very welcome is the new (it is the third) edition of Mr. Jonathan Nield's "Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales." It is especially acceptable to the bibliographer, who notes with satisfaction that Mr. Nield now gives the date of the original publication of the books described, and that he records, where necessary, the names of the American as well as of the English publishers thereof. In addition to increasing the number of his entries, he has been more particular in his descriptions of the historical period with which each volume deals. Altogether, this edition practically supersedes its predecessors. It will, no doubt, be superseded in its turn, for to the making of the historical novel there is no end. Another by Miss Sarah Tytler is threatened at this very moment, the central figure this time being poor old Cowper.

In reply to my correspondent "P. A.," I may say that the most accurate account of the late Mrs. Fanny Stirling (Lady Gregory) with which I am acquainted is that which appears in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Reference should, however, be made to the memoir which is contained in Mr. C. E. Pascoe's "Dramatic List" (1880). A few later details will be found in the number of the "Theatre" Magazine for June 1883. Frequent references to Mrs. Stirling occur in the "Diary" of E. L. Blanchard (1881), and others will be found in her husband's volumes on "Old Drury Lane" (also published in 1881). Born (according to one authority), in 1812, she died in December 1895, and a memoir of her appeared in the "Era" newspaper for January 4, 1896.

Another correspondent, writing from the Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall Mall, suggests that I should urge Mr. Heinemann to publish "the remaining Notes to the late Mr. Henley's projected and abandoned edition of Byron's Works." "The Notes to the first and only volume published are so racy and interesting that I am sure the publication of the remainder would be greatly appreciated." The first question is, *are* there any "remaining Notes"? Perhaps Mr. Henley did not pen more than were printed. On this point Mr. Heinemann could enlighten us.

THE BOOKWORM.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," edited with introduction and notes by Mr. J. Churton Collins, is about to be issued from the Oxford University Press. The editor's object has been to encourage and assist the study of a work which, it is suggested, deserves to take a far more prominent place than it has hitherto held in our curricula of advanced education, and to supply a want which no preceding edition has aimed at supplying. The new edition is intended both for junior students who require elementary philological instruction and for those more advanced students who will be concerned chiefly with the relation of the "Utopia" to philosophy and history.—Messrs. Anthony Treherne & Co., Ltd., are adding Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and Keats' "The Eve of St. Agnes" to their Waistcoat Pocket Classics. The same publishing house is also issuing before Easter three new volumes in their Waistcoat Pocket Shakespeare, "As You Like It," "Othello," and "The Merchant of Venice."—Mr. Edward Stanford will publish next week a new edition (the third) of his "London Atlas of Universal Geography," in imperial folio. Numerous changes and improvements have been effected in the contents in order to keep pace with recent political developments and geographical exploration in various parts of the world. The number of maps has been increased to 110, several having been specially drawn and engraved for the edition. Twenty of the maps appear in the Atlas for the first time, and all those retained from the previous edition have been carefully revised.—Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish on March 21 a volume by Mr. Arthur Hayden entitled "Chats on English China," which from its completeness and the excellence of its arrangement should prove a great boon to collectors.—Mrs. Craigie's new novel, "The Vineyard," is to be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on March 21. A special feature of the volume will be its six illustrations, after drawings by Mr. Claude Shepperson.

A Chess Column and Competition

is instituted on

PAGE 308.

Reviews

A Great Possession

THE DIARY OF SIR JOHN MOORE. Edited by Major-General Sir J. F. Maurice, K.C.B. In two volumes. (Edward Arnold. 30s. net.)

THE record of a great soldier's career, made by himself for himself, with no thought of the public, is a precious possession, to be reverently preserved and expounded by a biographer. Sir J. F. Maurice has every quality necessary for doing justice to Moore—friendship with the relations of the General, historical and professional knowledge. Unfortunately, he has rather too much of the devotee in him; he does not altogether recognise that other persons, not ignorant of the period of Moore's career, may take views somewhat different from those of the editor of Moore's Diary, without thereby necessarily convicting themselves of grave defects of mind or morals. He is, like most enthusiastic biographers, far too ready to import passion into matters of history. Members of the military profession are too apt to consider criticism as a personal matter, not only with regard to the present but to the past; and Sir J. F. Maurice has a certain air of wishing to court-martial Mr. Oman, the mere civilian who has dared to pronounce opinions on Sir John Moore which are not those of the editor of Moore's Diary.

There was no need for this passion. Sir John Moore's reputation has survived the assaults of keen enemies and the defence of injudicious friends. Undoubtedly Napier's mingling of Whig party acrimony with his chivalrous and loyal eulogy of his commander and friend did Moore's memory much harm, by tempting partisans of the Tory Government that (as a matter of fact) approved of and supported Moore's plans to throw the blame for all untoward events on the dead hero. And though Sir J. F. Maurice praises Napier's accuracy in regard to Moore's campaign, it is hardly strange if historians like Mr. Oman, who have studied the authorities for other parts of the war, and appreciated Napier's habitual unfairness to the Spaniards, are led to distrust Napier most when he is most enthusiastic.

Moore's career is really a history of the British Army in its worst and the beginning of its best days. His first engagements were in the American War of Independence. Then followed the Netherlands campaigns under the "gallant Duke of York," and the brief British occupation of Corsica—one of our "lost possessions" which most of us have never heard of as British. The various abortive expeditions, especially that of the Helder, and the victorious Egyptian expedition, found Moore in even higher command. Finally came the climax of his career, the appointment to command the British Army, the one precious Army Corps—for it was no more than one of Napoleon's larger corps—that his country had to spare. It is on his difficult march to Salamanca, his daring advance to Sahagun, his retreat to Corunna, and his death in the moment of victory, that the attention of Moore's adverse critics and his defenders has been concentrated.

Sir J. F. Maurice will not allow Moore a fault. "What I intend to do," he says, "is to claim for Britain, and to sustain and make good my claim, that the boldest, the most successful, the most brilliant stroke of war of all time was delivered by the Captain to whom

she, on the 7th October 1808, entrusted the command of her armies in Portugal for action in Spain." It is a magnificent claim, though the sentence might be improved.

Mr. Oman condemns Moore on two points: the first that Sir John separated his artillery and cavalry from his infantry unnecessarily, being deceived by reports that the shorter road was impracticable for guns; the second, that he unduly hurried his men in the retreat to Corunna, and thus contributed to the considerable disorder and loss of the march. On the first point Sir J. F. Maurice seems to have the advantage. The sentence in one of Moore's despatches that Mr. Oman quotes as a confession of a mistake—that the General "would not have necessity to plead" for not taking his guns with him—is contradicted by Moore's later experience of the worse part of the road his main force took. The authorities on which Mr. Oman thinks Moore might have relied as to the state of the Portuguese roads were all too old except Dumouriez's book; and Dumouriez, as Wellington afterwards pointed out, was completely wrong about the fords of the Tagus, and might have been just as wrong as to the road to Almeida. Moore went by the best information he could get from the Portuguese authorities, and with his brief experience of their incompetence he could hardly be expected to credit them with ignorance of their own roads.

On the other hand, as to the question of the forced marches on the retreat to Corunna, Sir J. F. Maurice fails to convince. He says that they were necessary, "since the stores that had been accumulated lacked the one essential element of food. That detail is one which is comically unconsidered either by Southey or Mr. Oman." This is true of the stores at Astorga, but Mr. Oman ("Peninsular War," vol. i. p. 555) points out that at Villafranca and Lugo there were provisions. At Villafranca, in particular, great quantities of biscuit, salt meat, and rum were destroyed, and some left for the French, during Moore's retreat. These statements by the author Sir J. F. Maurice attacks may be contradicted, but should not be left unnoticed, as they are, whether "comically" or otherwise. It is possible that Mr. Oman has taken too harsh a view of Moore's judgment in very difficult positions; but his summing up of Moore's character and achievements in the last few pages of his first volume is one of which no judicious admirer of Moore need complain. The statement that Moore's march to Sahagun was the greatest stroke of war in all military history is hardly a dictum that any historian would venture on, though it is permissible to the sympathy of the editor of one of the most interesting military documents of modern times.

A. R. ROPES.

His Story

THE HISTORY OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. By Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B. 2 Vols. (Longmans. 44s. net.)

THE twenty-five years chosen by Sir Spencer Walpole range between 1855 and 1880; and it is the political history of them that occupies him almost exclusively. You scan the index in vain for entries of Mrs. Browning or Patmore; of Rossetti or Millais; and if Sir Henry Taylor is quoted it is about British Colonies, not about Philip van Artevelde. Not precisely a continuation of

Sir Spencer's former history of England from the war of 1815, these new and welcome volumes deal more with foreign affairs, and less with home topics, than did the earlier work. Sir Spencer has many merits: an easy style; an abundance of accessible references; common sense (rather than a philosophic outlook); and, where his preferences are not involved, and he has given us history rather than his story, a very sane and just view of things from a strictly British point of view.

The reader has, however, his surprises. The estimate given of the respective characters of Gladstone and Disraeli is one that constantly appears and reappears; Sir Spencer seems to stake his historical reputation upon it; and yet the modern reader may well remark that the judgments here passed on Disraeli are informed by the spirit dominant in the days of which Sir Spencer is writing. Gladstone's changes of opinion are treated as in some way subject to a law of natural evolution, but Disraeli "had wandered from point to point, criticising every policy in turn, and adopting or rejecting it, as occasion or opportunity suggested." That reading of Disraeli passed muster in the 'sixties; now it passes for nothing but the burlesque of history. His career, studied from first to last, affords the student perhaps the closest reconciliation he can anywhere find between the thing dreamt at the beginning of life and the thing accomplished before its close. True, he advocated the Ballot and Triennial Parliaments; but he did so as a youth with no connections, keen to quicken his opportunities to enter Parliament, the real arena in which he was to fight for those principles the novels of almost his infancy had avowed. His place on no benches but the Tory from first to last in his long Parliamentary career symbolised truly enough the inner continuity of his thoughts and aims.

Sir Spencer alludes, but without a word of moralising, to the fact that when Gladstone passionately opposed the Divorce Bill he had to forget he had sat in a Cabinet pledged to just such a measure. That was only one of the long series of oblivions in which he had to let the dead past bury its dead. His mutations bred his ambiguities. Even in early days, Peel, we know, had to inquire from a colleague, after reading a letter from Gladstone, whether Gladstone had, or had not, resigned; and Queen Victoria, whom nobody has accused of a want of shrewd appreciation in current affairs, commanded from a Lord-in-Waiting a brief elucidation of the Minister's manuscripts. These things come to mind when we have Sir Spencer saying that Disraeli "liked to choose words calculated to conceal rather than express his thoughts"; and that Disraeli "by his mysterious inaccuracies lowered the standard of public life, while Mr. Gladstone never mingled in debate without raising its tone." Some people have a preference for an *ex-parte* statement; and Sir Spencer in such passages as these is surely their man.

Disraeli loved Horace Walpole's letters; and his style owns their influence. But not all Walpoles have loved Disraeli. Sir Spencer is himself, one remembers, the distinguished son of an old colleague of the Tory Minister. One remembers, too, that when, in 1868, Disraeli became Prime Minister for the first time, Mr. Spencer Horatio Walpole ceased to be a member of the Cabinet in which he had sat till then, at Lord Derby's request, even after he had left the Home Office. The fact of this rustication has its specific record on p. 289 of Sir Spencer's second volume: and it is perhaps elsewhere unconsciously written by Sir Spencer between the lines.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

The Psalms

THE TITLES OF THE PSALMS. THEIR NATURE AND MEANING EXPLAINED. By James William Thirtle. (Henry Frowde. 6s. net.)

THE titles of the Psalms have long been a puzzle to commentators, even the most ancient. Even before the Received Hebrew Text had been formed the key had been lost; so that the Massoretic editors, in supplying the vowel points to the skeleton words of the old Hebrew script, to such an extent misread them as to supply—as our author shows good reason for suspecting—such as wholly perverted the sense of the original compilers.

This key Mr. Thirtle claims to have found in the psalm embodied in Habakkuk iii., at the head of which appears a statement of its class, its author, and its special character—i.e., its literary data—while beneath is written a purely musical statement "To the Chief Musician on my Stringed Instruments." This suggests that in the catena of psalms there has been in numerous instances a misplacement of the musical description by its attribution to the psalm following instead of to that which precedes it. And that such a mistake might easily arise in reading MSS. with no punctuation and hardly so much as a gap between chapter and chapter is evident. He adds that the various words which have accompanied it in its wandering "have added to the confusion which has baffled explanation for the past two thousand years." The Revisers of 1885 have inclined generally to the view that the unintelligible words refer to a tune originally belonging to a song of which they are the burden or the opening phrase, and accordingly render by "set to" the Hebrew preposition by which the mysterious terms are introduced. But a reference to the preceding instead of to the following psalm, in accordance with the hint from Habakkuk, gives a topical appropriateness which has all the charm of a surprise. Take the words *Jonath elen Rehokim*, which in the Received Version are placed at the head of Psalm lvi. They mean: "The Dove of the Distant Terebinths." According to Mr. Thirtle's system they belong to Psalm lv.; and that is a composition commemorating the rebellion of Absalom, to which it is in every verse beautifully appropriate. The verses that ring of Mendelssohn—"Oh that I had wings like a dove; then would I fly away and be at rest. So, then would I wander far off; I would lodge in the wilderness" (R.V.)—seem in themselves conclusive as to the propriety of its application.

This is an example taken almost at hazard. In many instances the readjustment throws light on the festival services of the Jews. For instance, by the enigmatic heading (which should be a subscription) *Shushan Eduth*, "Lily: Testimonies," is shown that the composition to which it rightly refers was one of those chosen for use at the Second Passover—a Passover (which it has previously been shown that the lily typifies) qualified by the word "Testimonies" to show that it was one contemplated by the special command of the Lord given through Moses for those who were unable to assist at that which, in accordance with the ancient tradition, was celebrated in the first month. In like manner are classified the psalms for the Feast of Tabernacles, those appropriate to a season of humiliation, groups commemorative of the sorrows and joys and triumphs of David, whose personality was cherished deep in the heart of every Israelite.

The mysterious *Selah*, interpreted by tradition "for ever," and by a more modern guess as a direction for an instrumental interlude, Mr. Thirtle regards merely

as a section mark. He accordingly supposes it to refer not to what precedes but to what follows it. It is a rather dull interpretation of our old friend, but for those to whom the psalter is a subject of interest there is nothing else dull in this book.

The Arnoldian's Arnold

MATTHEW ARNOLD. By G. W. E. Russell. Literary Lives Series. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

THIS volume is somewhat of a disappointment. Mr. Russell appears to think that Mr. Saintsbury and Mr. Paul have done all that is necessary in the way of biography and criticism of Matthew Arnold, and offers us here little more than an estimate of Arnold's "method" and of his practical effect upon his contemporaries in the fields of Education, Society, Conduct, and Theology. Our own view is that an adequate biographical and critical monograph on Arnold has yet to be supplied, and we had hoped that Mr. Russell, who knew him personally and edited his letters, would supply it. A slight sketch of Arnold's personality Mr. Russell does indeed give us, and very engaging it is. Now and then, too, he repeats things that he has heard Arnold utter; such as—"People think I can teach them style. What stuff it all is! Have something to say, and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style." The "Discourses in America," Arnold told Mr. Russell, was the book by which, of all his prose writings, he most desired to be remembered. Our author also recollects Arnold remarking to him, "with an air of stately admiration," after service on Ascension Day, "I always like to hear the Athanasian Creed sung. 'But One God' sounds so magnificently with that full swell of the organ. It seems to come with the whole authority of the Church." This, in the mouth of the author of "Literature and Dogma," is certainly surprising. We are also told that in Harrow School Chapel Arnold used, "with great solemnity and deliberation," to turn to the east during the recitation of the Creed. "It was the traditional mode of the Church of England, and that was enough for him." Mr. Russell is in a position further to introduce into his present pages a few extracts from letters by Arnold hitherto unpublished—notably one in which he characterises some of the contents of the first Collected Edition of his Poems (1869); another, in which he comments upon Mr. Swinburne's eulogistic criticism of his verse (1867); and so forth.

These fresh and illuminative details, scattered over the surface of Mr. Russell's volume, unquestionably help to give it savour. They, however, rather increase than lessen our regret that the volume contains so little of the biographical element. The chief merit of the work is that, in the main, it is a fair exposition of Arnold's teaching in the social sphere. Those who want to know, with as little trouble to themselves as possible, the Master's views on theology, education, and social conditions generally, will find all they want in these chapters. We agree with Mr. Russell in thinking that all Arnold's social philosophy is embodied in "Culture and Anarchy." Elsewhere he did but apply the principles therein laid down. We also agree that "Friendship's Garland" is one of the wisest, as well as the wittiest, of its writer's books. Unhappily it is precisely in the sphere of social philosophy and theological criticism that Arnold will be least attractive to posterity. We, his contemporaries, rejoiced in the brilliant battles that he fought with the forces of Philistinism. They are, however, things of the past; they belong to history;

and what really is permanently interesting in Arnold is his theory of literary criticism, and his poetry. On these heads Mr. Russell, curiously enough, has least to say, and what he does say is not particularly useful. It will not do to assert of Arnold that "as a critic of books, his taste, his temper, his judgment were pretty nearly infallible," that he was "a calm and impartial judge, never a zealot, never an advocate," and so on. Arnold's judgment was often biased, often eccentric; what is valuable in his "Essays" is the high ideal of judging which they seek to establish—an ideal of which he frequently fell short in actual practice. Arnold's principles are excellent, and have done much to impart to the literary criticism of to-day such disinterestedness and urbanity as it possesses. But it is in his poetry that he will live longest, though only a portion of it may survive. Mr. Russell expends far too much space in proving that Arnold is not "a great poet." Who said he was? It is enough for a poet if he can write exquisite things and give delight. And Arnold certainly did that.

W. D. A.

A Gallant Gordon

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR. By General John B. Gordon, of the Confederate Army. (Constable. 16s. net.)

THERE are certainly plenty of memoirs and recollections of the American Civil War in existence, but we can do well with another when it comes from one of the most chivalrous fighters of the South, who was in the opening reconnaissance at Bull Run and led the last charge at Appomattox Court House. General Gordon's character, as revealed by himself in his book, is that of the best type of soldier, simple, honest, ardent in his profession, and entirely and instinctively fearless. His generosity to his opponents and to those on his own side from whose views he differed is remarkable. It is the temper, common to the best men on both sides, which enabled the United States to rise to its enormous prosperity and power with hardly a pause after the greatest civil war of history.

The author of these reminiscences is a Southern soldier of the type of Stonewall Jackson, whose enthusiastic admirer he shows himself to be. Swift attack, sudden swoops on an unguarded point, are his tactics, resting, however, as in Jackson's case, on a sound strategical theory. His book may be classed as a blend of three elements, one valuable, consisting of his comments on the history of the war; one amusing, embodying his personal adventures and the anecdotes of the camp; and one pardonable but regrettable, a series of descriptions of great battles in American journalese. I fear that General Gordon must be prouder of these last purple, or rather magenta, patches than of the artless frankness of his personal anecdotes or the insight of his discussions of the operations of war. Otherwise he would hardly have described a cavalry charge as follows:—"The madly flying horses thunder across the trembling field, filling the air with clouds of dust and whizzing pebbles. Their iron-rimmed hoofs in remorseless tread crush the stones to powder and crash through the flesh and bones of hapless riders who chance to fall," &c. Any imaginative schoolboy could write this sort of stuff.

Happily, there is not much "fine writing" in the book; and, after all, it is a relic of the old Southern style "befo' de war." Students of the Civil War will have plenty of scope for discussion in General Gordon's views on questions of strategy. He is, if anything, too tender to the failures of both sides; but a soldier

who knows how small is the margin between success and ruin in the field learns to be lenient in judgment. He excuses General Pemberton for allowing his army to be shut up and captured in Vicksburg, a loss which many think to have been the death-blow to the Confederacy. "He did not cut his way out of Vicksburg because his army was not strong enough," says General Gordon. This is true, but Pemberton ought to have tried to escape without a battle, and most historians believe that he could have done this. Vicksburg was valuable as the last important Confederate fort on the Mississippi; but Pemberton, following the Confederate mistake that had been made all down the river, turned the place into an entrenched camp and held it with an army. Grant, after a long series of attempts to isolate Vicksburg, launched his big army across below the fortress, cutting loose from his base and swinging round between Pemberton's army at Vicksburg and Joseph Johnston's small force at Jackson. There was only one chance for Pemberton, to leave Vicksburg either empty or with a small garrison, and edge round one of Grant's flanks—Grant had no line of communication for the time—so as to keep his army in the open field. To escape was dangerous; to remain was certain ruin. Pemberton's honesty and courage General Gordon does well to recognise; his reputation as a general is past saving.

Very interesting is General Gordon's account of what he considers as the last chance of the Confederacy at the Battle of the Wilderness. Grant's and Lee's arms had met in indecisive shock in the dense woodland on May 5, 1864. General Gordon, posted on the Confederate left with his brigade, found to his surprise at early dawn, that Grant's right flank was "in the air," and could be rolled up. General Early, his divisional commander, demurred, fearing to be crushed by Burnside's Federal corps, which, as a matter of fact, was not near that part of the field. The movement was not made till the close of the day, when it met with complete success, soon, however, checked by darkness. General Gordon maintains that a sudden flank attack in the morning, as soon as battle was joined on the other flank, would have rolled Grant's great army up, as the Austrians were rolled up at Leuthen, in spite of superior numbers.

The one point that might have upset this plan seems to me to be the intricate nature of the country, making concerted movements difficult and confusion probable. In several battles of the Civil War, notably Shiloh and Murfreesborough (or Stone River), an army apparently in hopeless rout was able to recover owing to the confusion of the pursuers in the tangled woods. The Battle of the Wilderness was a series of such partial victories. General Gordon, by the way, does not throw any light on what is the puzzle of the campaign of 1864 in Virginia—that in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania, Lee, with an army always stated as very inferior in numbers, was able to face Grant along his whole line with sufficient forces, and even take the offensive and incur heavy loss, as in the famous fight for the salient at Spottsylvania. Mere superiority in experience of war will not explain this; and in quality of courage there was no great difference between the average of the two armies. But, after all, Inkerman is even more of a miracle.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY. By William Canton. (Murray. 6s.)

THE British and Foreign Bible Society has, as most people are aware, just completed a hundred years of

its enthusiastic existence. The task of recording its rise and progress has been placed in competent hands, those of Mr. Canton, with the result that we have before us. The daily papers have supplied to those who take a personal interest in its work the remarkable figures in which that work is epitomised. The full account of its career may be read in Mr. Canton's fervid pages; in which with an abundance of illustrative anecdote, culled, we may fairly imagine, from the minutes of a hundred annual meetings in Exeter Hall, he passes in review the heroic labours of its officers and colporteurs.

Could we but follow them in their wanderings! Here at nightfall in October is one who loses his way in the forest. The rain is pouring in torrents; the darkness thickens; and the wind blows with eerie voices among the trees, through which he stumbles. Suddenly a light glimmers; there is a forester's hut. He reaches it and looks in through the window. By the light of a splinter of pine a grey-haired man is reading to a woman and two young men sitting round the fire. On his entrance the old man gives him a seat by the hearth, and asks leave to finish his reading. As he listens the colporteur's heart beats fast; it is one of the Gospels. "You must excuse it," says the forester when he has finished, "that we did not suffer ourselves to be interrupted by your arrival; we were desirous of learning all that the Lord had to say to us this evening. It has been our custom to close the day in this way for the last nine years, and we are much attached to it." Nine years before a colporteur had gone through the forest, and had sold a copy of the New Testament at this cottage.

One can imagine the applause, and perhaps one ought oneself to be stirred in harmony. But the fact is that though the broad and businesslike effort that has resulted in the wide diffusion of a priceless literature is a thing of which as a nation we may fairly feel proud, there has been mingled with the admirable devotion of the Society's supporters a certain insularity of outlook that has made them very offensive to the clergy and people of the Continent. The Bible is indeed priceless, but it is not a religion; and the attempt to thrust it as a substitute for religion upon peoples who have remained faithful to the religion of their fathers, to the tenets of a highly developed form of Christianity which Exeter Hall knows for the most part only in caricature, is an attempt that no man of liberal mind could approve. Nevertheless, the labours of the Society among the neglected and ignorant laity of the early days of its existence were labours, we should be the last to deny, that bore abundant fruit in enlightenment and culture among the poorer classes. And there are still fields in which it may sow the seed of the Word with hope of an abundant harvest.

TROUT FISHING. By W. Earl Hodgson. With a frontispiece by H. L. Rolfe, and a facsimile in colours of a model book of flies for stream and lake arranged according to the months in which the lures are appropriate. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is an unconventional book. Mr. Earl Hodgson has not perpetrated a mere addition to the host of more or less elementary guides for tyros, but has broken to some extent new ground. Fishermen of every rank will be interested by his attempt to classify his observations on wind, temperature, and light. It is inevitable that his deductions should excite criticism, but he is himself so conscious that no finality can be arrived at that it seems hypercritical to speak in anything but praise of his courageous efforts in a field which angling writers have largely left untouched. His observations, it should be borne in mind, have been made on Scotch lochs as

well as southern rivers, and this may explain deductions which will not in the latter case be universally conceded. The east wind has few friends, and Mr. Earl Hodgson is emphatic in his condemnation. "Even a draught from the east or from the north," he says, "puts the fish down." Francis Francis gives exactly contrary testimony. "I have had," he says in "The Book of Angling," "some of the best days I ever had in my life with a north or east wind and some of the worst with a south or west one." No weather prophet can help the fly-fisher, and no rules have been deduced from experience to which exceptions cannot be cited. The only point on which all fly-fishers of every school are agreed is that fish go down when a fog gets up. There is, nevertheless, sound sense in Mr. Earl Hodgson's careful observations, and it may be granted that no fisherman will be any the worse for taking a leaf out of his notebook. For wind, light, and temperature, although not necessarily, under any conditions, fatal, terribly handicap the fisherman who does not appreciate their probable effect upon the haunts of fish. Mr. Earl Hodgson is not a devotee of the cult of the dry fly. He is even enough of a heretic to question whether artificial flies should float at all, and gives it as his experience that fish do not begin to feed in earnest on natural flies until these have been drenched. He has, moreover, courage enough to break a lance in favour of swimming the worm, which, it may be conceded, is undoubtedly a high art in clear streams if not in times of flood. Northern and southern fly-fishers can, perhaps, never agree on these well-worn themes. Your Test man will, we doubt not, continue for all time to regard the wet-fly fisher as a poacher, and the man with the worm as a felon. Mr. Earl Hodgson disputes the theory that trout have become more wary. He tells a capital story of a beginner who was broken by a good fish and within ten minutes hooked and landed the fish with the lost fly in his mouth. The falling-off in so many famous streams is, no doubt, as he believes, much more due to a decline in the stock of fish than to any other cause. Mr. Hodgson has, we believe, been the first to attempt a monthly classification of lake flies. His whole "Book of Flies," that is, of wet patterns exclusively, is valuable and beautifully reproduced, although there seems to be a touch of the north in his nomenclature of favourites which down south go by other names. But none of the multitude of visitors to the Scotch and Irish lochs can be anything but grateful for his painstaking attempt to deduce a method out of the chaos of lake patterns.

W. MORRIS COLLES.

THE CATTLE RAID OF CUALNGE. An old Irish prose epic, translated for the first time from Leabhar na h-Uidhri and The Yellow Book of Lecan by L. Winifred Faraday. (Nutt. 4s. net.)

THE present version, says Miss Faraday, is intended for those who cannot read the tale in the original, and she fulfils her task for hundreds of those who have "an enthusiasm for Irish literature not accompanied by a knowledge of the Irish language." The translation is close to the original, it is from the best MS., nothing is omitted except a few passages of so-called rhetorics of no value to the story, and in these cases the places of omission are marked.

The non-Irish student is thus equipped with a valuable addition to his knowledge of archaic Irish tradition. The whole atmosphere of the story is archaic. The sickness of the Ulster heroes, which Professor Rhys

has identified with that curious custom known to ancient society as the *couvade*, the head-hunting customs—"we will not part thus," said Etarcomol to Cuchulainn, "till I have taken your head or left my head with you"—the uncertainty of fatherhood and the importance attached to sister's son, the different characteristics of the warriors noted as ugly men, dark men, or yellow-haired men, the belief in gods and non-gods, are among the features which strike the reader as expressive of ancient culture in Ireland.

Then there are the literary points. There is the framework of the regular story-teller's art very strongly apparent. The stories of the former deeds of Cuchulainn are as the stories of the deeds of heroes all the world over, and they interrupt the narrative of the Ulster fight with great charm both of purpose and manner. The quaint humour here and there revealed is perhaps specially Irish, while the boastful deeds of the heroes belong to that period of early history when single-handed prowess was the order of the day.

Altogether, this story from the ancient Irish storehouse is most welcome, and we hope it is but the forerunner of others from the same source. Miss Faraday has not given us notes, because she says they might repel the readers to whom the volume is offered. This, we think, is a mistake. There are too many quaint and difficult passages with allusions of interest and importance to Irish history for it to be altogether distasteful to the readers who will value this story to have the guidance of the editor where it is advisable. However, to grumble at what is not supplied, when we are so grateful for what is given to us, is not quite reasonable, and we are content to congratulate both author and publisher on this addition to our stock of Irish historical material.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Adolf Jülicher. Translated by Janet Penrose Ward. With a Prefatory Note by Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder. 16s.)

THE prescriptions for a liberal education in little, initiated some years ago by him who was then Sir John Lubbock, are by the publication of this volume increased by one. It is Mrs. Humphry Ward who, in her prefatory note, recommends this translation of Dr. Jülicher's Introduction as a rival to the various groups of a hundred that have since been offered to the public.

Dr. Jülicher's book has the advantage of being intelligible to any person with a reasonably well trained mind. At the same time he is not ignominiously explanatory. His style is, for the style of a German, clear and flowing; it makes strict demand indeed upon the attention, but the attention is repaid. But though in some sense a popular writer, Jülicher is by no means a mere manualist. It would be difficult, writes his introducer, "to find, either in English or German, a more masterly statement of the Synoptic problem, or of the probable conditions governing the composition of the Fourth Gospel, or of the difficulties that surround the Acts, or, above all, of the history of the Canon and the Text." So far as concerns his relation to other scholars, "when Dr. Weiss on the more conservative side, and Professor Jülicher on the liberal side agree," says Dr. Harnack, "it is not necessary for any after-comer to reopen a question." And in his own discussion of the Pastoral Epistles the Berlin professor presupposes as proved the results arrived at by Jülicher and Holtzmann. It will complete the notion of Jülicher's position in the realm of criticism if we add that to him Zahn, the champion of orthodox criticism in

Germany, is simply "the great misleader." Comparing her author with Holtzmann, Mrs. Ward, following Harnack, finds a greater pliancy and simplicity of method and less Baurian "vigour and rigour."

Dr. Jülicher is further removed from Tübingen than Dr. Holtzman. His treatment is "richer in historical points of view"; his tone more natural and varied; while "behind the documents he looks to the men and their relations, takes into account the influence of changing moods and circumstances upon a writer," and relies but sparingly on those fine-drawn arguments based wholly on the details of vocabulary or what may be called the psychology of style which the critic of to-day will use only when he must. His account of the literature of the subject is much less full than that of Dr. Holtzmann; but he gains thereby greatly in interest and vivacity for the general reader, while for the student the two books complete each other.

It is to be noted that Dr. Jülicher endeavours to avoid a theological or an "edifying" tone; and his endeavour may be said to be generally successful. But necessarily, at least because he ignores certain principles which by the orthodox are regarded as axioms, he will fail to carry with him in his inquiry those to whom, whatever may be the ultimate conclusion of criticism, dogmatic Christianity is a living thing.

INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Revised edition, with Annotations and Introduction by John M. Robertson. (Routledge. 5s.)

WAS it not the late Sir Andrew Clark who formulated the counsel of perfection, "If you have only a week to live, begin your folio"? The advice recurs irresistibly to mind in the presence of this bulky volume of nearly a thousand pages (and, at that, but a fragment of the great synthetic essay schemed by its author), the work of a man of frail health, who died at the age of forty. Indeed, upon every page it bears evidence of a youthful temperament—in its impetuosity, its assurance, its rhetoric. And this in strangest contrast with the maturity of its method and the mass of its assimilated material. For he was superbly equipped for his great self-imposed task. He had mastered nineteen languages and was familiar with as many literatures. His list of authorities is appalling, and his bibliographical notes cover an enormous range. Whatever its shortcomings and inevitable faults of haste and temerity, here undeniably is a book that, like "The Wealth of Nations" or "The Origin of Species," has done its work and set its mark upon the mind of man once and for all. In a thousand places its present editor scrupulously points out the flaw in a particular argument or the error in regard to a matter of fact; the panorama of European history is none the less imposing with its stately array of authorities, the nexus of the main argument is not the less convincing, and the general thesis stands secure. We have already made allusion to Mr. Robertson's notes; his introduction is excellent also in tone and judgment.

Fiction

LA CONQUÊTE DE JÉRUSALEM. Roman Moderne. Par Myriam Harry. (Calmann Lévy, 3fr. 50c.) Myriam Harry belongs to the group of "exotic" writers to whom Pierre Loti undoubtedly showed the way, but while following to a certain extent in Loti's footsteps her own individuality is too strong for her ever to be a mere imitator. The book before

us is a far more ambitious effort than either of her earlier volumes. We felt the charm of "Passage de Bédouins" and "Petites Épouses," but there was in them little sign of the power she shows here. How far she is successful in what she aims at in "La Conquête de Jérusalem" it is very difficult for the critic to determine. We venture to think that the interest of this really remarkable book lies less in the fortunes of its mystical hero, Hélié Jamain, than in the description of Jerusalem, its inhabitants and surroundings as they appear to-day. Instead of finding there, as he had hoped, the peace of the soul, Jamain, after a few weeks' sojourn, loses his illusions, his enthusiasm and his faith. The spot which had given birth to a doctrine of charity and peace has become a hotbed of intolerance and dissensions. Where he had hoped to find the light of the spirit, he found only the dead letter; where he had dreamed of finding the confirmation of his faith, he encountered vague superstitions, masses of falsehood, nothing that testified to the beginnings of Christianity. To the believer a perusal of this book will bring feelings of sadness and despair, to the sceptic confirmation that "tout lasse, tout passe," while to those who can contemplate Jerusalem dispassionately the volume affords a marvellously vivacious picture of what the place really is, painted with an artistic brush, at once strong and delicate, which reveals a writer of powerful originality, and an observer of keen discrimination.

THE FRENCH WIFE. By Katharine Tynan. (White, 6s.) In reading one of Katharine Tynan's novels one is always surprised and somewhat sorry to find such small if indeed any traces of that poetic fancy and charm to be found in the same writer's verses. The scene of "The French Wife" is of course Ireland, and though the story is interesting enough it is not distinguished by any play of fancy or delicacy of touch. It strikes the reader at times, even, as old-fashioned and heavy. The heroine, Alison Barnard of Barnard Castle, is of the stately type of Irish women, and her lover is a quixotic young philanthropist who devotes himself to wild schemes for the improvement of his country. He is by way of overlooking Alison in his enthusiasm, but in the end, when his plans miscarry and stones are flying in the air, he remembers that she is waiting for him, and marries her. "The French Wife" was Alison's grandfather's first wife, to whom he was not legally married by the then existing state of the law. She fled from the house with her two children, disappearing entirely. Alison is the granddaughter by his second wife, and holds the estate in trust for the descendants of the French wife when she shall discover them, holding herself not to be morally the rightful owner. The owners are found towards the end of the volume in two old gentlemen who somewhat remind us of Dickens' Brothers Cheeryble. But as Castle Barnard is destroyed by fire in the last chapter matters adjust themselves, and we are at liberty to put down the book.

THE LAND OF SILENCE. By G. B. Burgin. (Nash.) No one can doubt the sincerity of purpose of the author, but there is room to question whether he really and thoroughly understands the strange human problem which he presents under the name of Van Geld. What is the reader to believe of this amorphous personality: Indian by birth, gentleman by education, soliloquist, star-gazer, and mystic by circumstance? Is he god or man? In this novel Mr. Burgin returns for his subject matter to Canada, with which some of his former books have dealt. The story is of Old Man Flint, who has brought on himself The Curse through his ferocity in dispossessing an Indian family, the original squatters, of Prophet's Hill. Flint has a son and a "little Mary," the latter extremely troublesome but most necessary to the well-being of the story. Years pass by, medicine bottles increase, and the Curse still hangs ominously above the old man's head. He is sorely buffeted, and one night Van Geld, a doctor, a grandson of that same dispossessed squatter, appears to fulfil the curse. So far the story is coherent, and one rejoices in the prospect of some refined torture suitable to the occasion. But there arises a conflict of emotions. The cross which towers on Prophet's Hill forbids the fulfilment of the curse; "the usual girl"

forbids it; Van Geld's education, his sympathy forbid it; and on the other hand his Indian blood and loyalty to his forebears call loudly to him to take the vengeance which is his so justly. He battles with himself; he battles with the cross; and comports himself generally with the dignity of one possessed. And in the end, refined in the fires of love, and brotherhood, and religion, he sacrifices himself upon that same Christ's cross which dominated Prophet's Hill, and dominated all those that stood in its shadow. Perhaps! others may read the story differently. Mr. Burgin may congratulate himself on a strange book, strangely told.

THE TRIUMPH OF MRS. ST. GEORGE. By Percy White. (Nash, 6s.) The stage in Mr. White's new novel is occupied by well-known London types and the play proceeds in his characteristic manner. The story, which opens in Las Palmas, introducing us to a bronzed soldier just returned from a fifteen years' stay on the West Coast of Africa, soon shifts to London. Here the aforesaid bronzed soldier is captivated against his will by an extraordinarily fascinating woman, "a dream interpreter, clairvoyante, fortune-teller, palmist, prophetess—anything you like in the way of magic." She has a large *clientèle* and many guineas find their way into the mysterious rooms in Bond Street. "Ladies whom bad debts at bridge had saddled with compromising debts, young men who had backed horses for amounts they were unable to meet, constantly climbed those dark stairs haunted by the faint smell of sandal wood." The prophetess, albeit she has by no means a desirable past, hankers after respectability and the bronzed soldier whom she captures, but omits to disclose her real identity to him until it is forced from her by ensuing complications. Then the inevitable little box of deadly poison which the heroine of every such novel seems to possess appears upon the scene and works its wicked will. But the bronzed soldier is not inconsolable, for the author has considerably provided him with a second wife in the last chapter. The writing is bright and amusing in parts, and the story goes with a swing. One curious sentence occurs: "His dark trousers were turned up coquettishly over his boots."

STRONG MAC. By S. R. Crockett. (Ward, Lock, 6s.) When, oh when, is Mr. Crockett going to stop pouring out stories at a rate which absolutely precludes him from giving us good, or at any rate his best work? It is such a good "best" that some of his later work makes us sigh regretfully for another "Lilac Sunbonnet," or "Red Axe"—for the strength, tenderness, and vivid power which he has given us, and will, we sincerely hope, give us again. "Strong Mac" made its appearance first as a serial, as so many novels do nowadays, and reading it in volume form, an irresistible suggestion arises that the numbers were written as they were required. In some places the story seems dragged out—drawn to a thread as it were, to cover a given space—while at others it gallops over the ground at a fine rate—and the result is a rough unevenness of style much to be regretted. The book is not worthy of Mr. Crockett's reputation, and he must not blame us for saying so, since the standard by which we judge it is one set up by his own previous work. The story is sufficiently interesting, and here and there we get descriptions of Scotch scenery and sketches of Scotch character that remind us of his old style, but—well, we want something better, and we know he can give it us. For one thing Adora Gracie is an unsympathetic heroine, and Mr. Crockett can draw for us sweet women and true, when he will. Let us hope he will soon.

PATSEY THE OMADAUN. By M. McD. Bodkin, K.C. (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.) Any person wishing to while away a dull leisure cannot do better than choose "Patsey the Omadaun" as a companion. These dozen stories, for each chapter of the book is a story complete in itself, are as quaint and amusing as anything we have read for a long time. The hero, who is far from being the fool his nickname would proclaim him, is quite delightful. His simplicity, sly touches of humour, resourcefulness and pluck make him more than a match for the clever people who try to get the better of him, from "Foxey Regan" to Old Nick himself. Whether Patsey is a real man, or a fiction emanat-

ing from the fertile brain of his chronicler, Peter Rattigan, the tailor, he is equally a person worth knowing. It is easy to see that he and the complementary sketches of Irish character, with their strange mixture of worldly wisdom and childishness, their superstitions and old-world beliefs, are sketched by one who knows, understands, and loves them. We like Patsey, and should like to meet him and his sweet colleen, Biddy Maguire, again, and unless Mr. Peter Rattigan's memory, or ingention, fail him, there is no reason why we should not. From the form the book takes, there is nothing to prevent this very lovable "Omadaun" from living as long and as entertaining a life as the great Mr. Sherlock Holmes himself. We honestly congratulate Mr. Bodkin on his volume, which his delightful and irresistible sense of humour makes most agreeable reading.

Short Notices

LEO TOLSTOY. By T. Sharper Knowlson. (Warne, 2s. 6d. net.) Tolstoyism, regarded as a philosophical or religious formula, is so self-contradictory, that any attempt to present or expound it is doomed to share its bewilderment. Yet is Mr. Knowlson an exponent of so much information that his little book serves invaluable for literary and biographical reference. Fresh from his recapitulation of the facts of the grand Moujik's life, we find Tolstoy a sombre illustration of a principled contempt for earthly existence. When Tolstoy thought to refute law and patriotism with "Resist not evil," the explanation was rather in his own temperament than in the Bible. The same Jesus who uttered those words drove the merchants out of the Temple, an action which alone suffices to limit their significance, as even a Bible-Christian would admit. But Tolstoy submitted the Bible to "his spiritual instinct" so drastically that we search the "Tolstoyan Bible" in vain for the Resurrection and Ascension. Tolstoy is therefore strictly a critical prophet delivering copious messages which disagree because his moods are variable. That anecdote of his attempting to fly when he was a child and injuring himself in the process is instructive as showing the eagerness which disposes him to make a great hazard for the sake of a little proof. To Englishmen he is before everything else the great novelist, and in this connection we must regret a foolish passage which groups Anna Karenin, Mrs. Poyser and Mrs. Gamp. There is no sense in discussing the relative popularities of characters so dissimilar. In his praise of Tolstoy's style, Mr. Knowlson oversteps the mark. Tolstoy's style is distinctly poor; it is in characterisation and invention that he is great. In another edition the date of a translation, here mistitled "Non-Action," should be altered to March, 1896. The translation was done in French by Tolstoy himself and differs notably from the first Russian text.

LITERARY NEW YORK, ITS LANDMARKS AND ASSOCIATIONS. By Charles Hemstreet. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 10s. 6d. net.) Literary New York is made the subject by Mr. Hemstreet of a most unlitrary history. He has shown untiring diligence in locating the houses with associations and traditions, and has catalogued with assiduous care the spots linked with the authors of New York. But in following upon their outward trail he has missed the opportunity for individual characterisation and critical appraisal. Possibly the field covered in a single volume is too wide to allow study of persons as well as places, but about the houses should linger the atmosphere of the indwellers, and the very names of books in connection with their birth-places should suggest an occasional word of significant criticism. New York is too new a city and Americans too changeable in habitat to have streets, corners, and courts ghost-ridden, as has older, greyer, richer London. In clear-skyed, unshadomed New York the houses assigned to authors are seldom home nests, but eaves scarce lighted upon and left in their restless flittings. The only touch of picturesqueness in the book is the sketch of New Amsterdam, with its gabled houses, its quaint costumes, and the cumbersome dignity of

its burgomasters and "schepens." And there is the breath of life in the two poets, Jacob Steendam, the singer of the people, and Nicasius de Sille of courtly leisure. We have the various groups sketched, from Fresneau, the poet of the Revolution, and his contemporaries, through Irving and the "Salmagundi," Copper and his friends, to the close of the Knickerbocker days. Then follow the writers of the later decades grouped about the magazines and papers of the period, "The Tribune" with Horace Greeley and Margaret Fuller, and "The Evening Post," under the editorship of William Cullen Bryant, Parke Godwin and John Bigelow. In the writers of to-day the footsteps are tracked of Stedman, Stoddard, Howell and Henry Harland while still an unabashed American. But even New York, modern and commercial, might give haunting memories. Poe with his shadow presences and his poignant cadences, Irving with his "Sleepy Hollow" traditions and his chivalrous love, Halleck and Drake in their immortal friendship, Margaret Fuller, ascetic dreamer of Brook Farm and impassioned lover of the Italy of Mazzini's visions—all these are enumerated, but not one is individualised. The book doubtless has its value as a work of reference, but it is a singularly bare record of the members of the Literary Guild, in a city not lacking in contrasts and colour, and both complex and picturesque in its cross currents of thought and its blending of races.

OUTLINES OF COMPARATIVE POLITICS. By B. E. Hammond. (Rivingtons, 7s. 6d.) Nothing quite like this has been done before. It is at once a compendium of history, a book of reference, and a carefully considered study of a profoundly interesting subject. There are larger, longer, possibly more erudite works dealing more or less directly with the science of comparative politics; but this is a handbook, a help, and a guide; and again something better than all these things, for it is individual, personal; the work of a man who knows what he is writing about. Exactly nine years ago we had occasion to speak very highly in the columns of *THE ACADEMY* of "The Political Institutions of the Ancient Greeks" by the same author. The impression then formed is fully justified by this later and maturer work. The classification of States and their Governments must always have a keen fascination for the student of politics, it partakes so much of the groundwork, the weaning of nations, and leads to the synthesis and evolution of national character. As an instance of the bypaths of the study of "Comparative Politics," Mr. Hammond refers to a curious and hitherto ignored analogy between the Spartans and their helots and the Boers of the Great Trek of 1835 and their black slaves. This was briefly mentioned in an interesting lecture by the late Honourable John Tudhope, published in South Africa, on the old Voortrekkers, but it has never before been carried to its legitimate conclusion. Another happy and apposite comparison is that of Tammany with the Parte Guelfa in Florence. It is amazingly parallel. Although the Florentines set themselves free from the Guelph captains at the time of the great revolt of the *Ciampi*, within fifteen years they were again under the rule of a small clique of men who resembled the captains in all important particulars. In the study of such a wide-embracing subject it would be impossible to ignore the important factor of the City States, and the author devotes to them a careful examination, in chapters v. to ix., from Mycenæ, Argos, and Corinth, down to Athens and Rome. The matter is sound, interesting, and informing. It could not have been better done. To students, as also to the average man who wants to get to the bottom of things, this book is invaluable.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

Bull, M.A. (The Rev. Paul B.), *The Missioner's Handbook* (Richards) net 3/6

Poetry, &c.

Moore (T. Sturge), *The Gazelles, and Other Poems*.....(Duckworth) 1/0
Tweedie (Mrs. Alec), *Behind the Footlights*.....(Hutchinson) net 18/0
Paul (Herbert), edited by, *Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone* (Allen) net 15/0

Ward (F. W. Orde) (F. Harald Williams), *The Prisoner of Love* (Richards) net 3/6
New Songs, A Lyric Selection made by A.E.....(Bullen) net 1/6

History and Biography

Walpole, K.C.B. (Sir Spencer), *The History of Twenty-Five Years 1856-1881*. 2 Vols.....(Longmans) net 24/0
Snell, M.A. (J. G.), *Early Associations of Archbishop Temple* (Hutchinson) net 6/0
Russell (G. W. E.), *Matthew Arnold*.....(Hodder & Stoughton) 3/6
Murdoch, M.A. (James) and Isah Yamagata, *A History of Japan, during the Century of Early Foreign Intercourse (1542-1651)* (Kobe, Japan: "Chronicle" Office) gold \$6.40
Siehel (Walter), *Disraeli, a Study in Personality and Ideas* (Methuen) net 12/6
Farrar (Reginald), *The Life of Frederic William Farrar*.....(Nisbet) net 6/0

Travel and Topography

Whigham (H. J.), *Manchuria and Korea*.....(Isbister) 7/6
Goodliffe, M.A. (W.), *Littlehampton and Arundel (Homeland Association)* net 0/6
Hanbury (David T.), *Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada* (Arnold) net 15/0

Art

Jackson (F. Hamilton), *Mural Painting*.....(Sands) net 5/0
Bygone Eton, Part II.....(Spottiswoode) 1/6

Educational

Dumville, B.A. (B.), *The Elements of French Pronunciation and Diction*.....(Dent) 2/6
Bradley (Henry), *The Making of English*.....(Macmillan) 4/6
Allcroft, M.A. (A. H.), and Haydon, M.A. (J.H.), *The Early Principate: A History of Rome 44 B.C.-138 A.D.* (University Tutorial Press) 3/6
Norwood, B.A. (Gilbert), and Watt, M.A. (A. F.), edited by, *Tacitus: Agricola*.....(University Tutorial Press) 2/6

Miscellaneous

The Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. VI. God—Istria (Funk & Wagnalls) net 25/0
Hammond (B. E.), *Outlines of Comparative Politics* (Rivingtons)..... 7/6
Pearce (E. H.), *The Sons of the Clergy, 1655-1904*.....(Murray) net 5/0
Davidson (Morrison), *The Wisdom of Winstanley the "Digger"* (Henderson) 0/3
Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, Vol. XXIV. Part IV. (Asher)
Joseph's Letters upon Egypt, I.....(Cassell) net 0/6
Levy (J. H.), *The Fiscal Question in Great Britain*.....(King) net 0/6
Waters, R. A., O.V.O. (Col. W. H. H.), translated from the German by, *The War in South Africa*.....(Murray) net 15/0

Fiction

"The Price of Youth," by Margery Williams (Duckworth), 6/0; "The Bindweed," by Nellie K. Blissett (Constable), 6/0; "The Ellwoods," by C. S. Welles, M.D. (Simpkin, Marshall), 6/0; "The Watcher on the Tower," by A. G. Hales (Unwin), 6/0; "The Sword in the Air," by Archibald C. Gunter (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "Miss Caroline," by Theo Douglas (Arnold), 6/0; "The Vulgar Truth," by L. Lookhart Lang (Arnold), 6/0; "Maureen," by Edward McNulty (Arnold), 6/0; "The Money-Maker," by Georges Ohnet, translated by F. Rothwell (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; "What Ought She to do?" by Florence Warden (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; "The Vineyard," by John Oliver Hobbes (Unwin), 6/0; "Yarborough the Premier," by A. H. Weekes (Harper), 6/0; "The Lion of Gersau," by "Sirrah" (Heinemann), 6/0; "Tally," by Emily Pearson Finnemore (Hurst & Blackett), 3/6.

Reprints and New Editions

"Charles II.," by Edmund Airy, M.A., LL.D. (Longmans), 6/6 net; "Thomas Dekker," edited by Ernest Rhys (Unwin), cloth, net 2/6; "The Odyssey of Homer in English Verse," by Arthur S. Way, M.A. (Macmillan), cloth, net 1/0; "Wordsworth's Grave," by William Watson (Lane), cloth, net 1/0; "Micro-Cosmographie, or, A Piece of the World Discovered, in Essayes and Characters," by John Earle (Cambridge Press), net 21/0; "History of Civilization in England," Vol. III., by H. T. Buckle (Richards), net 1/0; "Aylwin," by Theodore Watts-Dunton (Richards), net 1/0; "Selections from the Anti-Jacobin," by George Canning (Methuen), net 1/6; "T.B.B." otherwise Tom Bart Brown, by W.W. (Benrose), net 2/0; "Shelley at Oxford," by Thomas Jefferson Hogg (Methuen), net 2/0; "Systematic Memory," by T. MacLaren (Gulbert Pitman), net 1/0; "Corn-Law Rhymes," by Ebenezer Elliott (Unwin), 2d.; "Nicholas Nickleby," by Charles Dickens (Ward, Lock), 6d.; "A Strange Disappearance," by A. K. Green (Ward, Lock), 6d.; "The Lost Witness," by Lawrence L. Lynch (Ward, Lock), 6d.; "Rules for Composers and Readers," by H. Hart (Frowde), net 6d.

Periodicals

"Rapid Review," "Critic," "London," "Library World," "Women's Industrial News," "The Commonwealth," "Cosmopolitan," "Book News," "University Record."

Foreign

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

Kohlrausch (R.), *Klassische Dramen und ihre Stätten* (Stuttgart: Robert Lutz)
De la Sizeranne (R.), *Les Questions Esthétiques Contemporaines* (Paris: Hachette)
Driesen (Dr. Otto), *Der Ursprung des Harlekin* (Berlin: Duncker) 5m.

Miscellaneous

Philipsson (A.), *Das Mittelmeergebiet*.....(Leipzig: Teubner)

Periodicals

"Das Weltall," *Repertorium für Kunstwissenschaft*, XXVI. Band, Heft 3, 4, 5, 6. Mitteilungen.

Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

XIV.—On Leap Year

ONE of my friends, an Admiral's widow, gives me, every Saturday, a summary of her week's study of the "Daily Mail." A strange question, therefore, has been haunting me for some weeks:

Should girls propose?

I have a great reverence for youth, but there seems to be some conspiracy in the very air to rob young women of the present day of all their charm. Is it true that millions every morning seriously consider whether men are too timid to suggest marriage? Am I to believe that any girl in her senses could persuade herself that a man who showed the least cowardice in wooing would be worth consideration as a husband? Do these people who write apologies for backward or unwilling lovers realise at all what marriage means, or the irreparable harm they work in unformed minds by lowering the average standard of common manliness? Already, in this small Parish, I observe a new light gleaming in many eyes which were once very gentle and submissive. Great hulking fellows who work on stock farms are being treated as though they were delicate flowers, capricious zephyrs, sensitive plants, or moping love-birds; the Master of the Hounds (who is over six feet in height and a very fair specimen of English manhood) is regarded as a *Sèvres* statuette; ladies humour him; he is no musician but their attitude toward him is, as it were, that of those who turn over the leaves for a player on some instrument. The few officers who are stationed near our county town receive odd treatment which is based, apparently, on the assumption that they are frail and bashful. If a subaltern declines an invitation to a boring dinner, his refusal is taken with smiles of indulgence. Mama and the daughters pat his hand—I might almost say his cheek—they stroke his arm (not as *Pallas Athene* stroked the arm of *Odysseus*, but rather as a kind cat caresses a pouting kitten); they behave, in fact, as the knights of old in romance behaved toward petulant, shrinking beauties. This grim truth—the subaltern prefers to miss their dinner party—is far from their suspicion; so, with the best motives, they pile encouragement on encouragement till it looks less like hospitality than persecution. Last year, the unmarried men or widowers of our small circle paid calls, lent books, entertained a little, dined out and danced a

little, attended Bazaars, Flower Shows, Cattle Sales, Race Meetings, Political Meetings, and Garden Parties; did their best, in fact, to exchange neighbourly civilities and join in the slow whirl, such as it was, of parochial affairs. Now all this is changed. Girls who were formerly prudent have become foolish, and women who were formerly agreeable companions have developed into dragoons. One fears them; one avoids them; one dreads the gift of their sympathy, and it would be suicide to offer it. Now this is clearly wrong. One should always be willing, at least, to meet any woman—of any age or any type of understanding (I say nothing about looks because it is a deep-set notion of mine that a good appearance, in a member of either sex, depends wholly on the individual observer—not on the individual observed). I am not a coxcomb; my unmarried friends (among men) are not vain, but we begin to feel that we are being much pitied because we are so desolate of self-confidence that we dare not tell our loves. We could tell our loves easily enough if we had them; nay, more, we should enjoy telling them; the fact is, we are not in love, and we do not wish to marry. Most of us have had our stories—long ago; some of us are inexpressibly thankful that they never grew beyond the story-stage; some of us have old memories which cannot be displaced in favour of new hopes; some of us have neither memories nor hopes. But what is this strange fever in the air with regard to marriage? Who pairs the birds of the trees? Who badgers the lion? Who bores the elephant? Who writes essays on the nervousness of the field-mouse? Who would start a correspondence on bachelors in the beetle tribe? If we once allow—even for argument's sake—that it is for women to arrange the marriages, all social life is doomed to destruction. Men driven into a corner use their strength, hit hard, and get out into the open as soon as possible. They are never coy, and I fear they are not tactful when their freedom is at stake. The most timorous male will find the strength to say "No"—when he receives an unwelcome proposal. And a woman's proposal could never be welcome. As for Queens and Ruling Princesses, their case is hard. It is so hard that I doubt all the sacred legends on the subject. And my prayer is that no well-meaning spinster, sustained by pretty anecdotes of Queens, Prince Consorts, and roses, will offer our octogenarian retired Indian Judge a bunch of honeysuckle and myrtle. He will not like it, and she will feel hurt, eventually.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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Egomet

I THINK there was never a truer saying than that "The style is the man"; it is true not only of literature, but of all the arts. It is because of this truth that great masters in the arts have seldom founded schools; they have had their "sedulous apes" indeed, but the monkeys are merely imitative. I have a friend, a writer of novels, who is an able writer, but who handicaps himself by troubling his mind about his style; he worries over grammar and syntax, a false con-

cord is to him an unpardonable sin. But after all I would prefer to write ungrammatically rather than lifelessly. Any one can be grammatical if he will but take pains, but no amount of care or study will equip a writer with a style.

AFTER all, what is style? How do I recognise my friend when I meet him? By his appearance, by his manner—in short by his style. So do I recognise the

writer by his style, which is the outward and visible sign-manual of the inner, hidden man. There be errors of grammar in the writings of masters of style, in Thackeray and in Goldsmith for example. But what need I reckon of these little slips? I know Thackeray and Goldsmith by their style, in each case the style is the man. The great writer has that which he must say, and he speaks it, by word of mouth or by word of pen, in the manner which comes native to him; there is the whole matter. I care not a fig for your pedants, who lay down laws of style and by them test the greatness of those who have written immortal works. Such pedagogues anger me! Who are these little men that they should dare to tell great men that they would have been greater if they had reduced their styles to a dreary dead level of excellence, founded upon pedantic theory? Laws are made to keep the average man from error, not for the tying of the hands of the master-folk.

If a man have nothing to say, let him keep his tongue and his pen quiet; he may acquire temporary notoriety by perfecting what he calls a style, by writing many beautifully chiselled sentences, which shall be as tinkling cymbals, signifying nought and satisfying no one. Shall I call down abuse about my ears if I declare that among such writers are Stevenson and Pater? Will they be read a hundred years hence by any save students of literature, by such men as now read Lyly, his "Euphues"? That book I have read, it wearied me, interesting me only in that in its day it had affected literary workers.

BUT as for the master-folk, they speak out straight from their great hearts, their words burn with life and lustiness, their words are part of themselves, and what should this insignificant me dare to say of their styles? Let me humble myself before them and thank God that they were not as other men and that they said their say in the style with which God had seen fit to equip them. Academicism is the grave of originality; freedom is the breath of literary life.

As well ask all writers to study and observe the rules of style as demand that all men and women should mould their manner of expression in some set fashion. Clothes are "the bird-lime of fools"; and the garments of literary fashion are only useful to hide the nakedness of little souls; from the shoulders of the great they fall away.

E. G. O.

Science

Not Without Hope

THERE is no occasion to waste time by discussing the details of the orthodox—i.e., neo-Babylonian—view of the origin of sin. But a characteristic feature of the modern strategy of orthodoxy is to read a symbolical meaning into that which was once accepted, taught and believed in a literal sense. The method varies with each succeeding decade. We are not likely again to find a champion of the untenable so bold as Newman, who declared that, as long as we do not know what motion is, we may believe the statement of orthodoxy that the sun goes round the earth, and the statement of science to the contrary, to be both and

equally true! But defences are still set up, though of a less flagrant kind, for views at least equally erroneous.

The best evidence for the view that we are a fallen race is to be derived simply from the beliefs of former generations to that effect. It need hardly be said that the natural desire to explain man's disabilities, and the familiar property of the mind by which it tends to magnify the past, are abundant explanation of this myth. Science, on the contrary, furnishes us with irrefragable evidence, admitted by every impartial person capable of judging it, that the history of man is an ascent and not a descent. The late Professor Henry Drummond, whose lectures to schoolboys were a delight to at least one auditor who gratefully remembers them now, has expressed this view in terms familiar to most readers.

Man is, indeed, descended from sinless ancestors in this sense, that the "ape and tiger" are sinless. We do not impute sin to our pre-human ancestors, nor to their present representatives. But this is not to say that present sinful man has *fallen* from their "high" estate.

Whence, then, our conception of sin? So far is evolutionary science from teaching original sin—as one of my critics has asserted—that it absolutely repudiates and stultifies the idea. Evolutionary science, accepting the fundamental article of faith in the creed of science, the belief in universal causation, declares that sinful man—physical and spiritual—is an evolutionary product of the non-moral dust, and of millions of non-moral ancestors. In other words modern science and philosophy offer an unqualified denial to the assertion that man has *inherited* a burden of sin. Man has indeed inherited or evolved a moral sense, a knowledge of good and evil, such as his predecessors had not. So much truth there is in the Garden of Eden story. But the most obvious analysis of that moral sense will show that vice and virtue are correlatives. In other words, the theological idea of sin as an *absolute* thing must disappear. This we shall see when we come to consider the rational and scientific conception of sin; but first let me notice how signally the wisdom of the East has forestalled that of the West in this matter. The orthodox and unphilosophical conception of sin as an absolute thing is wholly western. Take, for instance, the primitive religion of Japan, and observe its superior wisdom as compared with the ideas of western theologians—ideas which are contradicted by the patent experience of every one of us every day. The ancient creed of Shintoism—like twentieth-century philosophy!—does not regard the passions as evil in themselves, but as evil only in certain circumstances. Further, it regards human nature as steadily tending towards the ennoblement and purification of the passions—which have helped to produce humanity and are absolutely necessary for its survival. In other words, Shintoism and modern science have an optimistic view of human nature, as opposed to the pessimistic view of western theologians. Orthodoxy holds human nature to be essentially bad, and, in order to relieve the Almighty of the onus of such a product, it had to invent that most extraordinary and palpably false of all absurdities, free-will, which is at once a contradiction of the facts of existence and of any conception of Omnipotence. Modern science, like Shintoism, thinks better of human nature—and, therefore, one cannot but suppose, of its First Cause. Amongst the disasters which have ensued from the orthodox conception of sin as an absolute thing I need only mention asceticism, which—largely under the influence of Stoicism, no doubt—has led

many noble men and women to devote themselves to the destruction of what they believed to be essentially and fundamentally bad within them, and has thereby robbed humanity of the services of many of its most lovely souls.

What do we mean, then, by saying that sin is a relative thing, and not an original wickedness mysteriously planted, under the eyes of Omnipotent Goodness, in the heart of man? All sin, I take it, is an expression of egoism—the lust of *doing*, of expressing oneself. There is a difficulty about the use of this word, since it has been used in so many unphilosophical and narrow senses, which have given it a sinister significance. If egoism be essentially a bad thing, then so must be sinful conduct, on my own definition of it. And this is the whole question. Christianity, at any rate by some of its exponents, teaches that egoism is sinful as such. Its Sublime Founder taught and practised and died a cruel death for nearly unqualified, absolute altruism. The fact remains that no professing Christian practises unqualified altruism. He eats his breakfast, though his is not the only mouth on earth. He does not turn the other cheek to the smiter. Nevertheless, though we all know perfectly well that unqualified altruism is not only impracticable but undesirable, and though neither Cardinal nor Archbishop practises or can practise it, neither Cardinal nor Archbishop has yet had the honesty to confess that which we all know and act upon—that egoism is the correlative of altruism, and that each must combine with and adjust itself to the other in order that the highest results may be attained. In the words of Christ Himself it is the duty of each of us to love his neighbour *as himself*. Not more than himself, observe. This egoism, this expression of all that heredity and environment have made of us, is not sinful in itself.

Nor are any of its expressions. They have become sinful because human nature—which is *not* desperately wicked, thank Heaven—has developed altruism within itself, and has determined that man is to be a social animal. The ideal of happiness for each of us having been gradually evolved from that of the animal, which is content to eat and sleep and procreate, our egoism has to temper itself with altruism. Where the balance is imperfect, there is sin: the expression not of original depravity, but of yet imperfect attainment by humanity of its own Divine ideals. And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence for the fulness of the days? Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

THERE was a stimulating debate at The Playgoers last Sunday evening, presided over by Mrs. Craigie. The topic of discussion was the need for and possibility of a Repertoire Theatre in London, and it seemed to be the general opinion that no large experiment is at present possible, the question resolving itself into one of £ s. d., and that in turn resolving itself into vagueness. But Miss Edith A. Browne made the practical suggestion that, even if a great move were at present impossible, a small one might surely be made, which if successful would grow into the big thing so generally desired by all lovers of the serious drama.

SURELY there is much good sense in this proposal, which I will venture to try to put into a practical

form. Why should not, say, Mr. W. L. Courtney take to himself Mr. J. H. Leigh and one other; why should not this committee of three formulate a programme for an experimental three-months' season next autumn, in October, November, and December? The Court Theatre or the Great Queen Street Theatre might be utilised for the experiment, a competent company gathered together for the production of some eight or ten plays; one or two of the least often performed of Shakespeare's, one of Wycherley's or Congreve's, one of Sheridan's, and, if permission can be obtained, of "The Crusaders," by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, "Trelawny of the Wells," by Mr. A. W. Pinero, "The Wedding Guest," by Mr. J. M. Barrie, and "Candida," by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. The subscription would be for one performance of each play.

Of course such an experimental season would be more costly comparatively than a regular season at a fully equipped repertoire theatre; but artistically and carefully carried out, I believe it would at any rate pay its way and might be the beginning of great things. So far there has been nothing but talk, is it not time that some one of influence took the matter up in practical fashion? What is lacking is a leader. In addition to the plays above suggested, might we not hope for the assistance of Mr. Tree and Mr. Benson with their touring companies, and of The Stage Society, The Mermaid Society, The Elizabethan Stage Society, and others? Cannot all these forces be focussed, all this energy be brought to bear upon the foundation of a repertoire theatre?

BROWNING'S "A Soul's Tragedy," presented by The Stage Society this week, does not act well, its poetry and its philosophy do not "carry across the footlights." It is not a drama of action or of the emotions, it is a study in souls and therefore a study for the fireside, not for the garish glare of the footlights. The vacillating Chiappino does not fascinate us in the theatre as he does in the book, and Ogniben's cynicism when spoken becomes wearisome. In the latter case, maybe, it is partly the fault of the actor, who insisted on making "points," taking the audience into his confidence and posing before them as a very, very, very clever man.

AFTER Browning came "'Op o' Me Thumb" by Mr. Frederick Fenn and Mr. Richard Pryce. This one-act piece is difficult to classify, but may best be described as drama, with a fine sprinkling of comedy and of farce. But whatever it be, it is extremely clever, very true to life and admirably written. The plot need not be described; the central figure is Amanda Afflick, a child of the workhouse, little in body but big in soul. She is filled with envy of her comrades in the laundry where she works, who have homes, parents, lovers, of all of which she herself has none. She invents therefore and tells wonderful tales of a rich father who will some day return to his child and deck her with jewels, and of a lover who will raise her to heights of wealth and luxury. The character is full of infinite jest and of infinite pathos, it is a creation, it sticks in the memory as does her ancestor the Marchioness. It called for a great actress and it found such a one in Miss Hilda Trevelyan, whose every tone, look and gesture became the part and fulfilled all its demands, which were great. Every member of the cast was good, but I may particularly mention Miss Marianne Caldwell as the French proprietress of the laundry, and Mr. Nye Chart as a costermonger; both had every temptation to over-act and neither fell into the trap. A play and a performance

of which all concerned may be proud and for which I, for one of many, am thankful.

INDEED The Stage Society is an admirable institution. Its choice of plays may not always be discreet, but is always stimulating; all lovers of the drama will wish it prosperity and give it ample support.

THE Elizabethan Stage Society will repeat its performance of "Much Ado About Nothing," in aid of the funds of the Oberammergau Cottage Hospital, at the Royal Court Theatre this Saturday afternoon (the 19th). The play will have the same cast as in the recent revival before the scholars of the London School Board. This is the only public performance of the comedy at present that can be given. The Society revives "Everyman" at the Coronet Theatre on March 28, for one week.

THE Triennial Performances of a Greek play will take place at Bradfield College (Reading) in the open-air theatre on June 21, 23, 25, 27 and 28. The actors, chorus and musicians are drawn from the boys at the College. The instruments used will be harps of ancient models and scales, and flutes copied from those found at Pompeii. The play selected is Euripides' "Alcestis."

Musical Notes

THE event of the musical week has been, of course, the Elgar Festival at Covent Garden. No more remarkable tribute to the fame of a native composer has ever been forthcoming certainly in this country; and the thing was accentuated, in a way, by the incongruity involved in the performance of such works as "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Apostles" in an opera-house. By rights, of course, we should have had an opera from Dr. Elgar long before now, and it must be regarded as a signal triumph on his part to have secured at Covent Garden such an innings for works obviously designed for any other locale. In the past Elgar's works have been better appreciated, or at any rate more often performed, almost anywhere than in London. At length, however, the reproach has been fairly wiped out and all concerned are alike to be congratulated on the fact.

THE special Mozart and Wagner performances under Richter seem likely to prove a more interesting feature of the forthcoming opera season than any of the novelties or quasi-novelties talked of. Certainly it would be a significant and depressing commentary upon the condition of opera at the present time if such things as Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Ioffman," and Verdi's "Un Ballo," were to be regarded as the best things available in this line just now. Even Saint-Saëns' "Hélène," which at least has the merit of newness, has seemingly now been dropped from the list, while Charpentier's "Louise" has not even been so much as mentioned this year.

THE retirement of Mlle. Bauermeister after the forthcoming season will mean the disappearance from Covent Garden of an old and familiar figure indeed, who has long enjoyed in her modest way the greatest popularity with the public which she has served so faithfully for forty years: and the directors will have to search far and wide if they hope to find a substitute

capable of precisely filling her place. Is there indeed any feminine part which this invaluable artist has not undertaken in her time? The well-informed critic of "Truth" gave recently a list of important rôles in

The LAST NIGHT but ONE.
For the BENEFIT of
Mr. Kemble and Mr. Siddons.
THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.
The present (Wednesday, March 19, 1777, will be performed the Tragedy of
HAMLET,
PRINCE OF DENMARK.
As directed by the late VED GARRICK, Esq.
Hamlet, by Mrs. SIDDONS
(which has been her Appearance in that Character)
King, by Mr. INCHBALD
Horatio, by Mr. SIDDONS
Claudio, by Mr. KEMBLE
Polonius, by Mr. CONNOR
Rosencrance, by Mr. BATES
Guildenstern, by Mr. LANE
Player King, by Mr. STANFIELD
And the Ghost, by Mr. YOUNGER
Ophelia, by Miss FARREN
And the Queen, by Mrs. INCHBALD
End of Act 2d: a Comic Dissertation on Hobby Horses,
(with ADDITIONS)
Will be given by Mr. CAWDELL
End of Act 3d: the Comic Dance of the COW-KEEPERS, by Mr. and Miss WEST
End of Act 4th, an excellent Song, written by G. A. Stevens, on a Manufacturing Town,
Will (by particular Desire) be sung by Mr. SIDDONS
End of the Play, a COTILLION, by Mr. and Miss WEST and Others.
To which will be added a FARCE, called
The Man of Quality.
Lord Yarrington, by Mr. CAWDELL—Young Federico, by Mr. LANE
Doctor Bull, by Mr. SIDDONS—Lory, by Mr. BATES
Gasper, by Mr. STANFIELD—Countryman, by Mr. BARNSHAW
Sir Tunbelly Clumley, by Mr. INCHBALD
Nurse, by Mrs. FARREN
And Miss Hoyden, by Miss FARREN
Tickets to be had of Mr. Kemble and Mr. Siddons, at Miss Clayton's, in Broad-street,
of J. Harrison, Bookseller, and of Mr. Barry, at the Theatre, where Places for the
Boxes may be taken.

A MANCHESTER PLAY BILL OF 1777

(Mrs. Siddons as Hamlet, Mr. Siddons as Horatio, Mr. Kemble as Laertes,
Miss Farren as Ophelia and Mrs. Inchbald as Gertrude)

which, on emergencies, Mlle. Bauermeister has appeared, including those of Norma, Adalgisa, Marguerite, the Queen in "Les Huguenots," and Dinorah, while to name all the subordinate parts which she has filled so successfully in the course of her career would occupy space indeed. It is pleasant to recall that, despite her name, Mlle. Bauermeister is really an English singer who studied originally at the Royal Academy of Music.

THE festival concert to be held on June 11 next in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Crystal Palace promises to prove a big affair. The London contingent of the Handel Festival Choir, it is announced, will be employed, while the services of many eminent vocalists, including Mme. Albani and Mr. Ben Davies, have already been engaged. In a way, of course, the Handel Festival performances must be reckoned the most notable of all the musical

happenings associated with the Crystal Palace, though most musicians would probably hold in even more affectionate remembrance that far-famed series of Saturday orchestral concerts whereby, in the old days, Sir August Manns (as he now is) rendered such splendid service to the highest interests of the art. Certainly any celebration of the forthcoming jubilee of the Palace would be wanting in which that grand old veteran failed to play a conspicuous part.

It is interesting to note that of the artists who will be taking part in the forthcoming Kruse Festival all, with the exception of Herr Weingartner, Fräulein Malten, and Mr. Mark Hambourg, are of English birth—namely, Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Edna Thornton, Mrs. Harriet Foster, Mr. Gervase Elwes, Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, and Mr. Frederic Austin. Professor Kruse himself is also a British subject, having been born in Australia. The appearance of Fräulein Malten, of the Dresden Opera, who will go down in musical history as the creator of the part of Kundry at Bayreuth, promises to be an interesting feature of the Festival. She is to take part in the closing scene of "Götterdämmerung," and seeing that "Parsifal" was first produced as long ago as 1882, her participation in the Festival should disprove once again the oft-slain dictum that the singing of Wagner is injurious to the voice.

MME. BLANCHE MARCHESI and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan have prepared a highly attractive programme for the joint recital which they are giving at St. James' Hall next Tuesday. Hardly a single number in the whole list can be reckoned in the slightest degree hackneyed, though it may be taken for granted, where artists of such fine taste are concerned, that all will be worth hearing. Mme. Marchesi announces, among other quite new works, a group of Scandinavian songs by Stenhammer, Sibelius, Kjerulf, and Sigurd Lie, while Mr. O'Sullivan is to be heard in a selection from Kipling's "Just-So Story" songs, by Mr. Edward German, among other things.

From further particulars now to hand respecting Mr. MacDowell's resignation of his position at Columbia University, it appears that he proposed the establishment of a special Faculty of Fine Arts, in which music would be included, but the trustees were unable to arrange this, and their alternative plan did not commend itself to the composer. Mr. MacDowell has since explained his views on the whole question of the proper place of music in university teaching, in an interesting article in the "New York Times."

I believe (he writes) that music should never be treated alone, but only in conjunction with the fine arts, namely belles lettres, painting, sculpture and architecture. The knowledge of these when a man leaves college need not be technical, but it should be general knowledge of such a character that he can recognise the poetic inspiration of the best in art. . . . Unless the students leave their colleges with some traces of idealism and some love for art the university is not complete.

With which view of the matter many will agree.

THERE are some assertions so amazing in their inaccuracy that one is almost at a loss how to deal with them. Such a one is the recent statement of a certain notorious anti-Brahmsite critic to the effect that "his [Brahms'] choice of subjects for his musical inspiration

was utterly provincial and limited." Now, regarding the character and value of Brahms' music there may be legitimate differences of opinion. As to the subjects of his works, on the other hand, this is a question of simple fact. Hence it is simply impossible to understand how any writer with the smallest respect for his own reputation could commit himself to such a grossly incorrect assertion as that quoted. Few composers found inspiration in subjects more lofty or more various—less "limited" or less "provincial"—than the composer whose chief works include a *Deutsches Requiem*, a *Schicksalslied*, a *Triumphlied*, settings of Goethe's "Harzreise" and the same poet's "Rinaldo," two sets of *Liebeslieder*, and songs of every sort and kind.

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NOTE.—Amateurs and others owning Photographs of Literary, Musical, Artistic or Dramatic interest are requested to communicate with the Editor of this Journal, 9 East Harding Street, E.C.

Art Notes

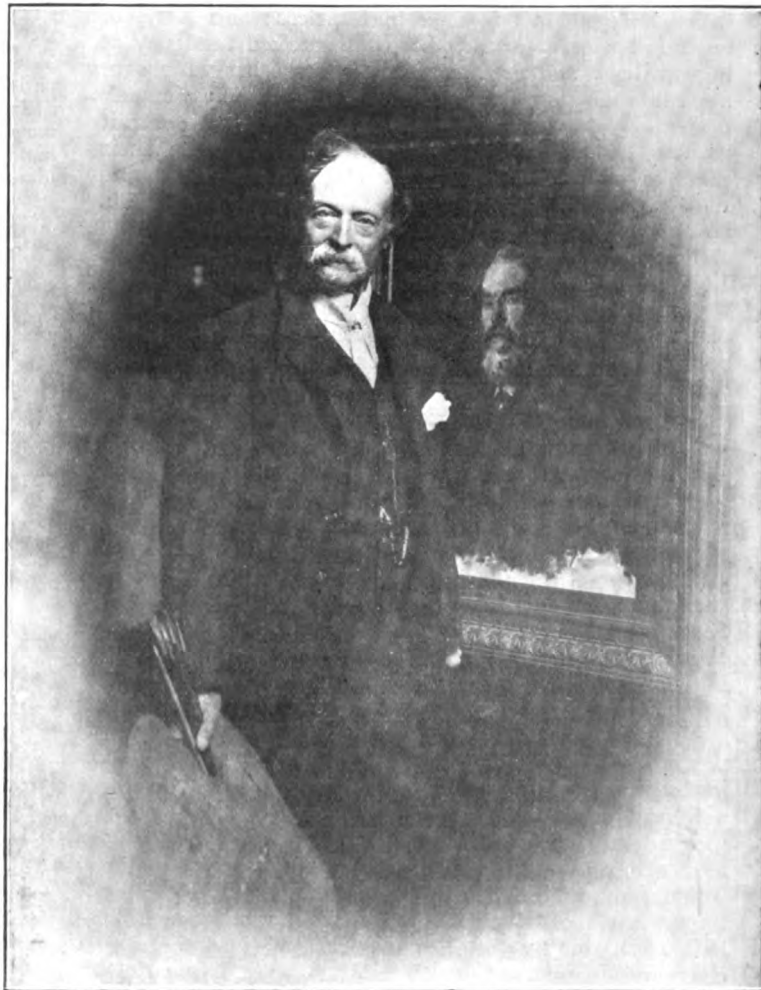
At the Leicester Galleries are to be seen the original water-colours painted by Mr. Mortimer Menpes for his projected book on "Venice"—and a handsome volume it promises to be. I understand that Mr. Menpes, with his extraordinary energy and his wonted versatility, has mastered the whole craft of colour reproduction by the three-colour process, and has set up his own machines for printing by it. I can only say that if the colour pieces reproduced in his other books, particularly on the Boer War, were done by himself, he is as much to be congratulated on his craftsmanship as on his artistry. Some of the South African prints were marvellous in their reproduction of silvery tints—subtle tints that die in the process work of the ordinary firms. I was glad to be able to compare some of his originals at the Leicester Galleries with the process blocks in the "dummy" volume that lay on the table; and it was surprising to see what very beautiful results were occasionally achieved. There is in this show an exquisite water-colour which recalls Mr. Menpes' art at its very best—"The Dogana and Salute." The breadth of treatment, the tenderness of colour, the masterly accomplishment of the thing would make it stand out in any exhibition of brilliant work. Now this work suffers terribly in the reproduction. Yet there are one or two silvery, subtly painted water-colours which are marvellously rendered. The glitter of the waters in the brilliant "By a Squero" is lost in the reproduction; yet in other pieces this glitter and splash and play of the restless canals that reflect with gemlike effect the bright tints of blue or green shutters are wonderfully well caught in the print. I think it is somewhat of a pity that Mr. Menpes reduces his delightful originals to so severe a smallness—the effect is always belittling even when the colour does not fail. Still, when the large "Bridge of Sighs" with the great bridge of the Rialto in front (No. 29) gives such large results even in its reduced form in the print, one must not put down everything that is not quite successful to the reduction. These water-colours show Mr. Menpes' sensitive eye for colour, and hold a charm which is rarely absent from his brush. Above all, he must be congratulated on having painted nearly a hundred pictures of Venice that are wholly free from a hackneyed suggestion of a hackneyed theme.

I HAVE been flipping through the dandified leaves of the ninth number of that strange little periodical "The Green Sheaf," published and edited and sold by the strange personality whom we call Pamela Colman Smith. I ought perhaps to add that some of the designs, by far the best, are from her own whimsical hands. Mr. Horton contributes a charming line drawing "Château de Garde."

MISS PAMELA COLMAN SMITH has published a drawing of Mr. W. B. Yeats from the offices of "The Green

Sheaf," which will be sought after by the admirers of the Irish poet.

THE sale of the Townshend heirlooms has been the artistic sensation of the last few days; and I must confess to a feeling of sadness on wandering round the great rooms at Christie's, and gazing at the long rows



MR. W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

[Photo. Edith Joseph.]

of canvases that ought to be bringing honour to some old historic house, now hanging up with shamed faces at being sold to Jack, Tom and Harry—and Isaac. There is something intensely pathetic in this survey of the old-time beauties and the richly dressed dandies of a great house being scattered abroad at a price. I felt glad that I took my first survey before the sale; indeed for those who did not arrive long before the sale commenced the disposal of the Townshend heirlooms became somewhat of a tale—the great room was as packed with celebrities of rank and fashion and picture-dealers as the walls were crowded with ancestors; and the words that the auctioneer spoke did not carry to the twelfth row outside the door. A small pastel portrait by Reynolds went early in the day at nine hundred and eighty guineas—and the pace increased. The small canvas by Gainsborough of "Robert Adair" did not fall to the hammer until two thousand guineas were reached; whilst Romney fetched the highest price of the day with the small three-quarter length figure of "Georgina Anne, Lady John Towns-

hend," which started at five hundred guineas and fell to the bid of Mr. Wertheimer at three thousand one hundred and fifty guineas. The large Reynolds of "George, first Marquis Townshend," a fine canvas, reached two thousand one hundred guineas, whilst the same painter's "George Lord Ferrers" sold for two thousand guineas. Hoppner's "Portrait of a Lady" went at one thousand three hundred and fifty guineas. Several Reynolds fetched high prices; and Lely, to my mind a great artist, showed a marked tendency to high values, two or three fine works selling for over five hundred guineas. I cannot make out why women's portraits by him and that other superb portrait painter, Kneller, sell for such high prices when their pictures of men often go at two figures—Lely and Kneller whose portraits of men are a joy for ever! Ah, how grimly the ghosts of Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney, of Sir Godfrey Kneller and Sir Peter Lely must have smiled at the prices that rang out from the mouths of picture-dealers; and as they shuffled through their ghostly note-books and compared such sums to the paltry prices they themselves received, how sadly they must have shaken their ghostly heads!

At the Carfax Gallery in Ryder Street is a show of pastels and water-colours by Mr. Birkenruth, drawings chiefly of the Engadine, in which the artist shows a quick sense of colour and as quick a sense of what will make an engaging picture. At Dowdeswell's Galleries, in Bond Street, Mr. Tyndale shows a number of water-colours wherein he depicts flower-stalls and fruit-stalls along the sunlit towns of the Riviera and Italy in his usual bright dainty manner.

MESSRS. EVERETT, of Ludgate Hill, have issued a portfolio of "Twelve Drawings by Will Mein, Illustrating a Fragment by D. L. A. Jephson," which contains a little tragedy as short in the telling as the title is long in the writing. And I must confess that I wish most of the tedious books written to-day were as pithily condensed, and indeed contained as much story—though it is the old old theme of a betrayed woman and her child. One or two of the black and white designs are charming, if reminiscent of greater masters, particularly "The Windmill," "Those of the Night," "The Top of the Hill," and "The Path to the Rising Sun."

"The Burlington Magazine" has an article this month upon Mr. D. S. MacColl's suggestion that the Royal Academy should hold an exhibition, out of its own season, of the works of men outside its gates. That is a suggestion that the Royal Academy ought not to have allowed to be made to it, through the very simple process of forestalling the suggestion by carrying it out. If the Academy were sufficiently alive to its own repute, it would have a standing committee whose business it should be to watch the work of all the chief societies during the year, and to get the best work of the year throughout the country for an autumn show. It would be an education for the Academy which it badly wants; it would arouse the weaker members to send in their resignations before they became a laughing-stock by comparison with the younger men; it would make the Academy the central authority in the Art world, which it has ceased to be this many a long year; and it would make the members of the Academy at least appear to be interested in the artistic welfare of the nation—an accusation which its worst enemy

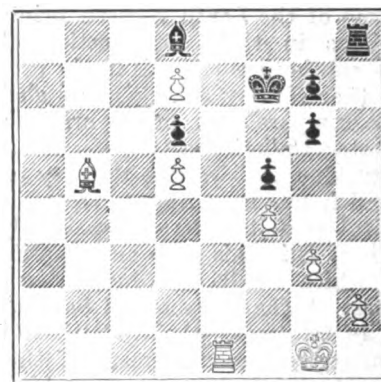
would not bring against it to-day. But the Academy will not do it. The suggestion is being pigeon-holed, I have not a doubt, with winks and nods even now.

Chess

[All communications, marked clearly "Chess" on cover, to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Academy and Literature," 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.]

WE propose to start in our next issue a series of critical chess positions, of which we give an example below, each calling for a definite line of play. We hope thus to vary the somewhat monotonous chess problem and the solver will feel at the end of his labours that he has mastered an idea that may be of use to him any day in play over the board.

BLACK.



WHITE.

WHITE TO PLAY AND WIN.

[Solutions will be duly acknowledged and occasionally commented upon.]

We offer a prize of a guinea every quarter for the best game played at any club, either in matches, tournaments or in the course of ordinary play, with this restriction—that the club membership shall not exceed 200. We hope by this restriction to excite interest in the competition among clubs all over the country. The prize will be awarded to the player sending in the best game—that is, competitors may send in one game each week and the prize will go to the player who has sent in the best during the quarter. The prize will not be a cash payment, but will take the form of books to be selected by the prize-winner.

No winner can secure the prize twice in six months, but prize-winners can of course compete again, and, if one of their games is the best, it will appear at the head of the list at the end of each quarter.

The name and club of each competitor must in all cases be given with the score of the game, and he must also send in the Chess Competition Coupon of the current week with each game.

The prize will be awarded by the Editor of this column, his decision will be final and no discussion or correspondence on his decision will be permitted.

The First Quarterly Competition will commence with our issue for March 26. Games may be sent in at any time by competitors, but not more than one game each week.

The following variation of the Falkbeer Counter Gambit occurred in a recent game played in consultation against Marshall the American master:

White.

ALLIES.

1. P—K 4
2. P—K B 4
3. P × P
4. P—Q 3
5. P × P
6. Q—K 2
7. Kt—Q 2
8. P—K Kt 4

Black.

F. J. MARSHALL.

1. P—K 4
2. P—Q 4
3. P—K 5
4. Kt—K B 3
5. Kt × P
6. Q × P
7. P—K B 4

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9. P—Q B 3

Best, for if P × P then Kt—Q 5.

9. B—K 2

10. B—Kt 2

Here Black castled, which loses a piece. The game actually resulted in a draw, but the attack gained should not compensate for the loss in material.

(10) B—K 3 would not be any better, as it would be followed by (11) P × P, B—R 5 ch.; (12) K—B 1, Kt × Kt ch.; (13) B × Kt, Q × P; (14) B—R 3, winning a piece.

The best continuation seems to be (10) Q—B 2, although it loses time.

Correspondence

Shakespeare Memorial

SIR,—I am greatly interested in the articles and correspondence that have appeared lately in THE ACADEMY with regard to the proposed Shakespeare Memorial. The matter is in the air; numbers of people are interested, and now is the time for full and open discussion, before anything definite is done by the London County Council or other body.

I must begin by saying that I am entirely out of sympathy with any scheme proposing that the Memorial take the form of a statue. Such a statue could only interest a limited number of people, and that for a very short time; in five years as far as awakening or sustaining interest in Shakespeare was concerned it would be as useless as "Cleopatra's Needle"; that is if it ever awakened enthusiasm outside the circle immediately concerned in its erection! The best, most useful, and most lasting Memorial would be either a *répertoire* theatre or a Shakespeare Institute on the lines outlined in THE ACADEMY of February 27.

I am not acquainted with any of the details of the plan suggested by Mr. Sidney Lee with regard to a theatre; whatever they may be, as one keenly interested in acting and more especially in the acting of Shakespearean plays, the idea has my sympathy; nor am I inclined to think that a man of Mr. Lee's experience would be likely to put forward a scheme that was unsatisfactory or impracticable.

However, with the knowledge at present at my disposal I am inclined to believe that the Institute plan promises most satisfactory results. From its beginning there would be sufficient provision made for costume recitals and readings of the plays; and out of that a *répertoire* theatre might easily develop.

The motto of the promoters should be "Hasten slowly," and whatever scheme is ultimately adopted should be one that would grow, strengthen, and develop, rather than a too ambitious effort which might invite failure.

Statues and pictures would of course form a detail of any well-considered plan; but it is simply absurd to assert that a statue only (no matter what its intrinsic worth or beauty) would help the great mass of the population of the British Empire to realise in some measure the splendid heritage of delight, beauty, philosophy, poetry and inexhaustible mines of mental food and refreshment open to them in the works of William Shakespeare.

As a people we are careless of our great interests, political and literary, and it requires the driving of some great necessity to make us look after our own. I hope and believe that the time has come for all Londoners to see that this question is a great one, and one that concerns their honour before the world; if they can be made to realise this

a London Shakespeare Memorial will have ceased to be an idle dream.—Yours, &c. W. CHAPMAN HUSTON.

A Psychological Mystery

SIR.—Something of this *must* arise from the dual formation of the brain in hemispheres; thus, one section may first become conscious of a fact or idea which, when communicated to the counterpart section, seems like a double event or thought; and it runs also through the nervous system, to supply right and left.

This duplex action in *excelsis* gives great power to the individual, at a risk; for, while kept under control, the two sections may act harmoniously yet independently; it must operate in blindfold chess-play, and on the Stock Exchange, perhaps at the Bar! It involves a great strain, predisposing to nervous prostration, softening of the brain and paralysis. When acting discordantly we meet with eccentricity and final lunacy. The double-minded man is unstable in all his ways, while wit and madness nearly are allied.—Yours, &c.

A. H.

SIR.—Your correspondent, in declaring that I have restated the difficulty, has failed to notice one of my points, namely the reader's abnormal sense of sympathy with the author.

The scientific solution at once classes "E. G. O." as a "physiological anomaly," but modern science does not very readily accept the existence of anomalies. It would be interesting to know if "E. G. O." experiences precognition when he reads books which do not appeal to him. If the phenomenon is confined to certain books, science must have more—or less—to say on the subject.—Yours, &c.

G. M. SAUNDERS.

SIR.—May I submit to your notice an amplification of the "precognition" problem propounded by "E. G. O."?

Often in reading a new book I am conscious not only that I have read it all before, but that I *remember the same sensation of familiarity* occurring before, not only once, but sometimes twice or thrice.

Therefore I am at a loss to see how Mr. Saleeby's hypothesis fits my case, unless I am to imagine the two hemispheres of my brain working alternately as one's feet do in walking.—Yours, &c. S. D. ALLAN WADE.

Wear Gifford, Bideford.

Cruikshank

SIR.—In your last issue Mr. Frowde takes exception to my surmise that Cruikshank's drawings for the "Pilgrim's Progress" were considered unworthy of publication at the time of their execution, but he does not attempt any alternative explanation of the remarkable fact that they lay unused for thirty or forty years, for the most part, I believe, in the possession of a gentleman whose devotion to the Cruikshank tradition can hardly be doubted. Now, George Cruikshank was hardly the man to allow any outstanding production of his pencil to hide its light under a bushel if he could help it, and I eagerly await any probable solution of the matter other than that I have conjectured. If Mr. Frowde has any to give I shall be glad to hear it.

As regards the merits of the drawings, THE ACADEMY will not, I think, feel much concern at finding itself at variance with the journals quoted by Mr. Frowde. For myself I can only suspect that their good nature has obscured their critical judgment. Curiously enough the only criticism of the book which, in my absence from England, has come to my notice, namely, that in the "Daily Chronicle," proved even more severe than mine and went far to stiffen me in an opinion which I find no reason to modify. I still think it regrettable that so weighty an imprimatur as that of the Oxford University Press, which has so often earned the gratitude of book-lovers, should be attached to a series of illustrations which, with two or three exceptions, are far from doing credit to the genius of their creator.—Yours, &c.

G. S. LAYARD.

Territet, Montreux, Switzerland, March 7, 1904.

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OBSERVER.

The Insanity of Genius

SIR.—Mr. Marriott Watson lately in one of his interesting articles calls attention to the association of genius with insanity as propounded by Taine, and proclaims it a pernicious doctrine, and that "the greatest men have been the sanest." I think, however, that a studious perusal of Mr. J. F. Nisbet's comprehensive, logical and copious work on this attractive subject would have dispelled Mr. Marriott Watson's opinion. The numerous examples cited by Nisbet distinctly prove that genius is allied either to disease, physical infirmities, neurosis, or else to absolute insanity. There seems to be a subtle connection between an unsound body and an abnormal mind, between a frail constitution and intellectual endowments.

Mr. Marriott Watson instances Swift, Byron, Shelley, Poe, De Quincey, and Coleridge as "departures from the normal," but cites Wordsworth, Milton, and Thackeray to controvert Taine's theory. Of course, Wordsworth's intellect was never deranged, but his sister Dorothy was poetical and insane, his parents died at an early age, and one of his children had a stroke of paralysis at the age of four. Milton's optic nerves must have been diseased, and he suffered from gout. His son died in infancy. One daughter was a cripple and another blind, and the poet's descendants were among the unfit. Thackeray died suddenly at fifty-two and for the last fourteen years of his life was subject to painful spasms. His father also died suddenly.

I think these few facts almost establish the theory that genius either directly or indirectly is allied to physical unsoundness and hereditary taint. The subject, however, is discussed so amply and completely in Mr. Nisbet's celebrated book "The Insanity of Genius," that any remarks of mine are only superfluous and supererogatory.—Yours, &c.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

7 Bullingham Mansions, Kensington, W.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

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Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE.

AUTHOR WANTED.—Who is the author of the following quotation:

"God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed,
The best fruit loads the broken bough,
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
Immortal love sows sovereign seed." A. Watson (Hull).

AUTHOR WANTED.—Whom do the following lines refer to, and by what poet were they written?

"He nothing common did or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye,
The axe's edge did try,
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But gently laid his head
Down as upon a bed." J.F.U. (Heaton).

SHELLEY AND VOLNEY.—Is there any direct external evidence to prove that Shelley was a close and admiring student of Volney's "Ruins"? Internal evidence is not wanting, and there is a passage in Peacock's *Memoirs*, Part II, showing the poet as "if he had lived . . . passing his days like Volney, looking on the world from his windows without taking part in its turmoil." But of course this is not direct evidence—nor can it be called evidence at all.—A.H.K.

RENNAN AND THE BIBLE.—Several years ago, during a controversy on religious education, much use was made of a declaration of Renan's in favour of the teaching of the Bible in schools on account of its value as literature. Where can I find the exact passage?—H.W.H. (New York).

"CHILDE CHILDERS."—In the preface to the first and second cantos of "Childe Harold" (dated February 1812) Lord Byron says:—"It is superfluous to mention that the appellation 'Childe' as 'Childe Waters,' 'Childe Childers,' &c., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification." The ballads in which "Childe Waters" is mentioned I am well acquainted with, but can any of your correspondents tell me where Byron discovered "Childe Childers"?—Muriel Mackey (Birmingham).

DAVENANT'S "DREAM."—In "The Dream" by Sir W. Davenant the following lines occur:

But as dull subjects see too late
Their safety in monarchical reign;
Finding their freedom in a state
Is but proud strutting in a chain:
Then, growing wiser, when undone,
In winter's night sad stories sing.
In praise of monarchs long since gone,
To whom their bells they yearly ring.

Does the last line refer to the old service for January 30?—T.H.H. (Chester).

*CASABIANCA.—In Vol. III. of "Mémoires du Général Marbot" mention is made of a Général Casabianca. Does Mrs. Hemans owe the title of her poem to this man? If not, whence is it derived?—G. Verney.

*HIWATHA'S PHOTOGRAPHING (Lewis Carroll).—Where can I find this complete? It was published originally, I think, in a paper entitled "Phantasmagoria."—Delt (Croydon).

*"PARACELSUS."—In his "Génie du Christianisme" (1st Part, liv. III. chap. iii.) Chateaubriand says: "Et remarquez une chose importante: l'homme pouvait détruire l'harmonie de son être de deux manières, ou en voulant trop aimer, ou en voulant trop savoir." Is not that the leading idea in "Paracelsus," where Paracelsus destroys the harmony of his being by wishing to know too much, whilst Aprile does the same by wishing to love too much? Might not Browning's poem have been inspired by the passage quoted from Chateaubriand, just as the idea and plan of the "Génie du Christianisme" were conceived from "Paradise Regained" (IV. 195-364)?—E.D.

GENERAL.

COLERIDGE.—The editor of the Aldine edition of Coleridge has a misleading note on this line from "Christabel": "What makes her in the wood so late?" "We would," he says, "naturally have expected 'what makes she.' Evidently the poet means what makes her stay, or what keeps her in the wood; while 'what makes she' would be puzzling indeed, unless it means 'what does she.' Can any one give a like example of 'make'?" John B. Tabb (Ellicott City, U.S.A.).

"SILLY BILLY."—What is the origin of this epithet?—

"Silly Billy, cockadilly,
Sold his wife for half a guinea;
The guinea was bad,
And he went mad,
Such was the end of Silly Billy."

"Billygoat" is not complimentary. Billy Barlow was a semi-lunatic; but it is proposed to father "Silly Billy" on some one of the royal family, either King William IV. or an uncle or cousin, both Dukes of Gloucester. The rhyme is probably older.—Querist.

BIBLE TRANSLATORS.—In "Biblical Notes and Queries," J. K. Funk & Co., New York, and George Adam Young & Co., Edinburgh, 1881, on page 236, are given the names of the 47 persons who translated the Common Version of the Bible, known as that of King James I., 1611; are these final words true: "The whole was finally revised by Dr. Miles Smith, who made several important alterations without consulting the others, and against their better judgment"?—Anxious (Coventry).

BAWBEE.—What is the derivation of the Scots term Bawbee as meaning a halfpenny?—M.S.W.

THE DEVIL'S HOOF.—What is the origin of the tradition which represents the Devil as a horned and cloven-hoofed creature?—W.E.W. (Bath).

STEVENSON'S MUSIC.—In Stevenson's "Songs of Travel" numbers I and XII are written to certain music: No. 1 "The Vagabond" *To an air by Schubert*; No. 12 *To an air by Diabelli*. Can any one identify these airs? There is no information regarding them in either Graham Balfour's "Life" or "Vailima Letters."—A. E. Coppard (Brighton).

COPPER IN FLINTSHIRE.—In "The Miser's Daughter," Harrison Ainsworth makes the Miser say of Sir Bulkeley Price's property in Flintshire, "the estate is miser upwards of £20,000—perhaps more—because there are several copper mines upon it." Is there any foundation for this statement, or is it a curious error on Ainsworth's part?—T.H.H. (Chester).

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.—What is the origin of the following quotation: "Pouring oil on troubled waters"?—J. Syrett (Walton-on-Thames). [Has the origin ever been traced?—Ed.]

GYRASH.—In Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" this word is given, and reference quoted from "Jane Eyre" chapter xii. Is there any local legendary lore about this monster? Or was it simply a creation of Bossie's—or Charlotte Brontë's—own imagination?—Margaret Weddell (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

NUTS.—Monkey Nuts and Snake Nuts; what are their botanical names?—Querist.

Answers

LITERATURE.

"WIFE THE TEARS."—Whilst demurring to the suggestion that "the literal is more to be expected than the metaphorical in Milton" the master of splendid imagery, I submit that the two lines quoted must not be separated

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from their contents in order to form "a definite theory." Taken with the preceding, the lines are a magnificent version of *Rev. vi. 1-11*, and describe the state of the Blessed in Paradise. It must depend upon the individual conception of heaven as to whether actual "tears" are literally "wiped from the eyes" or the conditions of sorrow removed from the souls of those "in the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love."—S.C. (Hove).

ENIGMATIC DATE.—Although I cannot yet give "W.P." any actual explanation of "1 r c" standing for 84 perhaps the following details may enable him to get at the date of his copy. I take the following notes from a reference book of 1817: three copies of "Fasciculus Temporum" are alluded to. (1) *Fasciculus Temporum*. Colon. Agrip. 1474. "This curious specimen of early typography is the first edition of the work, and of extreme rarity. The author was Warner Rolewinck De Laer, a Carthusian Monk. The present edition was only known to De Bure by the reports of other Bibliographers." (2) "Fasciculus Temporum," per Wernerus Rollewinck de Laer, no place or date. "This edition is interesting in a bibliographical point of view, on account of being an edition minutely described by De Bure, who states it to be much sought after by the curious in books, because it has neither the name of printer, place, or date, and is in consequence thought by some to be the first edition." (3) The same work in Flemish with cuts and arms coloured. Utrecht. Veldener, 1480. Information as to this edition will be found in Heineken's "Idée Générale d'une Collection d'estampes" p. 259. I can find no trace of an edition printed by Ratdolt of Venice, but as the two following editions are in Gothic Letter, the second undated, I think W.P. would like to have them named. (1) "Chronica quæ Fasciculus Temporum dicitur, a quodam Carthusiensi (Wernerus Rollewinck) edita. Lovanii, per Joannem Veldener 1476 in fol. goth." (2) "Fasciculus Temporum a quodam Carthusiensi compilatus. (Colonise). Nic. Gotz de Seltz Stat. in fol. goth." This edition has no date and is described as "still more ancient" than the other, and there is a note "cet ouvrage n'est bien recherché que de ses premières éditions; et on fait très peu de cas de celles qui n'ont pas été mises au jour avant 1480." I should not like W.P. to think my suggestion the "r" might be a partly erased x (of course a small italic one) and the "1" a smudge were groundless; I found a case of both in books of my own only last December. If W.P. could accept the "r" for x I am now inclined to think that as "XXC" was formerly used for 80, so "LXC" must have meant 40, which would make W.P.'s book as old as any nearly; Gutenberg having set up his press at Strasbourg in 1439, a great place for Gothic type.—K.M.

"LAMBKINS."—Although the sentence is printed in the Folio of 1623 "for (Lambkins) we will live" I think the propounder of the question needlessly searches for more than the obvious excellent humour of Pistol in addressing his fellow ruffians as little lambs. The ruffians who used to take an active part in the elections at that town were called "Northampton lambs." I have seen a letter from a member for that borough on an approaching election ending, "now I must away to my lambs"—a touch of humour precisely similar to that of Ancient Pistol. The same expression is used by Pistol when telling Falstaff of the accession of Prince Hal: "Sir John, thy tender Lambekinne now is King." Here, at all events, there is no room for misplaced ingenuity.—H.C.

"LAMBKINS."—A diminutive, so "little lambs," put ironically, as "Let us condole the Knight, for *lambkins* we will live." "H.V." II. i. 133; this speaker equivocates, thus: "My heart doth yearn . . . Falstaff" i.e.; the "Knight" as above; "he is dead and we must yearn therefore." Now, Falstaff had supported this crew, so "yearn" means to lament, also to *earn* a support. All towns have nicknames for disorderly people, especially at election time; thus we find "colts" in one place, or pot-wallopers elsewhere. Consult *slang* dictionaries.—A.H.

"LAMBKINS."—"Lamb" is a cant term for a member of "The Fancy" or similar ruffian. In "The Wrecker," chapter viii, Louis Stevenson writes of a "leader of some brigade of 'lambs' or 'smashers.'" Probably the word had a similar meaning in Shakespeare's day.—Margaret Weddell (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

"GREENLAND'S ICE MOUNTAINS."—J.L. (Cardiff) says that "Java's isle" is the original reading in Heber's hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," as given in the edition published in 1827, after the Bishop's death. Lord Selborne, however, in his "Book of Praise," states that this hymn first appeared in 1823 in the "Christian Observer," and gives the usual reading, "Ceylon's isle." Lord Selborne, as is well known, was most careful to keep the author's own version of every hymn.—H.B.F. (Hastings).

"GREENLAND'S ICE MOUNTAINS."—In the second stanza of this hymn the reading of the original MS., written at Wrexham in 1819, was "Ceylon's isle." The hymn was printed in the "Christian Observer" in 1823. But in 1827 a collection of hymns appeared in which this was altered to "Java's isle," probably by some one who objected to the unusual accent in "Ceylon." The original reading was afterwards restored, and is retained in most hymn-books at the present day.—C. S. Jerram (Oxford).

TRANSLATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.—The following list is taken from S. Lee's "Life of Shakespeare," fourth edition, 1899, pp. 342 ff.: German, French, Italian, Dutch, Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Bohemian, Swedish, Danish, Finnish. In Spanish and Armenian, complete translations in course of publication. Separate plays in Welsh, Portuguese, Friesic, Flemish, Serbian, Roumanian, Maltese, Ukrainian, Wallachian, Croatian, Modern Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Japanese; Bengali, Hindustani, Marathi, Gujarati, Urdu, Kanarese, and other Indian languages.—T.H. (Ely).

REFERENCE FOUND.—"Ring a ding-ding, hear the bells ring," &c., referred to the soldiers of General Monk, who restored Charles II. to the throne, and the second line reads "for the King."—M. McLean Dobree (Colwich).

"MEMORABILIA CANTABRIGIÆ."—I cannot find in the catalogue of the Cambridge University Library the title of any book on Oxford by Joseph Wilson, author of "Memorabilia Cantabrigiæ."—M.A.C. (Cambridge).

"A LOST CAUSE."—See "The Abbot," chapter viii., where Magdalen Græme finds her grandson, Roland, replacing the cross in St. Cuthbert's cell: "Thou hast kept well," she said, "the bird in thy bosom." To this Scott has added a footnote "An expression used by Sir Ralph Percy, slain in the battle of Hedgely Moor, in 1464, when dying, to express his having preserved unstained his fidelity to the House of Lancaster."—G.F. [Similar answers from M.M.D. (Colwich), and H. B. Foyster (Hastings).]

"HEMEN'S PRELUDE."—The concluding part of "Cleopatra," a romance in three parts (pub. 1658-59-60), was by John Davies (1625? 1627-1693), not of Hereford, but of Kidwelly in Wales; a voluminous translator of foreign works, mostly those of French authors.—J.A. (Hull).

HETTY WESLEY.—In chapter x. of Andrew Lang's "Book of Dreams and Ghosts" a long account of the famous Wesley Ghost "Old Geoffrey" is given in which Hetty Wesley figures. As far as I know, this is the only reference to the subject in Andrew Lang's works.—Margaret Weddell (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

HETTY WESLEY.—In "Longman's Magazine" for May, 1885, Mr. Andrew Lang, writing under the title "At the Sign of the Ship" a criticism of a lecture delivered at Dublin by Dr. Salmon, the learned Provost of Trinity (Dublin), goes into the question of the alleged "spirit rapping" at Epworth Rectory, and finds Hetty not guilty of the ghostly disturbances. He devotes four pages to the subject. Many years ago, in the "Fortnightly Review," Dr. Salmon accused Miss Wesley of a protracted imposture. The whole affair is in Dr. Adam Clarke's book, "Memorials of the Wesleys." There is also an account of it in W. T. Stead's "Real Ghost Stories."—H.T.H. (Newbury).

GENERAL.

SUNDAYS IN LENT.—The jingle that E.M.A. learned from her nurse I have no doubt descends from the time when English people associated the Sundays of the year with the opening word of the Introit of the Mass. Thus *Tid* is the accented syllable of "Audivit"; *Mid* is a fragment of "Reminiscere"; *Miseré* it is just possible to connect with "Oculi mei"; *Carlin* is good enough for "Latare." For the rest *Pasti* (out of its due order) is *Passion* Sunday, and *Palm* and *Egg* are obvious.—S.B.T. (Westminster Cathedral).

"AN OLD CHAFADE."—Answer also received from Miss L. M. Webb.

CHURCH WINDOWS.—As the soul, "pent in flesh" during life, was believed to take its departure with the last breath, it was natural to represent its egress from the body in the manner described. In this connection it may be of interest to note that in some of the pictographs and pictographic writings of the American Indians, the dead are represented by recumbent figures, from the mouths of which issue curved lines ending in short, open scrolls. The breath, speech, and the mind, are severally indicated by this form of line, according to the manner of its use.—Zack Rice (Detroit, Mich. U.S.A.).

*** "CORNER COLUMNS."**—The explanation of this is to be found in Choisy's "Histoire de l'Architecture," Vol. I. p. 405. He says: "La colonne d'angle d'un temple, qui se détache sur le ciel, paraît, suivant la remarque de Vitruve, dévorée par la lumière qui la baigne; on l'épaissit par esprit de compensation." In other words, all the columns, except the corner ones, are viewed against the interior of the temple as a background. The corner ones detached against the (usually) brilliant Grecian sky appear smaller by marginal irradiation. Hence they were made thicker in order to destroy this visual illusion (e.g. Paestum, &c.).—Oliver E. Bodington (Paris).

COTSWOLD LIONS.—The Cotswold Hills are noted for a breed of large sheep remarkable for their length of wool, and these sheep—named Cotswold sheep after the hills—were given, humorously or otherwise, the name Cotswold Lions.—Charles R. Sanderson (Bury). [Answers also received from M.A.C. (Cambridge); J.P. (East Finchley); and M.M.D. (Colwich).]

ACCENT MARKS.—I should say that the book most suitable to the needs of your correspondent W.P. is Ballhorn's "Grammatography: a manual of reference to the alphabets and ancient and modern languages." The English edition of this excellent work has been long out of print. The edition I possess, the last, I believe, in English, is that of 1861. There may be a later, in German. Second-hand copies of the 1861 edition are occasionally advertised for sale at about five shillings.—M.E.H. (Bradford).

FAYNETS.—My knowledge of the word is that of your first correspondent—faynets. I can hardly follow the gradual evolution of the word advocated by A.H.H. For the word was used as a kind of "Sanctuary" e.g., if one were out of breath, or if one's bootlace came undone, one could not be "touched," on calling out "faynets." At present, therefore, to my mind the puzzle is unsolved.—Petersfield.

FAYNETS.—I suggest that this word is connected with *fainéant* and *fainéance*, from French *faire* to do, and *néant* nothing. Hence it means a state of doing nothing, a truce.—A.T.

FAYNETS.—The form of this word is, in this neighbourhood, Fen, and in Touch, and other games, indicates a *truce*. Elworthy, in his West Somerset Glossary, has it *Fend* to forbid. I remember the word in common use in children's games over sixty years, and in questioning a school-girl to-day I find it still prevails.—GEORGE SWETMAN (Wincanton).

JESSICA AND JESSIE.—I think Karl Elze has shown that Jessica and the other Jewish names in the "Merchant of Venice" were taken direct from the Bible—Jessica from Gen. x. 29, where it appears in the authorised version as *Isach*, but in Wicliffe's and the sixteenth-century versions accessible to Shakespeare, as *Jeschna*, *Jeska*, or *Jesca*. So *Shyllock* is from Gen. x. 24—*Shelah* in A.V. but *Salech* in Wicliffe's version (Hebrew *Schelah*, I believe), and *Tubal* and *Chus* from chap. x. v. 2 and 6 (where the older versions read *Chus*, not *Cush*). So far as is known, Shakespeare selected these names himself, as no name is given to the Jew in "Il Pecorone," on which story the "Merchant of Venice" seems to be founded. But, of course they may have been taken from some lost play like "The Jew," mentioned by Gosson in 1579. The English "Jessie" has probably a different origin, and may, as your correspondent M.A.C. writes, be derived from *Janet* (as a variant of "Jennie" I suppose). If Jessica had become a common English name, Jessie would result naturally enough, but this does not seem to have been the case.—G.G.D.

*** "GOD IN GLOUCESTER."**—This expression is of ancient date, and had its origin in the great success of the early Christian missionaries who worked for the conversion of the early British inhabitants of the West Country. So many churches and abbeys were founded, and so numerous and zealous were the converts, that the inference indicated in the saying was soon drawn. I used to hear a similar expression in the West Country, employed to convey an idea of a date long since past—"Oh, about as long as God has been in Gloucester."—N. Smith (Morpet).

COCK-AND-BULL STORY.—I have traced up three different stories as giving the supposed origin; they will be found in Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable; Nuttall's Dictionary; and Edwards' Dictionary of Words and Phrases. The expression was used as early as 1603, in John Day's "Law Tricke," act iv. p. 66. "Didst marke what a tale of a cock and a bull he tolde my father whilst I made thee and the rest away?"—Dey. (Richmond).

NOTE.—Several correspondents have again failed to observe the very simple rules. E.J.T. (Walthamstow) has not put name and address on two queries enclosed. B.S.B. (Glasgow) gives initials only, and no name. H.T. (Ilkley) asks a question which can be answered by any reference book in a public library.

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Spring Announcements Supplement

SATURDAY: 19 MARCH, 1904.

The Spring Publishing Season

DESPITE wars and rumours of wars and of bad business our publishers intend to be busy this coming spring. It is impossible here to do more than glance rapidly at some of the books which will shortly be issued from the press. On the whole, the lists which follow may be said to hold out promise of much good literature.

Biography and autobiography are popular as ever, readers being men and therefore ever ready to study man; we note many books which will meet with warm welcome, notably Sir Archibald Geikie's "Scottish Reminiscences" (*Maclehose*); Mr. Mortimer Menpes' "Whistler as I Knew Him" (*Black*); the long-desired "Autobiography" of Mr. Herbert Spencer (*Williams & Norgate*); Mr. W. H. Hutton's "Letters of Bishop Stubbs" (*Constable*); Mr. Sidney Lee's "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century" (*Constable*); Mr. C. E. Byles' "The Life and Letters of Robert Stephen Hawker" (*Lane*); "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle" (*Lane*); the late Sir Leslie Stephen's "Hobbes" (*Macmillan*); the Hon. Emily Lawless' "Maria Edgeworth" (*Macmillan*); Mr. Walter Sichel's "Disraeli" (*Methuen*); "The Letters of Queen Victoria" (*Murray*); Sir Alfred Lyall's "Life of the Marquis of Dufferin" (*Murray*); and Mr. Herbert Paul's "Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone" (*Allen*).

In History, using the word very broadly, notable books should be Mr. John Fulleylove's and Mrs. A. Murray Smith's "Westminster" (*Black*); Colonel Sir Reginald Hennell's "The History of the King's Bodyguard" (*Constable*); Major William Wood's "The Fight for Canada" (*Constable*); The Cambridge Modern History, Vol. VIII., "The French Revolution" (*Cambridge University Press*); Bishop Stubbs' "Lectures on European History, 1519-1648" (*Longmans*); M. Emile Boutmy's "The English People," with an introduction by Mr. J. E. C. Bodley (*Unwin*); Mrs. Paget Toynbee's "Letters of Horace Walpole," Vols. V.-X. (*Clarendon Press*), which is difficult to classify; Lord Acton's "Lectures on the French Revolution" (*Macmillan*); Mr. C. Benjamin Andrews' "The United States in Our Own Time" (*Chatto*); Mr. A. R. Colquhoun's "Greater America" (*Harper*); Miss L. Toulmin Smith's "The Itinerary of John Leland" (*Bell*); and Mr. G. W. Forrest's "History of the Indian Mutiny" (*Blackwood*).

In Theology and Religion we look forward with interest to the Reverend Charles S. Isaacson's "Roads to Christ," by various contributors (*R. T. S.*); Celano's "Lives of St. Francis of Assisi" (*Dent*); "An Italian Version of the Lost Apocryphal Gospel of Barnabas" (*Clarendon Press*); the Right Reverend Abbot Gasquet's "English Monastic Life" (*Methuen*); Professor A. Jülicher's "An Introduction to the New Testament" (*Smith, Elder*); the Reverend Lewis A. Muirhead's "The Eschatology of Jesus" (*Melrose*); and the late Professor A. B. Davidson's "The Theology of the Old Testament" (*Clark*).

Many fine-art volumes are promised, notably Seton and Stevenson's "Heraldry in Scotland" (*Maclehose*); Mortimer and Dorothy Menpes' "Venice" (*Black*); Mr. Charles Ricketts' "The Prado Gallery" (*Con-*

stable); Mr. Oliphant Smeaton's "Edinburgh" (*Dent*); J. M. W. Turner's "Liber Studiorum" (*Newnes*); Mr. H. C. Marillier's "The Liverpool School of Painters" (*Murray*); the late Mr. J. E. Hodgson's "History of the Royal Academy" (*Murray*); Mr. Oliver Baker's "Black Jacks and Leather Bottles" (*Bemrose*); Mr. Hugh Morriston Davies' and Mr. Noël Barwell's "Historic Book-bindings in the University of Cambridge" (*De La More Press*); and a translation of Alfred Steevens' "Impressions sur la Peinture" (*Elkin Mathews*).

We have glanced at the more serious matters of literature, with the chief exception of poetry, and could not do justice to the vast output of fiction which looms ahead unless we devoted many pages to the same.

To repeat—on the whole the coming publishing season holds out many fair promises, let us hope for fair fulfilments.

In a note prefixed to Vol. II. of his Autobiography, Mr. Herbert Spencer explains why it was not published during his lifetime. He says: "As the volume advanced I became conscious that a constitutional lack of reticence is displayed throughout it, to an extent which renders present publication undesirable. In years to come, when I shall be no longer conscious, the frankness with which the book is written may add to whatever value it has; but while I am alive it would, I think, be out of taste to address the public as though it consisted of personal friends."

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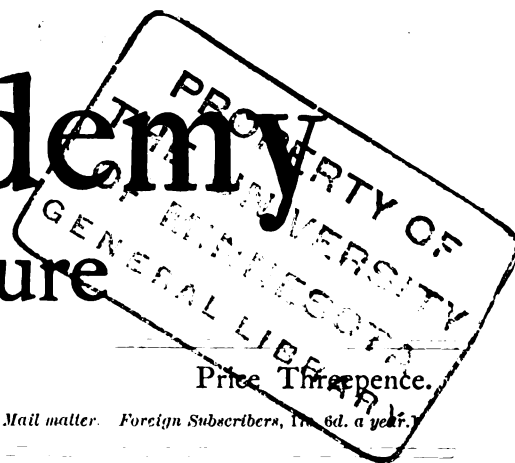
London: CHAPMAN & HALL, Limited, 11 Henrietta Street, W.C.

The Academy and Literature

No. 1664. Established 1869. London: 26 March 1904.

[Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 10s. 6d. a year.]

Price Three pence.



Literary Notes

IN next week's issue of *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE* will be given the first instalment of a series of articles, "Trains of Thought," by Mr. G. S. Street, whom it is unnecessary to introduce to readers of this journal.

THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE for next week will contain the first—and it is hoped not the last—of a series of Monthly Reports of the best selling books. The use of such reports to publishers and booksellers is obvious; not so obviously but equally valuable in reality will such reports be to students of our literary history and progress. There is much that is strange and unaccountable in the geographical distribution of taste in books; of course books on Devonshire naturally will appeal to dwellers in that delightful county, so, too, will books on Scotland to Scotsmen; this is all simple enough, but there are vagaries of taste, permanent, if I may say so of a vagary, and unaccountable.

FURTHERMORE, take fiction for example, this novel will sell well—therefore presumably be well read—in the North, that novel in the South; why so? No scientific study has ever yet been made or written, as far as I am aware, of what may be called "The Natural History of the Book Reader, his ways and habits, his good manners and his bad." It is an interesting subject, and nowadays when writers are so keenly searching for an untilled field it is scarcely likely to remain untouched much longer.

THE issue of *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE* for April 23 will be made a Shakespeare Commemoration number, including an itinerary of sites and buildings associated with Shakespeare in London, articles on various Shakespeare topics, many illustrations, &c.

In his speech at the annual general meeting of the Booksellers' Provident Institution on March 10 Mr. C. J. Longman referred to the proposal to establish a Booksellers' Club in London, for the further discussion of which plan a meeting will be held later on. But surely what is wanted is not a social club pure and simple, but some sort of central association such as that I suggested in last week's issue of *THE ACADEMY*, a centre of news and practical information, to which booksellers all over the country could subscribe, and doubtless would. The development of the proposed scheme for a club will, however, be watched with interest by all—by all, for all book-buyers and book-lovers are interested in the welfare of the bookselling trade.

It appears from "The Newspaper Press Directory" for 1904 that there are 2,595 magazines published now in the United Kingdom. The first thought that occurs on facing these figures is the immense amount of money



MRS. FLORA ANNIE STEEL

[Photo. W. Herbert Lanyon, St. Ives]

that must be expended by the publishers of these periodicals, the great sum annually spent by advertisers in the same and the numberless shillings and sixpences paid out monthly by the public to the newsagents and booksellers. The second thought is: what influence for good or bad do these periodicals exert? There can be no doubt that their influence is both good and bad. We have many admirable magazines, admirably written and

admirably illustrated; whatever their influence may be it must work for good.

ON the other hand there are many periodicals which are in no sense of the word admirable. They are filled with scrappy and too often ill-informed articles and flashy, sensational stories; their illustrations—drawn from photographs—are of the crudest description; neither to the mind nor to the eye can they be considered profitable. Their circulation and presumably their influence are immense; can their existence be for a moment counted as a boon? Indeed, this whole question of the reading of cheap magazines in preference too often to the reading of books is one surrounded with difficulties. Is it more profitable not to read at all than to read trash? Surely so. A vast portion of the reading public to-day is in too great a hurry as regards reading; too hurried and too little ready to expend any thought upon what is read. No long or well-considered article appeals to them—all they crave for, as the gin crawler craves for gin, is for stimulant, and stimulant to-day calls for stronger stimulant to-morrow. The outlook is not altogether pleasant either to the lover of literature or to the social politician.

MR. CHURTON COLLINS' articles in "The North American Review" make good reading. I quote a passage on Longfellow, unusually appreciative of that writer:

"He is almost always sound in quality, and sound in style. Even where sentimentally he is thinnest and most trite, as in 'The Footsteps of Angels,' 'The Rainy Day,' 'The Bridge,' 'The Reaper and the Flowers,' 'Children,' we are touched and rightly touched; for the pathos, though so simple, is so genuine, and its expression so exquisite in its propriety. 'The Psalm of Life' is a noble poem, and all the mouthings of it in Infant Schools and in Young Men's Christian Associations, and all the strummings of 'middle-class' pianos, will never make it other than noble. Though his themes are so often the themes so dear to Eliza Cook and her circle, his refinement and tact always enabled him to maintain a level above commonplace. He was never trivial; his style never lacks distinction."

THERE is, also, some plain speaking of Walt Whitman:

"But Whitman's virtues will be of no more avail, and all he has left will inevitably fall 'into the portion of weeds and outworn fæces.' The world never respects a man who does not respect himself, and to bawl out indiscriminately 'what should be said and what should not be said' was a synonym with the Greeks for a scoundrel. Of this offence Whitman was guilty, not accidentally but on principle, not morally only but intellectually and æsthetically. He was, no doubt, what he was fond of calling himself, a child of Nature, and his admirers have called him the poet of Nature; but no poet can be true to Nature who is not true to art."

Mr. Collins dares to be prophetic!

THE International Printing, Stationery, and Allied Trades Exhibition will be held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, from Saturday, April 30, to Saturday, May 4, inclusive. In addition to the ordinary trade exhibits there will be special exhibitions of Art Illustrations in Monochrome and Colour, Picture Posters, Illuminated Addresses, and Cloth and "Extra" Bindings. There will also be an Historical Exhibition of Printed Work, Books and Prints, and of Japanese Prints in monochrome and colour, dating from 1660.

AT the Gaiety Theatre we have been given a more or less close portrait of a famous ex-Cabinet Minister, and now in the illustrations to "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," by Mr. Chesterton, we seem to recognise the features of a well-known critic and essayist. These very striking illustrations are from the pencil of Mr. W. Graham Robertson, and are admirable examples of the fine colour effect that can be obtained from the proper massing of black and white. Lucky Mr. Chesterton, to have been granted such illustrations.

THE sum of £700 has already been received in response to the invitation for subscriptions issued by the Lecky Memorial Committee; in all some £1,500 will be needed. The memorial will take the form of a bronze statue, to be erected in the precincts of Trinity College. Subscriptions may be sent to the Honorary Treasurers, Lecky Memorial Fund, 36 Molesworth Street, Dublin.

IT is always good news to hear of a new volume from Lafcadio Hearn, the greatest of English-speaking writers on Japan; a writer who gives us the mind, not merely the manner of the Japanese. "Kevaidan" is the title of his forthcoming book, stories somewhat akin to those in the same writer's "In Ghostly Japan," sometimes only curious, sometimes horrible. Some of them are insect studies, and that on ants will be found to be full of curious speculation anent future human development and Spencer's theories of moral evolution. The volume will be published by Messrs. Macmillan.

PROFESSOR C. G. D. ROBERTS has written an Acadian story dealing with the siege of Louisburg, "The Prisoner of Mademoiselle."

AMONG the most interesting paragraphs concerning religion in Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Autobiography" are the following:

"Largely, however, if not chiefly, this change of feeling toward religious creeds and their sustaining institutions has resulted from a deepening conviction that the sphere occupied by them can never become an unfilled sphere, but that there must continue to arise afresh the great questions concerning ourselves and surrounding things, and that, if not positive answers, must ever remain. Thus religious creeds, which in one way or other occupy the sphere that rational interpretation seeks to occupy and fails, and fails the more the more it seeks, I have come to regard with a sympathy based on community of need; feeling that dissent from them results from inability to accept the solutions offered, joined with the wish that solutions could be found."

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON are publishing a volume shortly which should prove of considerable interest to all students of the Catholic University question in Ireland. The writer is Mr. Michael McCarthy, author of "Five Years in Ireland" and "Priests and People in Ireland," and though writing as a Catholic he will be found in his new venture to criticise somewhat trenchantly the methods of the Catholic Association in Ireland.

A LIMITED edition of "The Place Names of Hertfordshire," by Professor Skeat, will shortly be issued by the East Hertfordshire Archæological Society; the work is planned on the same principles as "The Place Names of Cambridgeshire," published in 1900. Full particulars can be obtained from Mr. W. B. Gerish, secretary of the Society, at Bishop's Stortford. The same gentle-

man has also written number two of Hertfordshire Folk Lore, "A Hertfordshire Robin Hood," being the story of Jack o' Legs, who lies buried in Weston Churchyard. He was an outlaw who infested the Great North Road, and was in his way a picturesque and moral ruffian.

MR. GUY THORNE'S story, "When It Was Dark," published by Greening & Co., has met with very varied clerical commendation, among those who have found much in it to interest being the Bishop of London, who referred to it in a sermon recently preached at Westminster Abbey, the Bishop of Exeter, the Dean of Durham, and the Reverend R. J. Campbell.

HERE is the provisional programme of the London Shakespeare League's "Shakespeare Commemoration":—Friday, April 22, at the Theatre, Burlington House, performance of "Much Ado about Nothing," by the Elizabethan Stage Society, under the direction of Mr. William Poel, 4 o'clock; preceded at 3.45 by an inaugural address by the President, Dr. F. J. Furnivall. Saturday, April 23 (Shakespeare Day), a ramble in Shakespeare's London, 3 (particulars will be announced later); reception by the President and Council at the Criterion Restaurant at 7.30, followed by the Commemoration Dinner at 8. Sunday, April 24, divine service with sermon at St. Paul's and at Westminster Abbey. Monday, April 25, at the Theatre, Burlington House, 8.30, address by Dr. Richard Garnett (subject to be announced later). Tuesday, April 26, arrangements not complete. Wednesday, April 27, at the Theatre, Burlington House, 8.30, address by the Rev. R. S. De Courcy Laffan, on "Shakespeare's Boyhood." Thursday, April 28, arrangements not complete. Friday, April 29, a Shakespeare recital by Mr. J. H. Leigh, at Steinway Hall, 3; conversazione at the Passmore Edwards Hall, Tavistock Square, at 8, when the President, Dr. Furnivall, will deliver a concluding address.

THERE will be a Shakespeare matinée at the Court Theatre on April 23, when Mr. J. H. Leigh will address the audience in observance of Shakespeare Day.

SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE is in some circles even more famous as a raconteur than as a geologist. His book of "Scottish Reminiscences" which Messrs. MacLehose will issue in a few days is, therefore, looked for with high expectation. For Sir Archibald's experience may almost be said to be unique. There is in Scotland "not a county, hardly a parish," which he has not wandered over again and again in the exercise of his official duty. And in his wanderings he was accustomed to take his quarters where he could find them—in country towns, in quiet villages, in wayside inns, in country houses, in shepherds' shielings, and in crofters' huts. Such experiences must have widened his sympathies at the same time that they extended his store of anecdote; while they also enabled him to note at close quarters the social changes of his country during the period since the introduction of railways.

ON the occasion of the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the institution of Glasgow University orations were delivered in memory of Adam Smith, James Watt, and William Hunter. The success of the commemoration meetings of 1901 has led to the institution of a regular Commemoration Day; and the first of these will be held on the 19th proximo.

The scheme embraces a religious service, followed by an address or lecture recalling the memory and achievements of some distinguished teacher or benefactor of the University, concluding with a banquet in the evening. Having in mind the attention that is at present being bestowed upon radium and the problems of physical chemistry, the University authorities have fixed upon the name and work of Joseph Black as the subject of this year's oration.



Detail from Ghirlandajo's fresco of the Birth of the Virgin, in S. Maria Novella, Florence

PORTRAIT OF LUCREZIA TORNABUONI

(Reduced Illustration from "Mural Painting" (Sands))

JOSEPH BLACK was Lecturer in Chemistry in the old College of Glasgow from 1756 to 1766, and in that capacity gave the first impulse to investigations of the kind which are at present attracting so much attention, by his enunciation of the doctrine of latent heat. The appreciation of Black at the commemoration will be delivered by one of the most eminent of living investigators in physical chemistry, who also began his career on the teaching staff of Glasgow University—Sir William Ramsay, of University College, London. The Commemoration Day will, it is assumed, be an annual function.

A NARRATIVE poem written in sonnets is, whatever the standard of its accomplishment, a "literary feat." This is the character of "Schiehallion, and Other

Poems," by the Rev. John Sinclair, for which a clerical brother, the Rev. Peter Anton, has written an introductory letter of commendation, and which will be published by Mr. Mackay, of Stirling. The poem consists of seven cantos, each containing twenty-two sonnets, or one hundred and fifty-four sonnets in all. Schiehallion, which is a mountain of over 3,500 feet in height, is, as Mr. Anton says, "a noble subject," and the poet, we are told, has seen it in every garment and mood. The other poems in the book are original, translated and selected, and for the most part have reference to the Rannoch district. The translations are from the works of Dugald Buchanan, the Gaelic poet-evangelist, who was the greatest hymn-writer of the Highlands, and the selections are from what Mr. Anton calls the dust-heap of Struan Robertson, which, however, contains "golden nuggets not a few."

Bibliographical

It is pleasant to see that Mr. Moring is going to add Coleridge's "Table Talk" to his "King's Classics." But why "newly arranged"? Why not let us have a simple reprint of the "Talk" as produced in 1835 under the editorship of H. N. Coleridge? There have not been many separate reprints of the "Talk," which usually has been presented in selections, or along with other Coleridgeana. Mr. W. H. Dircks edited "Passages" from it a dozen years ago. I suppose the most careful reproduction of it was in the "Table Talk and Omniana," edited by Thomas Ashe for Bohn's Standard Library in 1884. In this there was some "new matter," taken from Allsop's "Recollections." Miss Ida Samuel is to edit the "Talk" for Mr. Moring, and perhaps she intends to give us all the authentic dicta of Coleridge which she can discover. Mr. E. H. Coleridge gave us S. T. C.'s "Anima Poetae" in 1895, but that book has never taken the place in our affections which the "Table Talk" has always occupied and will continue to occupy. In "The King's Poets," I see, Mr. Moring proposes to include Morris' "Defence of Guinevere, and Other Poems," an arrangement rendered a little unnecessary by the recent reprint of the "Defence" by Messrs. Longman.

One of the most praiseworthy of forthcoming reproductions in "The Temple Classics" will be that of Feltham's "Resolves, Divine, Moral, Political." Of this, it would seem, there has been no edition since 1820, when that of 1806 (which had some "account of the author," by J. Cumming) was reprinted. In 1800 there had been a selection of "Beauties" from the "Resolves," which was reprinted in 1818. In the seventeenth century the "Resolves" ran through at least nine editions; the twelfth is dated 1709. For a new translation of Pascal's "Pensées," as promised by W. F. Trotter, there is not, perhaps, a very insistent call. Was there not a version by C. S. Jerram in 1898, and another by E. T. Frere in 1891? We have had Mr. Kegan Paul's translation since 1884; and was not one added to Bohn's Libraries in 1846? Basil Kennet's was reprinted so recently as 1893. The reprint of Dante Rossetti's "Early Italian Poets" will necessarily be of the first edition, issued in 1861. But Rossetti revised and rearranged this in 1873 under the title of "Dante and his Circle," which was reproduced, with a preface by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in 1892. The reprinting of the 1861 book seems, in the circumstances, a little unfair to its author.

Admirers of the poetry of Richard Crashaw cannot

properly complain that it has been neglected in England during the last half-century. In 1856 we had the "Complete Works," edited by W. B. Turnbull, in the "Library of Old Authors." Then we had them in 1868 in the "Fuller's Worthies Library," edited by Dr. A. B. Grosart. After that, I admit, there was a lull, until in 1887 Mr. J. R. Tutin came to the fore with an annotated selection from the poems, which he followed up, exactly ten years later, with a reprint of the "Carmen Deo Nostro: Sacred Poems." This was followed in 1900 by a reprint by Mr. Tutin of "The Delights of the Muses," and in 1901 by Mr. Tutin's "Notes and Illustrations" to the English poems. In 1899, by the way, a selection from Crashaw's English poems found a place in "The Little Library." Now the English poems are to be edited by Mr. A. R. Waller as part and parcel of the "Cambridge English Classics."

Messrs. Bell and Bullen's new edition of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher will, of course, be very welcome. Such an edition is much wanted—is, in truth, very much more wanted than any elaborate reprint of Ben Jonson. We have had no worthy edition of Beaumont and Fletcher since that in eleven volumes which Dyce prefaced and annotated in 1843-6. Immediately prior to that came the two-volume edition of 1840 with notes by George Darley. That, again, was preceded by the edition in fourteen volumes annotated by Weber and issued in 1812. Weber, Darley, and Dyce are the three editors of Beaumont and Fletcher in the departed century. In the eighteenth century there was the edition in ten volumes, "collated and corrected," with notes by Theobald, Seward, and Simpson, which George Colman re-issued in 1778. Before this there had been a seven-volume edition in 1711. Farther back than that we need not go.

In the making of "Selections from 'The Anti-Jacobin'" (Methuen & Co.) Mr. Lloyd Sanders has had several predecessors. The first was the compiler of a 12mo volume called "Beauties of 'The Anti-Jacobin,'" which appeared in 1799 and professed to contain "every article of permanent utility" and "the whole of the excellent poetry." This was followed by "The Poetry of 'The Anti-Jacobin,'" the second edition of which came out in 1800, and the fourth in 1801. Revised, and fitted with explanatory notes by Charles Edmonds, this collection was reproduced in 1852, and again in 1854, in the latter case with the etchings by Gillray. This 1854 edition was brought out again, in quarto, in 1890. Selections from "The Anti-Jacobin" were included by Henry Morley in volume vi. of his "Carisbrooke Library" in 1889. Mr. Sanders' "Selections" have the advantage of a readable and useful introduction, with the addition of some miscellaneous verses from the pen of Canning.

The appearance of Mr. Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin" in book form at the popular price of one shilling "net" is not the very latest phase of the existence of that truly successful work. This very day (Friday) sees the issue by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett of a new impression of the illustrated edition which came out in November 1902. "Aylwin," indeed, has had a career of uninterrupted triumph. Originally published at six shillings in October 1898, it has been reprinted in that form, I am told, something like fifteen times. In July 1900 it was issued (re-set) at sixpence. Rather more than a year later came a three-and-sixpenny ("Snowdon") edition. Then came the illustrated edition, which I venture to think the most desirable of all. All of these editions, it should be said, have been issued by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

A Man of Letters

LETTERS OF LORD ACTON TO MARY, DAUGHTER OF THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE. Edited with an introductory memoir by Herbert Paul. (Allen. 15s. net.)

"THE most erudite of men." Yet he died, and no great book bore his name. He had been so busy a reader all his life, so systematic a note-taker, so absorbed in sowing what others might reap, he seemed not far removed from the miser who dies finally of starvation rather than spend a coin upon bread. The mental capacity of Lord Acton seemed likely to lapse into a myth; and when the rumour rose that a volume of the letters he addressed to a lady was to be published, people shook their heads, guessed at a sentiment, and marvelled that a mountain of studentship should bring forth at last so ridiculous a mouse. Wisdom has been justified of her son. The letters to Mrs. Drew establish Lord Acton as a Man of Letters indeed; the historian is shown as the maker of history; and the man of references, who could not write history because he knew too much, is shown to be the possessor of an easy pen, the framer of sentences that are perfect as such, the manipulator of materials that grow light beneath his handling. Lord Acton not only had his reserve forces; he could apply them with exquisite nicety at daily need.

He did not give himself out to be a literary man; but his literary judgments are nearly always sane—sane than the tit-bits of the daily papers' quotations would suggest. He had far more subtle things to say of Carlyle than that he "invented Oliver Cromwell":

It is by accident, by the accident that I read Coleridge first, that Carlyle never did me any good. Excepting Froude I think him the most detestable of historians. The doctrine of heroes, the doctrine that will is above law, comes next in atrocity to the doctrine that the flag covers the goods, that the cause justifies its agents. Carlyle's robust mental independence is not the same thing as originality. The Germans love him because he is an echo of the voices of their own classic age. He lived in the thought of Germany when it was not at its best, between Herder and Richter, before the age of discipline and science. It gave him his most valuable faculty, that of standing aside from the current of contemporary English ideas, but it gave him no rule for judging, no test of truth, no definite conviction, no certain method, and no sure conclusion. But he had historic grasp, which is a rare quality—some sympathy with things that are not evident, and a vague fluctuating notion of the work of impersonal forces. There is a flash of genius in "Past and Present," and in the "French Revolution," though it is a wretched history.

Of Carlyle's personal influence over many considerable minds, Lord Acton goes on to say that it was "a stimulating, not a guiding influence, as when Stanley asked what he ought to do, and Carlyle answered, 'Do your best.'" Many a judgment of Lord Acton's is equally searching and complete; we are enlarged beyond common confines; we lose none of the emotions of contemporaries, yet we feel ourselves judging with posterity. The one thing that almost baffled Lord Acton was his own appreciation of George Eliot. "It is hard to say why I rate 'Middlemarch' so high," he says. We have no space for quotation of his attempt:

but a sentence which throws light upon the "Jane-Austen-next-to-Shakespeare" problem should be extracted:

"George Eliot seemed to me capable not only of reading the diverse hearts of men, but of creeping into their skin, watching the world through their eyes, feeling their latent background of conviction, discerning theory and habit, influences of thought and knowledge, of life and of descent, and, having obtained this experience, recovering her independence, stripping off the borrowed shell, and exposing scientifically and indifferently the soul of

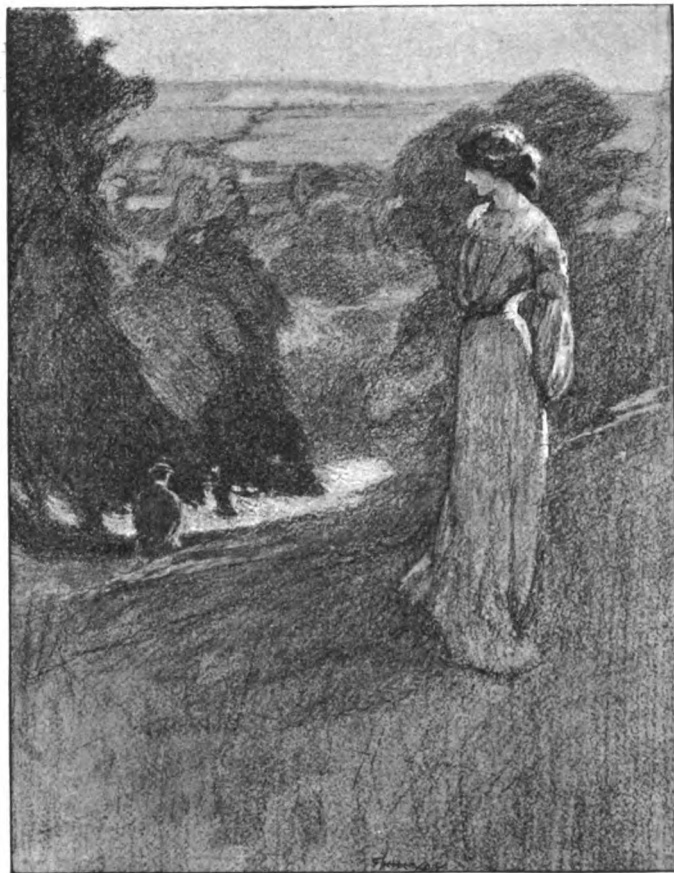


Illustration from "The Vineyard," by Mrs. Craigie (Unwin)

a Vestal, a Crusader, an Anabaptist, an Inquisitor, a Dervish, a Nihilist, or a Cavalier, without attraction, preference or caricature."

Lord Acton, as History's dedicated priest, must have had a singular delight in helping to make it. The peerage that came to him amid the throes of the Vatican Council may have attached him to Gladstone. If it did, we do not grumble; for the general revolt amongst Gladstonian peers against Gladstonian policy almost gives colour to the cynic's uncomfortable suggestion that, while many men have virtue enough to bear an injury, few are magnanimous enough to accept a favour without resentment. Lord Acton, the devout Roman Catholic layman, dropping hints about likely men for vacant Anglican Bishoprics, is a suggestive figure. How empty he was of prepossessions may be seen from one of his grounds for favouring Liddon:—

Liddon, he said, had a stubbornness which secured him against temptations to Rome. When Lord Acton recommended Bond for the Record Office, and Bond did not get it, a reason given was that it could not be given to a Roman Catholic. Bond, in fact, was a Presbyterian; but it had been presumed that he must be a Roman Catholic—because Lord Acton had commended him!

The editing of the book has been thoroughly well done; and nothing could well be more unreasonable than the complaints made of passages which baffle with initials. "I was much distressed at the hopeless badness of C—'s speech," for instance. There are enough people who *can* fill the name in: meanwhile the safe advice about any such hiatus may perhaps be: "When in doubt, say Chamberlain." The extraordinary absence of the partisan in Acton has perhaps misled even the careful biographer. Mr. Paul has not quite realised the liberty of Roman Catholics to oppose a dogma before its definition; or their consistency in accepting, after that promulgation, what they before opposed. Lord Acton satisfied his Bishop after the Vatican Council as to his orthodoxy; and he satisfied himself, before the end of life, that he had tilted against windmills. His presence and speech at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Westminster Cathedral should have had a mention in the Biography. Again, Mr. Paul may mislead some readers by his remark that "Newman submitted" to the dogma of Papal Infallibility. Newman had never opposed it. He did not think the Definition opportune at the time; nor did he change that opinion. The Index should have had a more careful revision. There is no such person as "John" Mozley; and the two brothers, Thomas (whose name nowhere appears) and James, are hopelessly confounded; so also are the late Dr. W. G. Ward and his son, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, with rather ludicrous results.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

A Romantic Fantasy

HENRY BROCKEN: HIS TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE RICH, STRANGE, SCARCE-IMAGINABLE REGIONS OF ROMANCE. By Walter J. De La Mare. (Murray. 6s.)

MR. DE LA MARE (who adds on the title-page the pen-name of "Walter Ramal") has produced in this book a romance much less wildly wonderful and "scarce-imaginable" than might be supposed from the somewhat wordy and pretentious title—or rather sub-title. It is, in effect, an exercise in a mode of fanciful romance which—after one fashion or another—has been frequently employed before, with various success. It is the romance which resurrects the immortals of creative fiction, and conceives a series of more or less irresponsible adventures in their company, or revolving around them. There is a natural foundation for it in the sense we all have of these creatures' reality—"forms more real than living man," as Shelley sings—and the desire we have all felt, at one time or other, to meet in the flesh these "nurslings of immortality." Moreover, it affords unlimited scope to wandering fantasy, upon which, indeed, its success mainly depends. We have all come across examples of it, some of them perhaps pleasant recollections of our childhood. Nay, do not Lewis Carroll's two masterpieces largely turn upon this device?

But with that exception, we cannot recall any book of this nature which has taken permanent place in literature; and perhaps the fact (if so it be) may suggest an inherent difficulty in the scheme. It chal-

lenges comparisons too formidable. The resurrected immortals are apt to have become strangely pale and disappointingly unreal since first we met them; the author cannot persuade us that these are the same people we knew so well. Lewis Carroll kept to Nursery-land, where the personalities were less defined; and the wise discretion facilitated his task. Of Humpty-Dumpty or the Knave of Hearts we have no very individualised conception in the nursery. But when you bring back to life the heroes and heroines of great novels or poetry, you have to do with vital personalities. You are spared the labour of creation; but because your characters are already created, the strain is the severer on your dramatic power, your power of characterisation.

Now that is what Mr. De La Mare has done. Henry Brocken sets out, a child, to seek 'n the flesh and in some strange land his darling creatures of fiction. Of course, he promptly finds them, and grows to manhood in his journey. But the idea of childhood is not kept for a page; he talks and acts as a man in his first encounter. Lucy Gray, Herrick's mistresses, Chaucer's Cressid, with other ladies of poetry; the Sleeping Beauty, Bottom the Weaver, Gulliver, nay—most daring of all—Bunyan's characters and Jane Eyre, are among the people he meets. We cannot say his dramatic power quite rises to the most exacting of these demands, but it is something that it does not wholly fail. With Bunyan, in particular, he has more success than might have been looked for. But the charm of the book (and it has charm) lies in its fancy and its imaginative description. The author has much of the poet in his composition; and he succeeds best with the fairy and purely poetic element. The book winds on with a true sense of dream, an alluring play of fantasy; and his style has poetic richness and grace, a fine command of language—with some occasional violences. This, in fine, is a romance of fancy at play, saturated with youth and poetry; not quite successful only from its too ambitious daring. At the close there is some hint of allegory; but only, we think, at the close—and to our mind somewhat nebulous, like most modern parables. But the reader has no need to trouble himself with it, in what we may call a fantasia on well-known themes.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

An Expert Judgment

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA. Prepared in the Historical Section of the Great General Staff, Berlin. Authorised translation by Colonel W. H. H. Waters, R.A., C.V.O. (Murray. 15s. net.)

It is a comfort when considering any event or series of events that has aroused the greatest controversy and has been misrepresented in every possible way, to get at the opinion of persons who by their very position and profession are bound to look at the matter impartially. The officers of the German General Staff may be privately Anglophile or Anglophobe, but when they consider the South African War they come to it as military experts, and as teachers of those who must guide the greatest and most efficient military machine in the world. Their object is, in the first place, to find out from all sources, British, Boer, and neutral, what actually took place; and then, what lessons can be drawn from the facts as to the mistakes and merits of both sides, and more especially as to the proper course of conduct in future wars. The need of inculcating these lessons may be seen even now, when the native revolt in German South-West Africa is giving serious trouble to the Imperial forces. The

Herreros are not Boers, it is true, but they have probably learnt Boer tactics to some extent.

This work, therefore, very excellently translated by Colonel Waters, formerly our Military Attaché at Berlin, has great value for our soldiers and for all interested in military history. In some points we may perhaps question the accuracy of the German estimates. The Boer forces seem under-estimated; the surrender at the end of the war brought in many more than either side probably expected, though, no doubt, many, both of these and the prisoners, would not have been reckoned as combatants in any state but the Boer Republics.

The present volume discusses the Natal campaign down to Colenso, Lord Methuen's advance to Magersfontein, and the operations resulting in the capture of Cronjé at Paardeberg. No doubt future instalments will carry the story and the criticisms on to the occupation of Pretoria, and include the relief of Ladysmith, and possibly the operations by French about Colesberg, which, though on a small scale, would be most instructive as a subject for study.

The repulse at Colenso, which in itself is not considered by the German critics as serious, is regarded as due almost entirely to the mistake of the British commander, who gave up the fight because two batteries had been temporarily abandoned by the gunners, and then gave up the batteries. The fatal and obvious blunder seems to the Germans to be the neglect to reconnoitre Hlangwane Hill, which flanked the Boer position and the British advance, and yet could not well be held in strength by the Boers, being on the hostile side of a treacherous river. It is believed by many, indeed, that till shortly before the battle the British commander was not quite sure on which side of the river the hill was.

The chief defects of British tactics are pointed out as three in number, and of these two were much in evidence in the Peninsular War—the neglect of scouting, and the shrinking from responsibility on the part of high officers—what one may call the Grouchy disease, from its most famous instance. The third defect was due to the character of our past wars, in which small forces of British have generally been opposed to large but unskilled hordes of Asiatics or Africans. It was a reluctance to incur heavy loss even for an important result. The Boers had exactly the same defect for exactly the same reason, intensified by their lack of discipline and their complicated family relationships. If a Boer commander sent a force on a murderous attack he was sacrificing neighbours and cousins. In fighting natives, the one most important matter for the Boers was to avoid loss, for one Boer was worth a hundred Kaffirs. As the German authors note, the heroic stand of the British at Isandhlwana was looked on by the Boers as an act of folly.

It is a comfort, after all the strain of denunciation that raged over the Continent, to find the German officers bearing testimony to British humanity during the regular warfare, and allowing that severe measures were justified as against guerillas after the capture of Pretoria. This is nearly the same as the statement for which Mr. Chamberlain was burnt in effigy all over Germany. To be sure, his remarks had been carefully mistranslated.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE, OR, A PIECE OF THE WORLD DISCOVERED; IN ESSAYES AND CHARACTERS. By John Earle. (University Press, Cambridge. Boards, 21s. net; velvet calf, 31s. 6d. net.)

SELDOM, if ever, have we seen a more delightful reproduction of a delightful book than this reprint of Dr.

John Earle's "Micro-cosmographie." It is printed from the sixth edition, of 1633, upon hand-made paper and from new type especially designed for this and similar volumes to follow; the Cambridge Press may be proud of their work.

And we are proud to put upon our shelves in such seemly habit these pithy Essayes and Characters of the worthy Bishop of Salisbury, dubbed "malignant" by his enemies. The book is brief, but it is full of matter; it brings us into intimate touch with the life of those stirring times, as we will endeavour to show by a few short extracts. Of a Young Raw Preacher we are told: "His friends and much painefulnesse may preferre him to thirtie pounds a yeere, and this meanes, to a Chambermaide: with whom wee leaue him now in the bonds of Wedlocke. Next Sunday you shall haue him againe." Thirty pounds was no mean stipend, as money went a long way in those days. Of a Younger Brother: "If his Annuity stretch so farre, he is sent to the Vniversity, and with great heart-burning takes upon him the Ministry, as a profession hee is condemn'd to: by his ill fortune others take a more croke path, yet the Kings high-way; where at length their vizzard is pluck't off, and they strike faire for Tiborne: but their Brothers pride, not love gets them a pardon." Of a Servingman: "Hee is one that keepe the best company, and is none of it: for he knowes all the Gentlemen his Master knowes, and pickes from them some Hawking, and Horse-race termes, which he swaggers with in the Ale-house." Of a Taverne: "It is the busie mans recreation, the idle mans businesse, the melancholy mans Sanctuary, the strangers welcome, the Inns a Court mans entertainment, the Schollers kindnesse, and the Citizens courtesie. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of Sherrey their booke, where we leave them." Of A Poore Fidler: "A Country Wedding, and Whitson-ale are the two maine places he dominiers in, where he goes for a Musician, & overlookes the Bag-pipe. The rest of a Musician, & over-lookes the Bag-pipe. The rest of a Hypocrite: "Shee is one that thinkes shee performes all her duty to God in hearing, and shewes the fruites of it in talking." And of A Cooke: "The Kitchin is his Hell and hee the Divell in it, where his meate and he fry together."

It is a book which might well be quoted at even greater length, for it is packed full of sound meat, and quotation may be forgiven, for there is no better way of conveying the worth of the work, to those who know it not. It is an old friend to many of us, none the less welcome; we almost envy those who will explore this Cosmographie for the first time.

W. T. S.

THE "HAMPSTEAD" SHAKESPEARE. (Finch. 4 Vols. Linen, 21s. net; leather, 27s. net.)

THIS is in many ways a model edition of Shakespeare; the text is that of the Globe Shakespeare, there is an ample glossary, the print is clean and clear and the paper good, the binding is strong; the plays occupy the first three volumes, the fourth consisting of Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life," revised with a new preface; the volumes are handy, though erring on the side of heaviness; there are three portraits, beside the illustrations in Mr. Lee's work. Altogether a very admirable and cheap edition. But excellent as it is, we still wait for what will be the ideal Shakespeare: each play in a separate pocketable volume, no notes, no glossary, no illustrations, thin paper, ample margins, limp binding and rounded "corners." Perhaps Messrs. Finch will oblige? That is to say such an edition would be an ideal companion

Shakespeare. Messrs. Cassell nearly achieved it in their "National Library," so did Messrs. Dent in "The Temple Shakespeare," but in both cases there were introductions, and in the latter a glossary and illustrations. Shakespeare, pure and simple, for the pocket, that is our demand. Of library editions there are a plenty, most of them with admirable features of their own. Quite one of the best is this of Messrs. Finch; in a larger way we like most "The Arden Shakespeare," published by Methuen, as yet incomplete. Perhaps Messrs. Methuen will see their way to add to the Plays volumes dealing with "The Theatrical History of Shakespeare's Plays," "Shakespeare's Stratford-on-Avon," "Shakespeare's London," "Shakespeare on the Continent," a "Concordance" and a "Life"—confined to facts; we should then have a compendious and a handy Shakespearean library.

Poetry

GLOW-WORM FLAMES. By Agnese Lawrie-Walker. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner.)

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE. By William Watson. (Lane. 1s. net.)

THE GAZELLES, AND OTHER POEMS. By T. Sturge Moore. (Duckworth. 1s. net.)

JOHN THE BAPTIST, A DRAMA. From the Latin of George Buchanan. By A. Gordon Mitchell. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner.)

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER, IN ENGLISH VERSE. By Arthur S. Way, M.A. Third Edition. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

Of these five volumes, representing poems old and new, but all recently published, or republished, the first ("Glow-Worm Flames") may be briefly dismissed. It is the average volume of minor verse, without originality of substance or accomplishment of form. Mr. William Watson's "Wordsworth's Grave" courts no extended notice for a different reason—because it is too well known, and criticism has long said its say on it. It is one of the typical examples of Mr. Watson in that quiet mood—half reflective, half critical—which he has made his own, and in which he is most uniformly successful, though his rare and finest successes are in another vein. This edition has some pleasing, though not ultra-remarkable, illustrations by Mr. Donald Maxwell, and belongs to the attractive little "Flowers of Parnassus" series. Mr. Sturge Moore's slender little book, in limp brown-paper cover, on the other hand, is new. Mr. Sturge Moore is a writer whose work demands and warrants respect, for he has done some excellent and charming things in poetry. To our mind, indeed, he has done much better work than anything to be found among these very few poems, some reflective, more in the stricter sense lyrical. But, if not his best, they yet display the apparent touch of a poet, and an accomplished poet. The most successful, we think, are the three reflective poems which open the volume, especially the title-poem ("The Gazelles"), which is much the longest in the book. It has true charm, finish, and a subtle vein of thought. Occasionally, indeed, the thought a little overweights the expression, which becomes somewhat difficult, less clear than it might be. But this is seldom; for the most part it is as excellent in expression as in substance. The other two, both poems on pictures, are both good in their differing ways; one reflective, the other more descriptive. Of the poems which are lyrics in the strict and older sense of the word, some are daintily graceful. In others, though artistry is no less present, it seems some-

what too conscious; the wheels of the metre, to our feeling, jar a little, it does not move with the entire spontaneity, the airy and untrammelled lightness, proper to lyrics so slight, and at which it aims. But in all, whether quite successful or not, Mr. Sturge Moore is an artist, and an artist of poetic intelligence.

Mr. Gordon Mitchell has done service by his translation of George Buchanan's Latin drama on the theme of John the Baptist. Few, save scholars, know the work of this famous Scottish Latinist, which yet has won the praise of poets. The translation is admirably wrought, with an obvious eye, in part, on Milton's "Samson Agonistes." Indeed, the drama has so much of the sternly grave and dignified Miltonic spirit that one wonders if Milton had read it before writing "Samson." Yet, despite this, and despite its structural excellence, the English version brings out the lack of originality in its imagery, the absence of central poetry. It has austere eloquence, austere rhetoric; it misses absolute poetry. But it is interesting.

Mr. Way's *Odyssey* merits its third edition. He has felicitously chosen a metre which we have always thought to be peculiarly suited for suggesting (what no English metre can *render*) the movement of the Homeric hexameter. We mean the anapaestic metre of six accents, used by Tennyson, and afterwards by Swinburne. Add to this a forcible and pictorial diction, rooted in the older English, with vigour of movement, and the result is admirable. Very close, yet free and idiomatic in effect, it is to our thought the best metrical version of the *Odyssey* which has appeared.

Fiction

THE VINEYARD. By John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie). (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) In this her latest book Mrs. Craigie has permitted herself to be more human and less complex than is her wont. Her characters are more simple in mould, less intricate in their emotions, people with whom we can feel more entirely at home. Sometimes we are apt to be made a little uncomfortable at the clever and witty society into which Mrs. Craigie conducts us, and to resent her keenly humorous insight into men and manners of to-day. But "The Vineyard" will give us no uneasy moments, it does not hold up our foibles and weaknesses so unmercifully or view us in so detached a manner as usual. It is the story of a weak, easy-going young man who demands from life ease and luxury as his right and of two women, one a passionate young girl who gives him her first love, and the other a morbid egotistical woman, who "before she had reached her twenty-sixth year had passed through so many histories, suffered so many emotional crises of the fancy, had thought so much, felt so much, thrilled so much, and lived so long in the world of her own creation, that she was like a feeble flame in a closed cupboard," and who also conceives a passion for him. The scene is laid in the country among rural scenes and gentry, and incidentally affords us some amusing glimpses of life in a small country town. The character of Federan, "who thought his taste was refined because he craved the luxurious and extravagant life of the idle rich classes, and mistook his sympathy with easy morals for an intellectual breadth of view," is an exceedingly interesting and fine study. But this is specialising where all is excellent, so entertaining, so full of charm and feeling, that one turns the last page with regret and closes the book with a wish for more. This vintage will suit the most fastidious palate.

THE MAGNETIC NORTH. By Elizabeth Robins. (Heinemann, 6s.) No one can accuse Miss Robins of throwing the glamour of the novelist over the stern realities of Klondyke, but then she has not sat in a comfortable chair

and written of an imaginary Klondyke far away up North, but has herself prospected in Alaska and experienced the hardships, the toil, and the intense cold, almost unimaginable to the Britisher. "The Magnetic North" is no fairy story where the adventurer returns home with his pockets bulging with dollars and an incredible amount of gold nuggets. No; of the strangely assorted company of five who set out for Klondyke, four return home on the last steamer worse off than when they started, and one is left behind to sleep in death. The awful eight months' winter through which they have passed before reaching the gold fields at all has made of them old men, their faces scarred with the records of privation and frostbites. The account of their encampment in the silent frost-bound woods by the side of the frozen impassable river is almost painfully graphic and engrossing in its interest. Miss Robins is peculiarly successful with her account of the natives. The story of the finding of the little Esquimaux, Kaviak, abandoned by his parents in a plague-stricken village, whom the adventurers adopt and teach to say the Lord's Prayer, is altogether amusing and odd. Miss Robins is not quite so successful with the latter part of the book, when the five men reach the gold fields; the narrative becomes a little confused and crowded. But the story of the following of the trail, through the ice and snow, the heroic yet distinctly human efforts of the Colonel and the Boy to remain decent fellows in the midst of the overpowering silence and depression, and the account of the Jesuit hostel at Holy Cross make as good reading as any one can desire. Miss Robins has produced a strong vivid book.

THE NAPOLEON OF NOTTING HILL. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. Illustrations by W. Graham Robertson. (Lane, 6s.) "Chuck it. I won't stand it. It's all bosh." How often comes the temptation to echo this sentiment of Lambert in respect to King Quin in "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" as one surveys the latest literary joke perpetrated by Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Great men from Plato upwards have delighted in depicting the growth of ideal States from the germs of civilisation; but Mr. Chesterton, who revels in turning things topsy-turvy, makes an ideal State the protoplasm of a civilised community. The story opens eighty years hence, when "London is almost exactly like what it is now." The Kingship, allotted on the system of an official rotation list, falls to the share of a humorist, who conceives the notion of restoring the ancient magnificence of the boroughs. Each is to have a city wall, a guard, a banner, and a coat-of-arms—an idea possibly suggested by recent controversy over the official robes of suburban mayors! The newly elected Provost of Notting Hill is a fanatically enthusiastic local patriot who takes the King seriously, and valiantly fights to save the traditions of Pump Street from being engulfed in a highways improvement scheme. Individual ardour conquers a soulless army—Notting Hill becomes an ideal borough wherein Art and Commerce rule together. Twenty years after, when the poetry of Notting Hill life has penetrated into the hearts of other suburbs, a great resentment leads an overwhelming army of materialists to swoop down on Notting Hill. Its little band of enthusiasts is routed, but Napoleon dies fighting the last fight of inspiration rather than live to join the ranks of the "tolerably right and the tolerably wrong" brigade. *Moral.*—Man's curse—Compromise. Man's salvation—A Cause. By the time the end of this dream-story is reached the reader will be attacked by the "horrible thought" about Mr. Chesterton that seized on another of King Quin's critics who "began to think that the King's remarks did not mean nothing."

THE INTERLOPER. By Violet Jacob (Mrs. Arthur Jacob). (Heinemann, 6s.) The authoress of "The Sheep-stealers" is already popular with those who delight to read a soundly written, clear sighted and human story, and her popularity should be vastly increased by her new essay. The predominant merit of "The Interloper" is its naturalness, there is in it nothing strained or far-fetched, the incidents of the tale though romantic do not overleap the bounds of the

possible, the characters are built up of flesh and blood, and the writing throughout shows not a sign of labour, but is always simple, clear and direct. This may sound over-high praise, but we feel sure that it will be endorsed by all those who wisely share with us the pleasure of reading this excellent novel. It is not needful to make a *précis* of the plot of this romance of Scottish life in the early years of the



Illustration from "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" (Lane)

nineteenth century; we prefer to devote our remaining space to the appreciation of one of the leading characters in the story. Lady Eliza Lamont will prove to be, we believe, a permanent addition to our national portrait gallery of characters in fiction: a grotesque figure of a woman, full of prejudices and full of good human nature; quaint of dress, quaint of manner, quaint of speech; Mrs. Jacob has drawn this full-length portrait with loving care and with the sure hand of an artist. Here are some of her traits: "The only superfine things about her were her gloves, which were of the most expensive make, the mare she rode, and an intangible air which pervaded her, drowning her homeliness in its distinction." Lady Eliza lives nobly and dies nobly; again we say, a brave figure of a woman. Here is the end: "With an effort she raised her hand, whiter, more fragile than when he had admired it as they sat in the garden; even in her death she remembered that moment. And as, for the first and last time in her life, he laid his lips upon it, the light in her eyes went out."

Short Notices

MURAL PAINTING (Handbooks for the Designer and Craftsman). By F. Hamilton Jackson, R.B.A. (Sands, 5s. net.) We cannot imagine a more thorough guide to fresco and tempera painting than this book—it must for many years remain the text-book. Mr. Hamilton Jackson is splendidly qualified to be the author of such a work; and he has done that work with a simplicity that is only equalled by its thoroughness, from the clear definitions and limits of “pure fresco,” “dry fresco,” and “tempera,” to the wax and oil processes. The instructions are as clear as the definitions; and to know the book is almost to know all that is to be known of mural painting except by the practice of it. Of the artistic qualities of “pure fresco,” the “painting with lime instead of white-lead,” as Armitage neatly defines it, upon the wet plaster there can be no doubt; but that “dry fresco,” the painting with lime instead of white-lead upon the dried plaster surface, was bound to be more used as being more convenient than on the moist plaster is as obvious as that the mixing of the earth colours with egg or size or gum or other glutinous vehicle which is called tempera was bound to supersede either. Indeed there is the well-known incident of Michel Angelo, whose immortal works in fresco on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel so much upset him at the beginning by the change of colour of the pigments after they had been laid upon the plaster, that he went to the Pope in a panic and begged to be relieved of his contract to execute the designs. And beautiful as the pure fresco colours eventually become, this grave disadvantage of the change of colour in working must be an appalling one to the artist. The use of the glutinous vehicle of tempera is very ancient, and has many advantages. But it was the scientific spirit of German chemistry that evolved the water-glass or silicate process, which is the means employed in Maclise’s two great paintings in the Houses of Parliament. This process, improved by Herr Keim, yielded the now well-known “Keim process” which Mr. Jackson gives in most workman-like fashion. And the book contains an excellent chapter on the spirit fresco known to artists as Gambier Parry’s process, the method chosen by Lord Leighton for his two superb frescoes in the South Kensington Museum. The oil processes so much the vogue in France are fully described; and their advantages and disadvantages. The book remains an example of its kind in its thoroughness and for its simplicity in the treatment of a great decorative medium.

ROBERT EMMET. By Louise Imogen Guiney. (Nutt, 1s. 6d.) An enthusiastic little biography, more enthusiastic than discriminating. The story of the unfortunate Robert Emmet is clearly told, with considerable partiality but also with great literary skill, or, to put it another way, this is an excellent piece of special pleading. The authoress’ strictures on Curran, for example, are such as would be used by a counsel defending his client at the cost of the accusers, bent upon enlisting the sympathies of the jury by hook or by crook. The writer can do better work than this by far and would, we think, have achieved more for Emmet’s memory if she had not endeavoured to brighten him by darkening others. One query: is it not possible—even probable—that the informer who brought about the apprehension of Emmet was Leonard M’Nally?

A GUIDE TO THE BEST HISTORICAL NOVELS AND TALES. By Jonathan Nield. (Elkin Mathews, 4s. net.) The third edition of an extremely useful and interesting book. If the taking of pains be a mark of genius, Mr. Nield may lay fair claim to a genius for bibliography. The work is a complete chronological guide to historical novels, with adequate details and divided into convenient sections. The only adverse criticism we have to offer is that the word “best” might be omitted from the title. All lovers of fiction and students of history should possess this excellent guide-book.

ROME. By C. G. Ellaby. (The Little Guides. Methuen, 3s. 6d. leather, 3s. cloth.) Mr. Ellaby is too modest in his

opinion that the chief merit of this book is the illustrations by Mr. Boulter. We can agree in the author’s praise of the pictures, while saying a word of commendation for the text, which is admirably clear and packed with information. Naturally, it is not possible to write at all exhaustively of that inexhaustible subject for conjecture and theory in a small guide-book, but all the essential points are given in that concise manner for which this series is already so well known.

Reprints and New Editions

Conspicuous on my table by reason of its very artistic and altogether charming binding is an edition of **LAMB’S ESSAYS**. (Foulis, 2s. 6d. net.) This reprint is, I note, the first volume of a new series, The Library of English Prose. If further issues are equal to the one before me I predict a great success for Mr. Foulis’ venture, even though it has various other excellent reprints to combat. So distinctive and charming a volume as the *Essays of Elia* will be coveted by every book-lover and especially by those who admire the gentle essayist and are glad to see him tastefully and suitably clad. The introduction by C. D. O. Barrie is also worthy of praise. From the same publisher I have also received Vol. I. of **THE BEST OF BRITISH POETRY—TENNYSON**, a prettily bound volume and an excellent shillingsworth. Two more plays in **THE LITTLE QUARTO SHAKESPEARE—KING RICHARD II. and TWELFTH NIGHT**—are to hand (Methuen, 1s. net each). I have already given high praise to this series, which is indeed worthy of it. **THOMAS DEKKER** in the Mermaid Series (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. leather, 2s. 6d. cloth) is represented by “The Shoemaker’s Holiday,” “The Honest Whore,” “Old Fortunatus” and “The Witch of Edmonton”—an interesting selection. The introduction, which does full justice to this playwright, is by Ernest Rhys. Dekker gives us some very realistic pictures of a gallant’s life in Elizabethan London, especially in “The Gull’s Horn Book,” a most entertaining and quaint piece of writing. Dekker evidently had experienced some of the miseries of an Elizabethan playwright when he wrote: “It shall crown you with rich commendation to laugh aloud in the midst of the most serious and saddest scene of the terriblest tragedy; and to let that clapper, your tongue, be tossed so high that all the house may ring with it.” “The Shoemaker’s Holiday” is an excellent example of Dekker’s methods of writing a play, showing his gay good humour and sympathetic human insight into the lives of the people. Mr. Rhys says: “This comedy is indeed the most perfect presentation of the brightness and social interest of the everyday Elizabethan life which is to be found in the English drama.” Mr. C. Lewis Hind has not failed to do justice to his subject in writing the introduction to **EMERSON’S ESSAYS** (The National Library, Cassell, 6d). Mr. Hind writes that the essential America is not the land of the millionaire, of extravagance and gigantic trusts, but the America of Walt Whitman and of Emerson. I have received the **MEMOIRS AND TRAVELS OF SIR JOHN RERESBY**, Bart. (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. net), and note that this volume might well have been called the *Works of Sir John Reresby*, as it contains all that he is known to have written. This reprint is adorned with some interesting, well-printed illustrations. F. T. S.

NEXT WEEK

THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE

will be

published on Wednesday, March 30

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Jekyll, M.A. (Walter), *The Bible Untrustworthy*.....(Watts) net 3/6
 Ballard (Frank), "*Clarion*" Fallacies.....(Hodder & Stoughton) net 1/0
 Inglis (Dr.), *Repentance Demanded of us by the Bible*.....(Bonner) 0/6
 Burn, B.D. (J. H.), edited by, *A Day Book from the Saints and Fathers* (Methuen)..... 2/0
 Montgomery, D.D. (H. H.), *Counsels for Intending Colonists* (S.P.C.K.)..... 0/2
 Bernard, D.D. (J. H.), *The Present Position of the Irish Church* (S.P.C.K.)..... 0/2

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Balcony Stall, *The Valley of Wild Hyacinths, or Gerald in Theatre-Land*.....(Greening) 2/0
 Wright (Thomas), arranged by, *The Correspondence of William Cowper. In 4 vols.*.....(Hodder & Stoughton) net 63/0
 Dobell (Bertram), *Rosemary and Pansies*.....(Dobell) 3/6
 Moore (W.), *New Poems*.....(Kegan Paul) net 2/6
 Wylde (M. Alice), *The Dread Inferno*.....(Longmans) net 2/6
 Dalgleish (Florence), compiled by, *Daily Pickings from Pickwick* (Long) net 2/6
 Taylor (Rachel Annand), *Poems*.....(Lane) net 5/0
 Hartleben (Otto Erich), translated by Rudolf Bleichmann, *Love's Carnival* ("Rosenmontag").....(Heinemann) 1/6, cloth 2/6
 Yeats (W. B.), *The King's Threshold and On Baile's Strand; and The Hour Glass, Cathleen Ni Houlihan, Pot of Broth, Vols. II. and III. of Plays for an Irish Theatre*.....(A. H. Bullen) each net 3/6
 Verses, by A. Girl..... 0/2

History and Biography

- Guiney (Louise Imogen), *Robert Emmet*.....(Nutt) 1/6
 Stone (J. M.), *Reformation and Renaissance (circa 1377-1610)* (Duckworth) net 16/0

Travel and Topography

- A.I.R.G. *Leaves from an Indian Jungle* ("Times of India" Office).
 Wyon (Reginald), *The Balkans from Within*.....(Finch) net 15/0

Science and Philosophy

- Iverach, D.D. (Professor J.), *Descartes and Spinoza*.....(T. & T. Clark) 3/0
 Franklin (Charles Kendall), *The Socialisation of Humanity* (Chicago: C. H. Kerr) \$2.00

Art

- Pauli (Gustav), translated by P. G. Konody, *Venice*.....(Grevel) net 4/0
 Chesterton (G. K.), G. F. Watts.....(Duckworth) cloth, net 2/0
 Pollard (Eliza F.), *Greuze and Boucher*.....(Methuen) net 2/6
 Great Masters, Part XI.....(Heinemann) net 5/0

Educational

- Haynes, B.A. (A. G.), *Geography of Great Britain and Ireland*.....(Relfe) 0/8
 Morgan (R. B.), *An Algebra for Junior Forms*.....(Relfe) 1/6
 Symes (E. S.), *The Story of the East Country* (Arnold)..... 1/6

Miscellaneous

- Nield (Jonathan), *A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales*.....(Elkin Mathews) net 4/0
 Kidd (Dudley), *The Essential Kafir*.....(Black) net 18/0
 Edwards (Chilperic), *The Hammurabi Code*.....(Watts) net 2/6
 Raper, Ph.D. (Charles Lee), *North Carolina, a Study in English Colonial Government*.....(Macmillan) net 8/6
 Beldam (George W.), *Great Golfers, their Methods at a Glance* (Macmillan) net 12/6
 Cutler, K.C. (John), *Passing off: the Law as to the Substitution of Goods*.....(Gay & Bird) 1/0
 Merriman (Charles Eustace), *Letters from a Son to His Self-Made Father*.....(Putnam) 6/0
 Dalton, F.R.G.S. (Charles), edited by, *English Army Lists and Commission Registers, 1661-1714, Vol. VI*.....(Eyre & Spottiswoode) 25/0
 Hayden (Arthur), *Chats on English China*.....(Unwin) net 5/0
 Goudie (Gilbert), *The Celtic and Scandinavian Antiquities of Shetland* (Blackwood) net 7/6
 "Templar," *Bridge*.....(Bell) 1/0
 Lockhart (J. H. Stewart), *A Manual of Chinese Quotations* (Hongkong: Kelly & Walsh)..... 3/6
 York to Deal with your Taxes, by an Expert in Tax Law.....(Richards) 3/6
 Yorkshire College, Leeds, *Annual Report, 1902-3*..... 0/6
 Character Sketches from Dickens, Art. Postcards, Nos. 1 and 2 (Casell) each set

Fiction

- "The Gage of Red and White," by Graham Hope (Smith, Elder), 6/0;
 "Castles in Kensington," by Reginald Turner (Greening), 6/0; "The Man in the Wood," by Mary Stuart Boyd (Chapman & Hall), 6/0;
 "The Celebrity at Home," by Violet Hunt (Chapman & Hall), 6/0;
 "Henry Brocken," by W. J. De la Mare (Murray), 6/0; "The Prisoner's Secret," by John K. Leys (Ward, Lock), 3/6; "A Dangerous Quest," by F. E. Young (Long), 6/0; "The Fruit of the Vine," by Edwin Pugh (Long), 6/0; "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," by G. K. Chesterton (Lane), 6/0; "The King's Beadle," by J. W. Payne (Foulie), 6/0; "Uriah the Hittite," by Dolf Willarde (Heinemann), 6/0;
 "Anna the Adventuress," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Ward, Lock), 6/0;
 "Love among the Ruins," by Warwick Deeping (Richards), 6/0; "The Blue Dryad, and Other Stories," by G. H. Powell (Richards), 1/0.

Reprints and New Editions

- The "Hampstead" Shakespeare, in 4 Vols. (Finch), art linen, net 21/0, limp leather, net 27/0; "Comin' Thro' the Rye," by Helen Mathers (Simpkin, Marshall), 1/0; "A Sailor's Bride," by Guy Boothby (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "Johnny Fortnight," by Eden Phillpotts (Arrowsmith), 0/6; Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," by the late Benjamin Vincent (Ward, Lock), cloth, 21/0; "Journey to Lhasa and Central Tibet," by Sarat Chandra Das, C.I.E. (Murray), net 10/6; "Memoirs and Travels of Sir John Reresby" (Kegan Paul), net 3/6; "New Light on Old Problems," by John Wilson, M.A. (Watts), 0/6; "The Essays of Elia," by Charles Lamb (Library of English Prose) (Foulie), net 2/6; "Tennyson" (The Best of British Poetry) (Foulie), net 1/0; "The Life of an Actor," by Pierce Egan (Methuen), net 4/6; "Reading Abbey," by Charles Macfarlane (Routledge), 2/0; "The Camp of Refuge," by

Charles Macfarlane (Routledge), 2/0; Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus," edited by H. Ballyse Baildon (Methuen), 3/6; *Memoirs of Dr. Joseph Priestley* (Allenson), net 3/0; "The Red Triangle," by Arthur Morrison (Nash), net 1/0; "Vanity," by Rita (Nash), net 1/0; "A Millionaire's Daughter," by Percy White (Nash), net 1/0; "Almay's Folly," by Joseph Conrad (Nash), net 1/0; "The Herb-Moon," by John Oliver Hobbes (Nash), net 1/0; "The Sign of the Cross," by Wilson Barrett (Nash), net 1/0; "The Book of Sir Galahad," by Sir Thomas Malory (Astolat Press), net 1/0; "The Vision of Sir Launfal," by James Russell Lowell (Astolat Press), net 1/0; "Aids to Reflection," by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (Bell), net 2/0; "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," by Cardinal Newman (Longmans), net 0/6; "The Life of Queen Elizabeth," by Agnes Strickland (Hutchinson), net 1/0; "The Black Arrow," by R. L. Stevenson (Casell), net 2/0; "The Master of Ballantrae," by R. L. Stevenson (Casell), net 2/0; Katherine Philips, "The Matchless Orinda," *Selected Poems* (Tutin), 0/6.

Periodicals

- "The Printseller and Collector," "Royal," "Smart Set," "Girl's Realm," "North American Review," "Pictorial Comedy," "Ainslee's," "Good Health," "The Journalist," "Literary News," "Japan's Fight for Freedom," "Pall Mall."

Foreign

History and Biography

- Homo (Léon), *Essai sur le Règne de l'Empereur Aurélien* (270-275) (Paris: Fontemoling)
 Dubuc (Pierre), *L'Intendance de Soissons sous Louis XIV., 1643-1715* (Paris: Fontemoling)

Science and Philosophy

- Tardif (Edmond), *Nature, Origine et Valeur de la Connaissance Humaine. Première Partie, Exposé et Critique du Système de Kant*.....(Aix: Nicot)

Educational

- Paichari (Michel), *Index Raisonné de la Mythologie d'Horace* (Paris: Welter)

Fiction

- Vivien (Renée), *Une Femme m'apparut*.....(Paris: Lemerre) 3f. 50

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

In commemoration of the twenty-first year since Emanuel School was re-established at Wandsworth a history of the school is about to be issued from the pen of Mr. H. P. Maskill. It will include a monograph on the Dacre family and some drawings, by Mr. A. H. Collins, of Old Emanuel Hospital.—In the year 1764 there was printed at Strawberry Hill a work entitled "The Life of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury," written by himself; he lived during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. This book has now been reprinted by Methuen & Co., and appears in their Miniature Library.—"A Day Book from the Saints and Fathers," under the editorship of the Rev. J. H. Burn, has been printed for the Library of Devotion, and will be published almost at once by Messrs. Methuen.—One of those fine old coloured books which our grandfathers used to delight in will be obtainable in a few days in the handy format of the Illustrated Pocket Library of Coloured Books which the same firm issue. The book is Pierce Egan's "The Life of an Actor," with 27 coloured plates by Theodore Lane, and several designs on wood.—Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish on March 28 a special tourist edition of Professor Freeman's "Story of Sicily" (The Story of the Nations Series). It will be bound in a style similar to that of Baedeker's Guides.—On March 28 a new volume will be added to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's "First Novel Library." The book, which is entitled "Tussock Land," is a colonial novel by a colonial author, Mr. Arthur H. Adams.—The Board of Education has now definitely decided not to print the Official Register of Teachers owing to the great expense of printing the list of the 80,000 elementary teachers in column A of the Register. The editor of the "Schoolmasters' Year-Book" has, however, decided to publish the list of secondary teachers, masters and mistresses, in column B. The list, which will be correct up to March 31, 1904, will contain some 5,400 entries with the particulars recorded in the official register. It will be published shortly by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein.—The first novel by Madame E. Maria Albanesi, "The Blunder of an Innocent," has been out of print for some years. It was originally published by Hutchinson & Co. Admirers of this author's "Susannah and One Other" and "Love and Louisa" will be glad to know that Methuen & Co. have just re-issued it. The publication of this author's new novel, "Capricious Caroline," will be postponed till the autumn, arrangements having been made with "The Times" to run the novel previously as a serial in the weekly edition of that journal.

Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

XV.—On Art by the Inch

DURING early Victorian days much was made, in humour dealing with literary people, of the piteous penny-a-liner. These jokes are now obsolete, and the single faintly amusing thought one could now connect with them would depend on the vulgarity of one's own feelings on the subject of small as opposed to large means. For no one now would think the shilling-a-liner, the five-shilling-a-liner, or the guinea-a-liner in the least funny, or, in any sense, a reproach to the fine profession of Letters. At the present time every English writer, whether distinguished or popular or obscure, is paid by the word—his fee is so much per thousand words. It is, therefore, to his interest and bodily well-being to pad, to spin out, to forget every elementary rule of good prose writing or clear thinking; to go on telling the tiresome loves of one Harry and one Sylvia at greater length than all the historical tragedies of Shakespeare combined; to go on and on detailing notes on some system of philosophy, some municipal suggestion for the public good, some political question, some volume of verse, some biography, some little play, some long opera, till the subject is wholly lost in the commentary. Voltaire's most famous articles in the "Encyclopædia" are not half so long as the average leader dealing, for the fiftieth time, with the Mid-Herts Election. The multiplication of unnecessary words—each representing a bit of money—is a national calamity. It has affected the House of Commons, the Law Courts, the transactions of all business public or private, the composition of every class of book, the newspapers, and, finally, the mind of the race. Dictated letters are seldom coherent; speeches are rarely tolerable; our most accomplished writers torment themselves to make five hundred useless sentences as effective as one pointed sentence, and twenty chapters do the duty of a paragraph. In art every line should be alive, and in speech, whether domestic, commercial or rhetorical, every remark should convey a direct notion—otherwise it may be called dead. But what do we find? People think their indolent, valueless, untested, and unconsidered thoughts aloud; no child is ever taught how to control his mental processes; no man is ever asked to put his ideas into concise form. If he has any reputation he will be asked what his terms are for his vocabulary. If the Editor and Publisher cannot afford his best examples of the verbose, they will content themselves with the most tedious thing he can manage "up to two or three thousand" conjunctions, adverbs, verbs, prepositions, adjectives, and nouns arranged in grammatical order. At this moment I am endeavouring to read an anecdote about some indivi-

duals on a farm, but the book seems longer than any one of the four volumes dealing with "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The anecdote has interest, novelty, pathos, a certain humour, a certain value; it is told, however, in a style that is infinitely slower than life; I would far sooner take a sea voyage to the ranche and see the individuals for myself than swallow so many, many pages of "scenery," "soliloquies," "dialogue," "local colour," "moralising," "psychological analyses" and mere words by the hundred. We are told that Dumas was paid by the line; hence his invention of the dialogue-form which English authors now carry to such a lamentable, if excusable pitch:

"How now?"

"Who spoke?"

"No friend!"

"What then?"

"To reply would be to confess!"

"Your readiness betrays you."

"Every one, under a domino, has the courage to be witty."

"But not every one, in spite of a domino, is evidently a Queen!"

Ten pounds would not be too much for the above fooling attached to an advertised signature; ten pence, on the old system, would be its lowest value; on the new system it would represent, signed by a very popular author, rather less than ten shillings. Let us imagine, however, that the very popular author decided to cast the sense of the above conversation into the following form:

"The stranger, who showed all the common audacity which the meekest can display under the cover of a disguise, was not able to hide the uncommon distinction of her natural bearing."

This odd fad, or whim, on the author's part would cost him, as a ratepayer, a human being, and a consumer of bread, about one shilling and twopence.

I have a suggestion, therefore, to make to stationers. Let them prepare manuscript books for authors arranged as telegraph forms—with a proper space marked off for each word. It would be a tangible incitement to pot-boiling—a silent secretary ticking one's precious "ands," "buts," "moreovers," and "yets."

As for art or literature, do they matter? I had a friend who wrote a serial novel with such preposterous care that the proprietors reduced its price by four hundred pounds. They found no fault with the novel, and if the author would have ruined it by adding irrelevant twaddle, he would have been a richer man by four hundred pounds than he is to-day. But I believe he is on the right track. I foresee a slump in the reckless manufacture of printed unidea'd pages. It is the presentment of the idea—not the use of the dictionary—which is valuable.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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Egomet

How greatly the effect of any book depends upon the mental eye of the reader. How much, too, the eyesight of every man varies from day to day, even from hour to hour. Take a familiar example. I read a book dealing with a part of the country or with a town with which I am conversant.

In such a case the mention of a mere name suffices to call up a whole scene to my mind's eye. This was exemplified to me recently while reading a very charming wander-book. The earlier chapters of it dealt with a countryside with which I was familiar; thought I to myself, this man writes excellently well, how wonder-

fully he has caught and transferred to print the atmosphere and the aspect of this land that I love. But, lo! the later portions of the volume were concerned with places that I knew not and of which the author described the beauties, but of those beauties he conveyed nothing to me, which perchance he would say was my fault and none of his.

So, too, is it with works of fiction. An I but knew—can some one tell me?—the city which is the background of "Barchester Towers," and were familiar with it, I should the more enjoy that pleasing work of fiction. Contrariwise, were I unfamiliar with Canterbury, Yarmouth and London how much pleasure should I lose in reading "David Copperfield." In fact, my loves among the novels have largely depended upon my knowledge of the scenes amid which these stories were laid. Of course, there be many works of fiction which depend for their fascination upon humanity alone and not upon Nature, such as those of Fielding, Miss Austen and Thackeray. On the other hand, many writers place their figures against minutely-painted backgrounds, notably Dickens, Borrow (if his work may be termed fiction), Marryat, in "Jacob Faithful" particularly, and the Brontës.

THEN certain moods and manners of our writers appeal sympathetically to some mental eyes, to others they are distasteful; yet all may be equally worthy—or worthless. He that has eyes to see one side of things may be blind to all the others; few are there of us who have wide vision. I have spoken of familiar places; it is the same with familiar moods. A mood with which I am acquainted can be called up by its mere name; one with which I have never come in contact cannot be conjured up to my mental eyesight save by the pen of a master.

As with the scenery and emotions of the written word, so with natural scenery I am to-day in accord, to-morrow at variance. When I am happy a sombre scene of desolation is very dear and near to me, when I am sad by some peculiar impulse I hie me to that which contrasts with my mood, to that which is glad and gay. So is it with my books; no one book have I ever found which satisfied me in all my moods, for Shakespeare cannot be called a book. To-day—so to speak—I can pore over my Lamb and he speaks to me the words that I delight to hear; to-morrow I will none of him, I will ask for stronger meat; maybe I call to my good friend Master John Milton his prose, which is so far greater than his poetry, or to Coleridge, or to Meredith.

BUT my happiness lies in this, that no mood has ever yet beset me in which I have not been able to find consolation from one book or another. There are many of us, surely, who could indite a goodly volume on the Consolations of Literature? My books are my only friends who appeal to my heart always, who stand by me in good times and in evil, who answer me when I call to them for help, who are never officious, never rude, never ill-humoured, never bored or boring. Oh, my books, how much do I owe to you, how greatly do I love you and how little can I repay you. I can treat you with gentle care, house you, clothe you, cut you, that is all.

E. G. O.

The Irish Literary Revival

ABOUT eleven years ago Mr. Stopford Brooke delivered an address at the inaugural meeting of the Irish Literary Society in London upon "the need and use of getting Irish literature into the English tongue." Since it was delivered a school of writers have sprung into note who find much of their inspiration in the mythological and heroic tales of ancient Ireland. Their poems, essays, stories, and paraphrases, written in the English language, have attracted the attention of the literary world, and the works of several of these writers, notably Mr. Yeats and A. E., take high rank in Anglo-Irish literature. Of this "Celtic movement" Mr. Standish O'Grady may be regarded as the pioneer, though in its later development of mysticism and vagueness he has no share. In his "Mythical History of Ireland" he opened the door for English readers to a hitherto unexplored world of beauty, chivalry, and human passions, a world in which demigods and heroes, termagant queens, and blithe, beautiful maidens, moved and intermingled. Unnoticed by the general public, the book attracted the attention of some young men and women bound together by intellectual ties, who hailed at once the wealth of beauty and romance revealed. With them the "Celtic movement" began, and, flowing outward, the "Celtic note" became a phrase in English literature. This movement has been confused by the mass of English and American critics with the Irish Revival, from which it is distinct. One is an attempt at the realisation of Mr. Stopford Brooke's idea of "getting Irish literature into the English language"; the other an attempt to create a modern literature in the Irish language. The first, by familiarising the literary world with the names of gods and heroes of the mythological and heroic cycles, by unveiling a little of the heart of Celtdom, and drawing attention to the early Irish sagas, has done much good work. But the literary style of the movement, with its marked mysticism, must not be accepted as an expression of the Gaelic mind.

The Irish Revival—a movement started in Ireland about ten years ago by nine men—concerns itself entirely with the preservation of the Irish language, the creation of a modern literature, and the inner national life of the people. Working at first against immense difficulties, it is now a recognised force. Its effect upon the country may be compared to that wrought upon Denmark by Bishop Grundtvig's night-schools in the last century. One of its most remarkable achievements is the output of books in Irish. For these works there is a steady and increasing sale. Hitherto the sale of books in Ireland has never been large. This still holds true for English and Anglo-Irish works—with one or two notable exceptions—but is not true of those works written in Irish. Lesson and phrase books of course command the greatest sale. Of these, the five books by Father O'Growney and Miss Borthwick's "Ceacta beaga Gaedilge" are perhaps the best known. There is a large demand for both series, and thousands of copies have been sold. But the sale of Irish books is not limited alone to grammars and phrase-books, a marked literary activity being shown in other directions. Stories, biographies, historical essays, religious works, children's books, and poems are issued from the office of the Gaelic League, together with a weekly bilingual paper, "An Claidéam Soluis," and a monthly journal, "Iris leaba na Gaedilge." The Irish Book Company has published

a series of works, among which may be noticed Father Peter O'Leary's translation of "Æsop's Fables." A band of writers are springing into note. Already popular are Conan Mael (Mr. Patrick O'Shea) and Seumas O'Dubgaill (Mr. J. Doyle), whose stories have humour, strength, and the imaginative quality. Mr. Thomas Hayes has written a novel, and the works of Father Peter O'Leary and Father Dinneen are widely read. There is a tendency in the movement to create a drama, and Dr. Douglas Hyde has led in this direction with his folk-plays. Of these he has written several, amongst others a *Nativity Play*, which charms by its simplicity and directness. Eamon O'Neill's historical play, "*Aodh Ua Neill*," has been acted in Dublin and the provinces; and more popular still are "*Tadg Saor*" and "*An Sprid*," both by Father O'Leary. For seven years a convention, "*Oireactas*," has been held every spring in Dublin, at which literary contests in the Irish language take place, and prizes are given. It is becoming a great national gathering, a centre whence flows the new literary life in Ireland. The "Celtic movement" has obscured the Irish Revival for English and American critics, though it is watched with interest on the Continent. They do not appear to be aware yet of its strength, vitality, and growth, or to realise that a modern literature is being created in the Irish language.

L. McMANUS.

Science

The Birth of Love

TRACING beyond antiquity the history of our kind and its ancestors, can we discern the origin of altruism, the birth of love, the first stage in that evolution which ultimately leads to the occurrence of a "sense of sin"? I believe we can; and I believe we may discern certain epoch-making events in the course of this long ascent.

Logically, we must recognise, as Spencer does, the rudimentary germ of altruism in the first division of the first living cell, but the beginnings are verily feeble enough as seen here. At any rate, we may observe the association of what must fairly be termed something more than egoism with the function of reproduction. Now this business of reproduction is Nature's most decisive demand from any living thing. When we go a little further we shall find ourselves entitled to the conclusion that love—need I say, once for all, I do not mean sexual love?—is inextricably bound up, in its origin and development, with the prime function of living matter: a conclusion worthy of contemplation.

But before we reach anything that can definitely be recognised as altruistic, we must pass onward for many thousands or millions of years, until we observe the evolution of a new phenomenon—which we call sex. And we find that the burden of the reproductive—or altruistic—act falls upon a particular sex which we call female. We find, furthermore, the evolution of an object called an egg, and we discover that the parents, especially the female, develop certain sentiments of affection towards this egg: sacrifice egoistic desires, in order that they may keep the egg warm; seek for food with which to feed the young creature hatched from the egg. The birds have gone no further than this. Beautiful and significant as is their parental care—except in certain degenerates such as the cuckoo—the egg and all it implies constitutes the limit of their altruism.

But there is evolved a new and strange phenomenon. It is called a mammal, and its coming is the greatest event but one in the history of life. The oldest mammals on the earth are found in Australia. The zoologist calls them the Monotremes, and their type is the duckmole or ornithorhynchus. These strange creatures are mammals, for they suckle their young: yet they lay eggs. Their survival on a sequestered island serves to-day to show us the gradual development of the mammal from the egg-laying or oviparous animal. Then there is reached another stage. The young creature is born "alive"—as if an egg were not alive!—but unable to live unless it be partially restored to its mother. The Marsupials represent this stage. The young kangaroo, born after it has passed through the egg stage from which we have all emerged, but born prematurely as compared with the higher mammals, is restored to the maternal pouch, there to complete the first stage of its development.

And then we reach the typical mammal, such as the cat. And we may observe that, all this time, the young creature, though born in a later stage of development, is yet becoming more and more helpless. The young crocodile, which left its mother in the primitive egg stage, yet develops with ease and rapidity under the solar rays, and is by no means an incompetent creature when hatched, despite its tiny size of about six inches. The new-born kitten, on the other hand, though born in a much later stage of development, is very helpless. And if we pass to the final stage, we find this helplessness in an extreme form. What could be a more helpless object than a human baby? Nor is this an ephemeral phase. For years the young of the human species are entirely dependent on parental care: a fact which has led to the great and unique development of altruism in man. Now let us look broadly at the facts.

With the coming of the mammal we see this astounding sight. Here are two objects, products, by a necessary law, of a "vital putrefaction of the dust," two discrete agglomerations of the matter and energy which are the manifestations of the Cosmos to us. And one of these objects has developed within itself certain specialised portions in which its life-blood is transformed, at no small cost, into a wonderful fluid *designed for the use of the other*. Verily, this is a striking phase of the "struggle for existence." Here is a living thing struggling that *something else* shall exist!

So it is that the sublime chapter in which the founder of dogmatic Christianity describes that charity which never faileth, that highest expression of the human worship of Love, finds its genesis in the breasts of the mammalian mother. The poets sing of the beauty of woman's bosom. Little, indeed, do they know of its beauty. "Science is itself poetic," asserted Spencer long ago. Some day when a poet shall arise with knowledge, and shall sing in deathless verse of the inner meaning of woman's bosom, shall tell us the truth that wakes to perish never—that the maternal breast is the fount whence Love has flowed, who then will dare to say that Keats' last sonnet is as much as we may expect from the poet who is neither superficialist nor sensualist?

The philosophy of Herbert Spencer has placed maternity and maternal love on an unapproachable and perdurable pinnacle of glory. In this it resembles Roman Catholicism—which believes that he is burning now. When, with the advent of man, living matter first became *self-conscious*—this is the profound truth underlying the fable about the tree of knowledge of

good and evil—there was conceived a conscious code of morality. Concocted and enforced by man, the physically stronger, it has ever been cruelly unfair to woman.

The sum of cruelty and misery that woman, since the dawn of humanity, has had to suffer at the hands of man, can indeed not long be dwelt upon by any sensitive mind. Nevertheless, though woman has been the last to benefit by the evolution of the moral sense, she herself has always possessed it in higher degree. Ask me why woman is a more moral being than man to-day, and the answer is easy. Her sex invented morals.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

IT is said that failure teaches as clear lessons as does success; if this be so it may prove useful to attempt to learn something from the disastrous failure of Mr.

George Alexander's production of an English version of Hartleben's "Rosenmontag" at the St. James' Theatre. I have urged again and again in this column that a serious play must be based upon human emotion, not upon stage emotion, and that the characters must be beings of flesh and blood, not mere clothes-props. Our modern plays grow old-fashioned in the course of a very few years for the simple reason that they are based on passing manners, not on lasting emotions. A comedy deals with the development of character, a tragedy with the development of an emotion, but in both cases the foundation must be laid deep in human nature. Shakespeare can never grow old-fashioned while human nature remains what it was in his day and what it is still; how few recent dramas will stand the test of time.

"ROSENMONTAG" was doomed to failure simply because it is stagy and untrue. Its success in Germany was doubtless gained because of its "topical" interest, and by reason of its pictures of barrack life. These interests could not appeal to an English audience, who would naturally fail to be excited by discussions of the German officer's intricate code of honour. By the way, do German officers order champagne—"chammy," as our translator puts it—on the slightest possible provocation? The German officers I have known do not, but they do boast better manners and more decent conduct than that of the officers in this rather wearisome picture of drinking, gambling, debt, and debauchery.

"ROSENMONTAG" ends with the suicide of the hero and heroine—if we may use such dignified terms for them—and is, therefore, presumably meant to be a tragedy. As a fact, it more nearly approaches farce. All is pre-arranged by the dramatist; the footfall of fate is never heard. Worse still, we are promised all kinds of strong meat, but it ever turns out to be potted meat of the stage-banquet description. The hero, for instance, threatens his enemies with "They shall pay for it! . . . They—shall pay!! . . ." but they don't, and he does, though why or wherefore the gods only know—the gods of the theatre. Worse still, not a single character is redeemed by a touch of human nature, they are all puppets dancing to the tune piped by the author, for which naturally the public decline to pay.

To sum up, the play is utterly out of touch with life and therefore must fail to interest living people. There

is an old story of the performance of a play in Australia long years ago, when the colony was young and women and babies scarce. In the midst of the play the audience was startled by the crying of a baby; and—so the story goes—it was the play that was stopped, not the child, for its voice had gone home to the hearts of the spectators—it was a touch of human nature amid the pasteboard and pinchbeck emotions of the play. In our playhouses to-day how often is this the case; all the humanity is before the curtain, behind



MR. E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET

which shams reign supreme. I do not for a moment believe that our drama is dead or even on its death-bed; it is only asleep and can be awakened by one touch of Nature. We are tired to death, all of us, of stage love and its made-up, conventional intrigues. We shall never tire of the human love in "Romeo and Juliet," revenge in "Hamlet," jealousy in "Othello," ambition in "Macbeth" and pride in "Coriolanus." No; love is not the only emotion round which a tragedy may be woven, as we have recently seen in "The Man of Honour" and "The Arm of the Law." May we hope that these two plays indicate a coming revulsion against the emptiness of modern plays and give promise—to be fulfilled—of a return to Nature?

VERY welcome is the news of Mr. Forbes Robertson's success as Hamlet in America. Mr. Robertson has done much good work for the drama and the stage, not always receiving adequate recognition at the hands of the public. If we are to have a *répertoire* theatre, such an actor, scholar, and clever stage-manager would be a good man to whom to entrust the management; of not every actor can the same be said. As we have sent a distinguished Hamlet to America, may we not fairly

ask for an exchange, hoping to see on this side the Atlantic Mr. Edward H. Sothorn in the same part? Mr. Sothorn bears an honoured stage name, being the son of Lord Dundreary and David Garrick. Mr. E. H. Sothorn has played other Shakespearean parts, notably Mercutio, whose gallant humour exactly suited the actor's methods; his D'Artagnan was more of a human being than that vivacious youth is wont to be upon the boards, he has made bearable that paste-board hero Claude Melnotte, and one of his chiefest successes was made in Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell." Mr. Sothorn is yet young—as we count years nowadays—being born in 1859 and making his first bow to an audience in 1879, when he played a small part under his father's eye in Abbey's Park Theatre, New York.

THE programme of The Irish National Theatre Society's performances at the Royalty Theatre this (Saturday) afternoon and evening gives promise of good entertainment. Among the plays to be performed are "The King's Threshold" by Mr. W. B. Yeats, and "Riders to the Sea" and "In the Shadow of the Glen," both by Mr. J. M. Synge. The first named has just been issued by Mr. A. H. Bullen.

Musical Notes

IN connection with the recent Elgar Festival, a word of praise is due to the excellent analytical notes provided—by that most acute and at the same time enthusiastic commentator, Mr. A. J. Jaeger, in the case of "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Apostles," and by Messrs. Percy Pitt and Alfred Kalisch in the case of the third night's concert. Elgar's music, more than most, stands in need of analysis if all its clever details are to be appreciated, and the task of explaining it was most efficiently performed in this case. Messrs. Pitt and Kalisch, among other things, told one a little more than was previously known concerning the personal basis of those mysterious "Enigma" variations—perhaps the most individual of all the compositions which Elgar has so far produced.

EACH of the variations, it will be remembered, is distinguished by a different pseudonym or set of initials standing for various friends of the composer, whose several temperaments are portrayed in his music. It is a pretty and amusing form of compliment which Dr. Elgar has adopted here, and naturally there has been speculation as to the identity of those thus honoured. The latest analysis of the work reveals the fact that the first variation headed C.A.E. stands for the composer's wife, while many will identify without much difficulty the "subject" of variation ix., headed "Nimrod"—perhaps the finest of the whole set, by the way—when helped by the information that it has nothing to do with a sporting personage, but "owes its title to a play on the name of one of the composer's most intimate friends."

CERTAINLY any friend might be proud of such a tribute as that contained in the music of this noble variation, which I venture to predict will live as long as anything which Elgar has so far written. Concerning variation xiii., marked by nothing more definite than three asterisks, and containing as one of its features a phrase from Mendelssohn's "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," we are told that it stands for a lady who was at the time of its composition on a long voyage—though

I hardly agree with the opinion that its "romantic atmosphere" is particularly marked. It is one of the few to my mind which do not really come off, and can be fairly voted more or less ineffective. In this connection, by the way, it would be interesting to know who is portrayed in variation xii.—"Troyte" (*presto*). The music suggests a person of cyclonic temperament.

AMONG the new singers to be heard at Covent Garden this season will be included, it seems, in addition to Frau Destin, of Berlin, and Miss Parkina, quite a crop of tenors—among them, Herr Burrian, of Munich and Dresden; M. Herold, of Copenhagen; M. Dalmorès, of the Brussels Monnaie, and M. Dufriche, son of the well-known baritone. Caruso, Van Dyck, and Krauss will also be reappearing along with other old friends, so that in this important particular the company should not lack strength this year. Mme. Suzanne Adams, I note, has been chosen to create the triple rôle of Olimpia, Antonie, and Stella in Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann"—the one novelty of the season of any interest so far announced.

RICHARD STRAUSS' "Sinfonia Domestica," the distinction of performing which for the first time has been accorded to a New York orchestra, seems from all accounts to be not less original in character than any of its author's previous compositions. But one statement which I read concerning it gives cause for surprise. "The second theme, representing the Woman (or the Wife), is of angular rhythm, and leaps over wide intervals." Now how can a theme of such a nature portray appropriately such a winning personality as that of Mme. Strauss de Ahna? Critics of "Ein Heldenleben" have remarked before now that the composer had surely intended to insult his wife by the theme or themes standing for the element of the eternal feminine in that work. Now apparently he has laid himself open once more to a similar accusation. But his wife no doubt knows better than to believe such things.

ACCORDING to one of the correspondents, New York is threatened with an outbreak of "Parsifalitis" next season. "All sorts of performances are threatened, some without music, but many of a serious character." The last phrase is rather suggestive. Can the implication be that most of the performances contemplated are to be of a humorous nature? "Parsifal" certainly might be burlesqued without much difficulty, and there are scoffers who declare that as it is Wagner never wrote anything more comic than certain passages in this work—that in which Amfortas announces that he is about to take his bath, for instance. But even in New York it can hardly be proposed to convert the *Bühnenweihfestspiel* into a musical comedy.

IN the forthcoming number of the "Hibbert Journal" Prof. Henry Jones writes on "The Moral Aspect of the Fiscal Question," dealing with a side of the subject which has, perhaps, not received as much attention as it deserves. Sir Oliver Lodge contributes some "Suggestions towards the Re-interpretation of Christian Doctrine"; and Canon Hensley Henson writes on "The Resurrection of Jesus Christ," and the Bishop of Ripon on "Gladstone as a Moral and Religious Personality." Other articles are: "Mr. Meyer's Theory of the Subliminal Self," by Mr. Andrew Lang; "The Axiom of Infinity: A New Presupposition of Thought," by Prof. C. J. Keyser; "The Passing of Conviction," by Prof. W. Jethro Brown; and "North Arabia and the Bible: A Defence," by Dr. H. Winckler.

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'THE MAGAZINE of ART' for April.

*What is the "New Art,"
and what are its Merits?*

MANY eminent members of the Royal Academy, and other leading artists, architects, and designers, are expressing their opinion of the "New Art" in "THE MAGAZINE OF ART" symposium on the subject. In the April number there are contributions by the following painters, architects, and sculptors: Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., Mr. H. S. Tuke, A.R.A., Mr. G. Frampton, R.A., Mr. Reginald Blomfield, and Mr. Ernest George.

In the same number Mr. Val C. Prinsep, R.A., continues his interesting reminiscences of his intimate association with Rossetti and his circle; Mr. Henri Frantz writes on the work of the brilliant French painter, M. Gaston La Touche; Mr. Aymer Vallance on "The Boudoir"; Mr. P. G. Konody on "G. R. Halkett, Characterist and Caricaturist"; and Dr. A. Aubert on the newly found "Turner Caricatures by Thomas Fearnley." A special literary supplement closes the part.

MONTHLY - ONE SHILLING.

NOTE. Amateurs and others owning Photographs of Literary, Musical, Artistic or Dramatic interest are requested to communicate with the Editor of this Journal, 9 East Harding Street, E.C.

Art Notes

At the Fine Art Society's in Bond Street hangs the replica of a picture concerning which that strangely irreligious thing that the mid-nineteenth century called religion displayed perhaps as much bad taste and bad breeding, as much bickering and spite, to say nothing of strange excursions into sectarian hatred and the wading in the muddy shallows of theological strife, as has distinguished that same mid-nineteenth century in some of its most ridiculous pedantic follies. I need scarcely add that this theologic fury raged round the portrayal of the Prince of Good will—"The Light of the World." And as one stands before the now world-famous masterpiece by Holman Hunt, one finds it almost impossible to realise what could have stirred our fathers to all their indecent pomposities—one wonders how this serene, serious picture of the Christ, with the lamp, knocking at the door of the human soul, could possibly have offended any intelligent being who was not on leave of absence from Bedlam. But how can we blame the public taste when we read the history of the picture, and when we consider that its tragedy and its shame were the work of Oxford dons—men who are set up over the youths of England to teach them good taste and good manners? The original picture—one of the great religious masterpieces of the centuries, like it or not as we will—on the death of its owner, passed to his widow, Mrs. Combe, who gave it to the new foundation of Keble College, where, hanging in the library, it was almost wholly destroyed by a hot flue near which it was placed. Holman Hunt repainted a large portion of it as near as he could get it to its original state; and it was then hung in the library in such a fatuous position as only university dons could have placed it in. Mrs. Combe then left money for the building of a special chapel for it; and in that chapel it was eventually placed, but the authorities of Keble College still found in its sincere purpose some heresy or schism or the itch that infects this sort of people, for, when the picture was placed in the chapel, the painter found it in a new frame—designed probably by the wits of Keble College, heaven save the mark!—*the original title was gone* (I have never gathered what grievance the wits of Keble College had against the exquisite lines in Revelation, "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Indeed the use of the word "sup" to the literary ear, to say nothing of the rhythm of the lines, is very exquisite)—and, what was more, a new title had occurred to the aforesaid wits which had the superb attraction to the academic mind of being wholly inappropriate to the picture! Now I am not one of those who would ever raise a finger to prevent a university don from endeavouring to show the smallest glimmering of intelligence concerning a work of art—and I admit that even an inappropriate text shows an endeavour at any rate to *think* about the picture; but it surely ought to have reached even to Keble College that a frame is a part, an essential part of a picture, even its colour and form—and, surely, without responsions and "little goes" and "big goes" or any other sort of "goes," even a Warden and Council of a university college must realise, though it be but in a dim and flickering way, that the artist knows what his picture means even better than a divinity student!

At any rate, when Keble further distinguished itself in manners and *la haute politesse* by refusing to lend the picture for a great exhibition, and still more by refusing to allow the picture to be reproduced, Holman Hunt did most wisely to paint the great replica which to-day hangs at the Fine Arts for public inspection. As to its qualities, to me the painting has never given quite the pleasure of the engraving; I therefore approached the replica, a very much larger picture by the way, in no hero-worshipping spirit, but I found that the garish faults of the artist's palette have never been more happily kept in restraint—the picture is a marvellous achievement in colour and freshness and technique for an artist in old age. To me, Holman Hunt's great technical achievement in paint was "The Hireling Shepherd," a work that glitters with a myriad jewels. His greatest religious pictures were "The Massacre of the Innocents" and this "The Light of the World"—and I am glad to see that the signs of a failing hand that were not absent from one or two later works seem wholly to have vanished in the enthusiasm which marks this replica of one of the masterpieces of the great Victorian years. To me the head has always been too commonplace—it is the only blemish, though, to me, the blemish that affects the whole. But there are only two heads of the Christ in all the vast world—Guido's and Doré's, neither men of the first rank. Indeed, the failure of religious art to produce beautiful types is perhaps the strangest mystery of the arts.

SATURDAY saw the private views (and very crowded they were in spite of the Court being in mourning) of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, of the Royal Society of British Artists, and of the Society of Miniaturists, as well as several dealers' galleries; and on brooding over the large effort that all these pictures mean in the studios of London, I wondered whether there ought to be so many artists, and whether their works sold, and if not, what becomes of all these stacks of pictures. What aching hearts are beneath all this endeavour! What hungry eyes must watch for buyers! Yet how very few seem to sell! How very many are not worth the buying!

THE impression left upon me is that there was little of mark throughout the day's picture-gazing; but a few things stand out clearly and insistently by contrast. At the Hanover Gallery I went to see a number of works by Edouard van Goethem; and a few of these showed accomplishment and facility in rendering the moods of Belgian scenery. A little English sea-piece, "Afraid of the Waves," gave a fresh, breezy rendering of the play of waves on a flat shore in sunny, breezy weather; whilst Mr. van Goethem seemed determined to force his limitations upon us by painting a little "Piccadilly," which does not contain a single quality of mood or colour or general impression of Piccadilly—indeed, I can imagine nothing more unlike Piccadilly. He makes some compensation in his flooded road near "Leatherhead"; but it is in Belgium and amongst the green grasses and buff sands of the dune-lands that he shows his talents to greatest advantage—or in the like scenery in England. A pleasant show. It was in another room, however, that I saw water-colours which are not likely to fade from my memory. To very few Englishmen is the name of the Frenchman Jourdain known; and it would be a good thing if his remarkable achievement in water-colour could be judged now by some of these beautiful pictures he has painted round about Versailles. There

is one of a square basin of water against avenues of leafless trees, with a splendid green bronze statue in the foreground, which remained in my vision throughout all the galleries I tramped during the last week—a superb thing, painted in the very mood of the dandified and stately and elaborate France of the great Louis. In the years to come this picture will sell for a high price—meanwhile, I am sorry to see, Jourdain's pictures lack buyers and his talents their due recognition.

ANOTHER picture that left a marked impression on my mind was a landscape by Rex Vicat Cole (the brilliant son of a brilliant father) at the Suffolk Street Galleries—"The Kennet and Avon Canal at Aldermaston"—a work in which the artist threatens to surpass the genius of his father. Vicat Cole's son has a hint of the poetic vision of Corot, perhaps as yet too much affinity with David Murray, but he has formed himself on good models, and he brings to his work a feeling for colour which is very beautiful and sweet, as his feeling for landscape is English and fresh and breezy. He threatens to go a long way; and he avoids cheap tricks. It is a pleasant thing to see an honoured name in art being kept alive by a son of such brilliant talents; and it is strange how often this has happened in the art of painting. In this same gallery is a very fine work by Carton Moore Park, "Child with Cats," which goes far to bridge this clever man's early promise and a remarkable achievement; it is one of the best pictures the year has given us so far, and the doing of it places Mr. Carton Moore Park very high amongst the younger men. Mr. William Kneen has a charming little landscape, "A Bay of the Gower Peninsula"; and Mr. Fergusson shows in "The Japanese Statuette" an accomplishment in oil and a beauty of colouring that will make one watch his future career, an accomplishment that is not confined to oils, as two or three very telling and masterly water-colours show—though the water-colours do not ring quite so true as regards colour, beautiful as their harmonies are, compared to their mastery in the handling of the paint, which is what we call with envy in the studios "glorious blobbing." Mr. Tom Browne sends two charming works, broad and vivid in treatment; and the society is altogether to be congratulated on an excellent show, the result of the President and Council getting fresh blood to recruit its ranks, and keeping a sharp look-out for the more brilliant youngsters.

At the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Mr. Dudley Hardy shows a delightful Moorish picture—"Afternoon—Tangier," that is finely spaced, and rich in his facile qualities of colour and line. His sea-piece, "In Time of War," also gives distinction to the chief central gallery: a great battle-ship is swinging on the tide with all the fuss and movement on shore that must have accompanied the putting of the old three-deckers into commission. How wonderfully sly Master Pepys puts the whole picture before us in his wondrous Diary! Mr. Lee Hankey does not achieve his telling success of last year when his "Dead Mother" clutched at our hearts—the poor dead tramp who lay in the field, her little one gazing out upon us in vague bewilderment at the strange silence that has come upon its mother; but there are strength and character and a vigorous swing in the handling of his "Nothing to Sell." Mr. Tom Browne here again scores a success; and Mr. Clifford has painted a picture in "One of Nelson's Men"—a wounded midshipman strolling by the water-side with his widowed mother in the sympathetic ken of

all the pretty girls of the town—a work which will probably be wrangled for by the editors as a coloured supplement—and a charming one it will make, and many a home it will adorn. Mr. Cecil Hunt makes a hit with his poetic moonlit landscape, in which Richard Cœur de Lion's "Château Gaillard" holds its high romantic place. Amongst several other good things is a landscape, "In Green Pastures," by Miss Hagarty.

At the Institute Galleries, the Society of Miniaturists hold, as usual, their annual show; and the President, Mr. Alfred Praga, and others give evidence that this delicate art has still some devotees who will not let it die.

At the Woodbury Gallery, in Bond Street, are to be seen works by the two brothers, Henry Moore, the painter of blue seascapes, and Albert Moore, the classic painter of faintly coloured women—both men of remarkable talents—both men who just seemed to miss the large achievement. At least, so it seems to me—indeed, there are those that place Albert Moore very high indeed; I believe Whistler held him in good repute; but his beautiful heavy classic women always please me as much in monochrome as in his original canvases, and this in spite of the fact that his colour sense was delicate and tender, but it was so delicate, so thin, that it almost affected me like a coloured photograph. Still—Whistler enjoyed it—therefore it must have had qualities of a fine kind that I confess passed me by.

MR. FREEMAN shows at his Modern Gallery in Bond Street the work of Miss Mary Pringle and Miss Lydia Pringle—and Miss Lydia Pringle's oil paintings, "Moonlight on the Waters," and more particularly her masterly little broadly painted "Courtyard of the Doge's Palace," fully justify his giving this lady a public hearing.

THE City of Manchester is holding an exhibition of Ruskin's work which ought to be of more than local interest—for what Manchester does artistically she does magnificently well. It is to include a splendid collection of his own drawings—and Ruskin *could* draw—works by the artists in praise of whom he chiefly wrote, with copies of the great Florentines and Venetians and others, and the early works of Holman Hunt, Millais, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones—to say nothing of Turner.

THE present exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers will close on March 29. The next will open in the New Gallery in January 1905, and the Council is already taking steps to make this even more interesting and important.

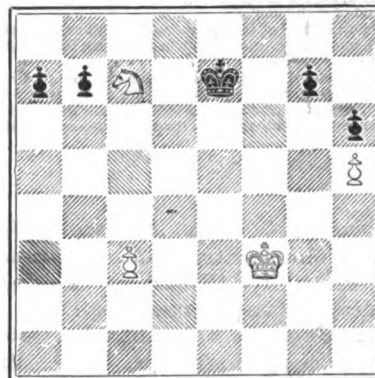
NOTICE.—The Coupons for Free Advertisements and for the Chess Competition are given on page 3 of Cover.

Chess

[All communications, marked clearly "Chess" on cover, to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Academy and Literature," 9 East Harding Street, London, E.O.]

No. 1.

BLACK.



WHITE.

In this position Black plays P—K Kt 8, his best move. Can White draw? If so, how?

Solutions will be duly acknowledged and occasionally commented on.

The following game is of interest as illustrating the new defence to the Queen's Gambit.

J. CAIRNS.

1. P—Q 4
2. P—Q B 4
3. Kt—Q B 8

A. DOD.

1. P—Q 4
2. P—K 8
3. P—Q B 4

This move is quite a recent innovation. Whether it is quite sound or not, Black secures a more open game than is generally possible in this opening.

White has now several lines of play open to him besides Kt—K B 8 as actually played. If 4. P—K 8, the position shortly becomes identical on each side and so tends to equality.

4. P×B P would be answered by P—Q 5, and Black will regain the Pawn later on with a good development.

The best continuation is probably B P×P, followed by Kt—B 8.

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| 4. Kt—K B 8 | 4. P×Q P |
| 5. Kt×P | 5. P—K 4 |
| 6. Kt—K B 8 | 6. P—Q 5 |
| 7. Kt—Q 5 | 7. Kt—Q B 8 |
| 8. P—K 8 | 8. Kt—K B 8 |
| 9. Q—Kt 8 | 9. B—Q 8 |
| 10. P×P | 10. P×P |
| 11. B—Kt 6 | 11. Q—R 4 ch. |
| 12. B—Q 2 | 12. Q—B 4 |
| 13. B—Q 8 | 13. B—K 8 |
| 14. Kt×Kt | |

(14) Q×P would be followed by Q R—Kt 1; (15) Kt—B 7 ch., B×Kt; (16) Q×B, R×P, with at least an equal game.

14. P×Kt

15. O-O

Very dangerous in the face of Black's open K Kt file.

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 16. K R—K 1 | 15. O-O-O |
| 17. P—Q R 8 | 16. K R—Kt 1 |
| 18. B—K 4 | 17. Q—K R 4 |
| | 18. R×P ch. |

A very pretty move, which wins the game by force.

19. K—B 1

If (19) K×R, Black wins by Q—R 6 ch., and if (20) K—R 1, B—K Kt 5

- | | |
|-----------|------------|
| 20. Q—Q 8 | 19. B—R 6 |
| 21. Q×Q P | 20. Kt—K 4 |

If (21) Kt×Kt, R—Kt 6, mate.

21. Kt×Kt and wins.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

We offer a prize of a guinea every quarter for the best game played at any club either in matches, tournaments, or in the course of ordinary play, with this restriction—that the club membership shall not exceed 200. We hope by this restriction to excite interest in the competition among clubs all over the country. The prize will be awarded to the player sending in the best game—that is, competitors may send in one game each week and the prize will go to the player who has sent in the best during the quarter. Competitors can therefore send in many or few games, as they see fit, and at any time. The prize will not be a cash payment, but will take the form of books to be selected by the prize winner.

No winner can secure the prize twice in six months, but prize winners can of course compete again, and, if one of their games is the best, it will appear at the head of the list at the end of each quarter.

The name and club of each of the players must in all cases be given with the score of the game, and competitors must send in the Chess Competition Coupon of the current week with each game.

The prize will be awarded by the Editor of this column, his decision will be final, and no discussion or correspondence on his decision will be permitted.

The First Quarterly Competition commences with this issue. Games may be sent in at any time by competitors, but not more than one game each week.

[SEE COUPON ON COVER.]

BOOKSELLERS' Catalogues Received.—Messrs. Day's Library, Ltd., Mount Street, W. (*General*); Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly (*Books of To-day and Tomorrow*); Messrs. James Rimell & Son, Shaftesbury Avenue, W. (*Engravings*); Mr. J. Gamber, Paris (*Livres d'Occasion*); Bookshops, Ltd., Strand, W.C. (*Fiscal*); Mr. Charles Higham, Farringdon Street, E.C. (*Theological and General*); Mr. William Downing, Birmingham (*Chaucer's Head Library*); Mr. Francis Edwards, High Street, Marylebone (*Oriental, Natural History, Fine Arts, Engravings, &c.*); Mr. Bertram Dobell, Cnaring Cross Road, W.C. (*General*); Mr. Henry Gray, East Acton (*International Bulletin*); Messrs. Henry Sotheran & Co., Strand, W.C. (*General*); Mr. R. Hall, Tunbridge Wells (*General and Engravings*); Mr. Thomas Thorne, Newcastle-upon-Tyne (*General*); Messrs. Derry & Sons (*Nottingham Library Bulletin*); Messrs. Holland Bros., Birmingham (*General*); Mr. Martinus Nijhoff, Holland (*East and West Indies—Rare*); Mr. Arthur Reader, Red Lion Square, W.C. (*Rare*); Messrs. Myers & Co., High Holborn, W.C. (*Engraved Portraits and General*); Mr. A. Lionel Isaacs, Pall Mall, S.W. (*Rare*); Mr. A. Sutton, Manchester (*General*); Mr. A. J. Featherstone, Birmingham (*General*); Messrs. A. Maurice & Co., Bedford Street, W.C. (*Art, Engravings, &c.*); Mr. Wilfrid M. Voynich, Soho Square, W. (*General*); Messrs. Otto Schulze & Co., Edinburgh (*General*); Messrs. Douglas & Foulis, Edinburgh (*Ancient and Modern and General*); Mr. H. Welter, Paris (*General*); Messrs. Brenzano, New York (*Monthly List*).

Correspondence

"Vulgar Errors"

SIR,—There is a growing tendency in modern books, even in those written by good writers, to use the word "Antiquarian" as a noun. Most people in the present day seem to prefer to speak of a learned Antiquarian rather than "Antiquary"—I find in the first edition of "Pickwick" (1837), chapter ii., the expression is put into Mr. Pickwick's own mouth, with reference to Rochester Castle, "What a study for an antiquarian." Is it found earlier in English literature than this date—or is it one of the popular results of Dickens' influence on English writers?

Another "vulgar error" which seems spreading is to write and say "different to" instead of "different from." Nine people out of ten habitually will say "it is different to what I expected." I have noted it in many of the best writers of the present day. I read it in a review in a recent number of THE ACADEMY itself! Yet surely it is bad grammar?—Yours, &c.

AFRICANUS.

The Counsel of Perfection

SIR,—It is surprising that the reviewer of the new edition of Buckle's "History of Civilization" in your last issue should attribute to Sir Andrew Clark the counsel of perfection, "If you have only a week to live, begin your folio." What he had in his mind must surely have been the following passage from R. L. Stevenson's essay, "Aes Triplex," in "Virginibus Puerisque": "By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make a brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week." Stevenson, with as frail a constitution and nearly as short a life as Buckle, put his own advice into practice, and a similar instance is that of J. R. Green, who began his *magnum opus*, the "Short History," immediately upon learning from Sir Andrew Clark (curious coincidence!) that his life was precarious. Green, like Stevenson, urged the same course upon others. Writing to Mrs. Humphry Ward in 1876 he says: "Begin your book. Don't do 'studies' and that sort of thing. I see how much time I wasted in that way."—Yours, &c.

M. A. C.

(See "Letters of J. R. Green," edited by Sir Leslie Stephen, pages 209 and 440.)

[Other letters to this effect received.]

Style

SIR,—I hope that your contributor "E. G. O." will not consider the following remarks abuse, but I think that in his observations on "Style" he is scarcely pushing the subject whole.

"E. G. O." is right when he says that the grammatical habit of mind is within reach of the painstaking, and therein condemns the great ones that are superior to such a trifle. If a would-be writer were scrupulously careful about his grammar from the beginning, he would not be hampered by much anxiety about it when he came to writing masterpieces. By that time he could almost relegate the matter to the realm of automatic action, reserving the full powers of his mind for the conception and elaboration of his theme. The same applies to the study of words. A niceness of perception with respect to the power of words to evoke thought and a wakened emotion has been, consciously or unconsciously, the equipment of every great literary artist; and a very great amount of care and study is necessary to acquire such an equipment, be the writer never so great. One thing at least is certain: our admiration for the great writers is not heightened when our enjoyment of them is disturbed by syntactical or etymological blemishes.

"If a man have nothing to say, let him keep his tongue and his pen quiet." Emphatically I agree; but is Pater one of those who have nothing to say? Surely his temperament was sufficient safeguard against a too eager exposition of—"nothing." It were the tragedy of tragedies if he spent so much time and pains over writing that could not have been excessively remunerative, and all for nothing. If saying a thing "in the manner which comes native to him" be the test of a great writer, would it not be well to hesitate before denying Pater's claim to the title? And as to the thing said, there are some who would dare mention the "Appreciations with an Essay on Style" in the same breath as "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," and feel that Pater would not suffer by the comparison, even though "Esmond" were quite beyond the skill of the creator of "Marius the Epicurean." If a writer is known to have laboured with almost superhuman patience to express his ideas truthfully, his style is not on that account deserving of contempt because another wrote just as a linnet trills, Thackeray's facility and Pater's pondered evocation of "the phrase" are equally good art.—Yours, &c.

W. E. W.

Literature and Moral Evil

SIR,—You will readily conceive that I do not wish to involve you in any theological discussion on "Sin." But may I suggest that literature, as represented by the master-

pieces of the world's greatest writers, differs widely from the optimistic views of modern science with regard to the gravity of moral evil and the depth of moral depravity? I will not dwell upon the Clytemnestra of Æschylus and Sophocles, the famous chapters of Thucydides on the Corcyrean sedition, Plato's marvellous picture of "the many-headed beast," the lurid pages of Tacitus, and the satires of Juvenal. Look at the four greatest tragedies of Shakespeare with the hideous characters of Iago, Macbeth, the parricidal daughters of King Lear, and the murderous and incestuous King of Denmark. Look at Swift's terrible pictures in "Gulliver's Travels." Look at the Richard Varney of Scott, the Uriah Heep and Jonas Chuzzlewit of Dickens, and the Marquis of Steyne and Sir Pitt Crawley of Thackeray. La Rochefoucauld declares: "Il y a des héros en mal comme en bien." Pascal exclaims: "Nous ne sommes que mensonge, duplicité, contrariété." Molière echoes their verdicts: "L'homme est, je vous l'avoue, un méchant animal!" Schiller's tragedy of "Wallenstein" is, with the exception of Shakespeare's, the greatest since the golden days of the Greek drama. It would be difficult to find a more precious set of scoundrels than Terzky, Illo, Buttler, Octavio, Macdonald, Deveroux, and the rest of them. Goethe, in the greatest of his works, the First Part of "Faust," draws an incomparable picture of human nature when freed from the usual checks and restraints. Faust seduces the girl he loves, poisons her mother, kills her brother, and causes her to murder their child.

These instances (and they might be indefinitely multiplied) show that literature recognises the deep truth of Kant's doctrine of "radical moral evil," and lends little countenance to the rose-coloured views of modern science.—Yours, &c.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

A Psychological Mystery

SIR,—Mr. Saleeby's analysis of "E. G. O.'s" mental condition has certainly the amount of plausibility which may prove his argument true as regards the general case of a consciousness of certain things having happened to one before—though if it could be proved that "E. G. O." had in a previous state read a work of similar import, it also presupposes the writer of the work under consideration to have written a similar book in his previous existence, which, too, had been published. This would carry us on to the deduction that books were being again and again published in cycles of time. A sufficiently disquieting thought! The "psychological anomaly," however, is not so uncommon as we are led to believe. I do not, myself, pose as a freak, yet—I have no doubt in common with others—I have been conscious of things having happened to me before, which, after consideration, I have traced as having really happened in different circumstances.—Yours, &c.

CHARLES RICHARDSON.

The Living Mantle of God

SIR,—Mr. C. W. Saleeby's extremely able and interesting contribution to your last issue under the above title might be likened to the final blow with which Siegfried in Wagner's opera hammers out his sword-blade. The glittering weapon that is then forged is not keener edged than the relentless logic by which the materialistic and the deistic conception of the universe is once more overthrown. Yet Mr. Saleeby has left his readers to formulate the ultimate conclusion of his argument. Only by suggestion does he indicate what this conclusion is. With the caution of the experimentalist rather than the daring of the philosopher he adopts a negative when a positive attitude is quite permissible. The statement that sense perception can provide us with the knowledge of phenomena only is unexceptionable. But, as Mr. Saleeby would himself admit, some deductions, however tentative and partial, concerning noumena must be made from the knowledge of phenomena. The argument from design, however defective and even discredited, it may seem to the modern mind, apt at such a conception as Mr. Hardy's

"Willer masked and dumb," still carries us so far. The more emphatic affirmation of such partial knowledge is the outcome of the psychology of religious experience, though, as Professor William James reminds students in his "Sabbatical Year," this experience is constantly defying verbal formulation. When assent is asked to the statement that "all we know are states of consciousness derived from our sensory impressions of the external world," it must not be forgotten that capacity for these sensory impressions varies indefinitely and hardly less as to kind than as to degree. A truth clearly demonstrated by experience to one person is to another, devoid of capacity for that experience, mere imaginative moonshine.

But all this might be admitted by those who disregard the intimate relation of the perceiver to that which is perceived. When we remember our individual share as parts of the "Living Mantle of God" in the "Infinite and Eternal Energy," the positive affirmations of religion in regard to spirit and matter make their proper claim upon belief. One of the profoundest of modern religious and philosophic teachers and thinkers, while fully admitting the adequacy of the Spencerian phrase as descriptive of the activity of the Creative Power, finds the word "God" more convenient and more adequate. And why? Primarily because it associates the concept of the Infinite Energy with an end and an aim, whether considered as "some far-off divine event" or simply as the idea of the good and the beautiful. This seems to be the essence of the relation between philosophy and religion. We are the embodied thoughts of God in whom and by whom we live and move and have our being, and we are this as parts or units of His living mantle. And so, the noble philosophy for ever old, for ever new, is again uttering the imperishable truth:

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears and Spirit with Spirit can meet—

Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands and feet."

—Yours, &c.

WALTER KENDALL SMITH.

34 Brixton Hill, S.W., March 15, 1904.

"All Round Readers"

SIR,—Mr. Franklin T. Barrett's letter in your issue of the 20th ult. prompts me to ask if the quantity and quality of fiction read in this country should be judged only by the statistics of the Free Public Libraries—granting for the sake of argument that the said statistics are reliable? If the large Subscription Circulating Libraries (Mudie, Smith, &c., &c.) would publish statistics we should not only have some interesting information, but material for an accurate judgment.

It is curious to note how fixed is the erroneous idea that the Free Public Libraries are largely responsible for the wide reading of fiction—and of the worst kind at that. Pecuniary reasons alone compel Free Public Libraries' Committees to select carefully the fiction they purchase. Hundreds, if not thousands, of novels are circulated by the Subscription Libraries which never appear in the Free Libraries. How many novels would never appear if the said Subscription Libraries could not be relied on to purchase them? The majority of the readers at the Subscription Libraries are supposed to be people who have been well educated—whatever that means.

Grant that excessive fiction reading is deplorable; remember that Subscription Libraries supply what is demanded, and you are forced to the conclusion that there must be something wrong with the English system of education. Is it not a fact that there is no room in the present educational curriculum for the cultivation of literary taste? Until that defect be remedied the issues from libraries, free and subscription, can never be satisfactory. Mr. Churton Collins will do more effective work by advocating the proper recognition of literature in all schools, than by trying to make librarianships monopolies for literary men and professors.—Yours, &c.

GEORGE T. SHAW.

[Many other letters are held over for want of space.—Ed.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*). Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE.

"TWENTY THOUSAND RUFIANS."—What historian was it who described the Normans who came over with the Conqueror as "twenty (?) thousand ruffians"? Was it Freeman, and was it "twenty"? I should be grateful if any one would give me the actual words, and a reference to where they may be found.—R.A.H. (Westminster).

RUSSIAN NOVELISTS.—What novels of Gogol and Dostoevsky have been translated into English and are still obtainable?—S.D.A.W.

"LUCAS BOYS."—A casual reference to the "Lucas boys" suggests that Jane Austen would have been successful had she tried to portray them. Did she ever introduce a typical English boy in her works?—Bul.

*T. G. WAINWRIGHT.—Mr. E. V. Lucas' references to Thomas Griffith Wainwright in his edition of Charles Lamb, and remembrance of Oscar Wilde's brilliant memoir of him in "Intentions," lead me to ask if Wainwright's literary work has ever been collected, and if a full "Life" of him has ever been written.—Iris (Bideford).

"POLISMAN."—I have picked up a book with the following curious title: "Historia del Valoroso Cavalier Polisman, nuouamente tradotta della lingua Spagnuola nella Italiana da M. Giouanni Miranda. In Venetia: appresso Lucio Spineda, 1612." pp. 279, with register. Who was Polisman, and whence his extraordinarily un-Spanish name?—J.P.M. (Brighton).

GENERAL.

SOUND SLEEP.—Can you inform me what is the origin of the common saying "To sleep as sound as a top"?—Edith C. M. Dart.

"WINCHESTER SLANG."—"Unintelligible as Winchester slang." Can any one explain reference?—B.H. (Canada).

*MARY CURSON.—In Hare's "Sussex" (page 236) it says: "Mary Curson, Countess of Dorset, governess to the children of Charles I., the first woman in England to whom a public funeral was accorded." Can any reader say why she had this honour, if honour it be?—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

NEWSPAPER CRITICS.—Can any one supply me with a list of the theatrical and musical critics of the leading London daily newspapers in 1870 and 1871?—Peter.

TYPE DERIVATIONS.—What is the origin of the technical terms of the various kinds of type—bourgeois, nonpareil, brevier, minion, &c.—and their original signification?—Reynolds-Ball.

DISCOUNTS.—What is the reason of the curious exception in the book-selling trade by which a book published at 3s. 6d. is the only one which does not benefit by the universal 25 per cent. discount price? All other books from 6d. upwards get the full discount, but the discount price of a 3s. 6d. book is invariably 2s. 11d., not 2s. 10½d.—Reynolds-Ball.

Answers

LITERATURE.

COLLIERIDGE.—The rendering of the line "What makes she in the wood so late?" is obviously an illustration of the older use of the verb to make in the sense of "to do." In French the verb "faire" means both, as do the Italian "fare" and the German "machen," with which our own is so closely connected. Chambers' Dictionary gives as a secondary meaning, "to be occupied with; to do." The old writers constantly used it in this sense: in Malory we have "What make you here?" and Hamlet greets Horatio with "But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?" (i. ii.). It is remarkable that it is thus used almost invariably in the interrogative, and in most cases is a direct inquiry of the second person concerned.—H.P.H.

"WIPE THE TEARS."—This passage seems to offer no difficulty if the context is added; completed it runs thus:

There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

Mr. A. W. Verity (in "Lycidas and other Poems," Pitt Press Series) has the following note on the last line: "Cf. Isa. xlv. 8: Rev. vii. 17: xxi. 4. In the original the act is ascribed to God Himself, but Milton has transferred it to the saints. Sylvester had anticipated Milton. Cf. the Du Bartas (Grosart, i. 77), where he is celebrating the power of speech: 'By thee, we wipe the tears off wofull Eyes.'—M.A.C. (Cambridge).

*"HE NOTHING COMMON DID ON MEAN."—This striking eulogy of Charles I. on the scaffold occurs in "An Horatian Ode on Cromwell's Return from Ireland." The poem is attributed to Andrew Marvell, Milton's friend and assistant in the post of Latin Secretary under the Protectorate. It first appears in Thompson's edition of Marvell, 1776. Opinions vary as to the authorship. The sentiment of this passage is by some considered to be inconsistent with Marvell's principles and practices; while others maintain that, though the ode cannot be positively proved to be by Marvell, yet the attitude of mind and the ideas are exactly his.—Wm. Murison (Aberdeen). [Replies also received from C. R. Sanderson (Bury); H.B.F. (Hastings); C.R.R. (Manchester); John Short; Gwen Roberts (Cardiff); J. Calder (Liverpool); H.C.; G.F.; M.M.D. (Colwich); and M.A.C. (Cambridge).]

"HIAWATHA'S PHOTOGRAPHING."—This may be found in "Rhyme? and Reason?" by Lewis Carroll (Macmillan, 1883). The book is a reprint, with a few additions, of the comic portion of "Phantasmagoria and other Poems" (1869) and of "The Hunting of the Snark" (1876).—S.D.A.W.

"CASABIANCA."—Casabianca was the name of the captain of the French man-of-war "L'Orient." At the battle of Aboukir, having first secured the safety of his crew, he blew up his ship, to prevent it falling into the hands of the English. His little son, refusing to leave him, perished with his father. Mrs. Hemans made the ballad, "Casabianca," on this subject, modifying the incident. The French poets Lebrun and Chénier have also celebrated the occurrence.—T.H.M. (Newcastle-on-Tyne). [Reply also received from C. R. Sanderson (Bury).]

"OHNE PROSPHOR KEIN GEDANKE."—If this is "Moleschott's formula" it is certainly not to be found quoted or referred to in Goethe's Works, since Moleschott (1822-1893) was only ten years old in 1832, the date of Goethe's death.—M.A.C.

GENERAL.

"AS SURE AS GOD'S IN GLOUCESTER."—Fuller, in his "Worthies of England," says: "This proverb is no more fit to be used than a toad can be wholesome to be eaten, which can never by mountebanks be so dieted and corrected, but that it still remains rank poison. Some, I know, seek to qualify this proverb, making God eminently in this, but not exclusively out of other counties: where such was the former fruitfulness thereof that it is (by William of Malmesbury, in his Book of Bishops) said to return the seed with an increase of an hundredfold. Others find a superstitious sense therein, supposing God, by His gracious presence, more peculiarly fixed in this county, wherein there were more and richer mitred abbeys than in any two shires of England besides."—J.M.S. (Scarboro').

"AS SURE AS GOD'S IN GLOUCESTER."—According to Bailey's Dictionary, eleventh edition (1745) "This proverb is said to have its rise on account that there were more rich and mitred abbeys in that than in any two shires in England beside; but some, from William of Malmesbury, refer it to the fruitfulness of it in religion, in that it is said to have returned the seed of the Gospel with the increase of an hundredfold."—H.F.H. (Sheffield).

"ROUND CHURCHES."—I think "Templar" is mistaken in supposing that there are four round churches in the County of Gloucester. There are only four round churches in England, viz. the Temple Church in London; the Church of St. Sepulchre and St. Andrew, Cambridge; St. Sepulchre's, at Northampton; Little Maplestead, in Essex. To these may be added the chapel in Ludlow Castle.—M.A.C. [Reply also received from E. A. Reynolds-Ball.]

*FAYNETS.—I have long accounted to myself for this word thus: The full phrase is, "I would fain rest." The "I would" was never really used, and the "fain rest," being said quickly, became corrupted as we have it.—John Bland.

*FAYNETS.—I.e. "feign it." In my school-boy days we could claim a sort of time-allowance by calling "fain," doublets, &c. It was intended to restrict the limits of a game in favour of a weaker vessel; just like an allowance of weight in racing, &c.; or choice of weapons in a duel.—A.H.

*COCK AND BULL STORY.—From the phrase "A tale of a Cock and a Bull" (as in Congreve); cf. Fr. *Cocq-d'Ane*, a cock and bull story, formerly "du coq à l'âne, a libel, pasquin, satire" (Congreve) (a tale of the cock to the ass); in allusion to some fable about a cock and a bull, or in general allusion to the strain on credulity produced by the Fables of Æsop and his imitators, in which cocks moralize and bulls debate.—M.A.C.

"COTSWOLD LION."—There is an ironical saying, "Fierce as a Cotswold lion," the said lion being a sheep for which Cotswold hills are famous.—J.M.S. (Scarboro'). [Replies also received from A. C. Stewart (Glasgow) and C. Clark (Portsmouth).]

*"BAWBEES."—The word "bawbee" is derived from the laird of Sillebawby, a mint master. The laird of Sillebawby (notwithstanding his designation, and its suggestion of siller bawbee) was a real person; on 7 September, 1541, Kirkcaldy of Grange, the treasurer, accounted for amounts "in argente receptis a Jacobo Atinsone, et Alexandro Orak de Sillebawby respectue." (Cochran-Patrick i. 60.) There is only wanting some direct proof of the abbreviation of Sillebawby to bawby. The idle surmise that the first issue bore the head of, or was issued by, an infant King is disposed of by the preliminary fact that "bawbees" were first issued in 1541-2 near the close of the reign of James V., and bore no head: moreover, there exists no Scottish coin bearing a baby's head.—T.H.M. (Newcastle).

"CLUB LAW."—It seems clear from the context that *basilinum* is another form of *baculum*. The passage is as follows: "Our Universities... invented a kind of argument... called the *argumentum basilinum* (others write it *baculum* or *baculinum*), which is pretty well expressed in our English word *club-law*. When they were not able to confute their antagonist they knocked him down." *Argumentum baculinum* is defined in the Century Dictionary as "an appeal to force; club or lynch-law." (Lat. *baculum*, a stick or staff; dim. *bacillum*, a small staff.)—M.A.C.

NOTE.—Among the inadmissible questions and answers this week is the inquiry of G.F. (Bradford), "Why England possesses no natural epic?" G.W.F. (Wandsworth) sends an answer, but fails to put name and address on the reply slip; the same omission debars the question of M.C.N. (Portman Square) from being used. G.E.W. (Nottingham) asks for the source of "Pretty Fanny's Way." This was given in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE for December 12 last.

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the booksellers whose names follow:

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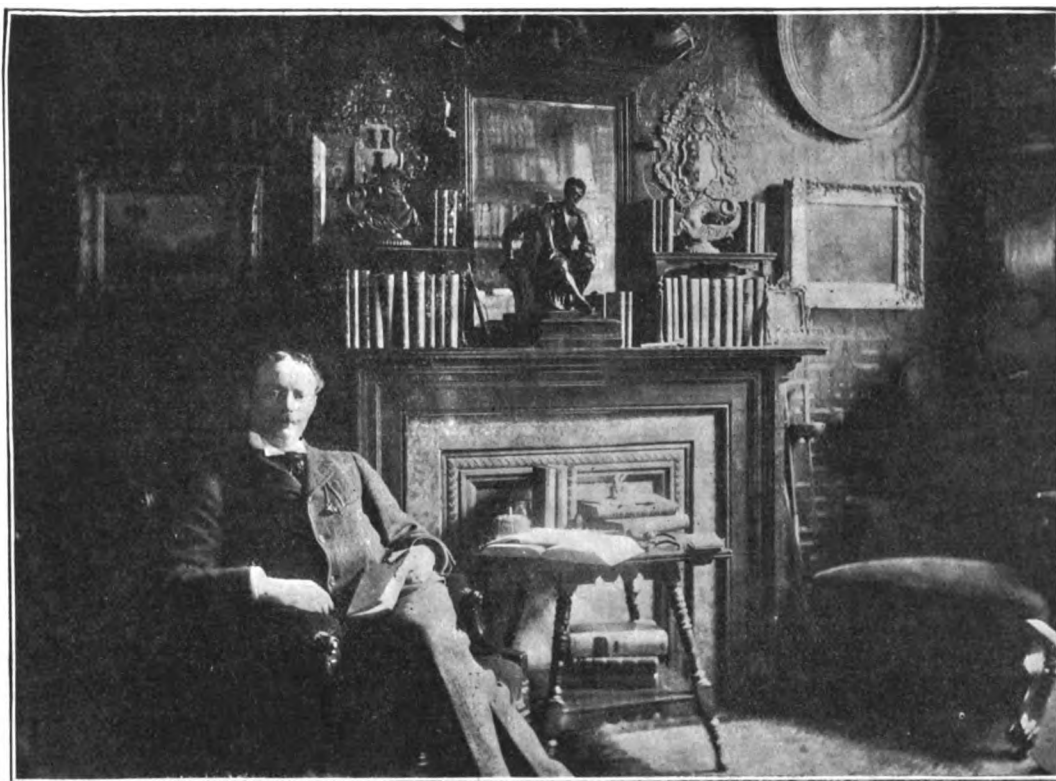
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Literary Notes

THE death of Sir Edwin Arnold—he was knighted in 1888—removes a well-known figure. He was born in 1832; at Oxford he won the Newdigate with “The Feast of Belshazzar”; after other work he went to India in 1856 as principal of the Deccan College at Poona, returning to London five

WITH “The Light of Asia” Sir Edwin Arnold achieved popularity if not fame; the work has been neatly described as “a piece of glittering journalism, disguised in a brocaded robe of decorative verse.” His poetry was not, however, altogether uninspired, and in some of his shorter pieces he achieved emotion and



MR. EGERTON CASTLE

[Photo. Elliott & Fry]

years later. In 1861 he joined the “Daily Telegraph.” He was deeply interested in all matters concerning the East and only a few days since was writing on the Japanese-Russian war. Though his last years were years of physical affliction he never lost heart, writing a short time ago of himself, “My condition would be a sad one without patience and resignation. I am now totally blind and able to work only with assistance. But I never despair, go on with my work, thanking Heaven for my unimpaired powers,”

distinction. But he was a great journalist and never devoted his fine abilities to the cause of untruth or to anything unsavoury. He will be greatly missed by his many friends.

THERE are many American methods which I trust British booksellers will never adopt, while on the other hand there is at any rate one which might surely prove very beneficial both to buyer and seller. At present

in this country the bookseller usually waits for a customer to come to him with a request for such and such a book; why does not the bookseller approach the buyer with information concerning new books likely to interest him? The buyer of books has to depend for such information upon reviews and publishers' advertisements, not seldom overlooking the issue from the press of a volume which he would be eager to purchase.

It is not difficult for a bookseller to compile a list of customers—actual or prospective—who live in his neighbourhood, with notes of their particular wants and several tastes. For example, Mr. Smith is a keen reader of all books dealing with the Napoleonic era; to him it would be a convenience if his bookseller advised him of all publications concerned with that period of history and to the bookseller it would not only secure sales but cement his alliance with his customer. In fact, the bookseller should wake up to the fact that few books sell themselves; customers must be cultivated and books presented to their notice in an intelligent manner.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE are shortly issuing a translation of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, by the Reverend Edward Thring, a volume which will be welcomed by all old Uppingham boys.

THERE is very sound sense in Mr. Frederic Harrison's article on Sir Leslie Stephen in the "Cornhill," from which I quote a portion of the concluding paragraph:

"In his own field he was a consummate guide and a most accomplished critic. With all his sympathy for Carlyle and his school, Stephen did much to correct that violent prejudice of the Sartorian master towards the eighteenth century and its notable work. With all its shortcomings and its want of poetry, fervour, and spiritual insight, it was the century of common sense, of toleration, of social and industrial development. All this, on every side of it, and in all its fruits, Stephen showed us in an immense series of special studies. He did for the eighteenth century almost as much as Carlyle did for Cromwell and for Goethe. It is the age of specialism, and Stephen was essentially a specialist. He was the apostle of the eighteenth century, saturated with its intellectual clarity and its contempt of fanaticism and enthusiasm, and sharing in its limitations and its prosaic ideals. In his own field, Stephen was all that we need as an interpreter, judge, and stimulus. He never pretended to be an all-round critic, or a guide to general literature, much less to the history of thought as a whole. His strength lay in his concentration on his own field—his strength, and, to some extent also, his weakness."

In the same magazine there is a very interesting paper by Mr. Innes Shand on "The Times," in which we catch a glimpse of Delane, emperor of editors, a man who knew no fear:

"Like Wellington and all illustrious commanders, he had a contempt for feebleness of moral fibre. The editorship was offered him at the age of twenty-four, and I remember one day, when we were having a quiet talk, asking if it did not shake his courage. 'Not a bit of it,' he answered. 'What I dislike about you young fellows is that you all shrink from responsibility.' Nor was there any boastful self-assertion in that, for I have heard the story from his lifelong friend, John Blackwood. The youths were then living together in St. James's Square. One afternoon Delane burst in upon

Blackwood, exclaiming, 'By G—, John, what do you think has happened? I am editor of "The Times."'"

There is also much pleasant talk of Chenery, de Blowitz, and others.

We are to be given at least two more volumes from the pen of the late Canon Ainger, one of sermons and one of lectures on Chaucer, Shakespeare, Cowper and others. Canon Beeching will be the editor of both volumes.

In a pleasant and chatty article on "Books Unread," in the "Atlantic Monthly," by Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, there are these lines, which will come home to the bosoms of many bookmen:

"The books most loved of all in a student's library are perhaps those which first awakened his literary enthusiasm, and which are so long since superseded by other and possibly better books that he leaves them unread and yet cannot part with them; books which even now open of themselves at certain favourite passages, having a charm that can never be communicated to a more recent reader."

MR. REGINALD SMITH, K.C., of the firm of Smith, Elder, has been appointed President of the Publishers' Association. In this connection it may not be unwelcome to reprint the Association's excellent definitions of "Edition," "Re-issue" and "Impression":

"Impression: A number of copies printed at any one time. When a book is reprinted without change it should be called a new 'impression,' to distinguish it from an 'edition,' as defined below.

"Edition: An impression in which the matter has undergone some change, or for which the type has been reset.

"Re-issue: A republication at a different price, or in a different form, of part of an impression which has already been placed on the market."

PROFESSOR LOUNSBURY has somewhat to say in "Harper's" concerning the split infinitive, and in the course of his remarks produces a curious example from Macaulay:

"It occurs in the essay on Lord Holland. That nobleman had died in 1840, and Macaulay's article appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review' for July of the following year. As it was originally published in that periodical, one of the paragraphs began with the following sentence: 'In order fully to appreciate the character of Lord Holland, it is necessary to go back into the history of his family.' In 1843 Macaulay brought out an edition of his essays carefully revised. In that the beginning of the sentence just quoted had been changed so as to read, 'In order to fully appreciate the character of Lord Holland.' This is the form which was retained in subsequent editions. There seems no other reason to give for the alteration than the belief on the part of the essayist that thereby he imparted greater force to the assertion. For Macaulay was never careless about his expression. What he did he did designedly. He must have believed that in thus departing from his usual practice he had secured the additional emphasis for which he was striving."

Now and again I have indulged in a grumble anent the undeniable fact that on the whole our first-class magazines compare badly with those of the United States. It must not be forgotten, however, that our periodicals have difficulties to contend with, notably

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Booksellers' Reports of the Best Selling Books

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3. Monsigny. Forman. (Ward, Lock.)

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12 George Street

1. Japan and China. Brinkley. (Jack.)
2. Life in a Garrison Town. Bilse. (Lane.)
3. Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.)

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2. The Book of Genesis. Driver. (Methuen.)
3. Savonarola. Villari. (Unwin.)

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2. Strong Mac. Crockett. (Ward, Lock.)
3. Cherry's Child. Strange Winter. (Long.)

BRADFORD :

Messrs. Matthews & Brooke,
Mechanics' Institute Corner

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2. Red Morn. Pemberton. (Cassell.)
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3. Kipling's Works. (Macmillan.)

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3. Red Morn. Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)

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2. Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.)
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3. In Relief of Doubt. Welsh. (Allenson.)

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A Very Entertaining Thinker

FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN EUROPE. By Emil Reich. (Bell. 5s. net.)

DR. REICH, who is a learned Hungarian of original and candid mind, desires to indicate "the soul, the meaning," of the history of Europe since 1756. One is a little surprised on finding that the first chapter in the exposition is about the American War of Independence. What, it might be asked, has America had to do with the Foundations of Europe? A reassuring answer is to hand. Had it not been for European forces, England would never have lost the American colonies that are now the United States. In the Great Free Country, as Dr. Reich sorrowfully notes, there is not a single public statue to Beaumarchais; yet that Frenchman was the instrument by which the Americans were enabled to achieve victory. In being so he was the representative of the French people, in whose minds a humiliation suffered at the hands of England was rankling bitterly. Besides providing the disaffected colonists with "vast stores of tents, provisions, and equipments of all kinds, amongst others, 30,000 rifles, over 200 cannon, &c.," he cleverly gained for them the general sympathy of most of the European Powers, and active support from some of these. It was not really the Americans who won the War. They could not have acquired independence unaided. Even as Persia fell for defying Hellas and Carthage sank for opposing Rome, the United States, according to Dr. Reich, "arose mainly owing to England's unwise defiance of Europe."

This thought almost reconciles us to the loss of the colonies. We were defeated, but not exactly disgraced; and, now that the world's attention has been so strongly drawn to the facts, the day may come when Uncle Sam will have statues to the Frenchman everywhere and hop down from his own perch. "Yankee doodle-doo!" is no longer tenable music. It is but a bantam cock-crow. Besides enabling England historically to save her face, Dr. Reich has a good word for Napoleon. That Emperor led his troops into Moscow; but he could not conquer Russia. Why not? Simply because, for once in his life, he neglected his own principles of warfare. Among other things, he forgot that "the enemy can be brought to surrender only when you can place yourself on his communications." That, says Dr. Reich, "is a principle practically unrealisable in Russia." It seems not quite out of the question in Manchuria, or even in Siberia; but in fairness to Dr. Reich we must remember that Russia was not nearly so expansive a region in 1812 as she is to-day. Indeed, any struggle with Russia seems almost necessarily destined to be indeterminate. Wars of a much neater kind were those which resulted in the Unity of Italy, the Unity of Germany, and the discomfiture of France in 1871. Of all these episodes, as of the French Revolution, Dr. Reich gives clear and thoughtful accounts. His writing, which is admirable, is full of the surprises, almost amounting to revelations, which come when an educated foreigner of high intellect addresses us in our own language.

To many readers of *THE ACADEMY* his chapter on "The Reaction," the period of revived artistry which followed on the heels of Napoleon's downfall, will be particularly interesting. Such of us as have sat at the feet of Mr. Courthope, who is far from lacking sympathy with the Classics, have been accustomed to thinking in

genial mood of the "Romantic Movement in Letters." Dr. Reich, however, has doubts about the Movement, and he states them with charming ingenuousness. He admits that all the Romantic writers in England, in France, in Germany, and in Italy, had a style that was a distinct improvement on that of the classical pens; but under "great beauty of form" he detects "the remarkable phenomenon" of "morbidness and unsoundness of matter." Byron, Lamartine, Heine, and Leopardi, for examples, had in their poetry "familiar figures" that do not appeal to man's vigorous senses and normal mind. Classical authors created Emilias, Margarets, Ophelias, and Juliets, and these are quite satisfactory; but the heroes and heroines of the Romanticists "float in obscure mid-air. They partake more of the nature of fairies and demons than of human beings. They derange the mind and heart of man, instead of filling it with the holy enthusiasm of love." Whoso questions this is invited by Dr. Reich merely to think of the Romanticists' wives and other ladies and be convinced that the Movement was unreal or insincere. "While in their poems they celebrated in tones of admiration the charms of women utterly unknown to reality, they selected as their loves in real life women of the most material, most sensual, nature." In that respect Heine, it seems, was the naughtiest boy in the School. All this is very entertaining; but will Dr. Reich oblige us with his opinion of Sir Walter Scott and Burns? These, Romanticists to a syllable, were no Sorrowing Werthers; and one cannot, without a protest, have them classed among the writers in whose works we find merely "the affectation of heart and love." As for the ladies, with whom we have no real business, Dr. Reich should remember that it is possible for a poet, as for a prelate, to be captured by a shrew.

W. EARL HODGSON.

A Note-Book

THE ESSENTIAL KAFIR. By Dudley Kidd. (Black. 18s. net.)

THIS is a picture book, but one that we would not willingly do without. It is, as its author says it is intended to be, "a warm-blooded character-sketch of the South African natives in which everything that is of broad human interest takes precedence of departmental aspects of the subject." It is an addendum, therefore, to our well-known anthropological works on this most interesting people. It relates to no one tribe, but includes natives of every part visited by the author. It is not intensive, giving us all that is to be given about the life of a particular group; it is rather expansive, giving us what a very acute observer has noted with camera and note-book wherever he has had a chance to observe. Scientific inquirers will be inclined to grumble, perhaps, at this method, or want of method as they will term it; they will point out its incompleteness in various directions, its want of scientific precision in carrying a subject right home; but on the other hand there will be many who will welcome, warmly welcome, such a note-book. It is essentially a note-book. It will supply footnotes to many a study, and above all things it will give the pictured life so necessary to those who have not seen the life for themselves; to the student of the library it will be invaluable, to the student of the field it will act as a stimulus.

Where Mr. Kidd does note he notes clearly. Each illustration is accompanied by a descriptive note of the tribe to which the native belongs and particulars of the special points supplied in the illustration. A delightful picture of a Zulu kraal, Lake St. Lucia, is followed by types of the huts which make up the kraal, together with specimens from other tribes. A little later on we come upon an illustration of a hut in process of erection, showing exactly the native methods of construction. All this is most excellent. We learn much about the kraal and the laws and customs which regulate it in such works as MacLean's "Kafir Laws and Customs"; Mr. Kidd supplies us, as a footnote, the kraal itself and the people living their life within the code of laws and customs which govern them in matters which come within government. Baby-carrying and other baby customs, hair-dressing, greetings on occasions of visits one to another, details of dress, fire making by friction, family groups as they appear in everyday life are all duly noted and illustrated by some of the best pictures which have ever been produced for the delight of the anthropologist. The section on magic is perhaps the most valuable in the book, for the illustrations help us to understand the significance of the special dress, the methods of divining and other magical processes and the importance of dancing as a ceremonial.

Unfortunately the illustrations are arranged independently of the text and the sense of exactness is thereby destroyed. There is, too, a want of definite order which seems to be almost wanton. A whole series of illustrations might be grouped together to show the stages in, say, hut-building, hair-dressing, or other custom, but they are scattered indiscriminately and there is no means by which the student may readily bring them all together for purposes of his own. Then there is the sudden interjection of an interesting illustration in a place to which it has no right by any method of sequence. Mr. Kidd thus introduces a picture of a Bushman hut-drawing. This subject is a most important element in Bushman history, and its accidental inclusion does not properly indicate the true value of the subject, for the late Dr. Bleek's collection of Bushman hut-drawings is still unpublished, to the shame of the British Government.

We have perhaps indicated enough to show the value and the shortcomings of this book. We do not subscribe to all Mr. Kidd's theories and in particular to his views as to borrowings from European sources, but we gladly say that the book is worthy a place in anthropological collections.

LAURENCE GOMME.

Disraeliana

DISRAELI: A STUDY IN PERSONALITY AND IDEAS. By Walter Sichel. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

ABOUT two or three years ago, it may be remembered, "The Peel Papers" created some little stir by an ill-timed and aggressive attack on Disraeli, which was as inaccurate as it was ill founded. Mr. Sichel seems to be of the opinion, which, indeed, is shared by a number of quite worthy folk, that Disraeli's character needs—if not a vindication—at any rate something by way of elucidation. Hence—presumably—this book. Mr. Sichel's enthusiasm for his subject is entirely sane and whole-souled, and if no particularly new light is thrown upon the great statesman's personality, we are at any rate interested in a clear and lucid exposition of some of the less obvious manifestations of his genius. Every one concedes nowadays, political friends and foes alike,

that the extraordinary mutual affection between Beaconsfield and the British nation is not to be accounted for by any known relationship of love or respect. The man's personality, albeit entirely un-English in appearance, manner of expression, and mode of thought, was so magnetically sympathetic, his honesty of purpose so transparent, and his single-minded patriotism so evident, that all ranks and classes were hypnotised into a sincere admiration of the man and his gifts. That was Disraeli's genius—at once his weakness and his strength.

To our thinking, Mr. Sichel has not brought into sufficient prominence the innate and overpowering Orientalism which coloured so vividly the whole of Disraeli's life and thought. His was essentially the Oriental method, in word and deed; every one of his great political coups betrayed it. The Queen-Empress proclamation, the Suez Canal shares purchase, the Berlin Conference—one and all had that glamour of the East which, when it illumines a really great deed, invests it with treble effectiveness, impressiveness and importance.

There are many people who believe to this day that Disraeli's fame as a novelist will outlive his political reputation. This is obviously absurd, but it is certainly most true that his works are now not nearly as much read as they deserve to be, for they are, and will always remain, very bright gems of English literature. Their wit, their humour, their irony, their poetry (no one can read the Duke of Wellington sonnet, or the Bignetta rondel in "The Young Duke," and deny Disraeli the title of poet), all these qualities combine to make his tales fascinating, real, alive, and important—as much to-day as when they were written. Why does not some publisher re-issue them? They should command a ready sale.

On the whole, then, Mr. Sichel has given us a readable, entertaining, and informing book, of which the latter chapters dealing with Society, Literature, and Disraeli's Career, are by far the best. The book includes a couple of charming portraits from well-known originals, and a good index.

"Restitutor Orbis"

ESSAI SUR LE RÈGNE DE L'EMPEREUR AURÉLIEN (270-275). Par Léon Homo. (Paris. Albert Fontemoing, 1904.) (Bibliothèque des Ecoles françaises d'Athènes et de Rome. Fascicule 89.)

THIS monograph, published by the French Government, is an elaborate historical and archaeological study, and at the same time interesting to the non-learned reader. Aurelian is one of the most remarkable figures of the later Roman Empire. In his brief reign of five fiery years he did an astonishing amount of work, and much of what he did lived after him. Lovers of the picturesque, too, have always dwelt on the romantic rise and tragic fall of the supremacy of Palmyra, and the rule of the magnificent Zenobia. Constitutional historians dwell on the reforms introduced by the rough able soldier, preparing for the more elaborate organisation of despotism under Diocletian. Archaeology and topography have plentiful work in his great rampart protecting Rome, much of which, defended and attacked by countless strange hosts, remains "even unto this day."

M. Homo has studied the brilliant career of Aurelian with sympathy as well as learning. This is natural in a French historian, who has not far to go for a striking parallel. The record of Aurelian is not unlike that of the First Consul down to the Peace of Amiens. In

both cases a strong soldier, with a genius for administration, was set by his unscrupulous ability at the head of a state threatened by foreign enemies and domestic anarchy. In both cases he had to restore and reorganise the whole edifice of the State from top to bottom.

Every department of Aurelian's work of restoration is followed out with elaborate care. The structure of his great wall, the attempt to improve the coinage, swamped by the silver-plated "Antoniani," the lavish distribution to the Roman populace of pork, oil and salt, as well as bread and corn, all receive illuminating consideration. M. Homo lays especial stress on the attempt of the Emperor to unify the religion of the Empire by setting up an official worship of the Sun (hereditary in the Roman family from which he took his name), and considering the Emperor as the earthly embodiment of the Sun-god. This official worship, by deifying the Emperor, brought him into collision with the Christians, but his murder prevented him from being a persecutor, except in intention.

It is interesting to see that a very similar but more tolerant system of religion was devised by the great "restorer of the world" in India, the Emperor Akbar, whose belief, probably deism in essentials, was symbolised by reverence paid to the sun and the Emperor. In both cases the design of the ruler was political rather than religious; it was sought to invest the monarch with sanctity as well as power. It is significant that Aurelian, the rough and frugal soldier, was yet the first Roman sovereign to wear the jewelled diadem and robes in public, though he denied his wife a silk dress. To be sure, raw silk was worth its weight in gold, and Aurelian had strong views on reserving the precious metal for the coinage.

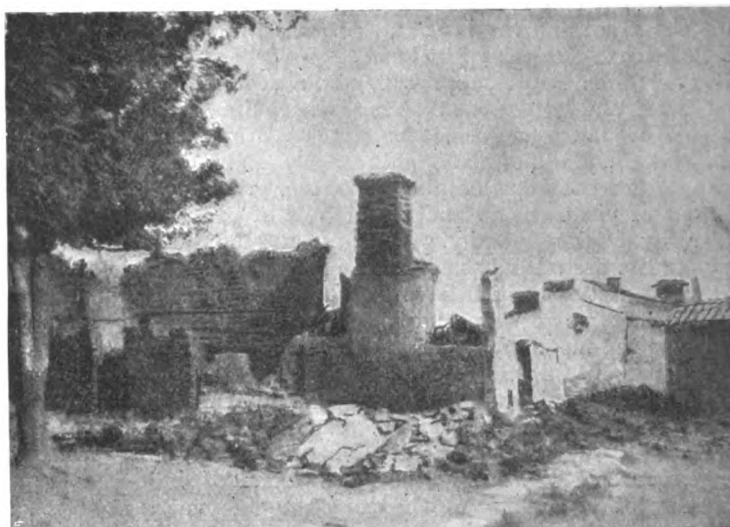
The volume is made more interesting and valuable by a large map of the course of the wall of Aurelian, and a number of illustrations and diagrams showing the construction of the rampart.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

THE BALKANS FROM WITHIN. By Reginald Wyon. (Finch. 15s. net.)

This is a very actual book. That is to say, it deals with things in the Near East as they were yesterday, are to-day and will be to-morrow morning. The author, with naïve candour, admits that he loves the Balkan people—"a sojourn in their midst is a revelation"; "the peasant of the Balkans, be he Albanian or Serb, Montenegrin or Bulgar, is hospitality personified, and his full-blooded energy is a pure delight to those who are weary of the Western detrimental"—which is very pleasant reading, and an agreeable set-off to certain rumours as to the behaviour of the average Balkan peasant when in his tantrums. But Mr. Wyon knows the Balkans well; as the historic French traveller who knew everybody said when asked whether he had seen the Dardanelles whilst at Constantinople: "Certainly, mon ami, I dined with them." In all seriousness, though, there can be but few Englishmen who know their Balkans so well. Only recently the author, representing an important London daily paper, saw from Monastir and elsewhere the working of a gigantic scheme, which only failed—temporarily—because it was unripe and premature. Mr. Wyon dedicates his book (without permission) "to the ashes of

the Berlin Treaty," which, he says, "has brought so much misery and suffering to brave and innocent races, basely deserted by the very Powers who solemnly undertook to succour them." Which are very true and sad words. The chapters headed "What I Saw in Macedonia," "Bearding the Turk," and "The Turkish Army" contain some very plain speaking, none the less trenchant because put in simple, straightforward,



"A LOOTED VILLAGE"

[Illustration from "The Balkans from Within" (Finch)]

homely English, with no attempt at flowery talk or literary decoration. The book contains over a hundred excellent photographs, illustrating the text with happy fidelity; they are most informing and instructive, whilst some of them, such as "The Guardhouse, Monastir," and "A Shepherd's Hut on the Brda" are most charming little pictures. An interesting "exhibit" is a copy of the insurrectionary map, supplied to the author by the insurgents, showing Christian villages in the district destroyed by Turks. This is in very truth a human document. The book only lacks one thing—an index.

A NATURALIST IN THE GUIANAS. By Eugène André. (Smith, Elder. 14s. net.)

DR. SCOTT KELTIE has written an interesting little preface to this very attractive book. He tells us that the author has spent many years in studying the fauna and flora of South America, and the present volume records an exploratory trip made in 1900 up the Caura River—a tributary of the Orinoco.

But, after all, "birds, orchids and small mammals," whilst interesting enough in their way, are of minor importance as compared with the human inhabitants of these regions. Fortunately Mr. André tells us a great deal about them, and gives us a number of excellent photographs which show us what manner of men they are. Sir Walter Raleigh, enlightened man as he was, had the quaintest beliefs on this point. In his "Discovery of Guiana," he describes the headless men of the Caura, and declares his belief in their existence since—of all reasons!—"every child in the provinces of Arromaia and Canuri affirms the same." He believed them to have "their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts."

But let us just consider who these aboriginal peoples are, and whence they came. The tailless monkey or

ape is an old-world creature. There is no doubt at all that Asia is the birthplace of humanity. There is also no doubt that the aboriginal inhabitants of the new world are derived from the Mongolian race. In consonance with this view are the extraordinary physical and other resemblances between the Aztecs and the Japanese. Ages ago certain members of what we now call the Yellow races crossed over into North America from Asia. Some of them remained in the North, where the stern conditions of Nature produced a race physically fine and still retaining somewhat of the ancestral complexion. However, western civilisation (i.e. alcohol and tuberculosis) have practically disposed of the Red Indian. As for the more southern peoples, of whom Mr. André describes certain members, there can be little doubt that a like fate awaits them.

It is a favourite theory of the reviewer's—he gives it for what it is worth—that it was not enterprise but the force of competition that drove the ancestors of the present aborigines of the new world, as also the ancestors of the Ainus or aborigines of Japan, off the Continent of Asia. Had it been enterprise one would expect their present representatives to be thriving peoples. Their failure has not been due to environment. A really capable race thrives in Japan to-day, where the Ainus have failed, and others in America, where the Red Indian, the Aztec and the aboriginal Guianan have failed. This theory was suggested by the case of the whales and other marine mammals, which were undoubtedly driven to the water because they could not get a living on land, and which are now in process of slow extinction.

But this is wandering from Mr. André's delightful book. We recommend the reader to study his adventures for himself, and he will find an abundance of incident, of acute observation, and of instructive fact in these pages.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Fiction

THE CELEBRITY AT HOME. By Violet Hunt. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.) "The Celebrity at Home" is a difficult book to criticise, it is so obviously a trifle written but for amusement. There is no attempt to write a novel, little or no character drawing, no plot at all, only amusing scrapes. If one were to criticise it seriously it would be as though one trod heavily on a brightly coloured air balloon, and with one foot on the crushed plaything delivered a lecture on the merits and demerits of air balloons. Perhaps one is a little disappointed that Miss Violet Hunt should have elected to give us such an obvious trifle when we know she can give us something better. But then that is to quarrel with air balloons. The precocious and wide-awake child through whose eyes we see "The Celebrity at Home," or rather his neglected wife and family, for the Celebrity is seldom in the bosom of his family, is a very modern child indeed. She criticises her acquaintances very freely, and they seem to have been rather a vulgar and pretentious set, she calls her father "George," she reviews novels that her father has no time to read at twopence a volume, and altogether is not a child we should care to know. These are two of her utterances: "Until I am old enough to set a whole compartment aside for love, I can be easy and watch the others wallowing. Life is one huge party to me, and the girls who are not out yet watching it through the banisters and getting a taste of the ices now and then." "Fashion after all is only a matter of 'bulge.' You bulge in a different place every year."

CASTLES IN KENSINGTON. By Reginald Turner. (Greening, 6s.) A good-natured cynic is Mr. Turner. A man whose sarcasm is never ill-natured, whose wit is keen without being cruel, whose humour has a point which never

wounds. The harmless snobbery of Mrs. Jarvis-Bateson—mark the hyphen—is so delicately drawn as to be delightful instead of offensive. The people who form her entourage are drawn with equal success, and their little weaknesses and foibles are touched off with a skill of which the author may be proud, for while we laugh, we feel kindly toleration for them. Mrs. Jarvis-Bateson's social importance and Mr. Jarvis-Bateson's Parliamentary responsibilities assume in one's mind almost the seriousness which they attain in the ideas of that lady and gentleman themselves. The contrast between the lady arbiter of fashion in Mouleville and the purely suburban lady-hostess of West Kensington is well sustained. The deadly earnestness of the West Kensington Parliament is something to be admired and wondered at, while the description of the great debate in which the Government is defeated (at West Kensington, not at "the other place") is a *tour de force*. The Comte de Parterre's visit to England and his attempt to locate "Bladeswood," the residence of the Jarvis-Batesons, before the final arrangements for wedding his son to their daughter, are also most amusing reading. The young people themselves are the only ones who succeed in getting out of the garden of make-believe in which their elders live; and they find the key of another garden—as old as the world—and love.

THE DESPOILERS. By Edmund Mitchell. (Cassell, 6s.) Here we have the story of a long and highly adventurous search for a missing will. There are two threads woven together in this tale: the theft of the will, by which Doreen Da Silva is defrauded of her fortune, and the betrayal of the hero by his cousin, an unscrupulous solicitor, who aspires to the hand of Doreen. They all meet together on the island of Santa Cruz and devote their energies to a search for the missing will. The hero rapidly falls in love with Doreen, and several times imperils his life in her service. The novel is crowded with adventures and intrigue follows intrigue. The hero is captured and shut up in a dungeon to die. A great part of the search centres in the capture of a document which turns out to be but a copy of the will, and the will is only at last found through the agency of a fiery Spaniard, a singer at low music halls, who is finally stabbed by her faithless lover. But everything at last comes to an end, and the heroine and hero are united in matrimony and, we imagine, live on the fortune that is restored to them.

THE GAGE OF RED AND WHITE. By Graham Hope. (Smith, Elder, 6s.) The French have a neat way of politely discriminating between real romance of the cloak-and-dagger period and that variety thereof which we grossly term "Wardour Street." This they call *romantique*, that *romantesque*. Mr. Graham Hope has given three hostages to literary fortune, prior to the work under review. They were all highly and deservedly praised by the Press and the reading public in a *crescendo* scale of approval. One opens "The Gage of Red and White," therefore, with some little diffidence, fearful that the author may not have kept up the high standard which he has made for himself. Such diffidence is needless because Mr. Hope has justified himself. His new book is as pleasant, as graceful, and as tersely simple in diction and plot as any of its forerunners. The tale of poor little Princess Jeanne, married at twelve years old to the Duke of Cleves, is cleverly put together, with just sufficient real history, gentle love-making, amiable swash-buckling, and echoes of the clash of swords to make it interesting, convincing and amusing. One's interest is sustained to the very end, and as to whether the book is *romantique* or *romantesque*—well, every reader must judge for himself, or herself.

Short Notices

CHATS ON ENGLISH CHINA. By Arthur Hayden. (Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.) In nothing is the ever widening interest taken in art by the general public more clearly reflected than in the ready sale that is now found for books that not long ago appealed to the expert only. Whether the work be a costly monograph such as Solon's "History of

English Porcelain," or an inexpensive treatise such as Mrs. Hodgson's "How to Identify Old China," a second edition is pretty certain rapidly to succeed the first. That this will be the case with the delightful little volume of "Chats" from the versatile pen of Arthur Hayden, reprinted from "Our Home," there can be no doubt, for it cannot fail to appeal to all who take an intelligent interest in the treasures of china or of earthenware, which they themselves have acquired, or that have come down to them as heirlooms. The author, whose knowledge is fortunately fully equal to his enthusiasm,



BOW INKSTAND—MADE AT NEW CANTON, 1751

[Illustration from "Chats on English China" (Unwin)]

passes in able and sympathetic review, not only every variety of English china properly so called, beginning with Old Derby and ending with Minton, but also the various kinds of earthenware for which the British Isles are noted, including the art triumphs of Wedgwood and the curious lustre ware which was, in his opinion, founded on the Spanish lustrous dishes with Moorish ornamentation and the wonderful Italian Majolica. Mr. Hayden brightens up his narrative with very numerous and most excellent illustrations, giving in many cases several different points of view of the piece figured, so that recognition is easy and the marks can be clearly made out; a Glossary of technical terms in use, and several lists of recent sale prices, reprinted by permission from the "Connoisseur," give completeness and thoroughness to a book which should be on the shelves of every lover of the beautiful. In the literary portion of the work also Mr. Hayden shows considerable skill. He reads the romance which underlies even the simplest familiar objects in a valued home, calling up the memories they evoke, so that he lends, by the magic of his style, an interest even to such undoubtedly ugly objects as certain Liverpool mugs. "Austin Dobson," he says, "has taught us how much lies in



CHELSEA FIGURE

[Illustration from "Chats on English China" (Unwin)]

the dreamy depths of a plate with queer Chinese blue figures on it," but Mr. Hayden is no mean master in the same art, as proved by his explanation of the constant recurrence of the rose in Lowestoft ware, which he winds up with the touching words: "Handle your china cups with more tenderness; human lives have gone to the making of them. The

white-hot furnace and the minute brush-mark of your rose petals turned a man's day to dark night. Roses and wreaths of roses and behind them all—tears."

SHELLEY AT OXFORD. By Thomas Jefferson Hogg. (Methuen, 2s. net.) Nowhere is Shelley portrayed more vividly than in the chronicle written by the friend who suffered expulsion from the University for his sake and yet endeavoured to lead the poet's wife astray. Here sounds the raucous voice that nearly froze the sympathy of Hogg ere they were fairly acquainted; here appeals the childlikeness which sacrificed "the most precious contributions of the most esteemed correspondent" to the manufacture of paper fleets. Here gleams the recondite humour which could question a baby on the subject of pre-existence, and here is Shelley the untidy chemist whose guests might find poison in their tea-cups. Here, in short, is a genius lovable and exasperating, an eager student unaware of any dripping ghost called Harriet. Yet this Shelley is but little known, though Hogg's narrative was published under Bulwer's editorship in the "New Monthly Magazine." Its republication, with the advantage of a business-like essay by Mr. R. A. Streatfeild, is to be welcomed. It will lead, we imagine, to a facsimile of that collection of verse which Shelley mothered on Peg Nicholson, a washerwoman who attempted the life of George the Third with a carving knife. It is doubtful if biography offers another instance of a poet deliberately making nonsense of verse he had intended seriously. Certainly nothing could have succeeded better, for the bookseller after viewing the disturbed proofs proposed to transfer to himself the monetary risk of publication, and Oxford gownsmen read without scepticism the "wild notes of liberty" averred by John Fitzvictor to proceed from a "late" lunatic who was still living in Bedlam. Evidently there was no "Isis" in those days, and indeed if humour had flourished at Oxford eighteen-year-old Shelley's echo of Hume would never have awakened the thunder which decreed his exile. We regret the lack of notes on Hogg's text, which Mr. Swinburne in "Essays and Studies" proved to be inaccurate.

ENGLISH ARMY LISTS AND COMMISSION REGISTERS, 1661-1714. Edited and Annotated by Charles Dalton, F.R.G.S. Vol. VI. (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 25s.) In this volume Mr. Dalton completes a task begun in 1890, by which he has laid the nation, and historical students in particular, under no slight obligation. The rolls of the British Army are a necessity to a military historian, and most useful to a political historian or biographer. They enable us at once to clothe the name of any officer with a personality, and to recover the outlines of his history. Mr. Dalton's work is the more valuable in covering the period during which our standing army was definitely established, had its first beginnings in Charles II.'s guards, was nearly extinguished by William III.'s Parliaments, apprehensive of obsolete dangers, and enjoyed its first blaze of military glory under Marlborough. Not only is the book useful in clearing up obscure details, but the collection of names and facts is a constant help to scrupulous biographers, and a constant check on picturesque writers of family history. Mr. Dalton refers amusingly to the tendency of genealogists to invent officers for William III., even as heralds have done for William the Conqueror, or at least to exalt their rank unduly. One distinguished officer discovered by Mr. Dalton is Captain-Lieutenant Daniel De Foe, of Desbordes' Dragoons, a regiment, chiefly composed of Huguenots, which was formed in Portugal out of Desbordes' Regiment of Foot. Dragoons, it must be remembered, were the "M. I." of that age. Probably Defoe never served abroad, or we should have had another romance on the subject.

Reprints and New Editions

What short memories some people have for our bookish benefactors! I have several times lately seen the statement that Mr. Eveleigh Nash's venture is the first effort to popularise the Tauchnitz format in England. This is not so; if I remember rightly it was Mr. Fisher Unwin who tried the experiment some time ago, but for some reason failed to make a success of it, and I think there have been others,

Nash's edition is excellent, recalling in every way our old foreign friends. A good start has been made with **THE HERB MOON**, by John Oliver Hobbes, **ALMAYER'S FOLLY**, by Joseph Conrad, **THE RED TRIANGLE**, by Arthur Morrison, **A MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER**, by Percy White (1s. each net), and other popular works of fiction. Besides its kindly compliance with our ill usage when travelling, "The Tauchnitz" has a particularly well-shaped page, and I, for one, welcome its appearance here heartily. A small tastefully bound green volume upon my table introduces itself as the first reprint of the York Library—**COLERIDGE'S AIDS TO REFLECTION**, &c. (Bell, 3s. net leather; 2s. net cloth). It will be remembered that the volumes to be included in this series will be drawn in the main from Bohn's Libraries, and where necessary revised, re-edited and annotated. The present reprint is based chiefly on the fourth edition, but in some points the earlier editions have been followed. Besides "Aids to Reflection," "The Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit" together with the "Essay on Faith and Notes on the Book of Common Prayer" are given. The whole is pleasant to handle, convenient in size and printed on thin opaque paper. I note that we may expect Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," Burney's "Evelina," and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" and other works in the same form shortly. Two more volumes of that pleasant series **The Astolat Oakleaf Classics**—**THE BOOK OF SIR GALAHAD**, by Malory, and **THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL**, by James Russell Lowell (Astolat Press, 1s. each net)—are to hand. Lowell always denied that there was any foundation for the old legend on which is woven his beautiful poem. "The Vision" was first published in 1848, together with the author's curious "Biglow Papers." Many people will doubtless be glad to have it in this handy and artistic form. Cassell & Co. send me **THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE** and **THE BLACK ARROW** (cloth 2s. net, leather 3s. net each). Was there ever a more delightful and graceful dedication than Stevenson's to the "Critic on the Hearth" in "The Black Arrow"? His hope that "Others may display more constancy" has certainly been fulfilled, as may be seen by a mere glance at the history of its reprints, a page still to be added to, surely. How much more convenient in size, how much more pleasant to handle are these two slim volumes than those I have on my shelves published in 1889 and 1891 respectively, at a much higher price! What a stride in the history of book-publishing is shown by the sixpenny edition of **NEWMAN'S APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA**—a famous theological work within the reach of every one, and, what is more, expressing the belief of the publishers (Longmans, Green & Co.) that there is a public awaiting it. The only omission in this edition is that portion of the appendix which was included in the second edition, which omission was necessary to bring it within the compass of a popular reprint. Pierce Egan's **THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR** (Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books, Methuen, 4s. 6d. net) is still kept alive by its illustrations, which are admirably reproduced in the volume before me. The issue is founded on the first edition published in the year 1825. The pictures alone—who reads the text nowadays?—are well worth the money for their quaintness and "archæological" interest. The centenary of the death of Dr. Joseph Priestley has suggested the reprint of his **MEMOIRS** (Allenson, 3s. net), which will no doubt be welcomed by his admirers. It is liberally illustrated with portraits of the many interesting people among whom Dr. Priestley moved, but if the name of the subject of each picture had been printed underneath it would have been an improvement. F. T. S.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Rice, Ph.D., LL.D. (William North), *Christian Faith in an Age of Science*.....(Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0
 Chapman (Mrs. Paul), *The Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, simply told for Children*.....(Frowde) net 2/0
 Awdry (Frances), *Daylight for Japan, The Story of Mission Work in the Land of the Rising Sun*.....(Bemrose) 3/6

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Goodfellow (J.), *Translations from the German*.....(Paisley: Gardner)
 Gray (John), *Ad Matrem, Poems*.....(Sands) net 1/6
 Allen, M.A. (T. W.) and Sikes, M.A. (E. E.), edited by, *The Homeric Hymns*.....(Macmillan) net 10/6

History and Biography

- Ogg (Frederic Austin), *The Opening of the Mississippi, a Struggle for Supremacy in the American Interior*.....(Macmillan) net 8/6

Science and Philosophy

- Norton (Charles Eliot), *The Poet Gray as a Naturalist*
 (Stevens & Brown) net 21/0

Educational

- Hayward (F. H.), *The Secret of Herbart*.....(Sonnenschein) 2/0
 Leask, M.A. (W. Keith), edited by, *Scott's "Kenilworth"*.....(Blackie) 1/6
 British History in Periods, Books IV. and V.....(Blackie) 1/4 and 1/6
 The Complete History Readers, Nos. 1 and 2.....(Blackie) 1/0 and 1/0
 Cotterill, M.A. (H. B.), edited by, *Quintus Curtius Rufus, Book IX.*
 (Blackie) 1/0
 Hawkins, M.A. (Cecil), *Elementary Geometry, Part II.*.....(Blackie) 2/0
 Chaytor, M.A. (The Rev. H. J.), edited by, *Schiller's Der Nefte als Onkel*
 (Blackie) 1/0
 Prior (W. F. P.), edited by, *Musset's Fantasio*.....(Blackie) 0/8
 Bedford (Dorothea C.), edited by, *Sainte-Beuve's Portrait of Molière*
 (Blackie) 0/4
 Powell (Oswald B.), collected by, *A Book of German Songs*.....(Blackie) 0/6

Miscellaneous

- De Molinari (G.), translated by P. H. Lee Warner, *The Society of To-morrow, a Forecast of its Political and Economic Organisation*
 (Unwin) 6/0
 Bosanquet (S. R. C.) and Tangye (R. T. G.), *The Burden of Neutrality*
 (Brimley Johnson) net 1/0
 Barnaby, K.O.B. (Sir N.), *Naval Development of the Century*
 (Chambers) net 5/0
 Souttar, M.A., D.C.L. (Robinson), *Alcohol: its Place and Power in Legislation*.....(Hodder & Stoughton) 3/6
 Smith (Robert Murray), *A Page of Local History*
 (Greenock: Pollock) net 2/6
 Harper, Ph.D. (Robert Francis), *The Code of Hammurabi, King of Babylon about 2250 B.C.*.....(Lusac) net 18/0
 The Official Year Book of the Church of England, 1904.....(S.P.C.K.) 3/0
 Giffen, K.C.B. (Sir Robert), *Economic Inquiries and Studies, Vols. I. and II.*.....(Bell) net 21/0
 Gwynn (Stephen), *Fishing Holidays*.....(Macmillan) net 7/6
 The Better Side of Marriage.....(Mowbray)

Fiction

- "The Town's Verdict," by Ethel F. Heddle (Blackie), 6/0.

Reprints and New Editions

- "Typee," by Herman Melville (Lane), cloth, 1/6, leather, net 2/0;
 "Methods of Advance," edited by C. S. Loch (Macmillan), net 3/6;
 "Granville, a Queen of the West," by C. H. Panter (Jarrold), 5/0;
 "What is Christianity?" by Adolf Harnack (Williams & Norgate), 5/0;
 "Lectures on Art," by John Ruskin (Allen), cloth, net 2/6; Waistcoat Pocket Shakespeare, "Romeo and Juliet," and "As You Like it," each net 1/0.

Periodicals

- "Economic Journal," "Woman at Home," "Girl's Own Paper," "Boy's Own Paper," "Sunday at Home," "Friendly Greetings," "Leisure Hour," "Ulula," "American Antiquarian," "Longman's," "Cassell's History of the Russo-Japanese War," "The Magazine of Art," "Cassell's," "Atlantic Monthly," "Chambers's Journal," "Harper's Monthly," "Cornhill," "Pearson's," "The Lady's Magazine," "The Connoisseur," "Pelican Record."

Foreign

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Schmid (Dr. D.), *George Farquhar, sein Leben und seine Original-Dramen*.....(Vienna and Leipzig: Braumüller)

History and Biography

- Sorel (Albert), *L'Europe et la Révolution Française, Septième Partie. Le Blocus Continental—Le Grand Empire*.....(Paris: Plon-Nourrit)
 Rodocanachi (E.), *Le Capitole Romain, Antique et Moderne*
 (Paris: Hachette) 12f.

Science and Philosophy.

- Zyromski (Ernest), *L'Orgueil Humain*.....(Paris: Colin) 4f.
 Lemonnier (Henry), *Historie de France depuis les Origines jusqu'à la Révolution, tome cinquième*.....(Paris: Hachette)

Fiction

- Goeringer (Irma), *Die Letzte Strophe*.....(Berlin: Fleischel) 2m.
 Huldshiner (Richard), *Die Stille Stadt*.....(Berlin: Fleischel) 3m.
 Waser (Georg), *Ein Kleinstadtroman*.....(Berlin: Fleischel) 3m.50
 Keller (Heinrich), *Das Gespenst unserer Zeit*.....(Berlin: Fleischel) 5m.

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A Drastic Discursion

VARIOUS writers have complained recently of the failure of the world to appreciate poetry. As if it were something new! The world never bought and read poetry for itself. Of the three most popular poets of the nineteenth century, only one, Tennyson, was an actual poet. With the other two, Scott and Byron, both greater writers than Tennyson, the novelty of the matter in one case, and the intensity of the personality in the other, constituted the prevailing appeal. Nor was the popular appeal in Tennyson a poetical one; it was the good bourgeois morality of "The May Queen," "Locksley Hall," "Enoch Arden" that came right home to the bosoms of the middle-classes. They felt that whether Tennyson was a great poet or not, he was indubitably a great moralist; a safe man, to be read in the parlour and quoted in the pulpit. Tennyson, long before his death, had become part and parcel of the British Constitution; he was not only poet laureate, but, to the British public, the first and last word in English poetry, a fifth estate of the Realm.

If there were any popular appeal in poetry as poetry, Tennyson's star would have paled in presence of a greater light; but who will assert Mr. Swinburne's popularity, who will predict it, who would desire it? After the attraction of novelty—Mr. Swinburne brought into English poetry the only really new sound since Marlowe: after the attraction of novelty had ceased, this great poet passed out of the ken of the reading public. The middle-classes, which constitute the bulk of book-buyers, had no interest in his subject-matter, not finding his poetry a mirror of their manners and morals; while as for Lord Tennyson's favourite, "that good man, the clergyman," he was unable to obtain a suitable quotation anywhere in the poems of Mr. Swinburne which he really cared to read. Lord Lyttelton, remarking on the delay which attended the license for the publication of "Paradise Lost," insisted that "it is a rule with the English to see no good in a man whose politics they dislike." This is always true; one cannot be too strong a Conservative, too pronounced a Liberal; but several generations will elapse before Mr. Swinburne is pardoned the perfervid republicanism of his early years. Religion and politics still hide Shelley away; and the great immoralist of Scotland, Robert Burns, the Dionysos who brought a free mood into the most priest-ridden country in Europe, is worshipped only in public houses and drinking clubs. It may yet appear that the real source of the traditional preference of Virgil to Lucretius is not his superior art, but the theological bias which could not tolerate the noblest materialism,

which approved the orthodoxy of the pious Æneas, and detected a Messianic prophecy in the Eclogues.

Although it seems to me futile to complain of the public indifference to poetry, I have no sympathy with those whose maxim is "Never complain and never explain." Such a self-denying ordinance may be admirable in politics and in many other spheres; it is a counsel of worldly wisdom; but with worldly wisdom, literature, as I understand it, has nothing to do. Literature consists of complaint and explanation—very largely indeed of complaint. "The Book of Job," "The Iliad," "The Inferno," "Lear," "Faust": Literature may be called the complaint of man against the universe. But it is useless complaining about the neglect of poetry; the hope of poetry is always far ahead. Poetry is intelligence; and the appeal of popular literature is not to the intelligent, because it appeals to a crowd. To state it without reserve, popular literature, which is now mainly periodical, appeals to ignorance and stupidity; that is to say, it purveys information and entertainment. And the effect on the purveyors? I grant that a journalist or a popular novelist does not become so unintelligent as a clergyman, a schoolmaster, or a professor: he has more escapement. But the effect even on the strongest personalities of a constant appeal to ignorance and stupidity is disastrous for the understanding. Even when one thinks of a list of readers comprising Cæsar, Shakespeare, Burns, Napoleon, Schopenhauer, Wagner, there is still the subtle paralysis of intelligence produced by the sense of an audience. Intelligence, poetry is possible only in perfect solitude. To those who complain of the want of popular interest in poetry I should say that actual poetry makes no appeal of any kind; it exists for itself; there is very little of it in the world. And I should remind the discontented poet of this saying of Carlyle's: "Only wait: in fifty years, I should guess, all really serious souls will have quitted that mad province (Literature), left it to the roaring populates; and for any *Noble*-man or useful person it will be a credit rather to declare, 'I never tried literature; believe me, I have not written anything;'—and we of 'Literature' by trade, we shall sink again I perceive, to the rank of street-fiddling; no higher rank, though with endless increase of sixpences flung into the hat."

It is not nearly fifty years since Carlyle wrote that. Will any one say, upon the survey of a railway-book-stall, if this prophecy has not fulfilled itself long before the time?

JOHN DAVIDSON.

Egomet

RIGHTLY or wrongly, I care not which it may be, Easter for me marks the end of the winter and the coming in of spring-time, this though it be a movable feast. To a book lover the seasons do not, at first thought, seem to mean anything more than that there is more or less daylight by which to read, but to me, at any rate, they do mean much more than this. There are for instance certain books which I do not read in the winter season, Ruskin for example. He has always been to me a summer friend; of the value of his art criticism I am not competent to express any opinion, though as things go nowadays

that is no reason why I should not do so. But I do love him for his love of Nature; no other writer, so it seems to me, has ever been so closely in touch with Nature in all her many moods, no one has so greatly loved or so truly understood her.

I FIRST read "Modern Painters" as I lay, day by day, upon the coarse grass atop of a cliff in Normandy. I loved Nature then, but Ruskin taught me how little I knew of her, how blind were my eyes to many of the chiefest of her beauties. Beside me, nestling in a cleft, was a little fishing village, with its one small

hotel, where my fellow-voyagers and I were sojourning; beneath me the grass, the moss, the flowers; above, the sky with all its glorious pageantry of sunrise and sunset; below, the waves beating white upon the grey-brown rocks; before me the ocean with the fishing-boats, sometimes on the far horizon the smoke of some great steamer. All this had appealed to me before, but Ruskin showed me how little of the beauty of it all I had really understood or seen. The grass took on a new delight, and the flowers; the colours of the sails of the boats, the roofs of the cottages, the many hues of the waters; but above and beyond all the sky became a new revelation to me, as I watched there the passing pictures so wonderfully described in the printed pages. No man, I veritably believe, has ever realised what the heavens give us until he has read Ruskin.

THERE are other summer-books of which I may write some day; at this moment the mood is not on me. Of winter books, perhaps Dickens' novels hold the highest place in my affection. Is it my fancy or is it fact that he loved the winter-time more than he did any other season? At any rate, he had the gift of conveying the sensations of cold without doors and warmth within. On a winter night, when the curtains are closely drawn and the shutters barred, when the fire burns cheerily and the snow outside deadens all sounds of life, then read your Dickens and your heart and soul will be warmed. Perhaps, however, it will not be so, I can only answer for myself and that not always.

THEN there are other writers fitted for all seasons: Shakespeare, Miss Austen, Thackeray, Meredith, they are for all times, seasons affect them not. Is this because these writers take human nature rather apart from Nature herself, that with them the backgrounds are shadowy indications and that the light is concentrated on the men and women who occupy the stage?

I THINK this may be the reason; but about reasons I do not trouble myself very greatly. I dislike the logical man who can never enjoy an emotion unless he can place his finger upon the reason of his enjoyment. I am thankful every day that the world is not ruled by reason. I am a creature of impulse and so are all the best of us! A conceited thing to say; I am a conceited man and a man of conceits, therein happy. Happy the man who arms himself with conceit, who dares to believe that—at any rate for himself—his views are right. Hateful the man who endeavours to force upon others his conceits as if they were dogmas. Unhappy the man who has no conceits. If I can be happy without giving offence to my fellows, I will be so, and to be so, I must be happy in my own conceit. Though, indeed, merely to be happy is cause of offence to many curmudgeons.

E. G. O.

TRAINS OF THOUGHT. I.—Thinking

THERE is a mean of the thinking process which lies between a logical and carefully constructed achievement and that heady galloping of the fancy when our nimble brains venture their fantastic leaps along the faint path of association. It would be curious if one of those happy or weird

journeys could be faithfully recorded. It never is. Records of conversations which have been vitally pushed and maddened exist in selections and paraphrases and outlines only. That is why the corpses of great talkers are such dismal sights, from which we turn with the disappointing thought that if they walked well enough in some demure procession they never danced or gambolled. We sympathise with Charles Greville or with Mr. Creevey when he complains of the great Macaulay. Macaulay, for that, was, I am convinced, a genuine bore, but the point is that the really delightful talkers are even as he to us who can only read about them. I have known some few myself, I have a good memory for talk and whatever you may think of the matter I have some agreeable confidence in the instrument I am using, but well I know that if I pondered over the best talk I have heard and finished this article in trying to reproduce it I should give you no right impression at all. Of the best talk: that is talk where the ball is really tossed higher or lower and changes colour and rebounds and fascinates your eyes and hits you comically on the nose. There is no record of that. Nor is there record of those silent reveries when a man's fancies, set on by some genial excitement, by a sound bottle of Burgundy if your squeamish stomach permits of the imagination, leaping impossibly put a girdle round the earth. The path of association is lost under the pen, and besides, a generous soul counts such occasions private. He may tell you that he betrays them—he has told you so in literature more than once—but, believe me, he has always lied.

So I pass the third and priceless order of thought. All this, by the way, is gradually to explain my general title: I intend to be discursive and I have shown you my hand at the outset.

Finding occasion to write a set of little articles, and having no thesis on hand which I wish to advance in a logical manner to a logical conclusion, and being unable to delight you with a really faithful account of my fancy's journeyings, alone or with those of my friends, I fall back on the mean I have suggested. That is to say, I propose to give you some of my opinions, of which I have a large number always in stock, on subjects as they occur to me without any wish to prove anything or convince any one, with no strictly logical connection unless I so please, but with sufficient clearing of the aforementioned path of association to make it a possible road for print. It is not an Aristotelian mean; both the extremes, the logical achievement and the irresponsible fancy, are better. Nor do I pretend that my real argumentative achievements have been so many that this is a novel relaxation for me; but they only idle thoroughly who never work. And—but take it or leave it: the explanation is tedious.

The first subject which occurs for these trains of thought is naturally thinking itself. A process dubiously profitable. "To think is a vice, to be the cause of thought in others is a crime." The sentence—may I call it an epigram?—occurs in an unacted play of my own. It will be acted some day, I am sure; when every man, woman and child in the British Empire and the United States have failed as playwrights the managers will turn to my play—worm-eaten and yellowed—and say "We must try it after all," but you and I will be dead then, so that we may as well have the epigram now. It is really not bad. For think of the misery that has come of thinking through the ages. The wonderful achievements of thought?—yes, yes, I am not advancing a theory—but consider how many million unhappy thoughts are thought every day. For, mark you, it is

the unhappy man who commonly sits down and thinks; the happy man gets up and does something—kills something if he is the traditional Englishman, makes love if he is the traditional Frenchman. Which reminds me of Sterne, who in one of his happiest flashes said that the Frenchman took talking about love to be the same thing as making it. Ah, but what of the more melancholy Englishman who *thinks* about love instead of making it? The virtuous young man who broods over his disappointment when he should be making love to some one else? In love, at least, thinking instead of action or inaction—"For deeds undone Rankle and snarl and hunger for their due"—regrets, remorse—all that is painful and useless. No man is braced to seize a chance by thinking of the chances he has dropped. Muse on a happy past when a happy future is for ever impossible; remember, villain, when you are trapped at the end of the melodrama that you have had four good acts to steal and murder in at will; that is the only philosophy of musing.

I have sometimes thought that the load of thought is being lifted from my beloved race. In our books, our amusements, our conversation we think appreciably less than we were wont. A bright future of mental vacuity—if only the rest of the world will let us be—has sometimes seemed to be assured to us. But we have heard a great deal lately of sub-conscious thinking—we heard of it long ago, but lately we have not been allowed to forget it. Now, that is really terrible. What is the use of resolutely refusing to think and passing all our time in games and sports and eating and drinking and sleeping and making love if this confounded thinking is to go on sub-consciously, undisturbed? There is a posthumous book of the late Mr. Leland which asserts that the sub-conscious mind in a man is feminine and contrariwise. A pretty idea (perhaps a little indelicate to a properly brought-up person) though hardly likely to be welcomed as a valuable contribution to science by rigorous intellects like Professor Lankester's. It would really explain Mr. Meredith's Clara Middleton and Tolstoi's Natacha, would it not? (It is not perhaps indispensable to the explanation of many heroes drawn by women.) But if *all* our thinking becomes sub-conscious, the sexes, on this showing, would mentally change over. And then—why not in duties and privileges? Well . . . I do not agree with the Jew who thanks Heaven in his ritual for not having made him a woman. In the contemporary conditions of comfortable life, at least, I doubt if an exchange of duties and privileges would be so very disagreeable. But on the whole I shall continue to correct my feminine sub-consciousness with a little conscious masculine thinking. Masculine? Dear reader, this article is not a fair example; do not judge me by it.

G. S. STREET.

Science

Japan and Christianity

PROBABLY no subject can claim greater interest for the student of contemporary sociology than the relation of Japan to the dominant religion of the civilised world. In a recent interview, Dr. Pentecost declared that, in his opinion, Japan must necessarily take over Christianity, having taken over its product—Western civilisation. The idea of modern

battle-ships as a product of Christianity is not particularly beautiful, and I fancy most of us would agree with Newman's position, that modern civilisation is anything but a product of Christianity. But, leaving the reverend doctor, we may address ourselves to this most fascinating question, the answer to which cannot fail to be of the gravest significance—will Japan ultimately become Christian?

First let us get what guidance we can from history. Christianity first reached Japan on the 15th of August, 1549, when the noble missionary, St. Francis Xavier, landed at Kagoshima. He remained in Japan for two and a half years. The number of converts claimed for the Jesuit missions of this time is six hundred thousand, according to Mr. Lafcadio Hearn. Professor Foxwell, in his recent lectures at the Royal Institution, put the figures at one million. The difference does not matter, however, for all authorities, according to Professor Foxwell, are now agreed that the conversions were mainly nominal, bringing with them, as they did, the acquisition of novel and efficient weapons from the Portuguese. Hence Christianity became a source of danger to the ruling powers, to whom these well-armed converts offered no allegiance. At the beginning of the seventeenth century—in the year 1603, if I remember aright—the country of Japan was closed. Systematic war was declared against Christianity. Many native converts were tortured and martyred. The alien creed was utterly stamped out. No European was allowed to enter Japan; no Japanese were allowed to leave it. Any Japanese returning from abroad were put to death. At that time Japan was in a state of material and moral advancement fairly comparable with that of our own islands: but for two centuries and a half, during which the country and all its inhabitants were absolutely marooned, it was given over entirely to the soporific influence of Buddhism, there being nothing whatever to narrate of the history of Christianity in Japan throughout that long period.

A little less than half a century ago the country was opened, and the history of Christianity in Japan begins a new chapter. And first as to its official history. Some years ago, when the Mikado and his Government were engaged in the reconstruction of Japanese society, they considered the question of Christianity. A Commission was appointed to prepare a report upon its influence in checking vice and crime abroad. The verdict was unfavourable, and was in consonance with that of Kaempfer in the seventeenth century, who said of the Japanese, "They profess a great respect and veneration for their Gods, and worship them in various ways. And I think I may affirm that, in the practice of virtue, in purity of life, and outward devotion, they far outdo the Christians." The Commission seems to have been appointed in recognition of the principle "By their fruits ye shall know them." One wonders whether the horrible irony of the situation has appealed to the officials of Christianity.

The Japanese Government, therefore, did not adopt Christianity. During their struggle for treaty revision—which culminated in success only five years ago—they would have been much aided by even a hint to the effect that Christianity would shortly receive official recognition. Nevertheless, not only did they avoid any such hint, but rather suggested the reverse, even when the negotiations were most critical; and Professor Foxwell gives them great credit for their high sense of honour in this matter.

So much for the history of Christianity in its relation to the Japanese Government. Now let us consider

its history in relation to the people. According to Mr. Hearn, there were in 1894 some eight hundred Protestant, ninety-two Roman Catholic and three Greek Catholic missionaries. They claimed to have at that time about 100,000 converts between them, the Roman Catholics having much the greater success in proportion to their numbers. Mr. Hearn considers that Christianity has no chance of success in Japan. Mr. W. G. Aston, in his "History of Japanese Literature," published in 1899, states the number of native Christians at 113,000. He differs from Mr. Hearn, considering it "simply inconceivable" that Christianity should not follow European philosophy and science, which the Japanese have already accepted. He considers that, as was the case with Buddhism, there will be some modification, probably in the direction "of a more rationalistic form of Christian belief than that which prevails in Europe." If European science and philosophy depend upon Christianity, then certainly Mr. Aston's conclusion is irresistible.

We are told by contemporary authorities that the attitude of educated Japanese at the present day is one of agnosticism. In another part of his book Mr. Hearn quotes certain criticisms of Christian dogma as representing the present attitude of the upper classes in Japan. It appears that a great many Christian beliefs are regarded as of Buddhist origin, including the belief in the Virgin Birth. This is easily explicable, since the Buddha, like his analogues in the Egyptian and other religions, was believed to be born of a Virgin.

I have certainly no intention of making any prophecy after the brief study of this subject which I have made for the purposes of this article. All I would maintain is that any one who wants a serious issue to think about will find one here. I have already exceeded my space; but obviously it would be necessary to consider the present religious beliefs of Japan in coming to any conclusion. Knowledge in this matter seems to be scarce, if one may judge by Count Tolstoi's recent assertion that the people of Japan are fighting against the dictates of their religion. The duty of obeying the Mikado is part of the fundamental tenet of the religion of Japan.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

MR. W. B. YEATS' plays, "The King's Threshold," "On Baile's Strand," "The Hour Glass," "Cathleen Ni Houlihan," and "The Pot of Broth," have just been issued in two volumes by Mr. A. H. Bullen (3s. 6d. net each), and The Irish National Theatre Society gave two performances at the Royalty Theatre on last Saturday afternoon and evening. What do these events portend? What of promise for the future is there in them? To what end do these plays and performances tend? There is interest in them without a doubt and I will endeavour to find what of good there is. This is not the place to discuss Mr. Yeats as a poet, here we have to do with him as a playwright who sets out, so I take it, to place upon the stage plays which shall express the inner side of Irish life.

Of the plays before us we may at once put aside "The Pot of Broth," a capital farce, and "The Hour Glass," a Morality, the moral teaching of which is universal and not particular to Ireland. The tone of the other three plays is partly mystical, partly mythical and to my mind will do nothing at all to aid the

cause of the revival of Irish literature. Mr. Yeats, in his plays, apparently, counts human hearts as of little worth and ignores human emotion. In "The King's Threshold" the motive of the play is the banishing



MISS EVA MOORE

[From a Drawing by Yoshio Markino]

of the poets from the upper table in King Guaire's hall, of Seanchan in particular, who refuses to eat or drink until his privilege is restored. Of such material a drama cannot be made, a poem may be. "On Baile's Strand" deals with an event in the life of Cuchullain, King of Muirthemne, who, having unwittingly slain his son, plunges into the waves of the sea; here, perhaps, is tragedy, but not as Mr. Yeats has handled the matter, the characters do not live, they talk but do not convince, they act but we care not what they do. "Cathleen Ni Houlihan" is sheer mysticism. These plays have been written for "an Irish Theatre"; there is much good work in them, much good poetry, but no drama and no characterisation; they will not do anything in my

opinion to help the Irish stage. "The Pot of Broth," farce though it be, is Mr. Yeats' nearest approach to what is needed to achieve his purpose.

WHAT is needed? Simply living, human dramas and comedies of Irish life of to-day. It is scarcely too much to say that no dramatist has ever written a fine *acting* play which was not imbued with the spirit of his own times. Shakespeare wrote of Troy, Rome, Egypt, but his works breathed throughout of Elizabethan England; their setting was a detail, their essence was Elizabethan. If Mr. Yeats and his fellow workers desire to found a living Irish drama they must look to the life of to-day, not of yesterday, and must take for their characters human beings, not abstractions. Carleton should be their example; he wrote with power and pathos of the lives of the peasantry amid whom he lived; let our Irish dramatists go out into the country and write plays dealing with the tragedies and comedies that lie so thickly strewn over the hills and valleys of Irish life; living hearts, not dead bones—however poetic—those are what are needed, and if they be not given the Irish drama cannot live. I have every sympathy with these endeavours, and would have them succeed; but exotics will not "do," we want hardy plants.

THE two little plays by Mr. J. M. Synge and a longer piece by Mr. Padraic MacCormac Colm, given at the Royalty on Saturday, prove that these two writers are born dramatists as well as poets, although these particular works are written in prose. Both go to their knowledge of peasant life for their inspiration, and, while realists in the good sense of that word, never lose sight of the twilight of mysticism which enshrouds the Irish peasant's life. In "Riders to the Sea" Mr. Synge has given us an episode from fisher life in the West of Ireland, simple, pathetic, true, and in "The Shadow of the Glen" provides us with a charming bit of comedy, very original, restrained and faithful to life. Mr. Colm is more ambitious but equally successful; "Broken Soil" is in three short acts or scenes; it is a play of souls rather than of action, intensely interesting and quietly emotional. All three plays point out the road which must be followed by those who would restore the theatre to its literary dignity—the subject matter is men and women, their hopes, fears, struggles, defeats, victories; their manner is clean, clear, nervous English, without a trace of staginess or sham. We hope both writers will soon publish their plays in volume form, they must not reserve for Ireland what is meat for mankind.

As for the actors, amateurs all, of the Irish National Theatre Society, they are in earnest, busy over the progress of their play, natural in gestures, motions and tones of voice. As I sat at the Royalty on Saturday afternoon and evening I could not but compare, greatly to their advantage, the quietly effective methods of these amateurs with the noisily ineffective ways of many of our professional players; perhaps the secret of it all is that the members of the Irish National Theatre Society are enthusiasts; all good things on or off the stage are the outcome of enthusiasm. Special mention may be made of Honor Lavelle, who acted with fine emotion as the heart-stricken mother in "Riders to the Sea"; of Emma Vernon, who in the same piece proved that pathos lay in her command—indeed there were many wet eyes at the close of this piece; of Maire Nic

Shiubhlaigh; of P. J. Kelly in "Broken Soil," who played an extremely difficult part with dignity and truth, and of Mr. W. G. Fay, a born comedian, who cleverly differentiated two similar characters, being admirably amusing as the beggarman in Mr. Yeats' "A Pot of Broth." Good luck to them all and may they visit us again and frequently.

THERE is some capital acting to be seen at the Imperial Theatre, where Mr. Waller has passed from Hugo and John Davidson, poets and playwrights, to Dumas and Grundy, playwrights. "A Marriage of Convenience," as the version of "Un Mariage sous Louis XV." is entitled, is a light and entertaining non-moral comedy, with only one touch of nature in the character of the General, who should have been peppery, old-fashioned and laughable instead of seriously moral. We watch the play of the entertaining puppets with much enjoyment, only wishing now and again that they were a trifle more witty.

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

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Art Notes

As these lines are a-printing, the carts laden with stacks of pictures will be trundling down the back entrance to the Royal Academy, carrying their freight of a year's hope from nearly every studio in England. How well I remember the eager days in the early 'nineties when I sent my eight contributions, and the worst of them, put into the van as a piece of devilment by a wag from a neighbouring studio, were nearly always the pictures that were hung! It will be interesting to note the general quality and the numbers sent in this year. The rumour of an intention to elect an Associate-engraver does not carry much weight until we discover who the gentleman is on whom the Immortals have fixed their eyes, and Timothy Cole is presumably too American. In steel engraving the Academy will find some difficulty in selecting a member; but wood engraving is not without its Biscombe Gardner (if he be still alive, which I know not) nor etching without its Mortimer Menpes and others; but the best artists on wood to-day are William Nicholson and Gordon Craig, and of these two Nicholson has already a world-wide reputation amongst men of taste. I think it would be far more to the credit of each fortieth part of an Immortal if he were to rouse to the fact that black and white ought to be represented in preference to engraving; indeed, that it is in black and white that some of the most sublime artistry of our generation has been achieved. There are not a dozen Royal Academicians to-day the reputation of whose work in oils will survive their own lives, whilst the works of Beardsley and Caldecott, of the Beggarstiffs, and of Sime and Sandys and Raven-Hill and Charles Keene are immortal things—far-reaching and splendid and widely influencing. I have never understood the academic attitude towards black and white—for the Immortals in the past did at any rate honour reproductive engraving! We are a strangely hide-bound people in our conventions towards all artistic matters. I once heard an Academician speak of Phil May's work as the work of a pavement artist! That is to say, in plain words, that our Academician had not the eye to feel the wondrous musical quality of May's line, which, to any man who can feel line at all, is like the sound of music. I saw an Academician gaze at some of Beardsley's work, and it was as though one had tried to pour exquisite music into the ears of a deaf man. I saw an Academician stand before Whistler's portrait of Thomas Carlyle, and that wonderful girl-portrait of little Miss Alexander, and he could only see "mud" in them! Mud! In two amongst the greatest masterpieces in portraiture that the vast world has yet given us! But what I cannot understand is that *forty* men can be got together to think like that.

THE evidence in "The Weekly Critical Review" against Raphael's "La Belle Jardinière" at the Louvre is enormously strengthened in the last issue by the testimony of a contributor, Arthur Bles—indeed, it is almost as damning as the evidence of the certainty that Shakespeare's plays were written by "another fellow of the same name," on reading the ridiculous statement that Mr. George Moore is sure that they were written by Bacon, for, by Mr. Moore's own showing, no person of the name of Gallup or Donnelly or Moore could possibly know.

THE eleventh number of "Great Masters," published by Mr. Heinemann (5s.), contains a charming reproduction of Van Dyck's "Philip, Fourth Baron Wharton," from the Hermitage Gallery at St. Petersburg, and of Botticelli's circular "Virgin and Child with Angels." The Rembrandt, "The Syndics," is a very fine gravure, with a remarkably velvety rich quality. And what a strange history it holds! Painted in Rembrandt's best period, the work was little appreciated even by the men it has immortalised; indeed, like the superb "Night Watch," it probably lost him wealth and the commissions that produced wealth. But he persisted, through poverty and obscurity, in his own vision and his own genius—and, though he died for it, he gave the world some of its mightiest treasures.

THE receiving day for pictures intended for the forthcoming exhibition of the New English Art Club at the Dudley Gallery in Piccadilly is fixed for Tuesday, April 5, and it is almost needless to say that for outsiders it is necessary to procure the written invitation of two members to submit not more than two works to the jury, which consists this year of Messrs. Francis Bate, Wilson Steer, Brown, Tonks, Rothenstein, Orpen, John, D. S. MacColl, Muirhead, Henry, McEvoy, Fry and Rich.

As a northern counterpoise to the numberless sacred paintings by Italian artists, none stands more revered, none more admired, than the altar-piece at Ghent by the brothers Hubert and John van Eyck. Their great masterpiece was commissioned by Jodoc Vydt and Isabella his wife (the donors, whose portraits are represented on the wings of the picture) and intended for the chantry chapel of the family in St. John's Church, now the Cathedral of S. Bavon, Ghent. The altar-piece has, as is well known, been dismembered, and now two panels are in the Gallery of Brussels, six in the Royal Museum at Berlin, and only the four principal centre panels remain in the church at Ghent. In the past the ecclesiastical owners of these priceless pictures had so little regard for their value that they allowed some of them to leave their hands; but during the last hundred years the cathedral chapter has treasured its rare possession—so much so that it has hitherto refused to grant permission for photographing the four panels in the open air. The Berlin Photographic Company have, for the first time, succeeded in getting the permission granted to them to have the pictures removed from the church into the open air, cleaned and photographed. They are just going to issue a portfolio containing the photogravure reproductions from all the original paintings, the first direct and absolutely faithful reproduction of all twenty paintings on a uniform scale, three-tenths the size of the originals. The work will be issued by the Berlin Photographic Company, 133 New Bond Street, London, W., as a portfolio. The publishers have also designed a frame in which the pictures may be fitted so that they can be seen in facsimile of the great work as it was intended to be seen by its painters, with the shutters opening and closing, just as in the original altar-piece in the Ghent Cathedral.

MESSRS. METHUEN are to be congratulated on the new addition to their "Little Books on Art" series, for Miss Frances Tyrrell-Gill has treated the life of "Turner" excellently well in the short space at her disposal. The illustrations are charming—and when their reduction is considered they are marvellous. Failures there are, unfortunately, like "Crossing the

Brook"; but these are blotted out by many successes. Personally, I think black ink more successful than brown in process work—it gives better light and shade. The brown ink gives a sense of monotony—and of the reproduction being from an etching rather than from an oil-painting. This may be my personal bias; yet I fancy that many of these reproductions are from steel engravings when they ought to be from the canvas.

Musical Notes

THE recent dinner of British musicians was an interesting gathering which might well have been better supported by the more influential members of the profession. Musicians as a class are divided into so many cliques and coteries, so eaten up with internal jealousies and dissensions, that more than most folk they would benefit if they met more frequently in this sort of manner. They need, indeed, only bringing together to realise that one and all are men and brothers after all, even though this man's music may be that man's noise, and this one's deity another one's devil. As it was, however, under the genial presidency of Mr. Landon Ronald, who may be reckoned without question one of the most gifted of the coming men, the company was quite large enough to be fitly festive, while the speechifying was at once amusing and instructive.

MR. RONALD started the ball with his plea on behalf of the native musician, so often displaced under prevailing conditions by his rival from foreign parts; and the fact that not a few falling within the latter category were among those gathered round the board, availed not in the least to check the outspoken observations with which subsequent speakers endorsed the chairman's remarks. Perhaps, however, there might have been more general recognition of the progress which has already been effected in the direction desired. The "damned foreigner" to whom Mr. Corder made humorous allusion may still be with us in very considerable numbers, but to nothing like the extent which prevailed in days gone by. As Mr. Palmer rightly put it in the course of his racy speech, we are steadily advancing in this matter. Singers, instrumentalists, conductors, composers, all alike, whether of native birth or not, have an infinitely better chance nowadays than in those earlier times when it was the foreigner first and the Britisher nowhere.

Nor that any sensible person would desire the exclusion, of course, of really distinguished musicians from abroad who chose to visit us. That would be Chauvinism of the most foolish sort. To attempt the exclusion of really eminent composers and executants in the supposed interests of native art would indeed be a fatuous and short-sighted proceeding—and this even though it may be that the best of our own men may not always get like justice done to them abroad under the existing condition of affairs. But to give due ear to genius, whether foreign or home grown, is a different thing from thrusting foreign mediocrities into posts which might just as well be occupied by good, honest British-born musicians of the same calibre; and this was the point as to which, though all of the estimable foreign gentlemen did not seem to see it, there was general unanimity the other evening.

PARTICULARS of the special Wagner and Mozart performances to be given under Richter's direction at

Covent Garden have now been announced. "Don Giovanni," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger" are the operas to be performed, and three complete cycles of these works will be given in all during the month of May at special rates of subscription somewhat in excess of the usual prices. At the same time, it is pointed out that subscribers will get value for their money in the shape of performances which, with the help of an increased orchestra, extra rehearsals, and the best available singers, will be as perfect as possible. The Wagnerian works will be given in German and those of Mozart in Italian, without "cuts" in every instance, though efforts will be made to conclude each performance not later than 11.30, to which end the longer works will be begun at 7 o'clock.

CONSIDERABLE changes in connection with the Queen's Hall orchestra are likely to result as a consequence of Mr. Wood's determination to disallow the practice of sending deputy players. Mr. Wood's purpose is obvious. He wants to secure an orchestra which shall be his all in all with the object of extracting therefrom the finest possible results; and in the abstract one may heartily sympathise with his aims in this regard. But whether he will attain his purpose is another matter. The case is not so simple as it looks. On the face of it nothing seems more reasonable than that the members of such an orchestra as Mr. Wood's should be required to guarantee constant attendance. In fact, however, there are difficulties, inasmuch as this would mean in many cases the sacrifice of private engagements of much greater value than the comparatively few concerts which take place at the Queen's Hall. If the Queen's Hall concerts were more numerous it would be another matter. As it is, Mr. Wood practically asks his players to sacrifice all their other interests for a pecuniary return which does not warrant this. He is seeking to obtain, that is to say, the advantages of a permanent orchestra continuously employed, while offering only occasional engagements.

If he can get good players on these terms he is quite entitled to do so of course. But it is said that he will not manage this. Many at least of his finest players have intimated their intention to resign. And for a time, at least, this cannot fail to affect seriously the composition of the orchestra. It will entail further an immense amount of hard work on Mr. Wood in teaching his new men their business. At present the band is marvellously efficient, and through its constant association can tackle the most difficult scores if need be without a single rehearsal. The new arrangements will alter all this, and though Mr. Wood doubtless hopes to gain in the long run he may find himself mistaken even here. For if he supplies his present needs by new-comers from abroad, say his critics, the same difficulty will inevitably arise regarding these in due course, and then he will have all his present troubles over again. The outside public, of course, is not greatly concerned in the matter. But it would be cause for general regret if the fine *ensemble* possessed at present by the orchestra were impaired.

MEANWHILE it is satisfactory to notice that extra concerts of both the Saturday and Sunday series at Queen's Hall have been announced. The magnificent audiences attracted by these concerts recently have been nothing less than astonishing. However it may be with other concert givers, Mr. Wood seems to have

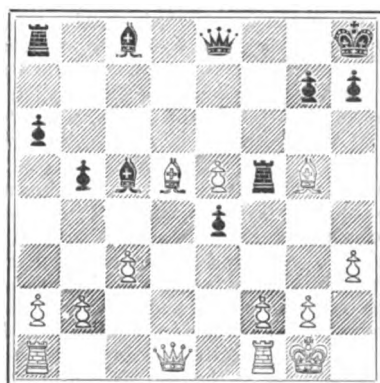
found a public who cannot have too much of him. The enormous audiences drawn by the Sunday concerts are particularly significant, perhaps, while the stream of carriages and motor cars outside is evidence always as to the class of people attracted in such numbers. Covent Garden itself could hardly show a smarter assemblage than may be seen in these days on a Sunday afternoon at the Queen's Hall listening to "Ein Heldenleben" or the "C minor." Undoubtedly it is a sign of the times, and a very pleasant one at that.

Chess

[All communications, marked clearly "Chess" on cover, to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Academy and Literature," 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.]

No. 2.

BLACK.



WHITE.

BLACK TO PLAY AND WIN.

[Solutions will be duly acknowledged and occasionally commented on.]

The following is the solution to the end game in our initial number:—(1) R—K 8, R—B 1 or Kt 1. White can now block the position on the king's side and win by moving his king round to Q B 8.

Correct solutions were received from Chas. Page and A. Sidgwick.

There was an interesting analysis in the March number of the "B. C. M." of Charousek's attack in the Falkbeer. The following are the opening moves:

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. P—K 4 | 1. P—K 4 |
| 2. P—K B 4 | 2. P—Q 4 |
| 3. P×Q P | 3. P—K 5 |
| 4. P—Q 3 | 4. Kt—K B 3 |
| 5. P×P | 5. Kt×P |
| 6. Q—K 2 | 6. Q×P |
| 7. Kt—Q 2 | 7. P—K B 4 |
| 8. P—K Kt 4 | 8. Kt—Q B 3 |

Black's last move was introduced by Pillsbury, and the "B. C. M." gives his analysis, showing that Black wins after (9) B—Kt 2 by Kt—Q 5. (9) P—Q B 3 is dismissed with a short note, giving the following continuation as favourable to Black:

- | | |
|------------|---------------|
| 9. P—Q B 3 | 9. B—K 2 |
| 10. B—Kt 2 | 10. O O (?) |
| 11. Kt×Kt | 11. P×Kt |
| 12. B×P | 12. B—R 5 ch. |

Black has now an attack that is irresistible, but it seems to us that the best moves are not played on either side, and we suggest the two following lines of play:

- | | |
|------------|---------------|
| 9. P—Q B 3 | 9. B—K 2 |
| 10. B—Kt 2 | 10. B—R 5 ch. |

If Black castles White can play (11) P×B P, winning the Kt. It is essential to check at this point as White can move to B or Q square, and quite a different line of attack is needed in each case.

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| A 11. K—Q 1 | 11. B—K 8! |
| 12. Kt—B 3 | |

If (12) P×P, Kt—B 7 ch.; (13) Q×Kt, B×Q; (14) B×Q; B×B; (15) K Kt—B 3, O-O-O, with a fine game.

12. O-O-O

and the attack should win. The sacrifice of the piece is quite sound.

- | | |
|-------------|---------|
| B 11. K—B 1 | 11. O-O |
|-------------|---------|

White has now several moves at his disposal, but none is satisfactory. (11) P—Kt 5 would be answered by Q—Q 3; (11) Kt—K B 3 by B—K 2, and Kt×Kt, as we have seen above, leads to a lost game.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

We offer a prize of a guinea every quarter for the best game played at any club either in matches, tournaments, or in the course of ordinary play, with this restriction—that the club membership shall not exceed 200. We hope by this restriction to excite interest in the competition among clubs all over the country. The prize will be awarded to the player sending in the best game—that is, competitors may send in one game each week and the prize will go to the player who has sent in the best during the quarter. Competitors can therefore send in many or few games, as they see fit, and at any time. The prize will not be a cash payment, but will take the form of books to be selected by the prize winner.

No winner can secure the prize twice in six months, but prize winners can of course compete again, and, if one of their games is the best, it will appear at the head of the list at the end of each quarter.

The name and club of each of the players must in all cases be given with the score of the game, and competitors must send in the Chess Competition Coupon of the current week with each game.

The prize will be awarded by the Editor of this column, his decision will be final, and no discussion or correspondence on his decision will be permitted.

The First Quarterly Competition commences with this issue. Games may be sent in at any time by competitors, but not more than one game each week.

[Competition Coupon on page 3 of Cover.]

Correspondence

"All Round Readers"

SIR,—Your correspondent "B. S. G.," in his letter on "All Round Readers" in a recent ACADEMY, makes a statement which seems rather rashly sweeping. He says: "You speak of the desirability of training the mind to enjoy solid books. Women will always prefer fiction. . . . Unfortunately it is not the best novels that are the most read."

That the great mass of women prefers fiction is true; that the majority of men does also is also true, although your correspondent has overlooked that; and that these readers prefer novels of the lightest cannot be denied. They like books which deal with obvious situations, highly coloured to catch the light, which is sensationalism, or toned down to the matters of everyday life which make no demand on the imagination of the reader, which is the domestic or love interest.

But the implication that women, although trained to read solid books, would still prefer fiction, is overstrained. It is the experience of many with whom I have spoken on the subject, and it is my own, that every year sees an increasing number of women who are "all round readers," and that, once shown the light, the feminine brain is as ready to "follow the gleam" as the masculine.

It needs as much training before the average mind can appreciate Thackeray, George Eliot, Meredith, Hardy, or any of the writers of higher fiction, as it does for the enjoyment of more general literature. The mind that loves "The Story of Chloe" can enjoy stronger food. It needs no training to revel in "The Three Musketeers," but there is a wide difference between enjoying a story and appreciating the gifts of the writer who evolved it; and higher fiction has it in common with all good literature that the mind and genius of the writer are too obvious to be overlooked, and therefore the average mind is not educated to it, for the average mind is pent within itself. This is the cause of that egotism which "B. S. G." deplores, and the sense of caste of which he speaks is the narrowness of the modern idea which has contracted the spirit of feudalism into the servant question.

In writing of women as Kiplingites, the writer once made the assertion that "true reading is absolutely sexless," which statement was disputed. If it is necessary to leave all thought of caste behind, it is equally necessary to leave all thought of sex with it. "All round readers" are those who can detach their minds from themselves and attain the

region of unindividualised consciousness—the intellectual corresponding state to that religious exaltation which Christian Scientists claim to be the merging of the personal in the Infinite. To be able to reach this intellectual region of pure thought needs training, just as the Buddhists need training before they can attain the spiritual state which is so closely allied to the ideal of the Christian Scientists quoted above, but which carries with it none of the over-reachings and distortions of the latter sect; but this training is largely a matter of opportunity, the faculty of detachment lying dormant in most minds waiting the touch of the awakener. "B. S. G." is mistaken in supposing that the feminine intellect, under proper tuition, is less capable of intellectual appreciation than the masculine.—Yours, &c.

H. PEARL HUMPHRY.

"And"

SIR,—Mr. Clement Shorter asserts that a sentence can only begin with the word "and" in verse, "not in good, sturdy prose."

I suppose it will be allowed that Macaulay wrote "good, sturdy prose," and that John Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, John Henry Newman, Walter Pater and Robert Louis Stevenson are no mean models of style, and instances abound in their works of sentences and paragraphs beginning with the word "and."

Are we to dethrone our idols?—Yours, &c.

P. A. SILLARD.

A Psychological Mystery

SIR,—Mr. Saleeby's theory will undoubtedly weather any rival hypothesis of which the "pre-existence" idea is a constituent. Mr. Charles Richardson postulates an "if" and proceeds to draw a strikingly bizarre picture of its possibilities.

Science would not, however, make any very considerable progress were she to turn aside after every gay will-o'-the-wisp of imagination like this.—Yours, &c.

J. B. WALLIS.

"Vulgar Errors"

SIR,—"Africanus" is correct: "different to" is grievously wrong, and, though hallowed by custom and the patronage of great writers, ought to be struck out wherever encountered. Scientific and philosophical authors are, I have observed, peculiarly guiltless of such blunders, which I most frequently meet with in newspapers. I never read novels, though can well believe these would furnish a plentiful crop of errors.

"Sympathy for," instead of "sympathy with," is a barbarism often appearing; "I expect" in relation to a past event, when "I suspect" would be correct; "friend of mine" instead of "my friend"; one might collect bushels of them in time—mistakes, not friends.

A less unpardonable error is the use of "climax" as expressive of the highest point. De Quincey uses the word in its strictly etymological correctness in his "Vision of Sudden Death," namely: "Sudden death is here made to crown the climax in a grand ascent of calamities."

I fear these errors will continue as long as newspapers, which are largely responsible for their perpetuation, if not for their creation. And it is of no avail to attempt reforming newspapers: they criticise but must not be criticised—judge and must not be judged.—Yours, &c.

J. B. WALLIS.

Wet Flies and Dry Flies

SIR,—Mr. Morris Colles, in his pleasant review of "Trout Fishing," says that the lures depicted in the model "Book of Flies," showing the months to which they are appropriate, are "wet-fly patterns exclusively." Surely not! In practically all cases the patterns of the wet flies are identical with those of the dry flies. Thus the model book, as pictorially presented by Mr. Mortimer Menpes—in the compilation of which Mr. Senior of "The Field," the famous "Redspinner," lent an expert hand—applies to dry-fly streams and to wet-fly waters alike.—Yours, &c.

W. EARL HODGSON.

"The Birth of Love"

SIR,—Mr. Saleeby's attribution of the invention of morality to woman goes too far. That woman conceived morality (i.e., Deity itself) is the central dogma of Christianity; but she did not create what she conceived. In other words, she received and developed fundamental morals, which came from their eternal source and cause, whither they tend again. Morality would surely exist even if mankind had never been.

Furthermore, Mr. Saleeby says that Roman Catholicism believes Herbert Spencer to be "burning." Roman Catholicism must be allowed to disclaim such a judgment.—Yours, &c.

CATHOLIC.

THE CELTIC AND SCANDINAVIAN ANTIQUITIES OF SHETLAND. By Gilbert Goudie. (London: William Blackwood, 7s. 6d. net.) It would be difficult to imagine a subject more replete with romantic interest than that of the past history of the remote group of islands and islets collectively known as Shetland, the Ultima Thule of the Latin world, where the scanty but sturdy population still retain many quaint superstitions and customs that have been crushed out elsewhere by civilisation. In the study of that past history no safer guide could be chosen than the learned author of this delightful series of essays, reprinted from the "Proceedings of the Scotch Society of Antiquaries," on the relics left behind them by the successive dwellers in the twenty-nine inhabited islands. Mr. Goudie has spent no less than thirty years in skilled research, and in the course of his excavations of ancient structures now ruined, or of long forgotten burial places, and his unwearied searching of neglected records, he has made many an important discovery, catching by the way unexpected and often curious and deeply significant glimpses of home life in olden times, that throw a vivid light upon certain still existing local peculiarities. Arranging his materials in chronological order, Mr. Goudie begins with the prehistoric age and passes thence to consider what he calls that of Celtic Christianity, succeeded in its turn by the Scandinavian era. His text is supplemented by a number of excellent illustrations of typical relics of each period, and he is careful in every case to give the English meaning of local terms. In spite of this, however, the one drawback of his work is that he takes expert knowledge on the part of his reader too much for granted, and often disappoints expectation by assuming that some story he has begun to tell is familiar to every one, as when he says: "There is no event in the history of Shetland that equals in intensity of interest the trial of Laurence Bruce of Cultemalindie," but after quoting the sources of his own information, he concludes with the words: "Precious as the record is, the details . . . need not be reproduced here."

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

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[Continued on page 390.]

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EDITED BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

No. 1666. Established 1869. London: 9 April 1904.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.]

Literary Notes

EVERY one will sympathise with and wish well to the Irish literary revival in so far as it aims at dressing the Irish classics in English speech and at imbuing the writings of to-day with the true spirit of Irish life. That any real or lasting success can attend the endeavour to preserve the Irish language I do not believe and I go farther, saying that it would be a pity if it did succeed. It is to be hoped that there will always be Irish scholars and students, as there are of other ancient tongues, but what good can be gained by writers of to-day setting out their work in a tongue spoken and read by only a minority of their own race? What all will hope to see successful is the work of those who are striving to render Irish poetry and prose redolent of the Irish soil, who are working to raise up a school of Irish writers, and who know that any living literature must be based upon national life and human emotion. Scholars, historians, poets, writers of fiction and of plays, are all working in this direction, and if only they will combat a tendency to consider the affairs of yesterday of more importance than those of to-day and to place sheer mysticism before naturalness they will give the world much for which gratitude will be due.

Of Irish writers in the past there are many whom we hope the modern school will not forget or neglect, Carleton, the Banims, Mangan, Davis, Ferguson and some others; of the new school there are several whose names are already widely known and others who will quickly make their mark, among them "A. E.," Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. J. M. Synge, Mr. Colm, Lady Gregory, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, Jane Barlow, Dora Sigerson and Dr. Douglas Hyde; a band of writers of extraordinary brilliancy, but the mystics must not be allowed to direct the movement if it is not to sink into a merely local outburst. Nor should peasant life be taken by writers of fiction or of drama as representing all Ireland; it does not, any more than the kail-yard represents all Scotland.

LADY GREGORY tells much of interest of the recent literary revolution in Ireland in the "Book Monthly," and is, of course, a strong supporter of the Gaelic League for revival of the Irish language. She gives full credit for its good work to the National Theatre: "Now let us look at the joint fruit of these movements and ask to what it amounts. At the moment it is showing itself chiefly in dramatic revival. The Irish Literary Theatre was begun by Mr. Yeats, Mr. Martyn, and myself, and it was

at one of its performances that we gave 'The Twisting of the Rope,' by Dr. Douglas Hyde, the first play in Gaelic ever acted in a Dublin theatre. That play has spread throughout the country—it and other plays from various pens. Every play that Dr. Hyde writes is



M. PAUL MARGUERITTE

[Photo. Gilbert, Paris]

snapped up, as it were, by the people and performed in this village or the other. Father Peter O'Leary took to writing plays at the age of seventy, and his pieces have been received with great enthusiasm, chiefly in the south.

"OTHER priests have written plays; so, in English, has Mr. J. M. Synge, whose work has both humorous and tragic power; in fine, plays are being written and acted continually, to the growing interest of the Irish people. Last year I saw one performed in Galway, which had been written by the workhouse schoolmaster; another play I saw was by a young man living in a fishing village. It was first acted by working boys and girls and then taken to Dublin, where it drew large audiences for three nights. Different Irish plays have been brought to Dublin and performed in the Rotunda before thousands of people."

No one will deny the interest of all this, no one can fail to recognise the enthusiasm which lies behind this popular revival; but there are many who doubt that any lasting good can result from this high endeavour to stay

the death of a declining tongue, yet who desire to see the spirit of Ireland breathed into her literature. But after all, time only can tell.

THE first ACADEMY "Book Market," containing over fifty reports from booksellers all over Great Britain and Ireland, printed in last week's issue, suggests some matter for consideration. In twenty-one cases the first of the three best selling books were not fiction, a by no means expected or unwelcome result; while roughly speaking of the (about) one hundred and fifty entries given about one half only are fiction; considering that the reports come from such various parts of the country and from booksellers of every class, these two results are surely satisfactory. I hope that this feature will grow in size as the months pass by, and that it will be useful to publishers, buyers and sellers of books.

TWENTY-SIX thousand pounds for an edition of Dickens, in a hundred and thirty volumes, limited to ten sets. Will absurdities ever cease? Who are the ten absurd persons who have been found to subscribe to this monument of—absurdity. And, as a contemporary writes, what would Dickens say about it? Probably he would have used some fairly strong language, and so would I if it were worth while. But it is a pity to think that there are snobs among book buyers, for the only attraction of this edition at such a price to any one can be the fact that there are nine others foolish enough to have bought it.

SOME little time since an esteemed literary critic complained that the "big" magazines did not devote a sufficiency of space to matters literary. If this be true is it not the fault of the public to which magazine editors are ever willing to supply that which is demanded? Further still, is it true? There are many interesting literary papers in this month's magazines. In the "Fortnightly" we are given an article by Mr. H. C. Minchin, which tells us nothing new of Cowley's verse, and does not, I think, quite do justice to his prose. Then there is a curious paper "Of the True Greatness of Thackeray," by Mr. H. H. Statham, who, though he does not always convince, at worst does interest. Here, for example, is a rather sweeping dictum: "What is the real object of fiction of the higher order? Mere story-telling, invented to pleasantly excite (*sic*) the curiosity during an idle hour, we may leave out of consideration . . . it is not literature!" Indeed! What then, say, of "Robinson Crusoe" and all the works of Miss Austen? Then, again: "Nor can one blame any serious novelist or dramatist for having a moral aim in his mind in writing (will any one maintain that 'Lear,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Macbeth' have no moral aim?)." Certainly, I will; those plays are full of moral lessons just as is our everyday life, but it is absurd to argue that Shakespeare, the practical playwright and experienced actor-manager, set out to write plays with moral aims. I will go farther and say that I do not believe that any great play or any great work of fiction—excepting the "Pilgrim's Progress"—perhaps I had better say novel, was ever written with a moral aim.

ON the other hand, what true admirer of Thackeray will disagree with Mr. Statham's opinion that it is doubtful if the collective republication of Thackeray's lighter contributions to journals and periodicals has been of any advantage to the writer's reputation or to his

lovers! Personally I go as far as to say with him that the Snob Papers might be left to the popular volumes in which they first saw the light, but I cannot agree that "Thackeray's genuine greatness rests on his two historical novels, and on his three most prominent novels of modern life—'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis' and 'The Newcomes'—and on the latter more especially than on the former." "Vanity Fair" may come first, but surely "Esmond" is second? And Thackeray's works minus "Philip," "A Shabby Genteel Story," the fragment "Denis Duval," "Barry Lyndon," the lectures and the "Roundabout Papers"—no! But though all of Mr. Statham's opinions will not please, the majority do so and are stimulating as well. Too many critics of to-day seek to found a reputation by sneering at the great writers of yesterday; among such Mr. Statham is not. In addition to the two articles above mentioned, the "Fortnightly" contains papers upon D'Annunzio's new play, "La Figlia di Jorio"; a rather unsatisfactory contribution by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace upon what he calls "The 'Leonanie' Problem"; a sonnet by W. L. C. (who *can* this be?), "Vox Clamantis"; a poem by Miss Ethel Clifford; letters on the Drama by Mrs. Craigie and Madame de Navarro (the unforgotten "Mary Anderson") and chapters of Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Theophano."

"THE NEW YORK BOOKMAN" calls Mr. Eden Phillpotts to task for making one of the characters in "The American Prisoner" describe how he had shot grizzlies in the Rocky Mountains, "then quite unknown." What has the author to say?

IN 1899, at the Hague Peace Conference, Mr. Andrew D. White, the American Ambassador to Germany, laid a silver wreath on the tomb of Grotius at Delft and paid at the same time a fine tribute to that great writer's genius and work. Grotius' "Rights of War and Peace," still the classic on the Law of Nations, is, old though it be, a book of the moment, and its republication by Mr. M. Walter Dunne, of New York, is extremely opportune. The reprint is from the English translation by Dr. A. C. Campbell, undertaken at the instance of Lord Liverpool, copies of which are now very rare. I may quote a few words of Mr. White: "The coming of Grotius was like the rising of the sun out of the primeval abyss; his work was both creative and illuminative. We may reverently insist that, in the domain of International Law, Grotius said, 'Let there be light!' and there was light."

SEVERAL well-known novelists have accepted the invitation of the editor of "The People's Friend" to express their views on "The Influence of Modern Fiction." Is a writer of fiction quite the best person to take a clear view of the subject? Mrs. Steel is, indeed, candour personified when she writes: "There is ten times too much fiction read, and a hundred times too much fiction written." The other contributors to the discussion, among them Mr. John Oxenham, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson and Mr. Richard Whiteing, apparently hold the unassailable position that good fiction cannot do any one any hurt! Who said it could? The last-named writer does, indeed, touch on the real sore, when he says "As to fiction ousting almost every kind of serious reading, that is perfect rubbish. The serious reader will read seriously; the others, but for fiction, would often read nothing at all, and the fiction often leads those who are so minded to higher things." But—

BUT though there is no fear of serious reading being overwhelmed by the reading of fiction, surely the lamentable fact is this. Year by year the number increases of those who can and do read, but the demand for serious reading does not grow and the cry for exciting, unreal fiction does increase from day to day, and also the call for snippety journals and magazines. Good sound port, claret, or Rhine-wine are drunk now as they were before, but the drinking of literary spirits and pick-me-ups is enormously increasing. There is the danger. "The serious reader will read seriously," of course he will; what is wanted is the conversion to serious reading of the reader of fiction only.

IN "Macmillan" there is a clear-sighted article by the Master of Peterhouse on the late Master of the Temple, from which I extract a passage:

"Of literary work proper he produced comparatively little, but hardly anything,—it may be said without hesitation—that was not of incontestable excellence. For forty years or thereabouts the columns of this magazine were always open to him, but there are often gaps of years between his contributions, and (whether he wrote in his own name, under the felicitous alias of Doubleday, or anonymously) he never wrote without personal knowledge of his subject, or special familiarity with it. The best of the literary papers deal with Charles Lamb, with Coleridge and Wordsworth, and with Tennyson. It is curious, but characteristic, that he should have printed so little about Shakespeare, whom he handled daily and nightly; there were, I think, some timely papers by him on Shakespeare's learning in 'The Pilot,' a journal very congenial to Ainger; but he did not care for commentary laid on with the trowel, and had an edition of Shakespeare by him ever become an accomplished fact, he would not have stood between the poet and the sunlight. The inquiry into the origin of Coleridge's 'Ode to Wordsworth,' and the charming essay entitled 'Nether Stowey,' already mentioned, deserve reprinting, should occasion ever offer, as valuable contributions to literary history; a third paper of special interest is that on the death of Tennyson, which skilfully elaborates the present significance of the poem 'Merlin and the Gleam,' printed three years before the poet's decease."

"THE WORLD'S WORK" does not contain any articles which call for particular notice in these columns, but it does give an extraordinary quantity of very informative and interesting matter, all very well illustrated.

MESSRS. CALDWELL, of Boston, are issuing "The Legends of Parsifal," by Mrs. Mary Hanford Ford, a work which should prove welcome to all Wagnerians. They also publish a volume of a very different character, "The Peril of the Sword," a story of the Indian Mutiny, by Colonel Harcourt, who dedicates the tale to Lord Roberts, who appears in the pages of the novel! This opens up a terrible vista of men of the day enshrined in fiction!

SCOTLAND is making a determined effort to range itself with Ireland in what is known as the Celtic Revival. Edinburgh has already a Celtic chair in its University; and Glasgow has the McCallum Celtic Lectureship under which Dr. Magnus Maclean delivered the course of lectures recently reviewed in THE ACADEMY, on "The Literature of the Highlands," and Professor Kuno Meyer lately finished a course on the Celtic Church. But Glasgow wants something more than an annual course of fifteen lectures. So a fund is being raised to produce an additional sum of £200 a year for the next

five years, with the purpose of securing the appointment of a lecturer who would devote his whole time to the subject and conduct a class which would qualify for degree examinations. It is gratifying to know that a large proportion of the necessary sum has been promised.



M. VICTOR MARGUERITTE

[Photo. Gilbert, Paris]

THEN from Edinburgh comes the announcement of a quarterly magazine designed to further the growing interest in the language and literature of the Scottish Gael. Among the treasures of the Advocates' Library are several valuable Gaelic manuscripts, and the aims of the promoters of the "Scottish Celtic Review" include the printing and elucidation of these and other documents. The acting editorship will be undertaken by Miss E. C. Carmichael; but Mr. Mackinnon, Professor of Celtic Languages in Edinburgh University, will lend his assistance in a consultative capacity.

THE University of Aberdeen is to commemorate the late Archibald Forbes, upon whom it conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, by a gold medal to be associated with the graduation class in history. The capital sum necessary for this purpose has been obtained from the Committee which had charge of the erection of the monument in St. Paul's to the famous war correspondent; and Mrs. Forbes has added a sum sufficient to make the prize an annual one. The special subject for the first year's award will be the "Holy Roman Empire" of Mr. Bryce, who is one of the members of Parliament for the city of Aberdeen.

AT Glasgow University, too, memorials are occupying the attention of the authorities. Dr. John Young, in addition to holding the professorship of Natural History there, was curator of the Hunterian Museum; and the memorial which has been subscribed for will recognise his merits chiefly as exhibited in the second of these capacities. In the first place a bronze medallion of Dr. Young will be placed in the Hunterian Museum; in the second, a volume of scientific papers contributed by him to various journals, and prefaced by a short memoir, will be issued; and, in the third, a catalogue of the valuable but hitherto uncharted manuscripts in the Hunterian Museum, which the professor had nearly finished, will be published when competent hands shall have brought it to completion. Judged by the

results of recent researches, this catalogue should be of inestimable value to scholars, and just such a memorial as Professor Young would have chosen. Then £700 has been subscribed for a memorial to the late Professor Hastie, of the same University, who died so unexpectedly last year; but the form of the memorial has not yet been decided.

Bibliographical

MISS MARY CHOLMONDELEY is the latest of the novelists (assuredly she will not be the last) to discuss the question of copyright in titles. Immediately preceding her came Miss Frances Peard, who published in 1894 a story called "The Interloper," and who seems to have been drawing attention to the fact that, since then, that title has been used for a story twice—by Miss Elizabeth Hall in 1901, and by Mrs. Jacob quite recently. "Surely" (says Miss Cholmondeley) "a title should be copyright, or an author should be able to pay a fee to make it so." Is it so certain that a novelist should have perpetual rights in a title, or rights in it even during the whole of his or her lifetime? Because Miss Peard published a tale called "The Interloper" just ten years ago, is no one else ever to publish an "Interloper"? "Also," says Miss Cholmondeley, "would it be possible to register (as it were to bespeak) a title in advance?" Well, it is not desirable that any one should make a "corner" in titles. We should soon have many more titles than books. Let us have the book first, and secure the title, if we can, afterwards. Meanwhile, it is open to doubt whether authors or publishers take sufficient trouble to find out whether or no the titles they have thought of have been used already. There are catalogues in existence which they could consult if they would take the pains. They need not go back so very, very far, after all. If a novel has been out of print for, say, twenty years or so, its title cannot be of any real value to the owner of the copyright, who would have difficulty, consequently, in convincing a judge that some one else's use of the title was an act of spoliation. And that is what he would have to prove if he took the matter into Court.

A selection from Landor is to figure in the "Thin Paper Series" of Messrs. Newnes, and I gather that it is to be the most liberal in its proportions of any books of Landor selections. The best of these up to now has been that edited by Mr. Sidney Colvin for the "Golden Treasury" series in 1882 and reprinted in 1893. The others have been less comprehensive. There were those issued by Messrs. Walter Scott in 1886 and 1889 respectively, which reproduced some of the "Imaginary Conversations" and the "Pentameron." In 1887 Henry Morley introduced "Gebir" and "Count Julian" into Cassell's "National Library," and in 1889 there was a selection from Landor's verse in the series of "Canterbury Poets." "Pericles and Aspasia," in a cheap and also in a luxurious form, was reproduced in 1890. In 1897 came a little collection of "Aphorisms," made by Mr. Brimley Johnson, and in 1901 a similarly diminutive gathering of "Love Poems" for "The Lovers' Library." Nine years ago the whole "Works" in prose and verse were obtainable in two volumes; whether this edition is still in print I do not know. Equally ignorant am I whether the five-volume edition of the "Imaginary Conversations," printed in 1883, is still in the book market, or only securable at

the second-hand booksellers'. A moderate-priced edition of Landor would be a real boon.

In adding a selection from Thomas Campbell's poems to their "Golden Treasury" series, Messrs. Macmillan are doing well. They did well when they did the same thing for Southey and for Moore, both of whom had been unduly neglected. The author of "Ye Mariners of England," "The Battle of the Baltic," and "Hohenlinden" has waited long for this coming recognition. He has not, of course, been absolutely forgotten. A firm of publishers remembered, in 1899, that he was a "Famous Scot," and put a short biography of him into a series of little books issued by them. In 1894 Messrs. Routledge included the "Works" in their "Hearth and Home" library. In 1892 Henry Morley included a selection from Campbell's poems in his "Companion Poets." In 1890 Messrs. Bell issued a new impression of the "Works" as edited by the Rev. W. A. Hill and prefaced by William Allingham (in the "Aldine Series"). (This volume came out originally in 1875.) In 1887 Messrs. Routledge included the "Works" in their "Pocket Library," and in 1885 Messrs. Walter Scott published a selection from the Poems, made and prefaced by Mr. J. Hogben. These details represent the history of Campbell as a poet during the past twenty years, and it is not as creditable as it might be to the enterprise of the publishers and to the taste of the public.

Mr. J. R. Tutin, who has done so much of recent years to make Crashaw popular, has now taken in hand "The Matchless Orinda." It is to be feared he will not be able to give new life to Mistress Philips' verse. We all know that in the opinion of John Oldham the "bright shining name" of Orinda stood "next great Sappho's in the ranks of fame." Cowley, too, praised her "well-knit sense," her "numbers gentle," and her "fancies high"—"Those as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling as thine eye." That is all very well; but we know how things like that come to be written. There would seem to have been no edition of Orinda's poems since the authorised one, printed, after her death, in 1667. I must confess to not having read the "Letters of Orinda to Poliarchus" (1705).

It seems rather a pity that, in arranging their "Library of Standard Biographies," Messrs. Hutchinson should have included so many works which required to be curtailed. Out of the nine memoirs issued up to now, no fewer than six are abridged. Now, an abridgment may suit a certain class of reader, but it is practically useless as a work of reference for the library. I see that among the biographies to follow in this series is Moore's "Life of Byron," which will obviously need curtailment in order to bring it within the limits which Messrs. Hutchinson have set themselves. Yet this is one of those "Lives," such as Boswell's Johnson, which owe much of their charm to their fulness.

Announcement is made of a new selection from the letters of Horace Walpole. That is a sort of thing for which there is always room, for no two selections would be alike. One was made in 1883 by L. B. Seeley and issued under the title of "Horace Walpole and his World." Much more elaborate was that produced in 1889 by C. D. Yonge. It was in two volumes, which were reprinted in 1891 and again in 1898.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

A Great French Moralist

LA BRUYÈRE. Par Paul Morillot. Les Grands Écrivains français. (Hachette. 2f.)

AT last we have a volume on La Bruyère in the admirable French series that corresponds to our own "English Men of Letters" series. His brother moralists, Pascal, La Rochefoucauld and Vauvenargues, had already found a place there. Plenty of material existed for a study of La Bruyère in the way both of biographical writing and of criticism, and Servois' monumental edition of the works furnished all the assistance to that end which could be desired. But there will always be a certain number of persons who like to have all the information they need in a small compass, that is, they like to have the research and selection done for them, and in this little volume of 200 pages they will find all the necessary biographical facts and much helpful criticism.

Morillot divides his book into four chapters, entitled successively, "The Man and his Book," "The Writer," "The Painter," and "The Philosopher." Sufficient attention is paid to La Bruyère's life and to the external history of his great book. For its style and matter he owes something, after Theophrastus, to Montaigne, Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, as well as to Mathurin Régnier and to Molière. It would be quite easy to show in which of the portraits those authors have collaborated. Very wisely Morillot leaves aside the question of "les clefs." The matter is fully discussed by Servois. Whatever view we may take it is very certain that while the greatest value of La Bruyère's "characters" resides not in the painting of the individual and passing type, but in that of the general—he drew man not men—his book affords the most exact and most complete picture of the society of his age and its manners that we possess. The "société mondaine," the women, the authors, the lawyers, the clergy, the financiers, the nobles, the Court, the king, all are there, painted to the life.

La Bruyère is no systematic philosopher. He binds himself to no religious system: he sees no hostility between reason and faith, and desired to produce not a book of pious edification but a book of human wisdom. Neither does he formulate any ethical system. In his view of mankind he combines the views held by Montaigne and La Rochefoucauld, but holds aloof equally from the melancholy pessimism of the one and the complacent egoism of the other. La Bruyère appears as a thinker with ideals of his own, who suffers cruelly from the mediocrities of life. He believed in a progressive amelioration of earthly conditions, he looked to the future and had faith in human reason. He advised all to cultivate virtue and humanity, "and if you ask me (he continues) what more should we strive for, I reply: 'humanity and virtue.'" That is the programme which La Bruyère bequeathed to the moralists and sociologists of the eighteenth century. His place among French men of letters is thus summed up:

"We reserve for him in the history of literature a place apart, at the waning of the seventeenth century. He belongs to his own age; he never knew the doubts, the struggles, the ambitions, the illusions, or the ethical miseries which were the lot of the succeeding age; he was a classic, a monarchist, and a Christian. But he stood on the extreme edge of those articles of faith, and a secret anxiety betrays itself in his belief in them. Sometimes he feels surprise and examines into them, and

often turns his face to us. We feel that the faithful subject of Louis XIV. would have understood many of the things of our own day, and for that reason we have the greater affection for him."

Notwithstanding his classical upbringing and training, La Bruyère was in advance of his age both in his ideas and in his tastes.

Although it is not possible, perhaps, to place La Bruyère in the very first rank of French writers and thinkers, he probably did more than any moralist of modern times to paint man as he always is with his extraordinary mixture of pettiness and generosity. La Bruyère's wisdom, his directness of appeal, his large and tolerant sympathy, make him, ethically speaking, the surest of guides. He can teach us how to think, what to think, and likewise how to express our thoughts in fitting phrase.

The Forerunners of Raphael

ROSSETTI. By Arthur C. Benson. (English Men of Letters.) (Macmillan. 2s. net.)

"WHY should Rossetti be called a Pre-Raphaelite; he lived after Raphael, didn't he?" queried one of a group of schoolgirls clustered round "Beata Beatrix" in the Tate Gallery. The headmistress hurried her away, and as the students followed the echo of their footsteps seemed to reiterate "Why? why? why?"

Much as we may sympathise with the movement with which the names of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his comrades are invariably associated, it is difficult to justify any effort to compare the work of these Moderns with that of such men as Giotto, Botticelli, Fra Angelico, Filippino Lippi and the many other leaders of that glorious artist-artisan army that prepared the way for Raphael Sanzio, or worked side by side with the master.

Think, however, of the environment in which Raphael and his predecessors worked, and contrast it with that wherein Rossetti and his little band laboured. In the early centuries of religious and patriotic enthusiasm, pictures were the outward expression of an inward yearning to lay hold on Beauty and Truth; in the nineteenth century they had degenerated into mural decorations of the fruit, flower and fish variety. Had Rossetti lived amongst the true Pre-Raphaelites his name would have been handed down to posterity with that of Dante, rather than have become linked with any of the early Italian painters. Like Brunelleschi, he might have competed for the honour of designing some part of a great cathedral, and like Brunelleschi he would have realised his true superiority in the forced subordination to the greater skill of a fellow artist. So long as his Ghiberti did not surpass him he would have been content, but once his rival had been publicly acknowledged as the greater genius, Rossetti would have discarded the brush for the pen. True, the world would have lost "Dante's Dream," "Beata Beatrix," and a particular type of beautiful women, but it would have been the richer in a garland of exquisite poetry where now it can but revel in the delights of a few specimens such as "The Blessed Damozel," "The Stream's Secret," and "Jenny."

We owe to Messrs. Macmillan & Co. a deep debt of gratitude for insisting on Rossetti's lofty literary position by including him in their "English Men of Letters" series, and to Mr. Benson a still greater debt for justifying their choice. Mr. Benson has contrived

to compress into a limited space a remarkably comprehensive biography of Rossetti; indeed the only fault that can be found with his work is that it includes too much Rossetti and too little Benson. The few passages in which the author flies off at a tangent to philosophise, and the concluding chapter of the book dealing with Rossetti's character, inspire the wish that Mr. Benson had taken for granted that his readers would possess a more intimate knowledge of his hero's prose and poetic compositions than he presupposes. In this case, some of the very admirably selected quotations might have been sacrificed to allow more space for criticism and comment.

It is no easy task for an author to maintain a well-balanced relationship between the shortcomings of Rossetti as a man, in spite of his charming and dominating personality, and his achievements as an artist; but Mr. Benson has adjusted the scales with the utmost precision.

The literary world has waited patiently to establish a claim to Rossetti, but it was certainly worth waiting for Mr. A. C. Benson's sane demand for a recognition of his superior qualities as a man of letters.

EDITH A. BROWNE.

Bright Humour

SCOTTISH REMINISCENCES. By Sir Archibald Geikie. (Glasgow: MacLehose. 6s. net.)

THE veteran geologist tells us in his closing chapter that "it is impossible to wander with attentive eyes over Scotland without recognising how powerfully the topography of the country has controlled the distribution of the races that have successively peopled it, and how seriously the combined influences of topography and climate have come to affect the national temperament and imagination." Of the historical human agencies, the most potent in moulding the national character has been the Calvinistic theology, which, in the Highlands at least, has exercised what Professor Geikie insists upon as a depressing influence on the life of the people. But the professor's reminiscences are obviously concerned only with the changes in manners, in customs, and in speech that have taken place within his own lifetime. He remembers the time when one of the events of metropolitan life was the arrival and departure of the London and Edinburgh stage coach, and when the traveller between Edinburgh and Glasgow had the choice between the coach and the canal flyboat; and he holds that the supersession of these methods of locomotion by railways and by steamboats (among the western islands) has been the chief agency in promoting the changes which he chronicles. As he has wandered over almost every parish in Scotland and made his temporary home with people of every social grade, his opinions are of real value, and his facility in expressing them makes the book extremely attractive. He deals in succession with the kirks, surviving superstitions, Scottish litigiousness, doctors, landed proprietors, farmers, the charm of the Highlands, shepherds, humour in relation to death, decay of Scots language, and, of course, geology, concluding with a good word for the Scottish climate. Every chapter is brightened by humorous stories, well told, relating to the branch of the subject in hand, and the temptation to quote extensively from these is strong, but must be resisted. Yet one must not omit mention of the Ross-shire minister who prayed that God would bless Queen Victoria, and that "as she had now grown to be an old woman, He would be pleased to make her a new man," and who also petitioned "that we may be saved

from the horrors of war as depicted in the pages of the 'Illustrated London News' and the 'Graphic.'" From the chapter on geologists we shall quote only the conclusion of an old farmer's description to his landlord of Professor James Geikie, a "wee, stoot man." "Dod! he tell't me a' about the stanes, and hoo they showed that Scotland was ance like Greenland, smooored in ice. A very enterteenin' body, Mr. Caithcart, but—an awfu' leear." And a very entertaining book, rich with the well-weighed experiences of a trained observer who views with a tinge of regret, which his buoyant spirits cannot suppress, the passing of many old habits and customs that were really honoured in the observance.

A Russian Czar: Alexander I.

GESCHICHTE RUSSLANDS UNTER KAISER NIKOLAUS I. Vol. I. Kaiser Alexander I. und die Ergebnisse seiner Lebensarbeit. Von Theodor Schiemann. (Berlin: Reimer. 14m.)

RUSSIAN history is a fascinating subject, but the study of it has to be pursued under considerable difficulties. For it only exists in scattered volumes in various languages. It would be well if Prof. Schiemann could be induced to undertake a consecutive history of Russia something on the lines of Lamprecht's "Deutsche Geschichte." Meanwhile we must be thankful for what we have. The learned professor of history in the University of Berlin has spent ten years in the preparation of the work under consideration. The reasons which led to the undertaking are both historical and political, for contemporary Russia cannot be understood without a knowledge of her past history. This volume is to be regarded in the light of an introductory chapter to the whole work, for in order to follow the events of the reign of Nicholas I. it is necessary to know something of the life and career of Alexander I. both as man and as ruler.

Alexander was a man quite out of the ordinary, and as in a book of this scope it is not possible to touch in equal measure all sides of his career, Schiemann has only slightly sketched those of the Czar's actions that left no noticeable result, while those that bore permanent influence are treated at length. Such are the Polish question, the Eastern question, the Prussian marriage of the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Czar's administration of the interior. The first chapter briefly and swiftly sketches the results of the rule of Peter the Great, the downfall and assassination of Paul, and Alexander's own administrative beginnings. But to us Schiemann's really wonderful picture of Alexander, the man, is, we confess, of more interest than Poland, and the Eastern question, and the internal condition of the country, and the army and secret societies and the Czar's relations to those societies.

Alexander invariably showed outwardly a marvellous self-control: in intercourse with men he made himself delightfully agreeable to all alike, to Napoleon whom he feared, to Metternich whom he hated, to the many ambassadors sent to St. Petersburg on diplomatic business, to those private persons with whom he came in contact and in whose society he could enjoy himself for a short space, freed from the conventions of the Court. He was very ambitious, but was always swayed by a combination of liberal principles, mystical piety and self-reliance. Crafty and reserved in politics, it was his chief desire to be considered nobly disinterested. He thoroughly understood how to keep his own secrets, and yet his political opponents clearly perceived at what he was aiming. Napoleon called him a Byzantine Greek (*un grec du Bas-Empire*).

his family in their private correspondence called him *"l'ange."* The two souls were ever struggling for mastery over each other, and therefore the historical verdict concerning Alexander, the man, can never be entirely condemnatory, although as Emperor he wrought his people more harm than good.

It is not often that within the covers of one volume we can so well study a phase of the history of a great nation, and the psychology of an individual ruler of that nation. We look with eagerness for the continuation of Prof. Schiemann's work.

A MANUAL OF CHINESE QUOTATIONS. (Second edition.)
By J. H. Stewart Lockhart. (Hongkong: Kelly & Walsh.)

THE weary student of Chinese, who emerges from the drudgery of learning an interminable series of separate characters and begins a hopeful onslaught on some work of elegant composition, too often finds himself overwhelmed by the mass of fragmentary allusions, quotations and proverbs which he is sure to encounter. To him, and indeed to scholars of much heavier calibre, this new edition of Mr. Lockhart's Manual will come as an unmistakable boon.

Purporting to be merely a translation of one of the most popular native works of its kind, it is in reality, thanks to the numerous explanatory notes and references with which it is furnished, a much more extensive and valuable work than the original. This is especially true of the present edition, which contains half as many pages again as the earlier one; and the addition of an English index more than compensates for the rather arbitrary arrangement under chapters, for which the translator is of course in no way responsible. It is to be hoped that this volume may fall into the hands of many who, without professing a knowledge of Chinese, can appreciate the whimsical humour of the following condensed extracts from Mr. Lockhart's admirable notes.

The quaint phrase, "A Wu cow gasping at the moon," is used to ridicule excessive nervousness. For in the province of Wu (or Kiangsu) the heat is so great that when the cattle see the moon they immediately gasp for breath, thinking that it is the sun!

Po-yü, who cried when his mother whipped him, is a characteristically exaggerated pattern of filial piety. He wept, we are told, not on account of the pain, but because he did not feel the whipping as much as formerly, by which he knew that his mother was becoming more infirm.

Few works of this size are wholly free from mistakes, and a cursory inspection has revealed some which may be noted:—P. 56, Antares is a star, not a constellation; p. 103, "What is to be desired are children" is hardly grammatical; p. 158, "From the dawn of time" should be "in a previous state of existence"; p. 186, for "metals" read "mortals"; pp. 305-307 are wrongly headed *Birds and Beasts*; the misprint "mouring" for "mourning" occurs twice on pp. 623, 624. The want of uniformity which was noticeable in the first edition is still unremedied. Quotations are sometimes translated and sometimes not. Thus the uninitiated reader loses a gem like the following impromptu, well rendered by an eminent sinologue:

"If home with the wild geese of autumn we're going,
Our hearts will be off ere the spring flowers are blowing."

Mr. Lockhart, by the way, in attributing this couplet to Hsieh Tao-hêng himself, gives a probably incorrect and certainly less effective version of the story.

LIONEL GILES.

THE ANNALS OF TACITUS. Bks. i.-vi. By Professor G. G. Ramsay. (Murray. 15s. net.)

HAD Tacitus been less of an epigrammatist he might have been more of an historian, for the maker of epigrams gives a very partial truth the look of a complete one. The rhetorician, like the preacher, gets his dramatic effects by showing his facts defocussed; by selection and relief he works into his fact half truths, which catch the reader's emotions and pervert his judgment. "A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." No saying of Bacon's is truer, and to no great writer does its truth apply more cogently than to Tacitus. And yet it is this very perversion which gives a book much of its literary value; for by it the man of genius shows us the colour of his mind, and with a careful editor like Professor Ramsay to check the historian's waywardness no harm is done. For instance, at the close of Book vi. Tacitus writes this fine perfervid sentence: "Then came a period of fiendish cruelty, but masked libertinism, during the days when he loved or feared Sejanus: until at last, freed from all fears, lost to all shame, he broke out in wickedness and wantonness alike, and showed himself in no character but his own." The careful reader knows quite well that sentences built up like that are, for all their rhetorical grandeur, shaky at their base; but all readers are not careful, and therefore the cold douche of the editor that "it would be hard to imagine a more cruel epigram" is salutary. Similarly, all through this excellent piece of work no statement which can be proved false passes without challenge.

Again, Tacitus' brevity, the despair of translators, has won him the admiration of readers; but, since the object of an historian is to recover for us the past, the love of brevity may become a positive disqualification. How often in reading Tacitus do we feel irritated by his condensations, which make opaque what might have been translucent!

But with all his faults, his bias, his love of false rhetoric, of epigram and condensation, he towers high above Cæsar, who never thinks and only describes—above Livy, whose love of marvels and pageant trips his every movement.

Professor Ramsay's translation is admirable, and we can well believe that it is the product of years of painful labour; but he will win readers for Tacitus who would never read him in the original or even in the existing translations. The introduction concerns itself mainly with the difficulties of turning Tacitus into English and with some of the salient features of Tacitus' style. In a word—and we can give no higher praise—we have read this volume through with such pleasure that we have rarely wished to consult the original.

F. KETTLE.

Poetry

NEW SONGS: A LYRIC SELECTION. Made by A. E. (London: A. H. Bullen. 1s. 6d. net.)

POEMS. By Rachel Annand Taylor. London: John Lane. 5s. net.)

NEW POEMS. By William Moore, M.A. (London: Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.)

ROSEMARY AND PANSIES. By Bertram Dobell. (London: Published by the Author. 3s. net.)

FOUR recent volumes of verse; out of which two may be briefly dismissed. Mr. Dobell's verses are not expert in form or remarkable in substance. Mr. Moore, on the other hand, is an artistic workman, accomplished in the handling of his medium; and he has a quick

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thoughtfulness which deserves and ensures respect. But he is diffuse, and his thought has scarce sufficient distinction to make his book observable. The best of these four volumes are unquestionably the first two, and especially "A. E.'s" lyric selection. Miss (or Mrs.) Annand Taylor's volume suffers from what Rossetti lamented as the general defect of our younger modern poets—deficiency of central brain-substance. Her poems are of a type now fashionable, which we might call decorative mysticism. There are all the external paraphernalia with which mystical poetry has made us familiar, but there does not seem to be much behind it. Substantially it seems to mean very little. Yet she has an excellent gift of music and a most finished style; her poetry is strewn with fancy and cunningly poetic in diction. She has the lyric power; and only needs the stuff on which to exercise it—which may come with time.

"A. E." has brought together a number of poems from Irish periodicals, or actually unprinted, which show interestingly the poetic activity of Ireland at the present day. As might be expected, bearing in mind the writer's former work, scarce one is without some claim to notice. The influence of Mr. Yeats is observable in their general cast; but each has its individuality. The spirit of other-worldliness and melancholy desire which we have learned to associate with modern Celtic poetry is over the whole collection. The average of merit, and the general distinctiveness, are sufficient to warrant just expectations from this newer school of Irish song; so different in its preoccupations from the political verse of Davis and his associates on the "Nation." It is much nearer, indeed, to Mangan than to Davis; but the note is all its own.

Fiction

THE TUTOR'S LOVE STORY. By Walter Frith. (Constable, 6s.) The title of this book is something of a misnomer since the three hundred odd pages are merely an introduction to the Tutor's love story, which seems to us to have just reached its legitimate commencement when the book finishes. Though long and somewhat rambling, the Tutor's diary is well written and interesting, and has besides an air of reality about it often completely missing from such self-kept registers of fictitious emotions and experiences. There is a very human touch about the sensitive pride of the man always on the look-out for slights in the circle to which he has returned as tutor after first belonging to it as guest. It is a pleasant, manly nature which develops in these confessions, in which there is a very attractive touch of honesty. Mr. Frith also gives us some pretty word-pictures of scenery in the Hebrides, and his characters are very life-like, particularly that of the young Scotch officer, Maclean, who by an error of judgment has laid himself open to a charge of cowardice, and is literally eating his life away until a lucky chance gives him the opportunity of showing his pluck and redeeming himself in his own eyes. In places the thread of the story might have been more definitely indicated, and here and there the author gives a peculiarly awkward turn to a sentence which may make for originality but does not result in an elegant phrase.

THE SANYASI. By F. E. Penny. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.) An Anglo-Indian tale, crisp, humorous and distinctly well told. The authoress in her former novels, "A Mixed Marriage," "The Romance of a Nautch Girl," and "The Forest Officer," gave evidence of a literary sense above the common, and in this her latest book she fully maintains, and indeed advances, the standard which she has set up for herself. The local colour, usually so trying to the non-Indian, is not overdone, and the characters, especially

Averine Desormieux and the rather horsey Vansittart, are excellently drawn. Whether life in India, on the plains or in hill-stations, is quite so strenuous as herein depicted, must necessarily be a matter of opinion. Anyhow, it gives rise to quite amusing and not too improbable situations, and leads one to the conviction that there is a deal of romance in everyday Indian life. The Sanyasi, by the way, was a wandering ascetic, one who had renounced the world, and spent his life in contemplation and in performing the will of the gods. He was of fair complexion and regular features. His well-knit figure showed no signs of fasting, but the dreamy abstracted expression of the eyes marked the devotee. All of which is vastly interesting, and quite unconventional.

THE SHULAMITE. By Alice and Claude Askew. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.) The Shulamite is the fair young wife of Simeon Krillet, an elderly Boer farmer, who when the story opens is in the act of conveying a young Englishman across the bare lonely plain of the Orange Free State to his farm, there to act as hired man. But the Englishman is not the ordinary penniless loafer to be picked up in Johannesburg, he only accepts farmer Krillet's employment in order to find out if there is any truth in the rumour that gold is to be found on the farm land. When on his arrival at the farm we discover that the old man of seventy has a beautiful wife of seventeen we scent complications. The farmer, a mean tyrannical Puritan, on discovering some mention of his wife in the Englishman's diary, takes the law into his own hands, and with a primitive idea of justice ties his wife up to a tree and waits for the Englishman to come in sight before he shoots her. Of course she is saved by the Englishman, through the devotion of a little Kaffir servant, only to find that the Englishman has left his heart in the keeping of an Englishwoman at home. She was not aware—how should she be?—that she was only an interesting character study to him, a beautiful bit of Nature. The interest of the story flags towards the middle of the book, although the chapter entitled "The passing of Joan" is delicately and carefully written. Some glimpses are given of Boer farming and Boer morals which are not without interest, but as a whole the book is marred by a certain crudeness and lack of finish. A book does not necessarily gain force by being abrupt in treatment; occasionally, too, the language is rough and lacking in refinement.

UNTO EACH MAN HIS OWN. By Samuel Gordon. (Heinemann, 6s.) Mr. Gordon is a disciple of Mr. Zangwill: depicting certain phases of Jewish life with unusual force and insight. Let it be said at once that "Unto Each Man His Own" is a remarkable book which should certainly be read. For once we have a title which is the keynote to the story—"unto each man his own"—the Jew must mate with the Jew, the Christian with the Christian. The marriage of the Jew and the Christian furnishes the theme of the present novel. The Jew of Mr. Gordon is the well-to-do middle-class Jew, who mixes familiarly with the Christian in Maida Vale, and upon whom Arthur Clauston—Abraham Clausenstein—the rising author and his co-religionist, sits in judgment. To an after-dinner audience he delivers his allegoric poem. "He read on, carried away by the swing of his own undulating periods . . . but for all that he knew full well that, despite that crowded room, his audience was very, very small, and that the surging in his ears was not the echo of the dominant heart-wave whereby his mind had conquered theirs, but the humiliating hum of an idle, irresponsibly chattering parrot crowd. . . In the face of an agonised appeal to their feelings of racial dignity, of rational responsibility, a special, an almost individual destiny, they solidly sat—and digested" their dinners. Clauston shakes off the dust of Maida Vale and throws himself into communal work in the East End, taking with him his bride Ellen, once a Christian but now a convert to Judaism. Her mental struggles and agonies of thought before she returns to her first faith are vividly brought before the reader, and this brings us to the flaw that we find in the book—it makes too great an appeal to the intellect only, the characters are not men and women but individualised intellects. Ellen, the

wife, and Leslie Louissou are colourless personalities; the book lacks a certain warmth and colour with the addition of which it might have been a really great book.

THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER. By A. G. Hales. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) The virile pen of Mr. Hales is hardly recognised in this present historical novel. The piping times of peace have honeyed his language and where, in his usual style, a few touches would give the desired effect, he now inclines to over-elaborate, perhaps depressed by his subject matter. He dawdles in the vortex, and, it must be confessed, has rummaged among the familiar properties of romance, unearthing the paraphernalia of historic love and statecraft. He appears as the champion of the Jews, and creates a Mr. Gottschalk, alias Thornber, who arises to avenge his race. Mr. Gottschalk is put forward as typical of the Jewish racial power; he suggests at once a Rothschild and a Disraeli; his agents are ubiquitous, his omniscience remarkable; even Napoleon feels to his cost and stoops to undermine his influence. "Is he a Jew?" "Yes, sire." "Then buy him." The story itself deals with the Napoleonic period and fundamentally with the oppression of the Jews in Russia. But the Watcher on the Tower never sleeps; none may escape the vengeance of the Lord. This refrain runs through the book with the insistence of a Wagner *motiv*. The machinations of Europe, the alarms and excursions, the secret service men, night riders, Bow Street runners, key-hole treachery, and the woman dabbling in politics: these furnish the threads of the story, but the development is in the hands of Gottschalk. In fact, Europe is in the leading strings of this Jew. France and Russia are loosed at one another's throats; Napoleon, always at the beck and call of the historical novelist, overruns and annihilates at the critical moment that same Prince of Svir against whom the vengeance of the Jews is directed. Vengeance is done. A book of considerable interest when once the plunge is made.

Short Notices

FISHING HOLIDAYS. By Stephen Gwynn. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net.) Mr. Stephen Gwynn, if often discursive, is always delightful. He possesses the eye of an angler, the feeling of an artist, and the mind of a poet. Equally at home on the banks of the streams and loughs of his beloved Donegal, in the cabin of a Kerry peasant and with the Looe pilchard fleet, Mr. Gwynn is no less ready with the pen than the rod. The book by no means appeals only to fishermen. There are touches of Nature-painting here and there, now and again we have the shrewd observation of the man who knows his Ireland, which suggest in turn a theme for the brush or a subject for the politician. To many who know Ireland only by hearsay, the picture he conjures up of its wonderful landscapes and seascapes will come as a revelation. "England must always be Ireland's great market" is the solution of the Irish difficulty in a phrase. But it is not fair to Mr. Gwynn to suggest that he is merely informative in these bright and pleasant pages. Angling readers will, perhaps, wish that he had now and again been less cryptic in his place-names and less diffident in his recital of his own deeds by flood and stream. But in these crowded days fishing grounds are naturally concealed as if they were veritable Klondykes, and the secrets of the confessional are not more sacredly kept than those of an angler's haunts. One can hazard a shrewd guess here and there, and it may be taken as a pleasant prize competition to identify this and that river and lough. There is here many a salmon story which, if it does not recite the capture of one of the mammoth fish of the Shannon, will excite a thrill of envy in others who do not know their Ireland so well as Mr. Gwynn. One may, perhaps, be forgiven for suspecting that his knowledge of Gaelic—a sure passport to the hearts of the Irish peasants—and poachers—has often stood him in good stead. He disowns acquaintance with the famous waters of the country, but there are few who would disdain a river where eight or ten salmon can be got in a day, or the lough where the dog

won a wager by swimming ashore with a cast tied to his tail, and, as a matter of course, hooked and landed two or three trout. Mr. Gwynn has many a good—and fresh—fishing tale to tell. The story of the tyro who stealthily returned to the water a fifteen-pounder, fresh from the sea, in the belief that it was a kelt, only to be laughed at when it was seen floating down stream and brought to bank by another fisherman, is a tragedy too deep for tears. The episode of the stealthy burial by night of "three long, lank and slimy corpses," triumphantly brought home by a couple of youngsters, cannot be paralleled by anything short of an act of vulpicide in a hunting country. Here is a pretty example of Irish repartee. "Why do you speak English to the horse, Neddy?" asked a tourist to his car-driver. "Sure, your honour, it's good enough for him." In his last chapter, the "Kaabah of Anglers," Mr. Gwynn gives us some veracious news as to Izaak Walton's fishing bag. It appears to be a genuine relic, and although in private hands is, we are told, destined for a public collection. So the angling world will soon have its Mecca.

GOETHE EN FRANCE. ÉTUDE de LITTÉRATURE COMPARÉE. Par Fernand Baldensperger. (Hachette.) Those interested in European literature will remember Baldensperger's delightful biography of Gottfried Keller, published in 1899, and will have looked eagerly for another work from his pen. They will not be disappointed in the just published volume which is concerned with the knowledge and influence of Goethe's work and personality in France. The interchange of ideas between nations, though necessary to their intellectual life, is just at present somewhat in danger of over-estimation. A nation, as a rule, only annexes those exotic ideas and forms the desire for which is in great measure innate in itself. Just as we, as human beings, seldom inspire a line of conduct in the persons who ask and receive our advice. But Goethe certainly owed much to French thought and French art, and as certainly had no little influence on such French writers as Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Renan and Taine. The period which began with the uneasiness of the upper middle class under the *ancien régime* was dominated spiritually by the figure of Goethe, and temporally by that of Napoleon. Indeed it may almost be said that the intellectualism of that age of *bourgeoisie* was summed up and synthesised in Goethe, just as Shakespeare dramatised the energies and the aristocratic dreams of the Renaissance, and Molière laughed at the eccentricity which led persons of middling rank to imitate everything that passed for distinguished and superior. The problems that vexed society during the period of the French Revolution, the hopes and fears of an age that ardently desired progress, the forms of art that by turns occupied men's minds, all found an incarnation, an expression and often a solution in Goethe. Goethe exactly represents the eagerness of the German nation in the last two centuries for ideality and freedom in all manifestations of thought, for development in all intellectual matters, for careful inquiry into the relations of man with Nature and the universe. And it was in those directions that his influence in France was of importance. A few brief sentences, however, cannot do justice to Baldensperger's point of view nor to the charm of his method of expression. The book must be read in its entirety to be appreciated. It deals with Goethe as the author of "Werther," and as the dramatic and lyric poet, describes his personality, and points out the relations, as illustrated in Goethe, of science and poetry. There is also towards the end of the volume a most instructive summing up, unfortunately too long to quote and too brief to epitomise, of the different ideas that prevail in the literatures of the different countries of the world.

DER URSPRUNG DES HARLEKIN. EIN KULTURGESCHICHTLICHES PROBLEM. Von Dr. Otto Driesen. Mit 17 Abbildungen im Text. (Berlin: Duncker, 5m.) We have here a very learned treatise on the origin of the Harlequin and Pierrot in drama. Hitherto that origin has been sought in Italy. Dr. Driesen claims to have found it in France in the old French "Herlekins," a troop of demons that haunted lonely places, of whom the earliest mention

occurs in a passage of the eleventh-century Norman chronicler, Ordericus Vitalis. Langland and Chaucer seem to have used the word "Hurlewayn" to indicate a sort of "clown," in the modern stage sense of the term. The form "Herluin" also appears in old English poems and folk-tales. Dr. Driesen traces the character and development of the stage harlequin in French drama with most minute care, and seems to prove his point that the home of the harlequin is not Italy, but France—that is, Paris. One of the most interesting chapters (iii.) is on the relation of the "Herlekin" to the hell of the old mystery plays. As a rule an enormous Herlekin's head formed the entrance to the infernal regions, and the devils and evil creatures who play their parts in the piece arrive on the stage through his mouth or his eyes. The volume lacks literary form or charm, but with its voluminous foot-notes and many appendices is a valuable compilation. It may be regarded as an important contribution to theatrical and dramatic history, and will also help us to understand the amusements of the French people between the tenth and sixteenth centuries. The material for his treatise took Dr. Driesen seven years to collect, and his industry deserves the very highest commendation.

PROPOS LITTÉRAIRES. DEUXIÈME SÉRIE. Par Émile Faguet. (Société française d'imprimerie et de librairie, 3f.50.) There are nine essays in this volume, and they cover a wide field. Most of them are slight, consisting of book reviews reprinted from newspapers and magazines. Such subjects as the literary revolution of 1660, the "Encyclopædia," the Correspondence of Comte and Mill, the evolution of general ideas, and Rousseau's "Sophie," find a place. The most interesting is perhaps the appreciation of M. Ferdinand Brunetière as critic and literary historian. It is not very often that we have the chance of hearing a critic's opinion of his fellow-critic. Faguet describes Brunetière as a philosopher and orator critic who has invented a new kind of eloquence. As others are moved to sorrow, or indignation, or anger, so Brunetière is moved to prove his opinions, to testify that he is right. And as we read we generally agree that Brunetière is right, and are, so to say, surprised at the energy and enthusiasm with which he is right. It must be conceded that of all the critics of this age Brunetière is the one who has most often compelled the public to think about great principles and to examine great questions. Therein lies the secret of his literary success. He devotes himself to the service of good literature. He introduces for the first time, or re-introduces, five or six great general ideas into the domain of literary science, a domain that he has made essentially his own. As a literary historian Brunetière is chiefly interested in the evolution of literary forms. Any one who wants to know something of the estimation in which Brunetière is held by his contemporaries cannot do better than read this essay. In another essay in which Faguet reviews Fiérens-Gevaert's book "*La Tristesse Contemporaine*," which, by the by, he contrasts with Lubbock's "*Pleasures of Life*," he gives us a glimpse of his own philosophy of life and letters. Considering the whole population of the French nation, he thinks that melancholy is the state of mind of only an infinitesimal number of persons. The mass of human beings loves life, finds it pleasant, and is hopeful *sans espérer jusqu'à souffrir d'espérer toujours*. Melancholy means hatred of life, and the only cure for it is love of life. Faguet seems to be of the opinion of Dr. Johnson, that "mere existence is so much better than nothing, that one would rather exist even in pain, than not exist." The Frenchman has the gift of treating subjects of this kind with a light hand, and such books of essays are the pleasantest of companions after a day of graver labours.

UN PHILANTHROPISTE D'AUTREFOIS. LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-LIANCOURT, 1747-1827. Par Ferdinand Dreyfus. (Plon-Nourrit.) Philanthropy as distinguished from charity is supposed to be an invention of the later nineteenth century. Like most other things, however, its beginnings may be sought earlier. When the Duc de la

Rochefoucauld-Liancourt helped to found in 1821 "*La Société de Morale Chrétienne*," he defined philanthropy as the philosophical method of loving and serving humanity, and charity as the Christian duty of loving and helping your neighbour. It may be that more devotion is to be found in charity, but philanthropy is less dependent on the emotions of pity or sympathy, and its benefits are more generous and lasting. But at the end of the eighteenth century philanthropy was almost a synonym for Utopianism, and to call a man a philanthropist was much the same as to call him a visionary. And for that reason the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt objected to be so called. He was indeed a friend of mankind, and the memory and influence of his philanthropical but at the same time practical work still persist. His writings are diffuse and sometimes even mediocre, but his active undertakings proved him a wise administrator. He created technical schools, encouraged national industries, established hospitals and institutions for foundlings, commenced a series of prison reforms, and started savings banks for the people. This in no way includes all his good works, but the list will serve as an indication of the scope of his activity. For with him philanthropy meant action. He hoped better things of humanity; he believed in the perfectibility of the species. To do all the good we can, he used to say, is man's destiny on earth. Dreyfus gives an excellent account of Liancourt's life and work. And it deserves attention on two grounds: it proves that eighteenth-century philanthropy was not wholly sentimental, and that the nobly-born and the wealthy began to show an interest in their less fortunate brethren before the present era of which we are, philanthropically speaking, so proud. This book may be recommended to those who are interested in the charitable institutions of France, which in some ways might afford instruction to the practical philanthropists of England.

GEORGE FARQUHAR, SEIN LEBEN UND SEINE ORIGINAL-DRAMEN. Von Dr. D. Schmid. (Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie, xviii.) (Wien und Leipzig: Braumüller. 8m.) English students of science are bound to consult German scientific books, and therefore find it necessary to acquire a knowledge of the German tongue. Students of English literature will have to follow suit, so excellent is the research work in that subject now being done by German critics and professors. The series of which the study on Farquhar forms the latest volume deals solely with English works, and already contains excellent studies of Congreve, Vanbrugh and Etherege. Dr. Schmid has added to them the most complete account of Farquhar and his work that has seen the light in modern days. He has used all available sources, including some unpublished letters he found in the British Museum. The author gives a brief sketch of the English stage before Farquhar, in which he pays due homage to the wealth and excellence and importance of England's dramatic literature. For the biographical chapters he uses the letters mentioned above, chiefly love-letters and letters written by Farquhar when travelling in Holland. But the critical chapters are the most instructive. Dr. Schmid describes each of Farquhar's comedies in detail; he gives its external history, an analysis of the plot, and a general criticism. By way of conclusion Dr. Schmid draws an interesting comparison between Farquhar and the other dramatists of his group, Wycherley, Congreve and Vanbrugh. From their heartlessness, malignity and cruelty Farquhar is entirely free. His detestation of all that was affected or artificial drove him, perhaps, a little too far towards naturalism, but he possessed heart and feeling, and so wins our sympathy even in his extravagances. No master of dialogue, his greatest talents lie in his power of invention, in his sense of a comic situation that never trenches on the farcical, in vivacious and complicated action in which he always preserves unity and clarity of treatment. While Farquhar rescued English comedy from the slough of immorality into which it fell during the Restoration period, and led it back to truth of nature and of life, he preserved it from falling into the other extreme of over-nice prudery, hollow morality, and lachrymose sentimentality. After

Farquhar English comedy declined until revived in Goldsmith, who, in awaking it to a new and vigorous life, was really carrying on Farquhar's work.

RUBENS. By H. Knackfuss. (Translated by Louise Richter.) Messrs. Grevel & Co. give us, as usual, an excellently illustrated biography of a great artist in their four-shilling series, though the biography is as dully uninteresting as only a German professor can make it. Yet Rubens, in spite of the splendour of his success, in spite of the high position he took as ambassador and man of affairs, in spite of his splendid artistic achievement, does in some strange way remain curiously uninteresting as a personality. He has not the romantic appeal. He wore elaborate clothes, he was a pretty man, he trod the stage of life with all the limelight upon him; but he never for a moment catches our affection. His influence in art was enormous; but there is throughout his great artistic achievement this curious impression of uninterestingness. What an eye the man had for arrangement, for the grand manner! Yet in it all there is some lack of essential greatness. The large pictures in the Louvre leave me always with a sense of vulgar display. It is in his simpler works, as in his superb portrait of himself and his first wife, Isabella Brant, at Munich, that he reaches the heights. The frontispiece to this book, by the way, is a very beautiful process block from the painter's portrait at Vienna. The illustrations are well chosen, but we could have spared some of Rubens' mediocre canvases—and how mediocre he *could* be—for the superb National Gallery masterpiece. Still there is the "Tiber with the Goddess of Plenty," one of Rubens' rarely beautiful female nudes; the very fine "Garland of Fruit" with the infants; the fine "Faun and Diana" from Dresden, with the most beautiful woman's face Rubens ever achieved; the splendidly composed "Meleager and Atalanta" from Munich; the masterly portrait group from Munich of the "Arundels"; and the great "Landscape with Shepherds." The blocks are excellent. And if the English stumble and stutter at times we must not blame Miss Richter, who has done her work marvellously well, but the gentleman whom she thanks in the preface, who did not take the trouble to tell her that such phrases as "these work of the master" are not good English—indeed the English is tight and hard at times as an essay on German grammar.

THE OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI. By Frederic Austin Ogg. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.) The story of "The Father of Running Waters" is an epic of three nations, since the Spanish, French and English fought out their rivalries along the shores of the Mississippi. Mr. Ogg has given close study to his chosen subject, and presents a lucid narrative of discovery and development in the Middle West. The Spaniard came to the great river in his search for gold, and not finding El Dorado, ignored all the actual possibilities of the country. He passed, a picturesque, futile figure, leaving, as the author says, no memorial save a new-made grave and a wooden cross. The French came with juster appreciation of the immense promise of the land, and with the trader came the Jesuit priest on his heroic mission to the wilderness. The gradual western advance of the English brought them into inevitable conflict with the French, and for generations the Mississippi valley was the arena of a stubborn war of races; a war carried on by rivalries of trade, intrigues of diplomacy, as well as by more violent methods. Mr. Ogg recounts the complex history with skill and fairness, though we miss in his pages the dramatic fire of Parkman. From the first landings of Pineda and Garay to the war of 1812 and the Napoleonic cession of Louisiana to the United States, we have a careful record of expansion and settlement. But we regret the lack of colour and contrasted light and shade in a work dealing with such personalities as the fearless and ill-starred venturers de Soto and La Salle and, in later days, Aaron Burr, with his superb and traitorous dream of empire.

THE HAMMURABI CODE AND THE SINAITIC LEGISLATION. By Chilperic Edwards. (Watts, 2s. 6d. net.) This book is issued for the Rationalist Press Associa-

tion: a fact which, perhaps, explains a certain note of acerbity with which, in the discussion of a question of purely archaeological interest, we could well have dispensed. Mr. Edwards' main purpose indeed seems to be that of belittling the importance and disparaging the originality of the Sinaitic Legislation and the Mosaic records. It is in this spirit that he takes for proved a good deal of conjecture that more moderate critics show a tendency to abandon as untenable. For him "the wand of cuneiform research" has by no means as yet begun to fail of its magic. Mr. Stanley Cook, in his learned discussion of the inscription, found in the fact that Israelite law shows no trace of Babylonian terminology an insuperable bar to the assumption that Palestine had been so brought under Babylonian influence as to have modelled its social ordinances upon those codified by Hammurabi. Mr. Edwards, on the other hand, taking it as established that the Mosaic accounts of the Creation and the Flood are "merely excerpts from Babylonish cosmogony and Babylonish mythology," can hardly fail to find in that earliest portion of the Pentateuch which is comprised in the Book of the Covenant convincing evidence of immediate plagiarism. This, however, he supports very properly by an array of parallelisms which affords the individual reader an opportunity of checking his conclusions. The volume comprises a complete rendering of the text of the code, and narrates the by this time generally familiar history of the discovery and decipherment of the monolith on which it is inscribed.

LEAVES FROM AN INDIAN JUNGLE: GATHERED DURING THIRTEEN YEARS OF A JUNGLE LIFE IN THE CENTRAL PROVINCES, THE DECCAN, AND BERAR. By A. I. R. G. With twenty illustrations by the author. (Bombay: The Times Press; London: The Times of India Office.) *Pukka Shikár!* In his all too modest introduction the author refers to these jungle sketches as "teak, bamboo, jámún, sál and others—these leaves have been gathered by a wandering Shikári on the banks of forest streams, in the moonlit machán, under the banyan's grateful shade, for those who love the jungle; and in their quiet colouring there is no place for a record of expensive bags, or tall yarns"—from which it will be seen that A. I. R. G., initials only partially concealing a very well known Anglo-Indian personality, has a very pretty turn in writing, and although he disclaims any but neutral tints in his pictures in Indian ink, he manages by clever local colouring, left reticence, and the art of suggestion, to bring before every old Indian sportsman the memory of many happy days and nights in the jungle. For these are true tales of real sporting adventures—simply told by a plain man who has done things himself, and done them well and properly as only a good Shikári can and does. The penultimate chapter, "Round the Camp Fire," contains a number of really valuable and practical hints on shooting, shooting-irons, powder, shot, and other necessities appertaining to sport. Only those who know the inexhaustible interest of these things to the true sportsman will be able to appreciate to the full the true inwardness of this chapter, which is the outcome of a long and varied experience. Not the least amusing part of the book is the appendix, entitled "The Letters of one Jhoot Singh, process-server, tahsil chaprasi, and some time Shikári to that most exalted kind brave one Luchcha Ali Khan Sahab Tahsildar." Appended is a glossary of Hindustani words, which is useful and not, as is often the case, too diffuse. Again *Pukka Shikár!*

THE DREAD INFERNO: NOTES FOR BEGINNERS ON THE STUDY OF DANTE. By M. Alice Wyld. (London: Longmans, 2s. 6d. net.) The title of this book sufficiently indicates its purpose; and it very efficiently carries out its object. It is an exposition of some parts of Dante's "Inferno"; and is not only clear, but possesses a literary grace and attractiveness which are not always present in Dante commentaries. An excellent and unpretentious little introduction for the tyro in Dante.

NOTES ON THE CATHEDRALS. Two volumes. (Sonnenschein, 1s. each net.) Two small volumes of "Notes on the Cathedrals" continue this very useful little series of

guide-books. They are small and unpretentious, but are full of information, not elaborate panegyrics or sentimental overflowings, but facts that one wants concisely put. The delightful photographs which are such a feature of this series are as praiseworthy as ever.

Reprints and New Editions

I have in my hand Ruskin's *LECTURES ON ART* (Pocket Edition, Allen, cloth 2s. 6d. net, leather 3s. 6d. net), which he himself said "were the most important piece of my literary work, done with unabated power, best motive, and happiest concurrence of circumstance." Many who have been awaiting a cheap edition will, no doubt, eagerly avail themselves of this very moderate price. As was said before in this column, the binding and general "get up" of this series are all that can be desired, and would surely be approved by even the great critic himself. Mr. W. Clark Russell contributes a highly eulogistic introduction to Herman Melville's *TYPEE* (The New Pocket Library, Lane, cloth 1s. 6d. net, leather 2s. net) which would create a desire to read the "Typee" in the breast of any lover of literature. He writes, speaking of Melville, "He was a man of a fine and brilliant imagination in the highest degree original and romantic; he was a humorist in the best sense of the word; . . . he was a poet richly endowed by nature, expressing his exalted imaginings, not in rhymes or blank verse, but in prose which is often lovely with the light, colour, and perfume of the fancy or the description it vehicles." This is certainly very high praise, and am I wrong in supposing that the man who proceeded to read the "Typee" for the first time would be a little disappointed? I do not deny that it is a fine bit of writing, worthy of praise, but is it not a little overrated? I, at least, venture to think so, although Mr. Clark Russell almost persuades me to read it again in search of those beauties I may have missed. From the De La More Press I have received a charming edition of *SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS* (The King's Shakspeare, 1s. 6d. net) which is accorded a long introduction by Mrs. Charlotte Carmichael Stopes, in which she upholds the theory, or rather the hypothesis, that the mysterious "W. H." of Thomas Thorpe's dedication was Mr. William Harvey. "It is very likely that a MS. copy of 'Shakspeare's Sonnets' would be left in her" (Lady Southampton's) "house . . . and that Harvey sent it on to Thorpe for publication. To a man like him the dedication, such as it was, can be considered perfectly suitable." The frontispiece, a picture of Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton, is admirably reproduced; the whole volume is very pleasant to handle. Uniform in binding with the above the same Press sends me *EIKON BASILIKE* (The King's Classics, 2s. 6d. net), edited by Edward Almack, F.S.A. This edition has been printed from an advance copy of the first edition, which seems to have been hidden by "John Armstrong, corrector to Mr. Dugard's Press." The text of this copy was identical with that of the first edition, with the exception of the title-page, which bears the imprint: "London, Printed for E. Royston in Ivie Lane." When the issue saw the light this imprint was omitted as a precautionary measure. I note that although five editions of this work have been printed since 1875, there has not appeared during the last hundred years until now any edition with the original spelling of 1648-9. Mr. Almack gives in full the various arguments advanced as to the authorship of this book, of which forty-six editions were issued in England alone during the first year of its publication. The Red Letter Library is represented this week by *A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ANTHOLOGY*, with an introduction by Mrs. Meynell, and *AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ANTHOLOGY*, introduced by Alfred Austin (Blackie, 2s. 6d. net.) Mrs. Meynell summarises the poetry of three centuries as follows: "The Elizabethan poetry is the apple blossom, fine and fragrant, the seventeenth century the apple, fragrant and rich. The change from the sixteenth century to the seventeenth is a

process, while that from the seventeenth to the eighteenth is a catastrophe." But, as Mr. Austin points out, "the division of literary periods into centuries must inevitably be more or less arbitrary, since their distinctive styles perforce overlap each other." The selections in both anthologies are as representative as is possible, while the volumes themselves are, as always, excellent. The contents of "The Seventeenth-Century Anthology" begin with selections from John Donne and end with the Duke of Buckingham, while the poems of the next century begin with Pope's "Essay on Man," concluding with "The Flowers of the Forest." F. T. S.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Hastie, D.D. (The late Rev. Wm.), *Outlines of Pastoral Theology* (T. & T. Clark) net 1/6
 Bevan, M.A. (The Ven. Archdeacon), *The Study and Teaching of the Old Testament* (S.P.C.K.) 0/2
 Sayce, L.L.D., D.D. (Prof.), *Monument Facts and Higher Critical Fancies* (Religious Tract Society) 2/0
 Gore, D.D. (the Right Rev. Charles) (Lord Bishop of Worcester), *The Sermon on the Mount, A Practical Exposition* (Murray) net 0/6
 Falconer, B.D. (Hugh), *The Maid of Shulam* (Hodder & Stoughton) 3/6

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Burnand (Sir Francis C.), *Happy Thoughts* (Bradbury, Agnew) net 2/6
 Lucas (St. John), *Poems* (Constable) net 5/0
 Philomedes and Shards of Song (Gay & Bird) net 3/6
 Findlater (Jane Helen), *Stones from a Glass House* (Nisbet) 6/0
 Scollard (Clinton), *The Lyric Bough* (New York: Fott) \$1.25
 Horton (Robert F.), *St. John, a Poem* (Deant) net 1/0
 Schofield (E. Percy), *Sidelights, Poems* (Barton-on-Humber: Lee) 1/0
 Walkerdine (W. E.), *Poems* (Stock) net 1/6

History and Biography

- Forbes (Margaret), *Beattie and His Friends* (Constable) net 15/0
 Barry (Dr. William), *Cardinal Newman* (Hodder & Stoughton) 3/6
 Cummings, Mus.D. (Wm. H.), *Handel (Miniature Series)* (Bell) net 1/0
 Blackburn (Vernon), *Mendelssohn (Miniature Series)* (Bell) net 1/0
 Benson (A. C.), *Rossetti* (Macmillan) net 2/0

Travel and Topography

- Sverdrup (Otto), *New Land, in 2 Vols.* (Longmans) net 36/0

Science and Philosophy

- Gerard, S.J., F.L.S. (John), *The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer* (Longmans) net 5/6
 Macdonald, M.D. (Greville), *The Tree in the Midst* (Hodder & Stoughton) net 10/6

Art

- Knackfuss (H.), translated by Louise M. Richter, *Rubens (Monographs on Artists)* (Greville) net 4/0
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"Le Mois Scientifique," "Deutsche Rundschau," "Mercure de France."

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The old days when Dublin was a centre of literary and dramatic activity seem to have returned to some extent of late years. When Mr. J. W. Whitbread, of that city, offered a prize of £100 for the best historical drama sent to him, the greatest interest was taken in the competition, which, naturally, was very keen. The winner proved to be Mr. Robert Johnston, and his play, "The Old Land," was produced at the Queen's Theatre in due course, meeting with a gratifying reception both there and throughout the provinces. Messrs. Chatto & Windus are about to publish a novel by the same author entitled "The Peril of an Empire." It deals with life as it is lived in the London of to-day, with a background of international intrigue during the most critical period of the recent Boer war.—Mr. John Lane will publish on April 13 "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle," edited and annotated by Alexander Carlyle, in two volumes, with illustrations (25s. net). These will be companion volumes to the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," published last year. This latest collection of letters ranges over the whole of Carlyle's literary life, and includes many addressed to famous contemporaries. They are in no sense residual, but form a sequel to the "Letters of Thomas Carlyle," edited by Professor Eliot Norton, thus completing the "Epistolary Autobiography" begun by the publication of the "Early Letters." The work of selecting the new letters was originally undertaken by Professor Norton, and has been completed by the present editor.—One of the most popular of old coloured books, and an invaluable description of London a century ago, is "The Microcosm of London, or London in Miniature," with 104 illustrations in colour by Pugin and Rowlandson. The plates are unusually interesting, being the result of a collaboration between a distinguished architect and a no less distinguished artist. Methuen & Co. have produced an edition on a reduced scale from the scarce and valuable original published by R. Ackermann, and this will be ready in a few days.

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Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

XVI.—On the Self-Sufficient

"CARDINAL NEWMAN," writes Mozley, "filled up his whole time, taxed his whole strength, and occupied his whole future. He reduced retrospection to very narrow compass, to a few faces, to flowers on a bank or a wall, to a fragrance or a sound. He never took solitary walks if he could help it. . . He would not be alone and left to his own thoughts when he was neither studying, nor writing, nor praying." He was buried by the side of his closest friend; of all great modern authors he has written with the most reserve and yet the most intensity on human affection. Now, do these facts square with the vulgar idea of a recluse, or a saint, or a philosopher, or a deeply earnest person? A deeply earnest person is supposed to say to himself—"My mind to me a kingdom is!" he is "never less alone than when alone!" he is absorbed in his own meditations, entranced by his own visions, sustained by his own profundity: he will gladly forsake his brilliant or tender neighbour for the perfect companionship of his own unmitigated egoism. It happens, however, that the really earnest person is the least willing of men to be thrown upon his moods, his emotions, or his thoughts: as a rule, his studies are a refuge, and his work is an anodyne: when he is tired, or ill, or so situated that work is out of the question, his one need is sleep or some distraction. A self-sufficient soul—if there be, in truth, such a soul—is a diseased soul incurably suffering from vanity and incapable of deep feeling. Those who have ever been obliged to set their thoughts, whether idle or perplexing, in order have one desire only—to keep the mind employed on impersonal themes. When a man refuses, even under medical advice, to take what is known as a rest cure, it is not because he is restless, unhappy, or dependent on others, but because he is too well balanced to stand, as he was never meant to stand, absolutely alone. The imperative need of companionship during hours of recreation does not deny the equally imperative need of solitude during hours, weeks, possibly months, of intellectual work. Manual labour is often better done in company—especially if a number are labouring together: industry is infectious: there is magnetism in the atmosphere of a large workshop full of toilers. But for writing, or painting, or scholarship, or musical composition, one must be, for the greater part of the time, in unbroken quietude; a

real person, no matter how sympathetic, will make one's imagination seem weak, and all the creatures of fancy rather ineffective. There are a few rare men and women in whose presence it is possible to paint or write or think without restraint; they have the gift of becoming so absorbed in their own thoughts that they can retire, at any time, spiritually if not physically, to what is called a world of their own. That is to say, their inquisitiveness, or indolence, or fussiness, or moodiness, or inconsequence does not infect the surrounding moral atmosphere and fill it with exasperating whispers. But men and women of this uncommon type are generally too much occupied themselves to sit often in the studios or libraries of other people: if they are perfect companions to the weary or the hard-pressed it is because they know, by experience, what the weary or the hard-pressed cannot bear. In the same way, people who have suffered bodily anguish are the least demonstrative, the most consoling in a sick-room: they are neither solicitous nor artificially sanguine: they know what is passing in a patient's mind: a doctor or a nurse who has never been ill is never quite sound in his or her judgment: they misread symptoms and ignore the secret springs of a main distress. Let me return, however, to those who are supposed to be self-sufficient. How do they live their lives? On consideration, it will be found that they are spent in day dreams, in castle-building, in the playing, for their own benefit, of fine parts, in the nourishment of some fixed idea, some grievance, or some form of vanity. There is no heroism, or turpitude, of which they are not capable in imagination and unobserved, but the other side of the existence is pure sham. The nominally self-sufficient become, less by choice than necessity, astonishing dissemblers the moment they confront human beings or find themselves in some actual situation. One cannot believe such people: one must not trust such people: one may understand them and love them, but one must never put the smallest faith in them. And why not? Are they malicious? are they vicious? are they irresponsible? No: they are merely incomplete. To be self-sufficient is to be undeveloped: the higher the intelligence the stronger its need of association with other intelligences: the more vigorous the animal, the more oppressive is the melancholy of continuous solitude. The people who perish under loneliness are not the weak in mind and body—not the sickly, but the strong and the sane. Their very strength and their very sanity make, failing the legitimate struggle with outside influence, for self-destruction.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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Egomets

I HAVE been endeavouring to read a famous wander-book, "Typee," and I have failed. Now of course I should go on to say that this failure is my fault, that the book is altogether admirable and that I am not so in that I fail to enjoy or admire it. But I will not say anything of the kind; I know a good wander-book when I read it, and "Typee" is not such, for the simple reason that the writer is self-conscious, he ever has his reader in his mind's eye, and the author of a true wander-book has no one in his eye save himself. I have never really liked Melville since I met him in "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife," years ago.

WHAT is a wander-book? I do not know if other bookmen use the term and if so what they may mean by it; to me a wander-book is a novel, a book of travels, an autobiography, a diary, in fact almost any adventurous book that is entirely aimless and formless. "Robinson Crusoe" is the greatest of all wander-books: "Jacob Faithful" and "Japhet" are wander-books, so are Cellini's Autobiography, Howell's Letters, Trelawny's "Adventures of a Younger Son," Pepys' Diary, Boswell's "Johnson," and many another good friend and true. By an adventurous book I do not mean only works devoted to the relation of physical adventures,

adventures of the soul are included in my definition. Cellini and Trelawny and Casanova do not deal in souls, but Pepys does—was there ever before or since so faithful a portrayal of a man's soul? A poor little soul maybe, but then the majority of us are not very big-souled.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES are I think the best of wander-books, and of such I love best those that deal with the soul of the writer or with his adventures rather than those which narrate the adventures and appearance and so forth of the great men and women whom the writer has met. Actors' autobiographies are not as a rule very full of soul, but any one who has read and re-read Colley Cibber's and Charles Mayne Young's autobiographies has become intimate with the souls of two interesting men. Books of travel, written in the first person, are often singularly enlightening in the information they give as to the inner workings of a man's soul. Take men—or women—away from accustomed surroundings, place them amid people with whom they have nothing in common save humanity, then we see of what stuff they are made. It is so difficult deliberately to tell the truth about ourselves; by chance we often do so, but usually to strangers or in strange circumstances; or may I say that a man is usually a stranger to his friends?

How many autobiographies there are that I would give a year or two of my life to read—Shakespeare's, Napoleon's, Marlowe's, Bunyan's, Swift's and many another's—provided that they were written sincerely, not with one eye on prospective readers. There is the difficulty; if you or I could write down our actual thoughts, feelings, emotions, you or I would write the greatest book the world has ever seen. Perhaps some day our men of science will provide us with a mentalophone, which will record and reproduce the workings of our brains and then we shall hear many surprising things! What would we not give to know the innermost thoughts of the great men of the world's history? And yet—did we know all about one another how much of the interest and piquancy of life would be gone.

IGNORANCE is bliss for the simple reason that it is the stimulus which urges us on to the acquirement of knowledge. Where would be the interest of meeting my fellows if they spoke out to me the whole truth concerning themselves? It is because my neighbour's mind is a nearly closed book to me that it interests me. If I knew all there was to know concerning mankind I should never have any more delight in reading wander-books.

E. G. O.

Personalities

Paul and Victor Margueritte

THOSE clever French writers, MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte, the sons of that General Margueritte who met his death in the Franco-Prussian War, have now completed their series of novels dealing with all the phases of the terrible struggle of 1870-71. These stories are four in number and present the completest picture of the War which has yet been given us by writers of fiction.

First came "Le Désastre," an English translation of which was published in 1898, describing the first part of

the hostilities as viewed by Major Pierre Du Breuil, who, being an officer of the general staff, was at the very centre of the military movement. It differed in many ways from Emile Zola's great work "La Débâcle." Zola depicted the disorganisation of the Châlons army and the Sedan catastrophe; the Marguerittes narrated the heroic struggle of the Army of the Rhine at Borny, Rezonville, Saint-Privat and Noisseville; the long agony of the finest troops in the French army, day after day duped until the fatal hour of the capitulation of Metz by Bazaine. This was followed by "Les Tronçons du Glaive"—"Fragments of the Sword"—describing some of the incidents of the siege of Paris, the operations of the armies of the North and East, and those of the two armies of the Loire. "Brave Gens" was the third study, a volume of short stories, more or less connected with each other, in which justice was done to obscure heroes of the Franco-Prussian War. Finally, the French authors have written "La Commune," a subject which, curious to say, has remained untouched until now by any really great novelist. Of the series of novels this last-named promises to be the most interesting, and the anniversary of the Commune was appropriately chosen as the date of publication. An English translation by Mr. Frederic Lees will be published shortly by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. Giving as it does, for the first time, an impartial account of a period of French history which embraces many things of which the actors have need to reproach themselves, "The Commune" should find many readers both in France and in this country.

For the production of so mighty a series of novels as this MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte have been in an exceptionally favourable position. Their education and, necessarily, sad sympathy with a struggle which robbed them of their father have stood them in good stead. Paul Margueritte, who was born at Laghouat, in Algeria, in 1860, was a pupil at the Prytanée Militaire de la Flèche. He devoted himself to literature from his youth, making his *début* with a short biography of General Margueritte, entitled "Mon Père." From 1883 to 1896, when he started work with his brother on the four novels of the War, he published twenty-three volumes, the most noteworthy of which are "Jours d'Épreuve," "La Force des Choses," "Ma Grande," and "La Tourmente." Victor Margueritte was born in 1866 at Blidah. His first published work was a small but charming volume of verse, "La Chanson de la Mer," which appeared in 1889. He enlisted in the Spahis in 1886, entered the cavalry school at Saumur in 1891, and, four years after, during which time he served as an officer in the Dragoons in Paris and at Versailles, gave in his resignation in order to devote his whole time to literature. The collaboration of the two brothers dates nearly eight years back. Three volumes were published under their joint names before the appearance of "The Disaster," the most pleasing being a novel entitled "Poum."

It is not generally known that the father of these writers was himself possessed of considerable literary ability. Though a soldier by profession, he did not love war for itself; he rather regarded it as a necessary evil. As proof of this may be quoted an extract from one of his letters, written on the eve of an African or Mexican expedition. "Allons," he writes, "il faut encore mettre ces gens-là à la raison et les rosser un peu. Quel ennui!" General Margueritte was a great reader of the Bible and Plutarch's Lives, and it was undoubtedly his intimate acquaintance with these two books, which have influenced so many great writers, which enabled him to write in so simple, pure and clear a style.

Science

Wasting the World's Time

IT is fitting and necessary at times to pause and take stock of human achievement. I am tempted to discuss the modern psychology of volition, and I mean some day to try to interest the reader in his backbone: but in Easter Week of the year 1904 one must revert to a familiar theme, the importance of which must excuse the frequency with which I return to it.

Looking round him last week, the Archdeacon of London, in a most impressive and interesting sermon which he contributed to the "Daily Chronicle" on Good Friday, found himself stricken, as we all must be, by the evil under which humanity groans at this hour. Now I may fairly be told to stick to my last: but I will take my chance of that. According to the most recent German work, we are to believe, as I understand, that the tragedy of Calvary occurred on the sixth of April in the year thirty-one: eighteen hundred and seventy-three years ago on the Wednesday of this week. Let us then observe the present state of things on this our "lukewarm bullet," as it might appear to an observer on any other of the innumerable and immeasurably insignificant objects that fill the Heavens. The newspapers of the morning on which Christendom commemorates Calvary bring us news of the "peaceful mission" which the greatest of Christian nations is sending to Thibet. "In a few minutes the place was like a shambles," says the reporter. From the Near East comes the news that the armed camp which we call Christian Europe is unable to effect any relief of the suffering populations now under Turkish dominance. From the Far East, where a Christian people is fighting a Pagan, comes the daily tale of death and agony: "struck him down with his cutlass. The Russian captain attempted to rise, but the Japanese kicked him overboard, and he was drowned":—whereat the Christian nations applaud the courage, without deprecating the spirit. Most sickening of all, the General who goes East, determined to sign peace at Tokio, wears upon his breast—a cross: surely the most hideous blasphemy that can be conceived. Say that you are a soldier, that the fittest must survive, that *you* did not determine the order of things, and that you mean not to leave a Japanese living on the mainland of Asia: say all these very natural things, if you please, but do not desecrate the memory of Him who told you to turn the other cheek, by wearing upon your breast the symbol of His death for love of His fellows.

Judged by the heights to which our greatest have attained in the past, judged by the ideals which they have given us, judged by our own miserable hypocrisies, the earth can hardly be pronounced other than a disgusting spectacle this Easter Week. My friend a "Student of Literature" surely needs not to go to fiction for evidence of what Kant was pleased to term "radical moral evil"—Kant, whose noble life was so perfect a refutation of his own assertion.

And after all this restatement of platitude, what now? Forty years ago, Cardinal Newman saw in the world "a vision to dizzy and appal" "Either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence." But I call attention to that which—Heaven knows—is clamant enough, because of a sign which has given me comfort. Forty years ago, Newman said, "The Catholic Church holds it better for the sun and moon to drop from

heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions on it to die of starvation in extremest agony than that one soul. . . . should tell one wilful untruth, or should steal one poor farthing without excuse." There is obviously not much hope for the Welt-Schmerz from that source. But listen to Archdeacon Sinclair in the "Daily Chronicle" last week. Consciously or otherwise he realises that the whole conception of sin, the whole objection to stealing the farthing, is that some one would or might suffer: and this suffering is what fills his thoughts. But the Archdeacon finds comfort. This state of things cannot last for ever, he says: we know it cannot. And why? Because Evolution tells us so. Because of what a "Student of Literature" well calls the "rose-coloured views of modern science." I think the readers of that sermon lucky people. I hope it gave many of them as much pleasure as it gave me. Evolution teaches us hope. There is no inherent reason whatever why, if the world's time be not wasted, the level reached by the saints of the past should not become the average level of the humanity of the future.

Despite the spectacle the world presents to-day, I believe with Tyndall and the rest that the history of man is a history of amelioration. It is better to be alive in France to-day than a century ago, when the master-criminal flourished: and so, on the average, at all times and in all places in the past. The history of this amelioration has not coincided with the rise of any creed or Church, but with the advance of science, which is simply man's organised knowledge of himself and his environment. Newman agreed with Buckle and other modern historians who recognise this antipathy between civilisation and dogma. This advance of knowledge sometimes causes thinkers to compare it with the more stationary state of morals: to inquire how it is that knowledge comes but wisdom lingers. They raise the question whether telegraphs and such-like scientific inventions are worth having merely to record, and record to Christian applause, the kicking of a dying foe into the sea. And sometimes they go to the philosophy of science for an answer. A celebrated artist, with whose works I am only imperfectly familiar, but one of whose most devoted admirers tells me that he is an optimist, and another that he is a pessimist, has gone to Evolution for aid, and in the Prelude to his "Egoist" says, "We were the same, and animals into the bargain. That is all we got from Science." Well, if it be true, as Mr. Meredith finely asserts, that "our disease was hanging on to us again with the extension of a tail," then I agree with him that "we have little to learn of apes, and they may be left." Certainly let them be left—and our blind veneration for the past as well. Our ape ancestry teaches us to look to the future. I grant that the race is young yet, and has many a long year to go. But looking backwards has turned many another besides Lot's wife into a pillar of salt: and looking backwards, as so many of us still do, is wasting the world's time. Why should even one more generation have to suffer the evils which afflict our own?

Science—and the Archdeacon of London—declare that there is hope. The hope lies in the further dissemination of that knowledge which has brought man from savagery to civilisation. Let me guess how things will have altered in a century. At present we see, south of the Tweed, an educational measure which, whilst doing practically nothing to further the cause of real education, has thrown the country into turmoil. The fuss is mainly made by clergy of various sects, who are fighting each to push its own metaphysical dogmas—incomprehensible to the wisest—down the throats of young children: the parents meanwhile caring

hardly a straw. The most miserable part of the spectacle is that the parents do not care: in 19004 I believe they will care. There's optimism for you. And one more prophecy. We have had an economic policy before the country for nearly a year. This Christian people has discussed every side for that long period. Every side but one. Only in a quotation in the "Westminster Gazette," of a noble passage from Mrs. Browning, have I seen even a hint that there is an ethical side to the fiscal question. A tax will benefit ten people in England and ruin eleven in France: Is it right or wrong for an English statesman to impose it? I have been to Science, like Mr. Meredith: and, judging by the "tail," I believe that some day may see the justification of that hasty Hebrew who said that "righteousness exalteth a nation." There's rose-coloured science for you! And if Truth be Beautiful, shall we gibe?

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

DURING the past three or four months I have had the good luck to witness various performances of old and new plays which go far to prove that there is life in the theatre still and that all that is wanted for the revival of the drama is a leader who can gather together and focus the various energies at work. "The Stage Society," "The Mermaid Society," "The Irish National Theatre Society" are all doing good work, which will not, however, prove so effective as it would were their performances given—for example—in one particular theatre, a theatre to which playgoers would soon grow into a habit of going with fair security of witnessing good work. Such a theatre is to be provided, it is understood, by Mr. J. H. Leigh at the Court, which house is to be re-decorated and provided with a sufficient stock of scenery.

MR. LEIGH is already doing good work there with his Shakespeare revivals, and if he can only persuade the societies already named and such travelling companies as Mr. Tree's, Mr. Benson's, The Compton Comedy Company and a few others to make the Court Theatre their London headquarters, playing there a few weeks each year, we shall have at any rate the beginnings of a repertoire theatre, without, unfortunately, a stock company. Such a theatre would at any rate go far to answer the much-debated question, whether or not there is in London a sufficient public to support a repertoire theatre. It will not decisively determine the question in the negative if the performances at the Court should fail to attract, for that theatre has the reputation of being difficult to reach, though as a matter of fact it is most conveniently situated for almost all parts of London, being close to Victoria Station (L.C.D.R. and L.B.S.C.R.) and upon the underground railway and many omnibus routes.

WHATEVER be the outcome of the experiment, Mr. Leigh should be heartily thanked for his enterprise. As to the demeanour of audiences attending artistic productions, there is little room for complaint, though I was struck by the amount of rude and brainless chattering indulged in by many of the spectators of "Everyman" at the Coronet Theatre one night last week. Possibly such a piece as this exquisite survival of mediæval-

ism should not be acted before a general audience or in an ordinary playhouse; a repertoire theatre would be the right place for its performance, and perchance some day we may see it given inside or outside of one of our great cathedrals.

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON—Rip—has seen several generations of playgoers come and go. Here is an interesting anecdote of him, with a moral:

"One night some years ago," says the narrator, Mr. E. H. Sothern, "as I entered Dorlon's oyster house on West Twenty-third Street, I saw Joseph Jefferson and W. J. Florence sitting at a table near the door. Jefferson was talking earnestly to Florence, who was looking



MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON

very much ashamed of himself, with eyes cast down and fiddling with his oyster fork. Glancing up he saw me, and, as if glad to escape from a scolding, he cried, 'Come over here and sit down with us.'

"'How do you do?' said Jefferson. 'Pardon me a moment. I am telling Billy about a point he spoiled this evening.' They were playing 'The Rivals' at the Garden Theatre. He proceeded to haul the shame-faced Florence over the coals for not having the necessary expression on his face at the proper moment.

"'Well, I was thinking of something else,' said Florence.

"'Ah, that's it,' said Jefferson, 'but you missed the point, and let me tell you that you would have got a round of applause there'—naming some other portion of the scene—'if you had made the pause in the right place.'

"'Look here,' said Florence, suddenly, losing his remorseful expression, 'you killed your own effect by speaking too quickly on that line,' and he instanced one of Bob Acres' best moments.

"Jefferson's face fell. 'That's so, Billy, that's so, I

spoiled that line. I was thinking how well I was playing, too, and I forgot my look before I spoke.'

"Florence became quite cheerful again.

"'He's been giving me fits,' said he, 'for the last ten minutes. He wasn't so devilish good himself to-night.'"

A TRIVIAL anecdote it may seem to be, but it has its moral—or morals. It shows how seriously the old school of actors took their art, and how, even in oft-played parts, they were ever alert and anxious. To-day, at any rate with too many of our popular performers, carelessness rather than care is the rule. In no art is more attention to detail, more care over small matters, called for than in the actor's; a part must first be thought out broadly, then in detail; first roughed out, and then filled in; tones, looks, gestures, details of dress and of make-up, all must be attentively studied, re-studied, re-studied, until the actor attains as near to perfection as it is possible for him to go. How many young actors—and actresses—to-day are content to speak their words sufficiently well not to be ridiculous—how few try to create a character, to impersonate fully the parts they are called upon to play. Sir Henry Irving, Mr. John Hare, Mrs. Kendal and others who learnt their art in harder and happier days set a good example to the younger school, which generally refuses to see or follow it.

For a picture an artist makes numberless studies; for a history, or a biography, or a work of fiction, the writer prepares himself by study; can the actor, who pretends to hold up the mirror to Nature and to paint for us portraits of men and women, achieve any really fine work without serious study and the taking of infinite pains? It is all very well to abuse our playwrights for asking actors to make bricks without straw; how do our actors account for the shocking performances we are sometimes given in standard plays? Performances ill thought out, ill dressed, badly spoken and conventionally made-up? I speak hardly, but not harshly, because it is pitiable to see so many clever young men and women starting out on the wrong path, believing that there is a royal road to acting, whereas the only route is that of hard, painstaking, continuous work. Why, many and many an actor and actress to-day are apparently unacquainted with the rudiments of elocution, at any rate they ignore the practice of them, and the public performer's first duty is to be heard.

THE following is the cast of Congreve's "Way of the World," which is to be produced by the Mermaid Society, under the direction of Mr. Philip Carr, at the Court Theatre on Sunday, 17th inst., and the following Monday and Tuesday afternoons:—Fainall, Mr. Frank Lascelles; Mirabell, Mr. C. M. Hallard; Witwould, Mr. Nigel Playfair (by permission of Mr. George Edwardes); Petulant, Mr. Ian MacLaren; Sir Wilful Witwould, Mr. Lennox Pawle; Waitwell, Mr. A. Eckersley; Lady Wishfort, Mrs. Theodore Wright; Mrs. Millamant, Miss Ethel Irving (by permission of Mr. Frank Curzon); Mrs. Marwood, Miss Edyth Olive; Mrs. Fainall, Miss Ada Potter; Foible, Mrs. Campbell Bradley; Mincing, Miss Ruth Vernon. Tickets and information as to membership may be obtained at the offices of the Society, 3, Old Palace Chambers, Old Scotland Yard, Whitehall (Telephone 6412 Gerrard). The seats will be at the ordinary theatre prices.

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'THE MAGAZINE of ART' for April.

*What is the "New Art,"
and what are its Merits?*

MANY eminent members of the Royal Academy, and other leading artists, architects, and designers, are expressing their opinion of the "New Art" in "THE MAGAZINE OF ART" symposium on the subject. In the April number there are contributions by the following painters, architects, and sculptors: Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., Mr. H. S. Tuke, A.R.A., Mr. G. Frampton, R.A., Mr. Reginald Blomfield, and Mr. Ernest George.

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Art Notes

"THE BURLINGTON MAGAZINE" for April, though not very interesting for its illustrations, makes up in the controversial matter of its letterpress. First as to its colour blocks, I do not know whether this magazine is singular in its failure, but the three-colour process seems to fail in a peculiarly marked fashion in reproducing the effect of china and porcelain—the glitter and glorious suggestion of the porcelain colours are wanting—and there is no colour in all the range of art to rival the glow of the tints of porcelain. The letterpress contains a defence of the winter exhibitions of Old Masters at the Royal Academy against an egregious attack upon that body; indeed, it seems barely credible that any sane man could attempt to prove that the exhibiting of works by the Old Masters at the winter shows checked the sale of works by modern men. It is undoubtedly true that, at the dealers', many a mediocre canvas by a dead painter sells for a ridiculously high price, and that several men of mark to-day are practically going hungry; but this is the mere commercialism of the sorry business; and to attack the Royal Academy for its winter shows of Old Masters on the grounds that the act gives an exaggerated estimate to their work as compared with that of the modern men is simply childish. I am glad to see also that the editor glories in the rough rebuke given by the Reichstag to the German Emperor in that worthy's attempt to boycott the younger and more independent artists of Germany at the St. Louis Exhibition. His high-handed conduct throughout the business deserved a very rude rebuke from the nation, and he got it—with the mailed fist—by the Reichstag voting half the national subscriptions for the Secessionists. Royal Academy please copy.

AFTER reading Julia Cartwright's article upon the drawings of Jean François Millet in Mr. Forbes' collection, I have come to the conclusion that literary people see painting and line in a totally different way from artists. No one admires Millet's paintings more than I—the mystery, the powerfully transferred emotion, the broad massing of the paint, the majesty of the thing, are wonderful, great, immortal. But—since he became the fashion it has also become the fashion to praise everything his hand touched, and the consequence is that we are told to see qualities in his line and in his drawing which are conspicuously absent. It has always been to me one of the hundred wonders of art that the man who painted with all Millet's breadth and force and poetry, could draw so hopelessly uninterestingly, so ineloquently, that one even wonders he could paint from these nerveless sketches. But when Julia Cartwright says that Millet's painting "is too much laboured, and his brushwork lacks the lightness of touch that we find in the paintings of many inferior artists," we can only say "Thank God for it!" Millet's touch is large, majestic, deep, vast in its resonances and its suggestions. Of course Huysmans would find him a "heavy worker on canvas," but who that paints would be damned with Huysmans' praise? If Fromentin were "a better critic," then he must have been in the company of idiots when he said that Millet could not be called a fine painter, although he may have been a deep thinker; by the very phrase he shows his incapacity for criticism, art having nothing to do with *thinking* but with *feeling*—that is to say, with emotion. Millet's paint is not garish, but it is solid, vigorous, glowing, large. He was

too great an artist to over-value mere tint. He knew that art had to do wholly with emotion; and he learnt the craft of his trade as few men of his time knew it. That was why the dealers and the critics talked such drivel about him. And surely Julia Cartwright does not really and seriously think that "a still higher degree of interest belongs to the crayon and pen-and-ink sketches of Jean François Millet" than to the work of Charles Keene, or Menzel, or Rossetti!

MESSRS. METHUEN have published in their half-crown series of "Little Books on Art" the volume on Greuze and Boucher. Why each was not deemed sufficient unto himself I do not gather—they are both immortals in their own province. The cant about Boucher "not being serious" is surely near dead. Boucher the man stands out as one of the most generous, lovable beings the world has known; and we forgive him for his weaknesses, as we cannot forgive the harsh and cruel virtues of many a smug hypocrite. And, above all things, he *could* paint a picture. For the drawing-room and the walls of one's living-rooms, who so gay and blithe a companion as Boucher? And, forsooth, because he was no great master of altar-pieces or of sentimentality we are to condemn him as a mere voluptuary! In one's heart, every man of taste agrees with Boucher that Michelangelo's ceiling figures were splendid contortions—why deny it? The great Florentine is big enough to own his faults. Boucher and Michelangelo have each their place, and the Florentine is as much out of place in one's home as Boucher is out of place in a nun's cell. . . . In many ways Eliza Pollard is to be congratulated on her little book, though I wish she could have avoided producing her blocks from line engravings; but the worst part of a woman's writing a biography is that the innate gentleness of a woman's taste, which goes cat-like among the puddles, seems to force her to keep apologising for some vague naughtinesses of her subject, which, being merely hinted at, remain unproven, and draw a Mrs. Grundy trail across the whole book. Besides, Boucher needs no apology—he has come to stay. He is, in the French pastoral, absolutely supreme; and in decorative eighteenth-century art he ranks with Watteau and Fragonard, than whom it would be difficult to find, in their realm, greater masters. As regards the reproductions, I fancy the "Broken Pitcher," by Greuze, owes its exceeding badness to being done from an engraving, whilst the success of "The Kiss" is due to its being done from the painting. At any rate, the "Broken Pitcher" depends absolutely on the beauty of the brushing in the draperies and the flesh tints—the engraving has neither. And one word before we leave the naughty Frenchmen: surely Eliza Pollard does not really blame Greuze for pulling the draperies just a little over the shoulders and the breasts of his girls! Surely there is no immorality in the beauty of a woman's shoulders! It was only the artist in him, arranging his picture so as to produce the most beautiful effect. What a nation of hypocrites we are, from John o' Groats to Land's End—especially at John o' Groats.

"THE CONNOISSEUR" for April puts on a spring dress; and is notable for the beauty both of phrasing and of literary impressionism that marks an exquisite article on "La Bella Simonetta," by Dion Clayton Calthrop. The editor is, indeed, to be congratulated on his "find"; and I would only recommend art critics in general to note the beauty that this man can instil into an art article, and compare it with the vapid and tortuous inanities of Mr. Wedmore's article upon the

exquisite art of Charles Conder in the same magazine. Mr. Calthrop seems to raise the fragrance of the sweet, frail La Bella Simonetta from the dead—in a few touches he puts before us this immortal maid, the toast of Florence, the dainty, beautiful girl whom Botticelli loved to paint, for whom the young bloods and rhymers of Florence sighed, whom Giuliano de' Medici won for his mistress, whom Lorenzo the Magnificent mourned in verse. Mr. Wedmore, on the other hand, seems to crush with clumsy paws of praise the very daintiness out of Conder's fans.

THE Whitechapel Art Gallery, under Canon Barnett's guidance and Mr. Aitken's energy, blossoms into colour with the arts of the Netherlands; the exhibition having been opened by the Hon. H. L. W. Lawson on March 29.

Musical Notes

THE programmes of the Kruse Festival, which begins to-day, Saturday, April 9, contain many attractive features; but I am bound to confess that I shall be agreeably surprised if the undertaking as a whole is a financial success. To support seven concerts of this order within a space of ten days really implies a tremendous amount of musical enthusiasm—far more, I fear, than London can be relied upon to furnish. What reason Mr. Kruse has for assuming the opposite, I am, indeed, at a loss to conceive. Again and again it has been shown in the past that your Festival, so successful an institution in the provinces, makes little or no appeal to Londoners—the recent Elgar celebration notwithstanding; and if Professor Kruse hopes to attain any other result by his forthcoming venture, I am afraid he is doomed to disappointment.

I CANNOT perceive either that his programmes boast any remarkable attractions which might hold out promise of more favourable results. Certainly they are quite interesting. It will be pleasant to hear the Sheffield Union choristers, for example, in "The Dream of Gerontius" and the "Missa Solennis," likewise to make acquaintance with Hugo Wolf's Italian Capriccio and Weingartner's Orchesterlieder, and to hear that famous—not to say venerable—Wagnerian *prima donna*, Fräulein Malten, in the closing scene of "Götterdämmerung." But a good many of the works promised are decidedly *vieux jeu*, and as such hardly calculated to stimulate the sluggish. In this connection, by the way, it is somewhat odd to notice that only one Beethoven symphony, to wit, the "Choral," figures in the list, while it is still more surprising that not a single example of Richard Strauss is included in a scheme otherwise distinguished by its catholicity. But the Festival is certainly a spirited undertaking on Mr. Kruse's part, and I hope sincerely that his enterprise may be properly rewarded.

WHAT is that big secret which, if a "Daily News" interviewer may be credited, Dr. Elgar has up his sleeve?—

"The composer of 'The Apostles,' I need hardly say, is not a man who desires personal publicity, but he had something out of the common to announce—something which I must confess had aroused my keenest curiosity. Unfortunately when I called on him matters were not in

train for a definite announcement and . . . my readers must possess their souls in patience for a time."

It is certainly calculated to pique one's curiosity. Meanwhile it is interesting to note that Dr. Elgar is engaged at present on a musical setting for chorus and orchestra of an ode by O'Shaughnessy of which the opening lines run:

"We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World losers and world forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems."

A fine theme which Dr. Elgar should handle with enthusiasm. Also he has yet to give us, of course, part three of "The Apostles," and his still uncompleted first symphony. Dr. Elgar certainly does not weary in creating.

THE forthcoming performances of the Joachim Quartet will assume altogether exceptional significance and interest if it be true, as rumour has had it, that they will also be their last in London. In any event, the fact that this year sees the sixtieth anniversary of Dr. Joachim's first appearance (on the occasion of a benefit to the poet Bunn at Drury Lane) in this country will render his approaching visit memorable in no ordinary degree. But all of his innumerable friends and admirers will hope that it may be long before he ceases to favour us with his presence from time to time—even though the date of his retirement from the active practice of his art cannot in the nature of things be much longer delayed. In this connection it will be learnt with interest that a movement is on foot to mark the occasion in a befitting manner. It would be quite impossible to overestimate the value of the services which in the course of his long and illustrious career Dr. Joachim has rendered to the cause of music in this country.

MR. MANNERS, whose forthcoming season of opera in English at popular prices at Drury Lane will be followed with such interest, has been giving an interviewer some interesting information as to the prevailing tastes of provincial operagoers, the upshot of which is not very encouraging to those who imagined that matters had of recent years greatly improved in this regard. Will it be believed that to this day the most popular work in Mr. Manners' repertory is Balfe's "Bohemian Girl"?

"It has often happened that on a Saturday morning in some provincial town I have been some £30 in debt as the result of a week's performances. 'The Bohemian Girl' is put on as a *matinée*, and I am able to wipe off that debt and end the week with a surplus of perhaps £60."

But perhaps there is a ray of light even here. It is better that country audiences should be fond of even "The Bohemian Girl" than of nothing at all, and probably if they heard them often enough they would become equally attached in due course to works more worthy of their admiration.

THE Tele-harmonic Company is the name, I notice, of an American organisation which has been founded with the object of providing its customers with music by wire. "It is claimed for the invention," I read, "that when a customer presses a button, sweet strains

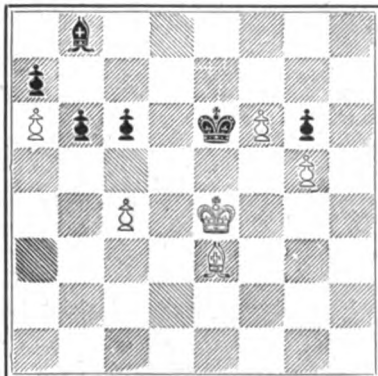
according to his taste, from Wagner to the latest melody in 'rag-time,' will pervade his home." To which it is added, "a special feature is to be made of supplying lullabies at bed-time. Hotels and restaurants are also particularly catered for." One can readily conceive an invention of this kind which "pervades the home" with music emphatically not of the spheres, becoming a fertile source of domestic dissension. The lot of a wife whose musical sympathies have not advanced beyond Sousa or Sullivan perhaps compelled to endure the strains of "Also sprach Zarathustra," say, by a musical spouse of "advanced" proclivities, might well awaken sympathy, and conceivably furnish grounds for the dissolution of such an ill-assorted union. But perhaps the announcement in question means nothing more than our old friend the electrophone masquerading under a new name.

New music recently to hand includes a taking Schattentanz, one of "Fünf Klavierstücke" (why, oh! why this foreign nomenclature?) by Edward MacDowell, from Messrs. Elkin & Co., which has the advantage of being also a capital study, and a charming song by the same composer, "Merry Maiden Spring," as simple as it is sweet. From Messrs. Elkin, too, I have received a couple of songs, "Voices of Vision" and "Willows," words and music both by Cyril Scott (effective examples each of this composer's original if somewhat remote and recondite art), and a Scherzo from the same pen, which is brilliant without being meretricious. "Three Tiny Songs" by Frank Lynes (Elkin)—"Go Make Thy Garden Fair," "So Live To-day" and "If all the Pity"—are quite charming in each case. "Jacobite Song," words by P. Shaw Jeffrey, music by Harold Moore (Augener & Co.), is a good rousing ditty of the "Boot and Saddle" order with an amount of swing and spirit which should ensure it general popularity, while "Omaha Love Song," by the same composer, is equally effective in a totally different vein. Each may be confidently commended to the singer's attention.

Chess

[All communications, marked clearly "Chess" on cover, to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Academy and Literature," 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.]

No. 3.
BLACK.



WHITE.

BLACK TO PLAY AND DRAW.

THE solution to End Game No. I. is as follows:

1. P × P, K—B 3; 2. P—B 4, K × P; 3. P—B 5, K—B 3; 4. P. Kt—Kt 5, P—Q R 4; 5. Kt—Q 6, K—K 8; 6. Kt × P, 4—R 5; 7. Kt—R 5, K—Q 4; 8. P—B 6, K—Q 3; 9. K—Kt 4,

K—B 2; 10. K—R 5, P—R 6; 11. K × P, P—R 7; 12. Kt—Kt 8, K × P; 13. K—Kt 5, K—Kt 4; 14. K—B 4, K—B 5; 15. Kt—R 1, K—B 6; 16. K—K 8, K—Kt 7; 17. K—Q 2, K × Kt; 18. K—B 1. Stalemate.

No correct solution has been received so far of this end game, owing no doubt to the fact that the position is exceptionally difficult to analyse on account of the numerous variations possible.

A further correct solution has been received from Dublin of the end game published March 19.

The following is the first game sent in for our prize competition. The mate is an exceptionally fine one.

White.	Black.
E. L. SELLON.	S. MEYMOTT.
1. P—K 4	1. P—K 8
2. P—K Kt 3	

White only loses time by this somewhat unusual development of the Bishop. In the Sicilian White can play P—K Kt 3 and B—K Kt 2 to much better advantage, as Black has then already weakened his Queen's side to some extent by P—Q B 4.

3. B—Kt 2	2. P—Q 4
4. B × P.	3. P × P
5. B—Kt 2	4. Kt—K B 3
6. P—Q 3.	5. B—B 4
7. Kt—K B 3	6. O—O
8. O—O	7. Kt—B 3
9. B—K 8	8. Q—Q 3
10. Kt—Q B 3	9. R—Q 1
11. Q—K 2	10. P—Q R 3
12. K Kt—Kt 5	11. P—K 4
13. B—B 3	12. B—R 2
14. K Kt—K 4	13. P—R 3
15. Kt × Kt	14. Kt × Kt
16. B—Kt 2	15. Q—K 2
17. Q—R 5	16. B—K 3
18. Kt—B 3	17. P—K B 4
19. Q—K 2	18. Q—B 2
20. P—Q R 3	19. B—Q 5
21. Q R—K 1	20. Q R—Kt 1
22. P × B	21. B × Kt
23. B × Kt	22. Q—B 3

This might have turned out all right if White had followed it up correctly by 25. P × P.

24. P—K B 4	23. P × B
25. Q—Q 2.	24. R—Kt 4

25. P × P, R × P; 26. Q—B 2, R—R 4; 27. B—B 1 would have been a much better continuation.

25. P—K 5

The correct move. Black has now a promising attack, which he conducts with great skill.

26. B—Q 4.	26. Q—Kt 3
27. Q—K 3	27. R—Kt 7
28. R—K B 2	28. K R—Kt 1
29. P × P	29. P × P
30. Q—K 2	

30. Q × P would have been much safer play. White's excursion with his Queen loses the game.

31. Q × R P	30. B—R 6
	31. P—K 6

Very well played.

32. B × P	32. R × P
33. B—Q 4	33. K R—Kt 7
34. Q—B 4 ch.	34. K—R 2
35. Q—B 5	35. Q—K 5!
36. Q—K 5	

and Black announced mate in five.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

We offer a prize of a guinea every quarter for the best game played at any club either in matches, tournaments, or in the course of ordinary play, with this restriction—that the club membership shall not exceed 200. We hope by this restriction to excite interest in the competition among clubs all over the country. The prize will be awarded to the player sending in the best game—that is, competitors may send in one game each week and the prize will go to the player who has sent in the best during the quarter. Competitors can therefore send in many or few games, as they see fit, and at any time. The prize will not be a cash payment, but will take the form of books to be selected by the prize winner.

No winner can secure the prize twice in six months, but prize winners can of course compete again, and, if one of their games is the best, it will appear at the head of the list at the end of each quarter.

The name and club of each of the players must in all cases be given with the score of the game, and competitors must send in the Chess Competition Coupon of the current week with each game.

The prize will be awarded by the Editor of this column, his decision will be final, and no discussion or correspondence on his decision will be permitted.

The First Quarterly Competition commences with this issue. Games may be sent in any time by competitors, but not more than one game each week.

[Competition Coupon on page 3 of Cover.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-.

Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE.

"AN APPEAL FROM THE SHADES."—An essay with the foregoing title appeared in the "London Magazine" for August 1826. This is, both by Mr. Bertram Dobell and Mr. William Macdonald, ascribed to Lamb, for which they appear to have some grounds—internal and external—in justification of this view. At the same time Lamb is not known to have contributed any article to the "London Magazine" so late as 1826. It is just possible that further light might be thrown on the subject if it could be found out who wrote the following lines, which appear in the essay:

—"True as the shell
To the old ocean's melancholy swell."

If it should turn out that they were quoted from some poem written after July 16, 1803, on which date Lamb wrote a letter to Rickman (the external evidence for the view) in which he says: "I enclose you a wonder, a letter from the Shades," it might be valuable evidence against Lamb having written it.—S. Butterworth (Carlisle).

AUTHOR WANTED.—

"He has bought his eternity with a little hour,
And is not dead
For one hour if we look for him, he is no more found
For one hour's space,
Then ye lift up your eyes and behold him crowned,
A deathless face."—N.

FLODDEN FIELD.—Where can I find the whole Ballad of Flodden Field, quoted in Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," and in Halliwell Sutcliffe's "By Moor and Fell in West Yorkshire"?

"From Penygant to Pendle Hill,
From Linton to Long Addingham,
And all that Craven coasts did till,
They with the lusty Clifford came" ?—A.G.D.F. (Halifax).

AUTHOR WANTED.—

"Once more we are complete
To gather round the Pascal Feast, my place
To hear my Master—oh, my Lord, my Lord!
How bright Thou art and yet the very same
I loved in Galilee."—N.

BELLERUS.—What is the "fable of Bellerus old" of which Milton speaks in "Lycidas"?—E. T. Thompson.

"THE MEMORABLE LADY."—In Mr. Meredith's sonnet, "The World's Advance," are these words:

"'Spiral' the memorable Lady terms our mind's ascent."

Can any of your readers tell me who this lady is, and give me the reference? Hazzarding a guess I would say she is Dante's Beatrice.—F.P.

CATHERINE WARD, NOVELIST.—Where can I get any information about Mrs. Catherine Ward, who seems to have been a popular novelist about 1820? She is not in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Among her works are "Fatherless Fanny" (1818), "The Cottage on the Cliff," "The Fisher's Daughter," &c.—A.W.

AUTHOR WANTED.—Can any one tell me the author of these lines?

"With cheerful heart the path of duty run,
God never does, nor suffers to be done,
But what you would yourself, could you but see
The end of all events as well as He."—Beta (Ealing).

GENERAL.

A FRENCH "WHO'S WHO."—Can any one inform me of a French work, similar to the useful English "Who's Who," giving an account

of contemporary Frenchmen? I know Vapereau's "Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains," the last edition of which was published in 1895, but I can find nothing of a similar nature since.—H.F.F. (Wigan).

* "TICKHILL, GOD-HELP-IT."—Tickhill is an old decayed market-town in Yorkshire, about eight miles from Doncaster. It is always known and spoken of as "Tickhill, God-help-it." Can any one supply the origin of the phrase?—J.H.H.

"SCORPE."—In Jean Ingelow's "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" occurs the line:

"For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe."

Is *Scorpe* an East Anglian or Lincolnshire word, and does it occur elsewhere in literature?—A.W.

"DUKERY" OR "DUKERIES"?—Which is the correct term to apply to the Sherwood Forest district wherein are situate in close contiguity the homes of so many noblemen? Should it be "Dukery" or "Dukeries"?—Scathelock.

Answers

LITERATURE.

T. G. WAINWRIGHT.—Mr. W. C. Hazlitt collected Wainwright's "Essays and Criticisms" in 1880. These were gathered from the "London Magazine," to which Wainwright was a contributor between 1820 and 1822 under the several pseudonyms "Janus Weathercock," "Cornelius van Vinkbooms" and "Egomet Bonmot." Wainwright is also supposed to have published the following booklet: "Some Passages in the Life, &c., of Egomet Bonmot, Esq., edited by Mr. Mwaughaim and now published by ME. London: James Bigg. 1825." Mr. Bertram Dobell, from whose interesting "Sidelights on Charles Lamb" the foregoing has been obtained, states that Mr. Hazlitt "prefixed to the volume ('Essays and Criticisms') the fullest account we have of the Author's Life." There is also an account of Wainwright in "Twelve Bad Men," but whether this is fuller than Mr. Hazlitt's I am unable to state as I have not seen it.—S. Butterworth (Carlisle).

T. G. WAINWRIGHT.—A short but efficient biography of Wainwright is to be found in "Lives of Twelve Bad Men," edited by Thomas Seacombe (Fisher Unwin). Mr. Seacombe mentions as his authorities, Thornbury in "Old Stories Retold" and Sir T. N. Talfourd in "Memoirs of Charles Lamb." Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt edited and collected Wainwright's "Essays and Criticisms," and also gathered together all scattered references to him in contemporary letters, &c.—E.J.O.

T. G. WAINWRIGHT.—Wainwright's "Essays and Criticisms," now first collected with some account of the author, were published by Reeves & Turner in 1880, the volume being edited by W. Carew Hazlitt.—E. L. Allhusen (Chatham).

T. G. WAINWRIGHT.—A number of Wainwright's "Essays and Criticisms" contributed to the "London Magazine," were edited by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, with a biographical introduction, in 1880. "Twelve Bad Men," edited by T. Seacombe, contains a detailed study of Wainwright by Mr. A. G. Allen, who compares his *modus operandi* with that of William Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner.—M.A.C.

* "TWENTY THOUSAND THIEVES."—It is not a historian, but Emerson, who says "twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings." The statement occurs in his "English Traits" in the Essay on "Race."—G. F. Thompson.

"HE NOTHING COMMON DID OR MEAN."—The lines quoted by J.F.U. are from Andrew Marvell's "Horatian Ode" on Cromwell's return from Ireland, and refer to Charles I.—A.W.

GENERAL.

"MONKEY NUTS," or "Ground Nuts" (*nguba* of the Congo, *ntedza* in the Shire Highlands), are called botanically *Arachis hypogaea*.—A.W.

TYPE DERIVATIONS.—Bourgeois, French *bourg*, a borough, so common (citizen). Nonpareil, Latin *par* ("equal") with negative prefix. Brevier, Latin *brevis* ("small"). Minion, French *mignon*, a "pet" or favourite. Pearl, French *perle*, a jewel. Ruby, Latin *rubeus*, "red." Pica, short for magpie, Latin *pica*, so piebald.—A.H.

"SOUND SLEEP."—Humming-tops, when first started spinning, career about here and there, and make a noisy irregular humming sound; but after a little while they settle into a steady upright position, and the humming sound becomes also steady and softer, and the top is said to be "asleep."—Ric. O. A. [Reply also from M.M.D. (Colwich).]

"FAINETS."—May I suggest as a possible derivation the French *fainéant*, doing nothing, idle, slothful, and *fainéance*, slothfulness? The "Stanford Dictionary of Anglicised Words and Phrases" gives several instances of the use of these words in a completely or partly Anglicised form. "All our young *fainéants*," Lord Chesterfield, 1777; "So this *fainéant* took but little part in electioneering doings," Thackeray; "A habit of *fainéantise* which is quite ruinous," "Edin. Rev.," 1884.—M.A.C.

* CHURCH-WINDOWS.—In many a martyrologium I have read the locution, the soul of the martyr flew "von Mund auf" (= from the mouth) upward in the sky, and this locution caused the representation in windows and miniatures. The locution is very old; in German *sagas* we often read the soul of a man, who fell asleep, departed from his mouth in the form of a mouse or a serpent, and passed into earth-holes and discovered treasures. The soul returned to the body through the mouth, and the lucky man knew how to find riches. It seems to me an old tradition and a naive conception according to the Indian pictographs. Perhaps the birth of Athens from the head of Zeus is only a variation of this theme.—Dr. W. F. Stolz (Vienna).

"THE DEVIL'S HOOF."—Is not the cloven-hoofed "Devil" the direct descendant of the goat-hoofed Pan?—A.W.

"BAWBE."—It is desirable to identify the supposed locality termed "Sille bawby," which in English would mean "holy penny"; it is a curious coincidence that the record entry is dated 1541, while the coin termed a "bawbee" was first issued in the same year.—A.H.

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No. 1667. Established 1869.

London: 16 April 1904.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.]

Literary Notes

NEXT week's issue of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE will take the form of a Shakespeare Commemoration Number, containing special articles and illustrations.

I HEAR, not on the best authority, that Mr. Hall Caine is engaged upon a novel in which Mr. Arthur Balfour will figure as the hero. By a curious coincidence it is rumoured that Mr. George Meredith is writing a story in which Mr. Chamberlain will be one of the principal characters. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is responsible for a great deal!

THE "Westminster Gazette" has been awarding prizes for original aphorisms, and has succeeded in raising some distinctly good specimens, some of which I venture to quote: "There is no God but gold, and infinite is his profit"; better still, "All is not sold that glitters"; "Only good men die," reminiscent of Lamb; and another contributor neatly sums up the history of the aphorism, "Most good sayings were originated by the ancients, elaborated by the French, and attributed to Disraeli. . . A paradox is only a platitude in fancy dress."

THE authoress of "The Gadfly" has written a novel with Siberia as the centre of interest. Mrs. Voynich knows—or should know—her subject, having for several years acted as secretary to Stepniak, and her husband, the well-known dealer in rare books, was long in exile in Siberia.

THE memorial window and tablet to Mr. R. D. Blackmore in Exeter Cathedral will be unveiled by Mr. Eden Phillpotts on Tuesday, the 26th. It has always been a matter of regret that Blackmore's fame should be so completely identified with "Lorna Doone," which may be the most exciting and stimulating of his tales, but is not superior in literary workmanship to others of his works. It has never yet been fully realised that Blackmore did for the country very much that which Dickens did for the town, his descriptions of Nature and his drawings of rustic character are always admirable; some day he will come by all his own.

A VOLUME of essays and travels, Italian in subject, by Mr. Maurice Hewlett will be published in the autumn.

HERE is the full programme of the London Shakespeare Commemoration: April 22, Friday.—At the Theatre, Burlington House, performance of "Much Ado

about Nothing," by the Elizabethan Stage Society under the direction of Mr. William Poel, 4 o'clock; preceded at 3.45 by a short address by the President, Dr. F. J. Furnivall. Tickets 5s., 3s., and (unreserved) 2s.; to



MISS DOROTHY MENPES

(Photo. Kate Praeger, Brompton Square)

members of the League the following reduction is made: Five 5s. tickets for £1 1s.; 3s. tickets for 2s. 6d. each; 2s. tickets for 1s. 6d. each, to be obtained from the Secretary, Elizabethan Stage Society, 90 College Street.

Chelsea, S.W. April 23, Saturday ("Shakespeare Day").—A Ramble in Shakespeare's London, 2.30 p.m., including a short address by Mrs. Carmichael Stopes in the Hall of Gray's Inn. Members wishing to join this party are requested to send their names to the Secretary of the League, 49 Southwold Mansions, Elgin Avenue, W., before April 16. Shakespeare Commemoration Dinner at the Criterion Restaurant at 8 p.m.; tickets 10s. 6d.; to members 8s. 6d. Reception by the President and Council at 7.30. April 24, Sunday.—In connection with the Sunday Lecture Society, Prof. I. Gollancz will deliver a lecture at St. James' Hall, 3.30. Subject: "The Coming of Shakespeare." April 26, Tuesday.—At the Theatre, Burlington House, 8.30, address by Dr. Richard Garnett. The chair will be taken by Mr. G. Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. April 27, Wednesday.—At the Theatre, Burlington House, 8.30, address by Rev. R. S. De Courcy Laffan, on Shakespeare's Boyhood. The chair will be taken by Mr. Sidney Lee, B.A., Litt.D. April 29, Friday.—A Shakespeare Recital by Mr. J. H. Leigh, at Steinway Hall, 3; conversazione at the Passmore Edwards Hall, Tavistock Square, at 8.30, when the President, Dr. Furnivall, will deliver a concluding address.

A VOLUME of short stories by Mr. Kipling will be issued in the autumn.

In the May number of "The Century" will appear an article on "The British Parliament from the Inside," written by Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., and illustrated by M. André Castaigne.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD has completed his biography of Pope Leo XIII., and is putting the finishing touches to his new novel of Roman and Sicilian life.

HERE is a comic complaint from a Western farmer in the U.S., which I take from the "American Publishers' Weekly":

"Dear Brother,—This is not an order for books, but only to tell you beforehand, for fear I should forget, that with my next order I must insert the *proviso* that the leaves must be cut. I would also prefer the edges trimmed, so as to show that the manufacture of the book was completed, but will not contend for that. A friend took his untrimmed book to the paper cutter at our printing office, who spoiled his job; and I think he was entitled to send his book back to exchange it for a perfect copy. But he is a meek man, and did not do it.

"I am busy, and obliged to read my books by snatches. Have not paper cutters everywhere, and when I have hoped I could run my finger through successfully I have as often failed as succeeded. Served me right if I took the gambler's risk and lost. But why should the maker of the book, who by selling me the book would give me to understand that it was ready for sale, impose such a vexatious burden on me? I am in the habit of marking my books, and turning a corner of a leaf where I mark; but in an untrimmed book my marks are lost in the rags! I was quite resolved to return one of these books, with the request that the publishers kindly finish their work, and cut the leaves and trim the edges in civilised fashion; but I compromised on this letter, asking you to help me remember not to get any more unfinished books."

SOME interesting lectures have been arranged by the Sociological Society, on the 18th by Dr. E. Westermarck on "Woman in Early Civilisation," on June 20 by Professor E. Durkheim "On the Relation of Sociology to the Social Sciences and to Philosophy," and on July 18 by Mr. Patrick Geddes on "Civics as Applied Sociology."

MR. ROBERT BRIDGES is preparing the introduction to a selection from the writings of President Roosevelt, designed for use as a reader in schools, to be published by Messrs. Scribner.

AN American literary paper points out that Villon has a successor in a present-day French burglar, who is the author of a lyric of which the following are two stanzas:

"I reign as master in the woods,
The rich man's purse belongs to me;
When falls the night, alack for him!
I ease him of his property.

What matters conscience here below?
Its voice to me is no command.
The law is gold and it belongs
To him who has the strongest hand."

MR. HALL CAINE'S novel "The Prodigal Son" will be published in America by Messrs. Appleton. Iceland, Paris and London will occupy prominent places in the new story.

THE arrangements of the London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London) for the summer term are announced. Among the lecturers may be named Sir Frank Swettenham and Mr. Sidney Webb on Public Administration, Mr. W. M. Ackworth on Railway Economics, Professor Laurence R. Dicksee on Accountancy, Mr. Hubert Hall on History, Palaeography and Diplomatic, and Mr. H. J. Mackinder on Economic Geography. Full details can be obtained from the Director of the School, Clare Market, W.C.

MR. ARCHIE F. WEBLING has written a delightful paper "On Browsing in a Library" in "Temple Bar." He is evidently gifted with the true spirit of a bookman, literature to him is a love, his books are his intimate friends, even the manner in which he acquires his intimates is dear to him, as is witnessed to in the following passage:

"Who, save he that knows it, can tell of the romantic pleasure of picking up books on stalls and at old tumble-down shops? (Suffer me, O Booksellers' Row, to shed one tear to thy memory!) The cheerful anticipations that are aroused as one contemplates the heap that may contain the treasure! The lordly air with which one examines the worthless tomes and casts them aside, or pauses to peruse some interesting page, supremely disdainful of the proprietor's oft-repeated information, 'Tanner each, all the lot on the stall!' But I must linger no longer on this topic, save to add that the remembrance of these things is no small part of the pleasure of browsing."

There are others of us who have a cosy corner in our memories for Booksellers' Row; there is no narrow street now where old bookshops do congregate; Charing Cross Road is too wide and too noisy for the bookworm.

IN "Scribner's" there is also a delightful burlesque "Experiment in Modern Pedagogics," a quotation from which will be forgiven:

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP.

Baa, baa, black sheep,	1
Have you any wool?	2
Yes, marry, have I,	3
Three bags full;	4
One for my master,	5
And one for my dame,	6
But none for the little boy	7
Who cries in the lane.	8

L. 1.—“Baa, baa.” A favourite phrase in olden times, and still in current use; probably derived from the Latin “*beo*,” to make happy.

Was the sheep black by nature, or only for the sake of alliteration?

L. 3.—“marry.” A curious use of the word, probably suggested by the preceding answer, “Yes.”

L. 4.—“Three bags full.” An allusion to Æolus, King of the Winds.

L. 7 and 8—Note the ingenious device by which the ethical lesson is conveyed.

Study the text carefully and calculate accurately what was done with the third bag. Take into consideration all the possibilities; i.e., the bag may have been divided among many, or the little boy may have stopped crying.

THE new Irish periodical “Dana” will make its bow on April 25, the first number containing, among other matter, the first of a series of “Moods and Memories,” by Mr. George Moore, and contributions by Professor Dowden, John Eglinton, Edward Dujardin and F. Ryan. The price will be sixpence, and Mr. David Nutt will be the London and Messrs. Hodges, Figgis & Co. the Dublin publishers.

Bibliographical

MUCH as she published, the late Miss Frances Power Cobbe can hardly be said to have come in contact with pure literature, unless we count her little book called “The Friend of Man, and his Friends the Poets” (1889), which, if I remember rightly, was a sort of prose-and-verse anthology having for its subject the Dog in history. It has also to be recorded of her that she edited the collected works of Theodore Parker (1863). For the rest, leaving out of the question her anti-vivisectionist pamphlets, we find that the most solid of her publications were “An Essay on Intuitive Morals” (1855, fourth edition 1902), “The Pursuits of Women” (1863), “Religious Duty” (1864, 1894), “Broken Lights: an Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith” (1864), “Studies New and Old of Ethical and Social Subjects” (1865), “Dawning Lights: an Inquiry Concerning the Secular Results of the New Reformation” (1868, 1894), “Darwinism in Morals, and Other Essays” (1872), “The Hopes of the Human Race, Hereafter and Here” (1874, 1894), “The Duties of Women” (1881, 1894), “The Peak in Darien, with some other Inquiries touching Concerns of the Soul and the Body” (1882, 1894), and “The Scientific Spirit of the Age, and Other Pleas and Discussions” (1888). Two brochures, entitled “A Faithless World” (1885) and “Health and Holiness” (1891), appear to have been popular, for they were reprinted in one volume in 1894, the year which witnessed the issue of her “Life, by Herself.” In 1876 Miss Cobbe published in volume form, under the happy title of “Re-Echoes,” a series of papers which she had contributed to the “Echo” newspaper. This, perhaps, is the most thoroughly readable of all her publications.

It is interesting to note that Messrs. Methuen propose to include in their “Little Library” a “Little Book of Artemus Ward.” The middle-aged among us remember very well the enormous vogue which was enjoyed by the American humorist during the late ‘sixties and the early ‘seventies. It was in 1865 that George Augustus Sala introduced to the English public “Artemus Ward his Book; or the Confessions and Experiences of a

Showman.” Two years later came a “people’s edition” of the “Book,” with a “life” of the author (Charles Farrer Browne). Then came Browne’s visit to England, and his lecture at the Egyptian Hall on the subject of the Mormons—the latter being published in 1869 under the editorship of T. W. Robertson and E. P. Hingston, each of whom contributed an introduction. During his brief stay in England Browne wrote some articles for “Punch,” and these were reprinted, with other sketches, in 1870, under the title of “Artemus Ward in London.” Lastly, we had, in 1871, “The Complete Works of Charles Farrer Browne,” with a portrait of the author and a preface from the pen of J. C. Hotten. The Egyptian Hall lecture at least had the merit of making it clear that Browne’s humour did not depend for its success upon the bad spelling and Yankee colloquialisms of “Artemus Ward his Book.” It was not humour of the first or even of the second class, but it was genuine enough in its way, and the forthcoming specimens of it should be welcome.

In writing his memoir of Rossetti Mr. A. C. Benson has been *felix opportunitate*. His predecessor, Mr. Knight, who wrote the volume on Rossetti for the “Great Writers” series (1887), was not quite so fortunate. Mr. Benson is able to print an imposing list of “authorities,” most of them recent, for the literature of Rossetti has grown large of late years. Nevertheless, Mr. Knight was not badly off for material. He had the “Record and Study” by Mr. W. Sharp, and the “Recollections” by Mr. Hall Caine, both published in 1882. He had three invaluable articles by Mr. Watts-Dunton—the obituary notice in “The Athenæum,” “The Truth about Rossetti” (in the “Nineteenth Century,” 1883), and the biographical sketch in the “Encyclopædia Britannica” (1886); also sundry magazine papers by W. J. Stillman, Mr. Holman Hunt and others. Moreover, through Ford Madox Brown and Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Mr. Knight had access to Rossetti’s correspondence; he had assistance from certain of the poet-painter’s “early associates”; and he was personally acquainted with Rossetti—an advantage which, I believe, Mr. Benson has not enjoyed.

Mr. John Coleman, the veteran actor and manager, has broken down in health just on the eve of the publication of his Autobiography. He has been one of the “literary” players, and has written, either alone or in collaboration, a large number of dramas. Seven printed works also stand to his credit at this moment. Four of these are works of fiction—“Curly: an Actor’s Story” (1885), “The Rival Queens: a Story of the Modern Stage” (1887), “The White Lady of Rosemount” (1891, 1896), and “Wife, yet no Wife: a Story of To-day” (1892). The other three are of the nature of professional reminiscences—“Memoirs of Samuel Phelps” (1886), “Players and Playwrights I have known” (1888), and “Charles Reade as I knew Him” (1903). It should be added that Mr. Coleman collaborated with Mr. J. C. Chute in a story called “Gladys’ Peril” (1886).

“In the course of the introduction he has written for ‘An Eighteenth-Century Anthology,’ Mr. Alfred Austin,” writes a correspondent, “speaks of ‘Matthew Arnold’s phrase, “Reason touched by emotion.”’ I have always been under the impression that Arnold’s phrase was ‘morality touched by emotion,’ and that this was his description of religion. I should be glad if one of your ‘Arnoldian’ readers would settle this point for me, and, if possible, mention the place where the phrase may be found.”

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

A Great Letter Writer

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM COWPER. Arranged by Thomas Wright. In four volumes. (Hodder & Stoughton. £3 3s. net.)

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, the Principal of Cowper School, Olney, not content with his labours in the cause of Edward FitzGerald, has spent some years of pious energy in collating and editing the correspondence of William Cowper. The result of his work is now apparent in four stout volumes which have just been issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The collation has been excellently done, for it can have been no easy task to collect and arrange this huge mass of correspondence, covering the period between 1753 and 1799. The editing and annotating, one has to confess, are less satisfying. Perhaps Mr. Wright was anxious to avoid the repetition of such a "howler" as his description, in the Life of FitzGerald, of the "Mahabharata" as a Persian poem. Certainly he has been meticulously careful—almost, one might say, to the point of indiscretion—in his annotations. It is not often that one has to complain of an editor's modesty, but Mr. Wright has carried his reticence a little too far. He has left a thousand references unexplained; and, indeed, one is almost tempted to think that he set about his work with the preconception that of the readers who might still care to study Cowper in his habit as he lived, not many would be at the pains to inquire very closely into the domestic details which form so large a part of his correspondence. He was probably in the right, for it is hard to suppose that the gentle author of "The Task" appeals to-day to any considerable body of readers. But it must be said at least that Mr. Wright atones for the exiguity of his notes by the fervency of his prefatory praise. Only a strong man, it may be thought, should provoke his critics by an initial line that cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged; and when Mr. Wright asserts that Cowper was the greatest of English letter writers, he must have expected—unless he is an extremely ingenuous person indeed—that the statement would prove very irritating to all lovers of Lamb, FitzGerald, and at least two other scribes of genius.

Yet it would be unfair and unfortunate if we conveyed the impression that Mr. Wright has laboured in vain. The letters which he has here collected will seem priceless to the elect few who still recognise that Cowper is a poet whose place on the middle slopes of Parnassus is well assured, and see in him a curiously interesting example of morbid psychology. His days were more spacious than our own, and afforded ampler opportunities for the encouragement and practice of that art of polite letter writing which has entirely ceased to be an occupation of the leisured and (so-called) cultured classes. Cowper, certainly in his sunniest moods, was a charming correspondent, whose letters were full of those agreeable digressions and inconsequences that are of the essence of literary intercourse. His letters to Hayley, to Lady Hesketh, to Newton, cover practically the whole gamut of emotions permissible in letters, and prove the liveliness of his interests and the width of his sympathies. The previous editors of Cowper's correspondence, as Mr. Wright properly points out, did not scruple to mutilate their material in such fashion as to

leave on their readers a general impression that the author of "John Gilpin" had no sense of humour. Mr. Wright deserves our gratitude for his careful restorations of the text, as well as for the inclusion of many letters hitherto unprinted. The most noteworthy are perhaps those addressed to Samuel Teedon, the worthy schoolmaster whose virtue was more than equalled by his dulness. Surely no such tedious person ever crept into the confidence of a genial and humorous man. Cowper's letters to him are peculiarly interesting as marking the progress of his distressing mental malady. Both men seem to have thought themselves the object of the Divine particular attention; but whereas Teedon placidly believed himself especially beloved of God, Cowper came more and more to think himself given over by God to the Devil. "My days are spent without one symptom of spiritual life, and my nights not seldom under a constant sense of God's contempt and abhorrence. Such was the last night. You will say that it was an enemy that did this. I answer, true; but you and I differ about the person. You suppose him to be Satan, and I suppose him to be Satan's master." That letter, dated February 10, 1792, is very typical of the whole series, which is one unending cry of agony wrung from the tortured lips of a man given so completely over to the demons of insanity that, though he believed in a God, he believed Him a cruel one. Most pitiful of all are the final letters written when the shadow of death was close upon him. To Lady Hesketh, in 1796, he writes: "All my themes of misery may be summed in one word, He who made me, regrets that ever He did. Many years have passed since I learned this terrible truth from Himself, and the interval has been spent accordingly." Again and again he repeats that he is writing to her for the last time, and one is glad to believe that though his despair bore some likeness to that engendered by the most hateful of all religious creeds, it was in his case the outcome only of madness. Happily for the reader the great bulk of the letters in these volumes is more cheerful and stimulating, and except for the two or three points of detail to which allusion has already been made, it is possible, and indeed imperative, to say that Mr. Wright has earned the warmest gratitude of the lovers, few but fit, of this most tragic personality.

SIDNEY THOMPSON.

A Northern Professor

BEATTIE AND HIS FRIENDS. By Margaret Forbes. (Constable. 15s. net.)

BEATTIE was one of the fortunate men who garnered a rich harvest of fame in their lifetime and died in the somewhat delusive belief that their memory would be fondly cherished. The essay that made his reputation is neglected now, and his "Minstrel" is seldom read and never quoted. Yet he was not undeserving of that reputation both as philosopher and poet, and his must have been a singularly engaging personality. "Lamented Forbes" had "paid the last tribute to the Minstrel's shade," and we fancied that the last word had been said on the subject. Yet we heartily welcome the present volume for the wide circle of old acquaintances to which we are reintroduced, and we are surprised at the wealth of new material it contains. It will be specially welcome

to Scotch folk and more especially to Aberdonians, for Miss Forbes was exceptionally fitted for her task. A great-grandniece of Beattie, herself the daughter of a professor and dignified divine whom, as it happens, we can remember, she was imbued with all the traditions of the northern University, and was familiar with the poet-philosopher's favourite haunts. Beattie flourished when Edinburgh was really the Northern Athens, and when there was a constellation of minor Northern lights flickering at Aberdeen. His own career was a remarkable one and he had marvellously good luck. The state of Scottish learning was then as Johnson described it—as in a beleaguered city, every one had a little and no one a superfluity. Clever boys were forced because poverty pressed. Beattie went to college at fourteen; was a parish schoolmaster at eighteen, and a full-blown professor at twenty-three. As logician and controversialist he was but indifferently equipped when he boldly entered the lists against Hume as the champion of religion. But he showed the courage which was lacking in other defenders of the faith; his graceful style was warmed by the fire of intense enthusiasm, and the "Essay on Truth" at once made him famous. Johnson, a hard hitter himself, praised Beattie for the disrespect he showed to his illustrious opponent, who was hand in glove with Robertson, Carlyle and other orthodox clergymen, while the animosity it provoked among Hume's innumerable friends obtained it a wider circulation. It was praised as enthusiastically by Garrick as by Burke, and it gained the author the ardent patronage of Mrs. Montagu, who became godmother to his second boy.

Thenceforth the roughly-bred Northern professor on his frequent visits to London was the lion of literary salons and the honoured guest of the great. The volume is full of the flattering letters addressed to him by illustrious men and women, and it says much for his genial and retiring nature that he was never spoiled by flattery and prosperity. With all his prosperity he had more than his share of troubles. The wife whom Johnson pronounced "a lovely woman" became insane; he lost the sons to whom he was fondly attached; in his latter days vertigo confused his brain, rheumatism paralysed his hand and paralysis affected his speech. He was always in straitened circumstances, for even after he had been granted a pension by Government his income with the professorial emoluments fell far short of four hundred pounds. But to the last he had all the consolations of friendship, for he never seems to have lost one of the many friends he made. To the last he had urgent invitations to many a stately country house, and nowhere had the confirmed invalid a warmer welcome than in Gordon Castle with the gay Duchess, famous as a leader of fashion and for a careless contempt for the *convenances*.

A. INNES SHAND.

"Blocus Continental"

L'EUROPE ET LA RÉVOLUTION FRANÇAISE. Par Albert Sorel. Part VII. (Plon et Cie.)

THE seventh volume of M. Sorel's great work comes with surprising speed after the sixth, which dealt with the complex period, 1800-1805. The present instalment covers the still vaster epoch of the Napoleonic Empire, from the Battle of Austerlitz to the retreat from Moscow. Adequately to treat the fortunes of the great Powers alone would be impossible in the space of six hundred pages; and students of M. Sorel's earlier volumes, which shed so much light on the relations of revolutionary France to the rest of Europe, cannot but

deplore the falling off in thoroughness that has been only too apparent in the last two volumes. The same clearness of presentment and felicity of touch are, however, everywhere observable.

The volume opens with a description of the bewildering change in international relations brought about by the victory of Austerlitz. The weakness of the Czar Alexander, the cowardice of the Prussian envoy, Haugwitz, and the vacillations of Frederick William III. are so depicted as to stand out in strong relief against the clearness of aim and vigour in action displayed by the conqueror. What M. Sorel does not bring out is the greatness of the opportunity, which Napoleon threw away after his victory, of framing a Franco-Austrian alliance on sure foundations. The chance came once again, and then the Emperor profited by it, though not in such a way as to heal the *amour-propre* of the Hapsburgs as he might have done after Austerlitz. M. Sorel also fails to emphasise the importance which Napoleon then attached to a control of the seaboard of Northern Europe. After Trafalgar, there was but one way of meeting England, namely, by bringing North Germany and Prussia into the Napoleonic System, either by a friendly arrangement or by force. The convention signed with Haugwitz after Austerlitz promised to bring about that result peacefully. It was not to be attained until after the campaigns of Jena and Friedland.

In the limits of space of the present notice it is impossible to refer to more than a few of the many topics discussed in this volume. Its main interest lies in the treatment of diplomatic affairs. Economic questions are handled too briefly to be of service to students. The phrase, "Blocus Continental," appears on the title page, but that grandiose experiment receives scant notice, though it was the fundamental cause of Napoleon's downfall. It is a mere piece of Gallic *fanfaronnade* to speak thus (p. 501) of Britain's command of the seas: "Ses flottes portent partout la terreur du despotisme britannique, et, là où l'Angleterre ne règne pas par la force, elle règne par la contrebande." Other flights of rhetoric follow, with the design of proving that, even in these years, France was bent on extending the principles of good government throughout the Continent only to be thwarted at every turn by the self-seeking islanders. In truth, British affairs are often handled with little care in this volume. Pitt's resignation, in March 1801, is referred to as a "fall," due to Marengo, Hohenlinden and the Treaty of Lunéville. Fox, on taking office in 1806, is said to have worked for peace insincerely, and merely in order to embarrass Napoleon and to "play to the gallery" in England. Lord Yarmouth, who in reality showed himself too pliable during the negotiations at Paris, is accused of showing "toute l'arrogance d'un Anglais de race"; and the bad faith shown by the French negotiators in the affair of Sicily is slurred over. Too frequently there is a touch of Chauvinism in M. Sorel's account of military affairs, as when Junot's defeat at Vimeiro is minimised by the statement that he had but 9,000 men, which is 4,000 below the actual number; or when (p. 518) the Battle of Busaco is thus oddly referred to: "A Busaco il [Masséna] oblige Wellington à se replier derrière ses lignes de Torres-Vedras." Marbot is not remarkable for truthfulness; but his account of Busaco may here be recommended as a needed corrective. But, above these mistakes on points of detail, M. Sorel's narrative is open to the more serious objection that it minimises the distinction which ought to be drawn between Napoleon's continental policy and the highest and most permanent interests of France.

King Oscar's Land

NEW LAND: FOUR YEARS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS. By Otto Sverdrup, translated from the Norwegian by Ethel Harriet Hearn. (Longmans. Two volumes. 36s. net.)

"ONE September morning in 1896, a few days after our return from the first Norwegian Polar Expedition, we were lying out in Lysaker Bay, unloading the 'Fram,' when Dr. Nansen came on board. 'Do you still wish to go on another expedition to the North?' he asked me. 'Yes, certainly,' I said, 'if only I had the chance!' He then told me that Consul Axel Heiberg, and the firm of brewers, Ringnes Brothers, were willing to equip a new scientific Polar Expedition, with myself as the leader."

Thus succinctly and modestly does Sverdrup introduce his two volumes of Arctic Exploration, volumes fully equalling, if not exceeding, any previous books on this most fascinating topic in interest, variety and information. That the choice of Sverdrup as leader was fully justified is shown by the net result of the expedition. An approximate area of one hundred thousand square miles was explored, taken possession of in the name of the Norwegian King, and christened after him, "King Oscar's Land." The scientific results as embodied in the appendices to the second volume are full of new data and suggestive information, particularly the summary of the botanical work by Hermann G. Simmons, and the preliminary account of the geological investigations, by P. Schei. There are also five good maps, the largest of which, showing the field of work of the expedition, is rich in detail of hitherto unexplored regions. Finally a curiously interesting table gives the cost of the four years' expedition as £12,014; a sum which strikes the non-expert as extraordinarily economical.

The dominant note throughout the thousand pages of this book is that of geniality. Captain, officers and crew seem to have been brimming over with good spirits, and not even the long Arctic winters, the almost endless nights, the inevitable monotony and the terribly hard manual labour which one and all ungrudgingly undertook would seem to have depressed their buoyancy. The national Norwegian days of festival were kept up with rejoicing and quaint ceremonies, birthdays were celebrated with songs, such mild feasting as was possible, practical joking and general hilarity. Altogether no cheerier set of men ever passed four years together with so little trouble or friction. Two of their number succumbed to the Arctic rigour; one of them, Svendsen, the doctor of the expedition, who had certified to all the others being sound in wind and limb, forgot or omitted to examine himself, and for two-thirds of the time the ship was doctorless.

The 17th of May is the Norwegian Independence or Constitution Day; dinner on that occasion consisted of oxtail soup (real polar), the national fish pudding, roast beef (also real polar), asparagus, stewed cloudberries, and rice with jam. The wines were ten-year-old "Akvavit"—and malt-extract. These very rare jollifications were, however, set off by many long months of privation, and it seems almost incredible that the men should have kept strong and hearty through all the dreary months of the four Arctic winters.

Edvard Bay, the zoologist to the expedition, appears to have been a fellow of infinite jest. Sverdrup says, "There was something amphibious about Bay—something of the wader nature. When he had to cross a pool he had a habit of first sitting on the edge and

dangling his legs so as to thoroughly enjoy the cold water. Then, when he had sat like this for a little while, he would get down and wade cautiously through it with short steps, and he was never more in his element than when the water was running in and out of his waistcoat pockets."

As always in the Scandinavian nature there is a vein of poetry even in this practical account of hardships overcome and dangers overpast. Of a particularly beautiful Arctic view Sverdrup writes, "Right beneath us lay the fjord, broad and shining, without so much as a flake of snow on it, only ice, nothing but ice, crystal clear, like a huge fairy mirror. And the other side of the fjord was a great chain of mountains, several thousand feet in height, with snow-filled clefts and black abysses, jagged peaks, and wild precipices. A confounded blast was blowing up there, right through all poetry, and yet we stayed—spellbound. Had we been warm and less hungry, there is no knowing what we might have done—stood on our heads, or written verses, or some other madness, I am quite sure. The situation, at any rate, taught me one thing, and I had had experience of it before: if you are confronted with a great sensation, or a difficult choice, eat first, and eat well, or else nothing will come of it."

The "Fram" on this her second Arctic expedition seems to have behaved magnificently, though at one period—it was on Sunday, May 27, 1900—she only just escaped destruction by fire and the terrible half-hour's experience before the flames were subdued is most graphically described. The many hundreds of illustrations throughout the book, mostly from photographs, but some few reproduced from excellent drawings by Otto Sinding, are highly interesting, and the index is full and useful. The translation from Norwegian into English by Ethel Harriet Hearn cannot be overpraised, it is simple, direct and fluent. The many sporting and technical terms are entirely accurate, and there are in fact no signs that the work was not written in English.

Jim

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF. By Hutchins Hapgood. (Putnam. 6s.)

WHETHER this book be fact or fiction, it is a very interesting study in criminology. It purports to be the autobiography of an ex-convict, who was born on the East Side of New York city, and who—the cleverest and most intelligent of his family—preferred the easily won prizes of crime to the hardly earned reward of honesty. The fact, borne in on him by incontrovertible evidence, that war against society always results in ruin to the offender, the fact that crime does not pay, turned him to reformation. The book is written from voluminous notes made by Mr. Hapgood from Jim's, the convict's, dictation, and no student of sociology can afford to ignore it, for though it tells us little that is fresh it confirms many matters that heretofore have been conjectural. Jim had every bodily and mental equipment required for the making of a useful citizen; why, then, did he take to crime? He was not a thief by instinct or by education; he himself gives us the key to the ruin of many a man and woman who might in other circumstances have done good instead of evil. "I liked to run the risk of being discovered," he says, and again, "I think that there was some good in me. . . . What I really was was a healthy young animal, with a vivid imagination and a strong body." Just so; there are thousands like to him, and to such what attraction can there be in the dreary life of routine led by the workers in our cities? What of

excitement, what of risk, what outlet for the imagination, for mental or for bodily vigour? It is not only the lust of easy gain but the lust of excitement that creates criminals. It is difficult to point out any way for helping such boys to go the right road, emigration, service in the Army and the Navy are limited cures and can usually be offered to the sick too late to be either acceptable or effective. Truly the life of the poor city lad, from cradle to grave, is monotonous and colourless. Education is the remaining hope, and it was chiefly through education—self-education—that Jim found strength to turn away from crime; self-education, for no more in New York than in London do we really educate the young; in almost, if not quite all, countries we are content with putting the means of education into our children's hands, we teach them to read and write and tot up figures, leaving them to find education as best they may; the majority finding none.

Space forbids an analysis of this most instructive book, which must be read if its value is to be rightly appraised. To show its power and the information of which it is compact, the following passage will suffice. It is descriptive of Jim's return to his old haunts in New York after a long spell of imprisonment:—"I soon reached the Bowery and there met some of my old pals; but was much surprised to find them changed and older. For years and years a convict lives in a dream. He is isolated from the realities of the outside world. In stir (prison) he is a machine, and his mind is continually dwelling on the last time he was at liberty; he thinks of his family and friends as they were then. They may have become old, sickly and wrinkled, but he does not realise this. When, set free, he tries to find them, he expects that they will be unchanged, but if he finds them at all, what a shock! An old-timer I knew, a man named Packey, who had served fifteen years out of a life sentence, and had been twice declared insane, told me that he had reached a state of mind in which he imagined himself to be still a young fellow, of the age he was when he first went to stir." W. T. S.

ADVENTURES AMONG PICTURES. By C. Lewis Hind. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. LEWIS HIND is to be congratulated upon his publishers; for his essays on art, collected into book form, wear a handsome dress, and the print and binding are a delight. The illustrations are not quite as good as they would have been if Mr. Hind had exercised as much care over them as he did upon the pages of the "Pall Mall Budget" when he made that weekly paper the glory of illustrated journalism. But let us to the essays themselves. Mr. Hind shows at times a touch that is quite exquisite in the criticism of a work of art; he lingers over his favourites with all the delicious delight that betrays the true art-lover; and he displays a rare sense of artistic appreciation. Yet, across his page there is a strange sense of mere whim rather than of balanced judgment. Henley in his strange strong way had something of this temperament. I am not sure that it does not make the greater art-lover, though it make the criticism less just. Indeed, the partisan is in us all who love the work of man's hand, even the most coldly judicial of us. And for myself, I have ever a sneaking fondness for the man who, though his intention at the start is to try a work of art like a prisoner at the bar, ends by loving the best that is in it, and ignoring the weaknesses. Mr. Hind affects the magisterial manner, but his heart runs away with him; and it is when he is least well-balanced, least in the academic vein, that

he drops into little passages of genuine praise that shine like gems in this very unequal book. It will be said that he flatly contradicts himself—as when he condemns "subject" in art, and praises it almost before the condemnation is dry from his pen—but there is scarcely a man who has ever written upon art, especially upon the art of painting, who has been able to start with a satisfactory definition of the basic meaning of the word. I know nothing more elusive than the judgments of men upon art. And it is chiefly owing to the fact that criticism cannot, indeed fears to, write across the old Greek dogma of art being beauty that it is an outrageous falsity. Mr. Hind says that a work of art is that which gives pleasure. But a work of art is far greater than that. "Othello" does not give pleasure, or "King Lear," or even "Romeo and Juliet." As a matter of fact, art is the expression of emotion, of sensation. And had Mr. Hind started his essays with that deep truth for guidance, many of his most exquisite passages would have been in harmony where they are now beautifully anarchic. He who reads this volume will be in many ways rewarded; for we quarrel with our friends without bitterness, and there is a quality in these essays that leaves us on friendly terms even when we most disagree.

HALDANE MACFALL.

STUDIES IN DANTE. By Dr. Edward Moore. (Oxford Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE first essay in this volume, on the astronomy of Dante, will convince the student of the Comedy of the extraordinary fulness and accuracy of Dante's knowledge of the *apparent* movements of the heavenly bodies, and, if we mistake not, he will feel some shame that he, living under the Copernican dispensation, should have so much to learn from a pupil of the Ptolemaic. Be this as it may, much of the Comedy will remain closely veiled to the student who will not take the trouble to understand Dante's numerous astronomical references. The second essay is on Geography, the third on the date of the Vision, the fourth on the closing cantos of the Second Cantic, and the last on the epistle to Can Grande. On all these matters Dr. Moore adds considerably to our "stock" knowledge and speculations. The general tendency of the essays as a whole is to strengthen by fresh arguments and material the conservative interpretations of the perplexing passages. In one instance, however, Dr. Moore advances a theory which is more ingenious than convincing. In the last canto of the Purgatory Dante prophesies that a 515 shall quickly come to save Italy from her ills. Substituting Roman numerals and inverting the X and V—a common practice in mediæval ages—we get DUX: so this passage is generally understood to refer to Lewis of Bavaria or Henry VII. of Luxembourg. Dr. Moore is convinced that not only does this prophecy refer to Henry, but shows how 515 may be made to spell "Arrigo" or Henry by giving the equivalent Hebrew values to these letters. Writing Arrico (where c=k) he obtains by addition a, r, r i k, 511. This is, however, four short of 515, and since "o" is the fourth vowel, what more natural than to give to "o" the value 4, and so bring up the total to the desired 515? The weak point in the argument is that Henry died in August, 1313, and therefore if we assume, as we must, that the prophecy is *ex post facto*, we have to prove that the Purgatorio was completed before this date even though a certain passage in the Inferno must certainly, as Dr. Moore admits, have been written not earlier than 1314. Here we must leave the argument

and wait until scholarship finally proves that the Purgatorio antedated Henry's death.

The essay dealing with the Apocalyptic vision maintains that the Grifphon symbolised Christ, in opposition to Dr. Earle's contention that Dante meant this beast to represent Humanity.

F. KETTLE.

NEWMAN. By Dr. William Barry. (Literary Lives Series. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL has been happy in his choice of Dr. Barry as the literary interpreter of Cardinal Newman in this series. Here we see that versatile ecclesiastic quite at his best. Here his exceptional familiarity with European literature and his knowledge of the Greek and neo-Hellenist philosophers are enlisted side by side with the intimate sympathy of a lifelong disciple to furnish an almost ideal historian. It would be easy to say that in his pages we see less of Newman the man of letters than of Newman the theologian, Newman the apologist, Newman the controversialist: it would be easier still to find the answer. For Newman is a personality one and indivisible. He passed, indeed, in boyhood through the mimetic stage. At fourteen he was imitating Addison; when he was seventeen he wrote in the style of Johnson; then he fell under the charm of Gibbon and began to make an analysis of Thucydides upon that model. But this stage was left behind earlier by him than by many another, and his mature style was the expression of himself, born of conviction, of the sheer will to say the thing he thought and to compel men to listen and to understand. To apply to himself his own words, "the mental attitude and bearing, the beauty of his moral countenance, the force and keenness of his logic are imaged in the tenderness or energy or richness of his language." The perfection of his achievement is "the monument not so much of his skill as of his power."

It is a notable fact that within the present year a firm of publishers has thought it worth while to issue a sixpenny edition of the "Apologia pro Vita sua." There are many to whom Newman is known by nothing else. It is more than likely that with the process of time the greater part of his writings may pass out of currency; but the "Apologia" we may well believe will be read as long as the language in which it is written. Not, indeed, that alone. No one who has once felt the charm of the "Essay on Development," with its notable anticipation in another field of the hypothesis that glorifies the name of Darwin, will be willing to believe that future generations will wholly ignore it. The lectures associated with the Catholic University of Ireland have lately been reprinted, and there are passages of the "Tracts for the Times" and in the Sermons which already have been diligently exhumed from the mass of occasional matter in which they were embedded. But the qualities that grace all this are found to culminate in the sacred sincerity of that unveiling.

Between Newman the poet and other poets there is a difference parallel to that by which he is distinguished as a prose writer from the mere masters of style. Whatever the technical faults of "Gerontius," it is the expression of ultimate conviction. Here is the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas assimilated and expressed. Its conceptions are no mere machinery, but the stern truth of fact: "real," as Dr. Barry puts it, "in a way which transcends seeming, beyond Nature yet ever mingling with it." Yet it will always seem but a by-blow of a genius that had fashioned for itself out of the English of every day a language that, always sincere, was

wrought up little by little to a finish and refinement, a strength and subtlety that may well secure it against corruption long after the questions upon which it was employed shall have ceased, at least in the shape which they bore in his age, to be of living interest.

THE OLD RIDDLE AND THE NEWEST ANSWER. By John Gerard, S.J., F.L.S. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

WE thank Father Gerard for a most interesting piece of work. It has qualities sufficiently rare. Perhaps it is natural that Father Gerard should be courteous and scrupulously fair to Professor Haeckel, whilst some of us, with whom that pretentious person claims alliance, can barely keep our temper with him. At any rate, Father Gerard conducts the argument as a gentleman always does. He misrepresents none of his opponents; garbles no quotations; never mistakes satire for argument; never indulges in abuse; quotes numerous modern and trustworthy authorities, and has therefore produced a book singularly unlike most other members of its class.

So much we must say in common justice. Father Gerard writes with no bias against science, and with a most thorough acquaintance with his subject. The book may be divided into two parts. The first of these deals with Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe." This book has already been completely exposed from end to end. Nevertheless, it would be difficult to calculate its influence. The number of copies sold in this country is simply prodigious, and the book is selling steadily yet. It has come to be regarded in untutored quarters as the authoritative statement of the evolutionary philosophy. As a matter of fact, it is a compound of half-truths, fallacies and absurdities which no one who cares a straw for Truth can do other than condemn and reprobate on all possible occasions. Father Gerard resorts to none of our language—which we are prepared to justify *in extenso*—but he demolishes the Professor with dignity and skill.

This, however, is merely to dispose of an impostor. Father Gerard—practically and wisely avoiding the founder of evolution, it is worth noting—then tries his hand on Darwin and the theory of Natural Selection: with results which any one may guess. When we say that the author is *fair*, it may be guessed how obvious and complete is his failure. He has this consolation—that no one else would have fared better.

One or two specific points we would mention, since we should wish them considered in the highly-to-be-desired popular edition of this work. It would be as complete an antidote to the "scientific" part of Haeckel's book as Dr. Loofs' to the pseudo-historical part of it.

The particles in a crystal are not "absolutely quiescent." The contrary has long been known. Virchow was not a "materialist." The reviewer has it direct from a teacher of his, who was a pupil and intimate friend of Virchow, that he believed in God and Immortality. Bunsen (p. 75) asks, "How can speech develop itself in a year out of inarticulate sounds?" He, and Father Gerard, have surely heard of babies. The statement that there is no safer guide than common sense explains the Galileo incident, I fear. Common sense says the earth is still and is equally wrong nearly every time. It is difficult to reconcile the assertion (p. 122) that no one believes in supernatural intervention with the fact that many people still pray. As to the argument against Darwinism and the authorities quoted against it, Father Gerard is obviously unaware of their miserably unrepresentative character. To quote poor Quatrefages to-day is—well, not kind. When, speaking of its pre-eminent position, he says "at least in popular

estimation," he comes about as near an unconscious *suggestio falsi* as any one can. His arguments for the intelligence of the First Cause seemed to the reviewer most able and impressive. Had they been in favour of its benevolence they would have been still more welcome. This is a book to be read.

Poetry

PHILOMELODIES AND SHARDS OF SONG. (Gay & Bird. 3s. 6d. net.)

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN. By J. Goodfellow. (Alexander Gardner.)

THE LYRIC BOUGH. By Clinton Scollard. (John Pott & Co. \$1.25.)

POEMS. By St. John Lucas. (Constable. 5s. net.)

AD MATREM. Poems by John Gray. (Sands. 1s. 6d. net.)

KATHERINE PHILIPS. Selected Poems. (J. R. Tutin. 6d.)

"PHILOMELODIES" is commonplace in idea, and with no redeeming qualities of form. Of "Translations from the German" it must be said that they are downright inexpert, and convert German poetry into English mediocrity, or something below mediocrity. But with "The Lyric Bough" we arrive at competent work. It is a volume showing a command of English poetic vocabulary in its most classic range; and not only is the diction excellently choice, but often very felicitous. Mr. Scollard has a trained power of pictorial phrase. Add to this genuine poetic feeling, and no inconsiderable fancy, and you have in him promise of better things than this volume, good though it be. His verse has a certain reflective cast rather, perhaps, than actual thought; but there is, so to speak, the seed of thought, which may yet mature. While no poem can be picked out as absolutely remarkable, there is abundant reason to encourage him in poetic work.

Of Mr. St. John Lucas the same may be said, with addition. He has cultivated craftsmanship, and mastery of rich phrase; and he has besides a fertile fancy. Some of the poems are marked by imagery of a fervid and glowing quality which distinguishes them from the ruck of minor verse. He has ideas, and is not afraid to have them; which is much in the level of democratic uniformity that has rolled out even our verse as a sward is rolled. We would point, for instance, to such a poem as "The Dream of Youth," with such images as "Dawn's red Armada in the Orient," to justify the most prosperous hopes of Mr. St. John Lucas.

Mr. Gray's "Ad Matrem" is a modest little series of verses, and merits a modest praise. Written to accompany and explain a series of school-tableaux dealing with the life of the Virgin, it is bound by the conditions of its production to directness and ready intelligibility—conditions which it fulfils. It has a certain grace and pleasing sincerity of feeling, but does not attain any special poetic mark. We may pass from it to the last book on our list, Mr. Tutin's selections from "Katherine Philips." A pioneer in many excellent reprints, Mr. Tutin here does us the service of enabling us to judge of the once-renowned "matchless Orinda," as she was called, the Mrs. Browning of the seventeenth century. It is hard to say whether she were more famous for her poetry, or for the exaltation of feminine friendship which it set forth. To us, she appears a weaker echo of Cowley and the fashionable school of Donne. Yet she is not without a certain gentle dignity and intelligence of her own; quite enough to make some of these poems landmarks in the development of female

poetry. As such they deserve and should receive welcome. "L'Accord du Bien," for example, has a conspicuous amount of intellectual reflection tersely and happily phrased.

Fiction

TUSSOCK LAND. By Arthur H. Adams. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) This book is of youth; youth in the full glory of its conceit and ambitions; youth on stilts with its mouth full of words and heart full of scorn. In fact the author has produced a biography of calf love; and written its epitaph. The hero and heroine of this biography have no unique experiences; in common with the rank and file they have a wish or two, a love or two, a failure or two, but the end is familiar, and they settle down to humdrum with all the greater chances of success because for a period they have played with fire. This is a first novel and reaches a considerable standard of promise; the author has a pleasant gift for story telling, but at times is intolerably discursive. And he has the habit of soliloquy. The heroine, who is really rather a good sort, is made to think aloud in such tedious manner that the hero can hardly be blamed that he disappears for long periods to study art. "No," she thought (on one occasion), "we women shrink from action, initiative, will, and every time we timorously withdraw it seems to me that not only our individual souls shrivel, but that a part of the soul of the whole sex is irremediably atrophied." Soliloquies on this elevated plane of thought are fortunately rare in real life! But, after all, a little blue pencil can soon correct this; the book is brightly written and can be recommended without fear of disappointment.

A LADDER OF TEARS. By G. Colmore. (Constable, 6s.) This intimate record of a woman's life is written in the form of an autobiography, a form which has been decidedly overdone lately. But "A Ladder of Tears" cannot be classed with the numerous erotic and valueless effusions which have lately been flooding the market, causing a prejudice in the minds of many against this style of narrative. Its form serves but to give us the intimate personal details of a woman's outwardly unhappy circumstances, circumstances which compel our interest from the first words, "I had a very happy girlhood; happier than my childhood," until we reach the haven of peace into which the writer is ultimately brought. To marry in order to please a loved parent a man of fifty-eight, after twenty-two years of a particularly sheltered and unsophisticated life, and thereby to become the constant companion and stepmother of two adult idiots, is hardly an enviable existence. But the burden is taken up with a womanly dignity and lack of complaint that compel admiration, she climbs her ladder of tears cheerfully, clasping each rung of the painful ladder firmly and with unswerving purpose. But the book is not so sad as the title gives us to expect, indeed it is far from being morbid or unduly sorrowful. It is brightened by a glad and often original outlook of life, enlivened by amusing sketches of her relations and acquaintances, made sweet by the writer's healthy hopeful view of life. Those who search the pages of this book for exciting adventures and unusual incidents will find they are not catered for, but those who do not demand these things, and would hold pleasant converse with a cultured, refined woman, should read "A Ladder of Tears."

THE MAN IN THE WOOD. By Mrs. Boyd. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.) The author cares little for analytical studies, she prefers that her characters indicate in the trivialities of daily life their several personalities. They are indeed not very remarkable, but are sufficiently real to be recognisable as old friends, and are in keeping with the story, which is presented with admirable taste and in concentrated form certainly without discursiveness. To be candid, the frugal clergyman's wife with anæmic daughters, and the humours of locked-larder economics, have figured in fiction before. But the story has in it much of novelty and spirit; it deals with a convict, the gentlemanly convict of fiction, who has met scant justice at the hands of a bored jury. He

escapes from his prison and hides in some woods. To him there comes a lanky girl, romantic but sane, at war with her custodians, but on good terms with herself. She is a sort of relative and paying guest in a clergyman's household. To her the convict is an object of much interest. She suspects in him an affinity. She will ask no questions, simply accept the situation and do his bidding. She brings him furtively clothes, food and money so that he may make his escape to Ceylon. And the man, starving, unkempt, in prison garb, takes all he can get, dimly feeling that some day he will return and repay the debt in full. He escapes then, and finds employment with a wealthy tea-planter. He gains a position of trust; his employer's daughter with moonlight indiscretion proposes to him. But he is obsessed by his debt to the lanky girl; the loneliness of his life suggests but one way of payment. He must return to England, risk recapture and offer her marriage. All of these things he does, but the reader, who should not miss this brightly written story, can learn the end for himself.

ONE LONDON SEASON. By Caroline Fisher. (Blackwood, 6s.) "One London Season" belongs to the type of book that may be designated "girly-girly"; certainly it is not strong meat. The heroine, Lady Viola Stapleton, a young woman of twenty-five who behaves like a child of sixteen not yet out of the schoolroom, does not compel our admiration or interest, though very evidently she is meant to do so. Up to the last pages of the book her one passion in life is her rather tedious friendship for Barbara, but as we are preparing to close the book a lover abruptly appears upon the scene and is rewarded by the hand of the incomparable Viola. The London season of which the story tells was the memorable season of the postponed Coronation festivities. The authoress may be recommended to avoid such trite remarks as "things are by no means always what they seem," "the dinner, as all dinners do, came to an end in time." Harmless but unexciting.

DAS SCHLAFENDE HEER. Roman von Clara Viebig. (Berlin: Fleischel, 6m.) Clara Viebig has here broken new ground. After placing the scene of action of her earlier books in the Moselle and Rhine districts, she here takes us to German Poland, where she spent her girlhood, and describes the condition of things there existing between the Polish inhabitants and the German settlers. There is a certain likeness to the state of affairs in Ireland. The two races scarcely amalgamate: there is a similar difference in religion, language and nationality. The priests play much the same part in the lives of the people in Poland as they do in Ireland. There is no hero in the strict sense of the word. The brunt of the action is borne by Hanns-Martin von Doleschal, a German landowner, and Valentin Bräuer, the son of a Rhenish settler in German Poland. Doleschal suffers terribly from the difficulty, nay, almost the impossibility, of Germanising the Poles. Notwithstanding that he bears a character for the nicest honour and the straightest dealing, he is the best hated man in the district. One evening when he is returning alone from an election meeting—he is a candidate for the Reichstag—the Poles set on him and drag him from his horse. He feels himself disgraced somehow by this unreasoning racial hatred, and depressed in feeling beyond cure, he shoots himself. With Bräuer things go better until he falls in love with and marries a frivolous Polish girl. That way lies unhappiness and ruin, and he ends by drowning himself. But he is a much more attractive figure than Doleschal, and wins our sympathy so that we regret his untoward fate. The other figures that move across the large canvas are drawn with a sure hand, and the book gives a vivid picture of what it seeks to portray. There is a certain pathos in the belief of the superstitious Poles that they are only sleeping, and will one day awake and drive out the intruder. It is to be deplored that one of the most celebrated novelists of contemporary Germany should be so little known in England. Clara Viebig's work bears many of the characteristics of that of George Eliot, Thomas Hardy and George Moore. She sees into the human heart, and describes what she sees with an ease and sureness that lend her books a charm not always to be found in novels that from

the choice of their subject contain events spreading over a long space of years and deal with a wide field of locality. We wish some enterprising English publisher would try the experiment of a translation, say of "Die Wacht am Rhein," or of "Das Tägliche Brot," a story of domestic servant life in Germany, to begin with. We feel convinced these books would have an interest for the English public.

LA VIE AMOUREUSE DE FRANÇOIS BARBAZANGES. Roman par Marcelle Tinayre. (Calmann-Lévy, 3f.50.) The scene is laid at Tulle in the Limousin in the seventeenth century. The hero's short life—he is not much over twenty when he dies—is spent in a quest for his ideal in love. The finding of it means his death. Mysticism and odd bits of learning and history are strangely mingled with absolute frankness in regard to physical love and the relations of the sexes. The seventeenth-century setting is artistic, the style of the writing is perfect, the air of romance over the whole wields a sufficient enchantment, and yet the book suffers from a lack of reality that almost spoils the rest of the good qualities. It has none of the psychological observation that distinguished "La Maison du Pêché," and we are not inclined, as some critics are, to consider it an advance on that book. Better to our mind than the love-longings of François are the descriptions of the burghers of Tulle and their occupations and pre-occupations. The girl lace-makers and their taskmistress are the most thoroughly alive figures in the book, and the little work girl who, while yielding to the caresses of coarser lovers, is all the while ideally in love with François, is finely and sympathetically drawn.

Short Notices

A CONSPIRACY UNDER THE TERROR: MARIE ANTOINETTE—TOULAN—JARJAYES. By Paul Gaulot. Translated by Charles Laroche, M.A. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.) It is on record that in the turbulent days that immediately succeeded the death of the King of France there were at least three separate attempts to rescue the Royal Family, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth and the Royal children, from their imprisonment in the Temple. The first, in point of date, was that of Toulon and the Chevalier de Jarjayes, and this book of M. Gaulot, ably translated by Mr. Laroche, deals therewith at some length and with copious historic detail. The portrait of Marie Antoinette that prefaces the work is that by Prieur from the Musée Carnavalet, and there are a couple of highly interesting facsimiles of the unfortunate Queen's letters, which, duly authenticated, have never been hitherto published. These are invaluable documents, for not only have Marie Antoinette's autographs, dating from her captivity, always been few in number, but several of them having been destroyed they have now become very rare. The story of the bold conspiracy to rescue the dethroned Royal Family makes rare good reading. That the plot failed was due mainly to the cowardice of the schoolmaster Lepitre, who did not furnish the necessary passports, and even when escape was still possible the luckless Queen refused to leave her children. She wrote pathetically to Jarjayes: "It has been a beautiful dream"—and it ended on the scaffold. A good book, and one that students of the period cannot afford to miss.

INFLUENCE OF THE PRE-REFORMATION CHURCH ON SCOTTISH PLACE-NAMES. By James Murray Mackinlay. (Blackwood, 12s. 6d. net.) Towards the definitive investigation and exposition of the place-names of Scotland, desiderated by the Rev. J. B. Johnston in his own book on the subject, this is a most important contribution, marked as it is by patient research and luminous exposition. Mr. Mackinlay's self-selected department has in reality two branches, for the pre-Reformation Church in Scotland was a Celtic institution before it merged, after several centuries of struggle for independent existence, in the more powerful organisation controlled from Rome. As a consequence, the names of St. Columba and his disciples are scattered broadcast over the country, mingling with those of the saints and

missionaries of the Roman creed, while the Celticised nomenclature of their fellow-workers belonging to Rome lends itself easily to the confusion of the unwary philologist. In the course of thirty chapters Mr. Mackinlay deals with his subject under such headings as saints, retreats, kils, kirks, chapels, crosses, dioceses, monasteries, and so on. He glances at origins, notes modifications, and traces the history of still existent features, and so produces an extremely valuable volume, which complements rather than overlaps the books of Mr. Johnston and Sir Herbert Maxwell on place-names. For the benefit of the student he prefixes an extensive bibliography of works referred to in the text, while an index running to forty closely printed pages gives ample evidence of the fulness of the reference apparatus. The only misprint we have noticed is the dropping of the figure 1 on page 20; but it involves a difference of one thousand years.

THE MAID OF SHULAM. By Hugh Falconer, B.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.) The confusion that besets the mind of the reader who desires to comprehend the Song of Solomon primarily in its literal sense, as a love song, arises from the absence of any indication as to who is from time to time the speaker. It is not clear even how many persons take part in the dialogue; and the poem has been diversely broken up by commentators, according to various hypotheses. Mr. Falconer makes the *dramatis personæ* to be three—Solomon, the Maid of Shulam and the rustic lover from whom she has been torn, and to whom at the last she is reunited. An important place is held besides by the Chorus, consisting of the women of the King's harem, into which the maid has been introduced. His assignment of the speeches in accordance with this hypothesis is very satisfactory. The result is a dramatic poem shaped on what give the impression of being more or less conventional lines, but informed by a spirit of fragrant romance. Merely as a love poem the Song of Songs has its place, no doubt, among immortal literature; and even to those of us who have left the "magnetic age" behind, its charm is sensible. But the mature student seeks, and may find, in it a more permanent teaching. To one seems figured the dealing of Jehovah with his chosen people; to another the mystical relations of Christ and the Catholic Church; to another the converse of the soul with her eternal Spouse. And these aspects are no more mutually exclusive than the divers colours of an opal. It is this that constitutes the charm of a mystic poem as of the stone to which one so readily compares it. Mr. Falconer's chapter on the "Overtones" is, therefore, full of suggestion.

LES MONARCHIES DE L'EMPIRE ALLEMANDE. ORGANISATION CONSTITUTIONNELLE ET ADMINISTRATIVE. Par le Vte. Combes de l'Estrade. (Librairie de la Société du recueil général des lois et des arrêts.) To us in England it is often most difficult to understand the exact part played by the German States in Imperial affairs, and the differences in the constitutions, for instance, of Prussia, Wurtemberg and Bavaria. M. Combes de l'Estrade has produced a most useful volume which gives all the necessary information. It is not a history of Germany, and indeed makes no claim to be anything of the kind. As the present is necessarily everywhere derived from the past, he opens with a brief account of the varying forms of the grouping of the States that belong to the great political personality of Germany, and shows what part each of the States played in the past. That part was, according to this historian, extremely important; he finds that although the success of the German army in 1870 undoubtedly hastened the union, it was then inevitable and near at hand; the prestige of military triumphs made an end of the resistance of the masses. The first book describes the general organisation and legislation of the empire, and the institutions that are common to all States. The following books deal with nationalities, classes, sovereigns, constitutions, chambers, state officials, administrative autonomy, the communes, conscription, the administration of justice and financial matters. If we desire a thorough acquaintance with the political and economical life of the German Empire at the present time we must understand the working of the constitutions of its component parts, and to that end we can

find no more valuable assistance than is contained in this book. It seems strange that it should have been left for a Frenchman to write this particular book. The author gives as his reason for so doing the hope of furthering the work of peace and harmony. "Nations and races are deeply divided less because they hate each other than because they do not know each other."

Reprints and New Editions

A small red volume, the **POEMS OF RICHARD LOVE-LACE**, comes from the Unit Library with an expression of the belief that this reprint of Lovelace's poems will be welcomed by many who "at present only know him by his two incomparable lyrics, lyrics which have been stated to defy the greatest things of the greatest poets in absolute achievement of their particular purpose." This present edition is a reprint of the original issues in 1649 and 1659, and makes a pleasant and serviceable volume to place upon our bookshelves, if we have not this collection of love poems already. A very different book of poems do I pick up now—the **POEMS OF BURNS** (National Library, Cassell, 6d.) with an introduction by Neil Munro. And yet both sing of love, one in fanciful, witty verses, the other in poems of rugged passion. Although, as Mr. Munro says, Burns gave us "the most fervent utterance we have ever had of Scots radicalism and revolt as well as the most sincere and glowing expression of a national spirit that loves to dwell on memories of the past," it was as a love poet that he commenced and for many of us ended his work. For those to whom the Scottish vernacular is a stumbling-block, there has been provided a full glossary, although to read poetry by the aid of a glossary seems to me somewhat a tame proceeding, savouring of school-room days when a piece of French prose was laboriously translated into English by the aid of a much-thumbed dictionary. In glancing over the list of volumes that have already been issued in this series one cannot but believe that these sixpenny reprints have been a boon to many whose means are strictly limited. The remaining reprints this week are so very tiny in size that they might be termed literary playthings. Two of them are dignified by the title of "The Waistcoat Pocket Classics," and consist of **SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE** and **KEATS' EVE OF ST. AGNES** (Treherne, 1s. net leather, 6d. net cloth). In the same Waistcoat Pocket Series I have a third minute booklet, **OTHELLO** (1s. net). Does any one want to carry Shakespeare in his waistcoat pocket with his latchkey and pencil? Some time ago a series of small booklets was started purposely made to fit into a pocket-book. Does the average man or woman use these literary playthings? Personally I could not bring myself to read "Othello" in such a guise. The fourth miniature volume is exceedingly pretty, although it is seldom one has any use for such a reprint. It is nothing less than a Bijou copy of the **MARRIAGE SERVICE**, mounted in silver (Eyre & Spottiswoode, from 4s. 6d.). It is very dainty, and would make an uncommon gift to a bride or bridesmaids. With this pretty reprint I bring my notes this week to an end. F. T. S.

Booksellers' Catalogues

THE following booksellers' catalogues have been received, copies of which can be obtained post free on application to the several booksellers:—Messrs. S. C. Brown, Langham & Co., Great Russell Street (*Choice and Rare Books*); Mr. Bertram Dobell, Charing Cross Road (*General*); Mr. Francis Edwards, High Street, Marylebone (*Rare*); Messrs. Day's Library, Mount Street, W. (*Clearance List*); Messrs. A. Maurice & Co., Bedford Street (*Engraved Portraits and General*); Messrs. B. & J. F. Meehan, Bath (*Rare*); Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly (*Books of To-day and To-morrow*); Messrs. Williams & Norgate, Henrietta Street (*International Book Circular*); Mr. William Downing, Birmingham (*"Chaucer's Head" Book Circular*); Mr. Henry Gray, East Acton (*International Bulletin*).

Forthcoming Books, etc.

Mr. Henry Frowde is about to publish, under the auspices of the Royal Society of Literature, "Queen Elizabeth and the Levant Company," which sets out the details of a curious diplomatic and literary incident in the establishing of our trading relations with Constantinople. The volume, which will include twenty-six facsimile illustrations of MSS. and other plates, has been edited by the Rev. H. G. Rosedale, D.D., with whom Mr. T. Cato Worsfold has been associated in seeing it through the press.—Major Martin Hume's "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth" has been for some time out of print and difficult to obtain. Mr. Eveleigh Nash is about to issue a new and revised edition of the work, containing two interesting additional chapters in which a solution is sought to the question which, in various forms, has reached the author from all parts of the world, namely, What was the real nature of the relations that existed between the Queen and her favourites?—A sixpenny edition of Sir Edward Hamley's "The War in the Crimea" is a timely issue by Messrs. Seeley.—The second volume of Messrs. Seeley's Illustrated Pocket Library is Mr. Sidney Lee's "Stratford-on-Avon"; this new edition contains some additional illustrations by Mr. Herbert Railton.—The May number of "Harper's Magazine" will contain Mr. Abbey's designs for "Hamlet," and also an essay upon the play by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, in which he tries to show that Goethe's theory—formulated in "Wilhelm Meister"—that Hamlet is a man of feeble will overweighed by too large an undertaking, will not bear critical analysis. He further advances the theory that Hamlet and Macbeth are in character considerably akin, and that some of the speeches put into the mouth of the latter would have been more appropriately used by the former. To the same number Dr. C. W. Saleeby contributes an article in which he formulates a new theory of the beginning of all worlds.—Mr. A. H. Bullen will publish immediately the third volume of the "British Mezzotinters" Series. It deals with the work of Thomas Watson, James Watson and Elizabeth Judkins. The compiler is Mr. Gordon Goodwin and the general editor of the series is Mr. Alfred Whitman, of the Print Room, British Museum. There are six plates, the frontispiece being a reproduction of James Watson's mezzotint of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Miss Price—the maternal grandmother of the late Lord Salisbury. It was of this portrait, now at Hatfield, that Horace Walpole justly asked "When was infantine loveliness touched with sweeter truth?"—Mr. John Lane has commissioned Mrs. Rosa Newmarch to prepare an English version of "The Life and Letters of Tchaikovsky" (by the composer's brother, M. Modeste Tchaikovsky), editions of which have recently been published in Russia and Germany. The English translation will necessarily appear in an abridged form, as the original Russian edition, in three volumes, contains much that is not of capital interest to English and American readers.—G. P. Putnam's Sons will shortly publish a volume of poems by Enid Welsford. The preface has been written by Mr. R. Bosworth Smith.—"The Best Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher," with introduction and notes by Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, will form the next two volumes in the thin paper re-issue of Mr. Unwin's Mermaid Series.—On April 18 Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish a book by Mr. C. A. Witchell entitled "Nature's Story of the Year."—We are informed by Messrs. Williams & Norgate that Herbert Spencer's Autobiography will be published simultaneously in England and America on the 22nd. The work will form two large volumes of 556 and 542 pages respectively, and the price will be 28s. net.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- The Psalms of Israel: Lectures delivered at St. Patrick's Cathedral, 1903 (Brown, Langham) net 3/6
The Better Side of Death (Mowbray)

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Dawson (Wm. Harbutt), Matthew Arnold and his Relation to the Thought of our Time (Putnam) net 7/6
Finlayson (Christie), The Poet's Child (Sonnenschein) 2/6

- Hood (A. N.), Adria, a Tale of Venice (Murray) net 10/6
Lotte, Crumbs of Fancy (Stock) 2/6
Burn (David W. M.), Ode for Peace Day (Dunedin: Stark & Co.)
Carlyle (Alex.), New Letters of Thomas Carlyle. In two Vols. (Lane) net 25/0
The Dante Society Lectures (Athenæum Press) 2/6

History and Biography

- Godfrey (Elizabeth), Social Life under the Stuarts (Richards) net 12/6
Biddulph, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. (General Sir Robert), Lord Cardwell and the War Office, a History of His Administration, 1868-1874 (Murray) net 9/0
Napier, M.A., F.R.S.E. (James), Life of Robert Napier of West Shandon (Blackwood)
Townshend (Dorothea), The Life and Letters of the Great Earl of Cork (Duckworth) net 18/0
Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I. (Sir William), The Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie. In Two Vols. (Macmillan) net 25/0
Cornish (Charles J.), Sir William Henry Flower, K.C.B. A Personal Memoir (Macmillan) net 8/6

Travel and Topography

- Rawnsley (Mrs. Willingham), The New Forest (Black) net 7/6

Science and Philosophy

- Hudson, Ph.D., LL.D. (Thomson Jay), The Evolution of the Soul (Putnam) 6/0
Report of the South African Association for the Advancement of Science (Cape Town: The Association)
Davis, M.A. (J. R. Ainsworth), The Natural History of Animals, Half-Vol. VI. (Gresham Publishing Co.) 7/0
Hinton, M.A. (C. Howard), The Fourth Dimension (Sonnenschein) 4/6

Art

- Hind (C. Lewis), Adventures Among Pictures (Black) net 7/6
MacOll (D. S.), The Administration of the Chantry Bequest (Richards) net 1/0
Almack, F.S.A. (Edward), Bookplates (Methuen) net 2/6
Stevens (Alfred), A Painter's Philosophy, translation (Mathews) net 2/6

Educational

- Pearson (J. C.), An Introduction to Metal Working (Murray) 2/0
Perry, M.A., LL.D., (W. J.), The Local Examination Physiography (Relfe Brothers) 2/0

Juvenile

- Joseph and his Brethren (Richards) 1/6

Miscellaneous

- Archæological Survey Circle, United Provinces Report, and Photographs and Drawings, 2 Vols. (Allahabad: Public Works Dept.)
The Statesman's Year-Book 1904 (Macmillan) net 10/6
Railway Statistics 1884-1904 (Mathieson) 1/0
Grazebrook, F.S.A. (George), A Heraldic and Physiological Curiosity (Hughes & Clarke) net 0/6
Wigan Free Public Library Annual Report (Wigan: Wall & Sons)

Fiction

- "The Awakening of Mrs. Carstairs," by Olivia Roy (Morton), 6/0; "The Autobiography of a Thief," by Hutchins Haggood (Putnam), 6/0; "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton (Macmillan), 6/0; "The Snare of Love," by A. W. Marchmont (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "The Amazing Verdict," by Marie Leighton (Richards), 6/0; "A Race with Ruin," by Headon Hill (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "Marian Voyne, or the Great Lie," by Beryl Goldie (Macmillan), 6/0; "Lovely Man," by A. Crosspatch (G. E. Farrow) (Skeffington), 1/0; "The Colonel," by Captain Olivieri Sangiacomo, translated by E. Spender (Nutt), 6/0; "The Court of Sacharissa," by Hugh Sheringham and Neville Meakin (Heinemann), 6/0; "The King's Fool," by Michael Barrington (Blackwood), 6/0; "Concerning a Marriage," by "Nomad" (Hurst & Blackett), 6/0; "Belchamber," by H. O. Sturgis (Constable), 6/0; "The Imperialist," by Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes) (Constable), 6/0.

Reprints and New Editions.

- "The Maker of Moons," by Robert W. Chambers (Putnam), 6/0; "The Fitts-Boodle Papers," by W. M. Thackeray (Macmillan), 3/6; "The Poems of Richard Lovelace" (Unit Library), net 0/10; "The Poems of Burns, a Selection" (Cassell), net 0/6; "Side Shows," by Helen Mathers (Simpkin, Marshall), 1/0; "The Fight for the Crown," by W. E. Norris (Seeley), 0/6; "Eliza," by Barry Pain (Bousfield), 1/0; "The Life of Jesus," by Ernest Renan (Watts), 0/6; "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and "Othello" (Waistcoat Pocket Series) (Treherne), each, net 1/0; "Bijon Marriage Service" (silver-mounted) (Eyre & Spottiswoode), from 4/6; "Days with Sir Roger de Coverley," illustrated by Hugh Thomson (Macmillan), net 2/0; "The Poems of Henry Vaughan," edited by Edward Hutton (Methuen), net 1/6; "All's Well that Ends Well" and "The Winter's Tale" (Little Quarto Shakespeare) (Methuen), each net 1/0.

Periodicals

- "Art," "The Antiquary," "Genealogical Magazine," "Geographical Journal," "The London," "American Journal of Archaeology," "Essex Review," "The Lamp," "The Photo-Miniature," "New Liberal Review," "Baconiana," "Indian Magazine," "Scribner's Magazine," "International Journal of Ethics," "Scottish Historical Review," "American Journal of Mathematics," "Rapid Review," "The Papyrus."

Foreign

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- De Goeje (M. J.), Ibn Qutaiba, Liber Poësis et Poëtarum (Leiden: Brill)

History and Biography

- Waddington (Richard), La Guerre de Sept Ans: Histoire Diplomatique et Militaire, Tomes II. et III. (Paris: Firmin-Didot)

Miscellaneous

- Noreen (Adolf), Nordiska Studier... (Uppsala: K. W. Appelbergs Boktryckeri)

Periodicals

- "La Vérité sur le Congo," "Revue Economique Internationale," "Petermanns Mitteilungen, 50 Band.

Egomet

I SPOKE recently of the consolations of literature; in time of sickness and in time of health they are true consolations. How many a sick-bed have they rendered less uneasy; of myself I can truly say that illness loses half its terror when I am permitted to read.

I HAVE sometimes dreamed of a hospital where there shall be set aside a small ward for book-lovers. The physicians and surgeons thereon attendant shall all be men acquainted with letters, able to lighten their professional talk with book-chat; the nurses likewise shall be lovers of books and named after famous heroines of fiction, Sister Little Dorrit, the Little Nurse, Sister Amelia, Sister Olivia, Sister Jeanie Deans and so on. The pictures upon the walls shall be portraits of master writers and illustrations from their works, and in place of texts we shall have comforting quotations.

THEN at the head of every bed should hang a little bookshelf with a few of the best books. I know not what would be the choice of other folk, but I would have upon my shelf, for poets: Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Keats, Byron; for fiction: "Amelia," "Emma," "The Heart of Midlothian," "David Copperfield," "Esmond," "Harry Richmond"; for history: Macaulay; for essays: "The Roundabout Papers," "Elia," Arnold's "Critical Essays"; selections from Ruskin and Carlyle; a Bible and "The Golden Treasury." These may not be the best books, for who shall dare to say which they are? But they are numbered among my best books, which I would have by my bedside when I am ill.

YES, illness is robbed of half its terror and of all its tiresomeness for me by the sweet consolation of books. Not many days have I lain ill abed, but those few would have been utterly wearisome had they not been

lightened by reading. The doctor man may raise his eyebrows and say, "Please just lie quiet and sleep if you can." So easy to say; if I can I will sleep, but if I cannot, good doctor, I will medicine my mind with books. A visitor bearing flowers and speaking words of comfort is welcome for sake of the kindness of the thought and the trouble taken, but no visitor is so welcome as a book. I can lay aside my book, I can change my book, if so I will, but my friend I must listen to whenever he may chance to come.

SOME say that music has medicinal virtue—but what music so virtuous as the melody of a perfect poem? Shakespeare—I need not add my mite to his monument of praise; Goldsmith—who has written verse more sweet than his? Keats, with his supreme loveliness; Byron, with his strenuous life. Fiction brings countless kind friends to my bedside and now-and-again I love to rush—one cannot stroll—through a chapter of Macaulay. An Essay every now and then, more especially in the hours devoted to frugal and too often uninviting meals. Of the Bible it becomes me not to speak, save to say that in it every believer and every sceptic can find consolation. By way of a tit-bit, or a savoury, a page of verse from "The Golden Treasury."

ALL the books I have named are golden treasures, adding golden numbers to golden numbers, gold that does not soil the hand or harden the heart, gold that always rings true, that always shines bright and pure; treasure that does not rust or corrupt, which it is not forbidden us to lay up on earth. Then when I close my eyes for the last time may my latest vision be of a book; an I were not afraid of ridicule I would even wish to lie in my long sleep with a volume in my hands. Ridicule! It is only when a man is dead that he fears not the cold breath of ridicule; only then that a man is never ridiculous.

E. G. O.

TRAINS OF THOUGHT

II.—Philosophy and Humanitometry

AMONG the books which are left to me from my youthful studies is Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy," in two large volumes. I smile at them sometimes when I observe them. They are very dusty. Ueberweg's two large volumes, mostly in small print, recording the opinions of innumerable philosophers, if I never read them, sometimes start in me a train of thought. What have the philosophers done for mankind? It is not necessarily an empty question, and is not to be answered by the quarrels about Dreyfus or the fact that in our own time, in the unhappy province of Macedonia, one sect of Christians urged the Turks to massacre another sect. The average of mankind is very much as it was, no doubt, and philosophy has done no more than religion to remove its bigotries and cruelties. Even in the tiny minority which in any age has assimilated philosophy in its reason, conduct has seldom been affected. Given two men otherwise alike, Stoicism in the one, Epicureanism in the other, will come to much the same thing in action. Sometimes indeed the consciousness of philosophy may effect conduct unfavourably: a philosopher

said Horace Walpole, was "a supercilious brute." And Shakespeare, anticipating my platitudes as so many of better men, has made his remark about the philosopher and the toothache.

For all that, philosophers have influenced large affairs at times, even by their philosophy and not by some accidental (and generally disastrous) realisation of Plato's wish to have them kings. Rousseau and his like without doubt gave point to the crisis in economics which made the French Revolution. In England I think the complacent exponents of philosophical individualism were responsible to some extent for the slowness with which we realised the horrors of industrial individualism (when you come to philosophy you come to hideous words) two generations since, and for the resistance to the remedies. I mean of course the horrible usage of women and children in factories. And here I come upon a thought which occurred to me the other day as having a possible significance. Philosophers may be irritable, but they have been in the main a comfortable folk; they have taken a calm view of human sorrows and distresses and in their theories the

most have leaned to optimism. Why? I will tell you. The world not wanting philosophy, the philosopher has generally written at his own expense. Therefore he has generally been a man either living with no necessity to work, or with work little enough to leave him time for philosophy. The same thing may be said, if it may be said without irreverence, of many theologians and writing divines, ascetic men perhaps but with their ascetic needs provided. A deal of calmness, a deal of optimism we find in comfortably provided men! A base thought, you think? But look you. If you or I, men toiling for scanty subsistence, were to write, for instance, a treatise on the evils of individualism, should we not be inclined to bitterness when we think of the many people, some of them for certain drunken men and brainless women, whom that system gives enormous incomes to play with in return for nothing? I speak not of its merits: we have agreed not to argue. But your philosopher is calm, sometimes tolerant, occasionally (when an eminent Socialist) flippant. I am not thinking of Pangloss and Candide; I do not say our toil upsets an optimistic theory. I only say that philosophers are generally in comfortable circumstances.

Let us double on the track. What have philosophers done for mankind? For the average very little at all. For the minority which has read them very little in conduct. But to this minority they have given a great deal of innocent pleasure. Your emotions in reading an exciting novel are mostly pleasurable, but partly painful. Suspense is painful, indignation is painful, you are eager that justice should be done or for the right discovery, and eagerness is of the painful (though slightly so), not the pleasant emotions. Poetry, fine poetry, brings tears to your eyes, it stirs the depths of melancholy memories. But if you can read philosophy, there is your pleasure unalloyed. The philosopher shares with the clown the glory of bestowing an unqualified pleasure on mankind. And even the laughter the clown excites is apt to have its reaction. There is no such unqualified enjoyment as that of the pure intelligence. No matter the aim or the result. So that the process be consistent with itself and worthy of your intellect, your pleasure is complete. We read it too little in these days, save when a philosopher startles us, as did Mr. Myers, and that is not often. Probably if I myself had read more philosophy I should not have needed you to tell me that all these things have been said before. Let us read some philosophy.

But before you go to it, I would say a word or two on humanitomty, of which a passage above has reminded me. It was the word with which his friends mocked Nevill Beauchamp's "humanity." Mr. Meredith puts the scene at the time of the Crimean war, and is it not curious that it was then, when "humanity" as a political profession was mostly preached, that one of the greatest crimes against humanity ever done on the earth was being done? By whom? By the political friends and allies of the eminent men who preached humanity. One of the greatest crimes: I say it advisedly. For this murderous usage of children in factories was not the work of religious fanaticism, or of war-begotten passions, but of greed, greed and a selfishness worse than bestial. It was done by men who subscribed to a great political party and whose aims were large homes and luxuries for their womenkind. An interesting study, the minds of their women, who probably patronised charities. If ever an enlightened age sums up our civilisation, that crime will weigh heavily, I think, and I can no more imitate the calmness of a philosopher when I write

about it than I could talk calmly to a man who murdered a child of my own. No wonder Mr. Everard Romfrey talked about humanitomty. This curious partiality of the political professors of humanity survives. The atrocities in Macedonia are shouted in our ears, the atrocities in Finland are almost unnoticed. But I will not "talk politics," and just now it is "correct" to be silent about Finland. But while we compress our lips at humanitomty, it is well not to forget that the genuine humanitarianism which existed among our fathers was a noble emotion, and that the policy which tried genuinely to act on it was a noble policy. As a policy circumstances have for long been against it. It is not the fault of England that other empires, consolidating and reaching out, have forced her to play for her own hand. "Humanity" may qualify her actions still: it can no longer be their direct aim. We must guard our own first, or we can guard nothing. Still . . . It was a noble ideal when it was true, and one feels kindly to those who let it still unwisely obsess them—when the obsession is true also.

G. S. STREET.

Science

Man the Erect

THE first of contemporary anatomists, Sir William Turner, is never quite so happy as when, in that rich bass which has delighted students for nearly half a century, he speaks of "Man the erect." Robert Louis Stevenson's genius added a couple of letters to his fellow-townsmen's phrase, and made it twice as significant—"man the erected." Why, then, is man erect, what does the posture signify, and has he more to hope for?

Man is erect because a vertical line from the centre of gravity of his body falls behind his hip-joints. In the ape the condition is the reverse, so that the creature, even if he be a "Consul," always tends to drop upon his fore-limbs. Man, on the contrary, tends to roll backwards at the level of his hip-joints. When you stand erect, you are prevented from rolling backwards whilst your legs remain erect, because a strong ligament, the strongest in the body, passes from your trunk to your thigh-bone over the front of each hip-joint. If this ligament were severed, the earth would pull your trunk over and you would make obeisance in entirely novel fashion. In the lower animals these ligaments are much weaker, and their severance would be of little importance, since the creature tends in any case to fall forwards.

This mechanical advantage depends on the peculiar curvature of the human spine, and especially upon that forward curve in its lower part which partly produces the "fall in the back," and which is a distinctively human characteristic. It is interesting to note that this extremely important "lumbar convexity" is better marked in woman than in man.

But the sinuous line of the adult backbone, with its four curves, is not present in the baby, which, in accordance with Von Baer's law, illustrates the past history of the race. The baby's backbone is a simple curve, *concave* forwards. There is no lumbar convexity. The baby's centre of gravity falls in front of its hip-joints, and therefore the baby, even if it had the sense of equilibrium and the full control of its muscles, could only momentarily stand erect.

If I had six pages to fill (the secret height of my ambition) I might outline this subject: but we must refrain from asking how this most essential change in equilibrium was produced and inquire into its consequences. Man, thereby, was erected, and his horizon widened, in the literal sense. But was there no greater gain? Indeed there was; and here we reach a theory associated with the name of Professor Cunningham, Sir William Turner's pupil, who now fills his master's chair in Edinburgh. For millions of years the vertebrate had used all four limbs for locomotion. Though other uses there were, locomotion was supreme. But when the hind-limbs sufficed—when there appeared "man the erected"—the fore-limbs found their occupation gone. Now observe your Joachim, your Rodin, nay, your Shakespeare. Was it not the endowment of two new and potent organs, with their sensitive fingers and—most important—their splendid thumbs (there are naturally no such thumbs below man), that, in serving their master, the brain, revealed to him his potentialities, and helped to make him what he is?

And why should there always be just a subtle change of *timbre* in his voice when Sir William talks of "man the erect"? The answer is to be found in his famous assertion that, physically, man is essentially perfect. This is what we mean. We do not say that man may not lose his hair and, perhaps, his teeth; his nails, his noisome appendix, and quite a quorum of his toes. But we do say that for untold æons this thing that once crawled upon its belly has been nursing the hope, "Excelsior." And now, at last, it can hold its head up in the world—O most wise metaphor—its brain has come out top, above its backbone instead of in front of it, and its, or rather we should say *his*, horizon is veritably widened. For the first time, there is a creature that can take broad views—if it but will.

I have studied the muscles and tiny superficial veins of the statues unearthed by Dr. Arthur Evans in Crete, and I find them the same in the arm of 4,000 years ago as in my own. Physical evolution in the gross has stopped. The evolution of the cortex of the cerebrum has not stopped. Do you imagine that mental and moral evolution, begun but yesterday, can yet enable us to conceive more than a dim foreshadowing of the grandeur of their goal?

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

How many properly authenticated Shakespeare relics are there at Stratford-on-Avon, or rather how few? The birthplace itself is not above suspicion, and certainly the present building cannot be proved to be at all similar to the house which stood upon the same ground in Shakespeare's day; Anne Hathaway's cottage may have been the home of the poet's wife, but equally it may not; there is no proof that Shakespeare attended the Free Grammar School, and we must entertain grave suspicions of the bust in Stratford Church, at any rate as a likeness of Shakespeare. Yet of this bust, turning to two living critics, we read: "It was originally coloured, and has been correctly re-coloured. . . . This and the portrait engraved by Droeshout . . . are the only certain likenesses of Shakespeare which remain to us" (Dowden, "Shakespeare," p. 29); and "The bust was originally coloured, but in 1793 Malone caused it to be whitewashed. In 1861 the whitewash was re-

moved, and the colours, as far as traceable, restored." "It was first engraved—very imperfectly—for Rowe's edition in 1709" (Sidney Lee, "A Life of William Shakespeare," pp. 286, 287). In short, this bust has always been looked to as the best and most authentic portrait of Shakespeare in features and in colouring that we possess.

MRS. STOPES, in the "Monthly Review," tells "The True Story of the Stratford Bust," and a sorry story it is, as the following brief summary will show. The writer's first thought was to obtain the earliest representation of the Stratford original, which she has found for us in Dugdale's "Antiquities of Warwickshire," published in 1656, more than fifty years before Rowe's "Shakespeare," and presumably written and prepared several years previously. Yet Mr. Lee says that Rowe's was the first engraving! As Mrs. Stopes says, "The unsatisfactory, or rather, in some aspects, the satisfactory, fact is that it differs in all important details from the bust as it appears now"; satisfactory in that the heavy-faced bust we now have is in no ways pleasing, unsatisfactory in that it shows how badly mauled the bust has been.

SPEAKING of the Dugdale engraving, the writer goes on:

"Far from resembling the self-contented fleshy man of to-day, the large and full dark eyes look out of cheeks hollow to emaciation. The moustache drops down softly and naturally instead of perking upwards, there is no mantle on the shoulders, no pen in the hand, no cushioned desk. The arms are bent awkwardly, the hands are laid stiffly, palms downward, on a large cushion, suspiciously resembling a woolsock."

Rowe's engraving supports the accuracy of Dugdale. How then came about the change? I will give as shortly as possible the history of the monument.

THE bust was set up before 1623, and was the work of one Gerard Johnson or Janssen, a Dutchman resident in Southwark. By the middle of the eighteenth century the monument was in a state of decay, and for its restoration John Ward gave the proceeds of a performance of "Othello" in the Town Hall, Stratford, on September 8, 1746. The restorers (!!!) probably worked from the engraving by Vertue made for Pope's edition (1725), or Gravelot's version of this engraving in Hanmer's edition (1744), with the results that may be seen by comparing the monument as it now exists and Dugdale's reproduction. There is no space here to go into detail, and the whole story should be read in Mrs. Stopes' article. What, also, of the Stratford portrait, reverently shown at the birthplace, and its likeness to what we now see to be the mangled bust? As to the colours on the bust—they were restored, and we know what that means—in 1748, and again restored, after Malone's performance, in 1861. It now only remains to be proved that the Shakespeare born and buried at Stratford was not the man—not the Shakespeare—who wrote the plays. In fact, London after all contains more authentic relics of Shakespeare's day than does Stratford.

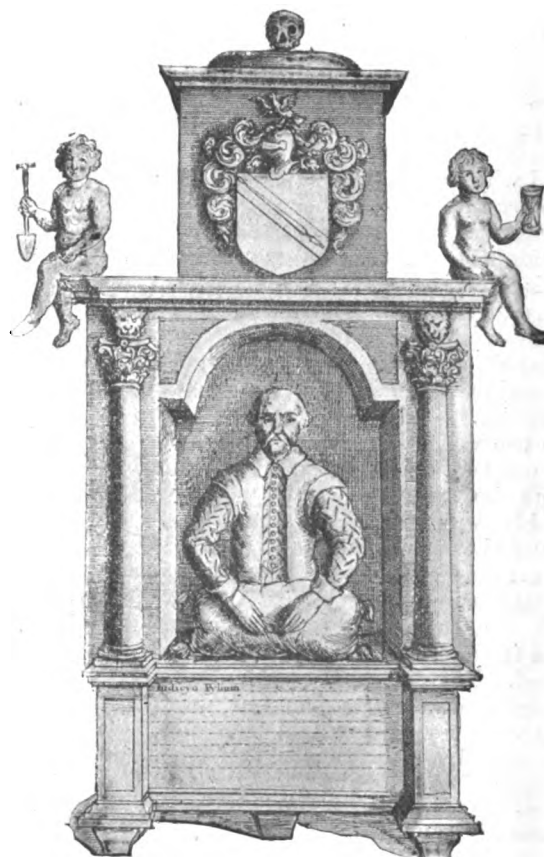
"SUNDAY," a new play by Messrs. Thomas Raceward, is a brilliant example of unreality, a bundle of old stage tricks reshuffled, of old characters in new dresses, of old coincidences—all old and never true to life. Why are such plays written, why are they acted, why, alas, are they applauded? So much good acting and so much good money expended in the effort to breathe life into

dry bones! How often have we met these uproarious and womanly-hearted American roughs, this orphan girl, this seductive younger son, his heroic elder brother, these shootings, shoutings and sham sentiments? How often again shall we look on them? The actor-manager only knows! Nothing good can be said for the play, and for the players—Mr. Fred Terry makes us mourn to see him wasting fine acting on a bad part; the rest are business-like but not persuasive, with one exception, which afforded the only relief. As Lively, a quaint old figure of a man, Mr. Horace Hodges acted admirably, with quiet pathos and natural humour; I hope to see him soon again in worthier surroundings.

The scenes are laid in Venice, in Florence and in the Princess Margaret's own Kingdom of Siguria, which may be taken as one of those kingdoms in Europe that keep more of the old romantic Court life, with its intrigues, its dramatic surprises, its dangers and its pleasures, than is possible in any of the capitals of the greater European nations. The heroine is an unmarried Princess, an absolute monarch. The hero is one of those English noblemen who have also the distinction of bearing an unimpeachable foreign title. He is a distinguished soldier, but, like Tolstoi, who also distinguished himself in war, Lord Feldershey has a real genius for art. He paints a famous picture which be-



THE BUST IN STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH,
AS IT IS TO-DAY



THE EARLIEST REPRESENTATION OF THE BUST IN DUGDALE'S
"WARWICKSHIRE," PUBLISHED 1656

[Illustrations from "The Monthly Review"]

MR. JOHN CORBIN in his article on Playgoing in London, in "Scribner's," makes one statement anent the parties in the pit which is a bad blunder:—"Let an American play turn up on the Strand or the Haymarket, and, leagued with his humbler relative, the god, he does his best to boo it into failure," he says, which is neither correct nor grateful. The rest of the article is good reading, though with some of the writer's theories concerning the why and the wherefore of the condition of our stage I cannot quite agree. To call Mr. Henry Arthur Jones "a robust and more intellectual Robertson" is far astray! The illustrations to the article are admirable. When will one of our magazines give as goodly a description and depiction of Playgoing in New York?

THE story of Mrs. Craigie's new comedy, "The Flute of Pan," is above all things a love story.

comes known as "The Flute of Pan." The character of the Princess is unconventional and independent, the inevitable result of her position, because princesses, from the very fact of their position, must either be weak and under the influence of stronger minds, or they must themselves dominate the minds about them. The difficulties of such high rank have great pathos, and in the part of the Princess Margaret, Miss Nethersole should have ample scope for her unique emotional gifts as much in the direction of humour as in the deeper feelings of humanity. There are no problems in the play, which is a comedy, but the question raised depends on the struggle which so often exists, especially in modern life, between love and pride, or rather between two prides. Who ought to surrender, the man or the woman? Perhaps the music of Pan might enchant either one or the other into the right course! But to say more would be to tell too much of the plot. Mr. Gilbert Hare and

Miss Sarah Brooke have been especially engaged for the production, which will take place in Manchester on or about April 21.

MRS. CRAIGIE has written a new play in collaboration with Mr. Edward Rose, "A Time to Love," which has been accepted by Messrs. Harrison and Maude for the Haymarket Theatre and by Mr. Nat Goodwin for production in America. Mr. Cyril Maude's part is said to be very "strong."

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LONDON SHAKESPEARE
COMMEMORATION, 1904

APRIL
22nd

THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE SOCIETY

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

In the LECTURE THEATRE
BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.

On Friday Afternoon, April 22nd

At 4 o'clock.

Preceded at 3.45 o'clock by a SHORT ADDRESS by
Dr. F. J. FURNIVALL.

The Play under the direction of Mr. WILLIAM POEL.
The Music under the direction of Mr. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH.

Reserved and Numbered Seats, 5s. and 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s.
Tickets can only be obtained from the Secretary, ELIZABETHAN STAGE SOCIETY,
90 College Street, Chelsea, S.W., previous to the day of Performance.

Art Notes

THE Old Water-Colour Society gives us a most interesting show, due in some part to its being the centenary show no doubt, but due still more to the fact that the lists of members contain a remarkably strong body of good water-colour artists. To the catalogue, Mr. Spielmann contributes one of those interesting little histories of the Society which are a constant source of wonder to me for the vast knowledge and the enormous reading his art education must have involved. And what a gallery of great figures in the history of water-colour is here! What mighty ghosts walk this room! John Varley, George Barrett, Peter de Wint, Samuel Prout, David Cox, Copley Fielding, Linnell, John Sell Cotman, John Gilbert, Birket Foster, Burne-Jones, Fred Walker, Pinwell, Boyd Houghton, Frank Holl. And to-day the walls boast the handiwork and fine accomplishment of such men as Arthur Melville, John Sargent, R.A., Cameron, E. J. Sullivan, Sir Ernest Waterlow, Hopwood, Arthur Rackham, F. Cadogan Cowper, J. M. Swan, R.A., George Clausen, A.R.A.; and such clever women as Eleanor Fortescue-Brickdale, Rose Barton and Clara Montalba. Mr. Melville gives us a very characteristic piece of work in his "The Music Boat," with its play of lights and waters. Mr. E. J. Sullivan has a remarkably fine picture to represent his work at the best in his "Lady Flora." Mr. John Sargent shows his large qualities and his masterly grip of water-colour in more than one fine work. There seems to be no medium in art which this man's genius does not master, and make a means to artistic ends. Mr. Swan, A.R.A., sends a delightful example of his fine colour sense. Mr. Arthur Rackham's art is as always delightful. Miss Brickdale is as interesting as ever; and Miss Clara Montalba sends a study in black and white and silver greys in her "H.M.S. Worcester" (on which ship Admiral Togo received his training, by the way), that shows her masterly eye for harmony. Indeed, the gallery is full of good things, from the poetic conceptions of its recruit, Cadogan Cowper, to the work of its President, Sir Ernest Waterlow, R.A. Mr. Hopwood scores a success with his "Cottage Service in the Hebrides," as does Mr. Henry Marshall with his picture of the mother and child. There is here no narrow sense of a little academic clique. And it is a pleasant and refreshing thing to turn into such a gallery and enjoy the good works that it holds.

THE New English Art Club gives us a charming exhibition. John Sargent, R.A., returns to the scene of his old triumphs when London swarmed to see his works upon these walls; and he sends two very fine pictures. William Orpen steadily reaches forward to a brilliant career, and his picture of the mother bathing her child is likely to stand out in the memory for many a long day. He never touches a canvas to which he does not give distinction—and that by no shallow trick, but by sheer largeness of suggestion. David Muirhead shows a fine landscape, and Wilson Steer sends a vivid pulsating work of art in his "Richmond Castle." I liked much the resonant deep harmonies of Mr. Livens' canvases, particularly the beautiful "An Evening Meal" and the quaint "Early Compositions." Mr. James Henry wins success with his "West Coast Harbour"; and Mr. L. A. Harrison, besides his fine "Portrait Study," has a good landscape "Versailles." Mr. Furze, the newly-elected Associate of the Royal Academy, aims his way

towards high achievement with his vigorous and sun-filled canvas of "Timber Haulers," the great team of horses clanking and heaving and creaking in the lane. Mr. Hartrick sends a black and white drawing in his very best and most charming manner with "At Work in the Ewe-pen." And on all sides are canvases of charm or dignity or glowing colour. Altogether a most interesting exhibition.

MR. JOHN SWAN, A.R.A., holds a one-man show at the Fine Arts in Bond Street, "Drawings and Sketches of Wild Beasts," which are likely to lure many a stray visitor who passes out of the large room where Holman Hunt's world-famous "The Light of the World" is attracting crowds. Mr. Swan's exquisite mastery of colour harmony is displayed even in his sketches, in which also is the sure promise of the sculptor. Some of these sketches are of remarkable beauty. The use of blue paper for the white chalk line is most telling, and its effect very harmonious. Mr. Swan's line is resonant and eloquent—the drawing of the head of a lioness roaring giving the sense of the great catlike form and the thundering voice with a perfection that is orchestral. The beauty of Mr. Swan's colour is seen to great advantage in his treatment of lions and leopards and tigers—and the stealthy grandeur of the great cats receives its full expression from his pencil. Whether we take the white polar bear on the blue paper, or the water-colour drawing of "The Jaguar and the Fish," or "The Study of a Tiger," whether we dwell upon the splendid study of the white furry "Head of a Polar Bear" or the "Study of a Polar Bear," or the sleepy languor of a tiger, we are shown these things with a rare sense of beauty both of colour and texture and line. Mr. Swan brings to his art the great gifts of an eye for form, a noble sense of colour and an exquisite sense of harmony.

At the Dowdeswell Galleries may be seen a series of crayon drawings by Lucien Monod which have all that delicate charm that we associate with the work of the Frenchmen of the seventeen-hundreds—and Lucien Monod has much of their grace, some of their dainty decorative sense, and more than a little of their trifling superficial manner. They would make delightful ornaments for a boudoir wall; and they are fresh and light and airy things that do not fatigue the brain with their depth of feeling.

To Mr. John Baillie's exhibition of works by the poet colourist Mr. Cayley Robinson, to Messrs. Carfax's show of the works of Edward Calvert, and to the water-colours of Mr. T. L. Shoosmith, I must return next week. Mr. Cayley Robinson in particular cannot be dismissed in a short paragraph.

NUMBER nine of the second volume of "Art" contains some excellent process-blocks. There is a print of Laermans' "The Intruders"—the pathetic group of the wandering family of tramps thrust from the village and hustled from place to place. There is Gilsoul's beautiful landscape of "A Turning of the Bruges Canal," and of Lambeaux's remarkable "The Bitten Faun." And of the smaller blocks there is a good rendering of the moonlit "Night at Algiers" by Haverman, and of the beautifully spaced etching by Baertsoen of "Canal in a Town."

AN exhibition of drawings and studies by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart., will shortly be held at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, and promises to

be of a most attractive character. It has been organised with the assistance of Sir Philip Burne-Jones and will include over one hundred drawings, the majority of which will now be seen for the first time. Mr. Sidney Colvin, Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, will contribute a preface to the catalogue. In another room of the same galleries there will be an exhibition of a choice collection of old stipple engravings. A large number of these are proofs in colours, and are of great rarity. The opening of both exhibitions is fixed for April 18.

Musical Notes

HERR WEINGARTNER obtained a splendid performance of "The Dream of Gerontius" at the Queen's Hall last Saturday, and there-with the Kruse Festival made a most auspicious start; but two reflections of a less satisfactory nature suggested themselves in connection with the performance—to wit, the dearth of really first-rate English-speaking tenors at the present day, and the deplorable condition of London choral music just now. Three singers have now been heard in the part of Gerontius in London. The first was Dr. Wüllner, the second Mr. Coates and the third Mr. Gervase Elwes, who was heard last week. If Dr. Wüllner was a dead failure, it can hardly be maintained that either of his British successors was anything like what could have been desired. Yet, with the exception of Mr. Ben Davies, one can hardly think of any one else who would have been likely to do much better. What is the explanation? Has the land of Sims Reeves and Edward Lloyd ceased to breed fine tenors? Secondly you have the remarkable fact that at three out of the four performances of Elgar's work which have now been given in the Metropolis provincial choristers were employed—in the first instance from Staffordshire, in the second from Manchester, and last week from Sheffield. A more striking commentary upon the present condition of London choral singing could hardly be imagined.

THAT is a legitimate complaint which has lately been ventilated—in respect, to wit, of those impatient folk who at the end of a concert always will get up and begin to go before the final note has sounded. A sure sign of the Philistine this, it is a practice as inconsiderate as it is common. Even when no actual move is attempted there are those who must always be fidgeting about as the end draws near, picking up their things and preparing for flight as though a second's subsequent delay entailed untold evils. Occasionally, perhaps, there is some excuse—when it is a case of catching a train for instance. But in the ordinary way no such justification exists—the action is automatic and unthinking, and as such should be heartily condemned. No wonder Mr. Wood was moved to mute protest on this account the other day. An even more flagrant instance, it may be remembered, was that which occurred at the first Queen's Hall performance of "Ein Heldenleben."

THERE is another respect, too, in which Philistine concert-goers are often extremely irritating—in this case not at the end but at the beginning of a piece. Just as some will never listen to a work's closing bars, so others offend by not attending to its opening. This again is a sure sign of the musically uncultivated. There are certain works whose opening bars, one might almost say, are never really heard on this account

—the requisite silence for their proper appreciation is never forthcoming. Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony is one, the Scherzo of the "Eroica" is another. But the works whose endings suffer in a similar manner are of course much more numerous. Certain operatic finales suffer especially in this way—or perhaps one should say used to. For operatic audiences have improved wonderfully in this particular within recent years—with the advent of Wagner, in fact—and the fierce suppression of premature demonstrations of approval is now to be looked for as a matter of course. But the tendency is still there.

AMERICAN journalism has not failed to strike characteristic humour from such a promising theme as Strauss' "Sinfonia Domestica." "There are passages," says one writer, "suggestive of curtain lectures and cholera infantum and interrupted games of 'skat' (of which the composer is reputed fond) and one noisy episode near the end might indicate a general cataclysm of household plumbing—with premonitions of bills for repairs." Others tell us of the music's inner meaning in greater detail. At this point Aunt Lotte and Aunt Aennchen fall out over the Baby's characteristics—"Like his father," cries one, "Like his mother," rejoins the other; later "the composer knocks off work and all sit down to *gemüthlichen Nachmittagskaffee*"; and so on. At the end Papa, prevented from having his customary constitutional by a thunderstorm, says something very like *Potztausend*; and on this mighty swear word, we are given to understand, the symphony concludes. The production of the work in this country will be eagerly awaited.

THE latest information regarding Mr. Manners' season of English opera at Drury Lane is hardly calculated to increase one's hopes as to the success of that venturesome project. Eight operas certainly seem a somewhat exiguous repertory for such an undertaking. These are to be, it appears, "The Bohemian Girl," "The Daughter of the Regiment," Halévy's "The Jewess," "Trovatore," "Mignon," "Lohengrin," "Martha," and "Faust"—with "Maritana," "Lily of Killarney," "Flying Dutchman," "Philemon and Baucis," "Tannhäuser" and Lortzing's "Peter the Shipwright" as possible reserves. Mr. Manners presumably knows his own business best, but the whole of these works would hardly have seemed too many to ensure the success of his enterprise. Still we shall see what we shall see. Every one will hope at least that Mr. Manners may confound his critics and secure the success which his enterprise deserves.

NOTHING is much more astonishing, perhaps, to the student of opera than to learn of the innumerable works composed in this form whose very names are unknown to the ordinary music lover. A rather striking instance of this is afforded by a list recently furnished in the New York "Musical Courier" of the operas which have been founded on "Don Quixote." Who would ever have believed that no fewer than fifty musico-dramatic settings of Cervantes' immortal romance have been attempted? Yet such is seemingly the fact. "Don Chisciotto della Mancia," by one C. Sajon, produced at Venice in 1680, was apparently the first of the series, and Rauchenecker's "Don Quixote" brought out at Elberfeld as recently as 1897, the last so far recorded; while at least four English composers (H.

Purcell, 1694; G. B. H. Rodwell, 1840; G. A. Macfarren, 1846; and F. E. Clay, 1875) were among those who tried their hand at the same task during the intervening period.

THE next meeting of the Concert-goers' Club will take place at St. James' Hall on the evening of April 22, when Mr. Henry J. Wood will deliver a lecture on "The Wood Wind of the Orchestra," illustrated by the Queen's Hall Wood Wind Quintet. Cards of admission, 5s. each, may be obtained from members of the club. This will be Mr. Wood's first appearance as a lecturer in London, though he has previously delivered the same discourse in the provinces, and a very entertaining and instructive address it is by all accounts. As a professor of voice production and a student of acoustics Mr. Wood should be able at least to make himself heard by his audience.

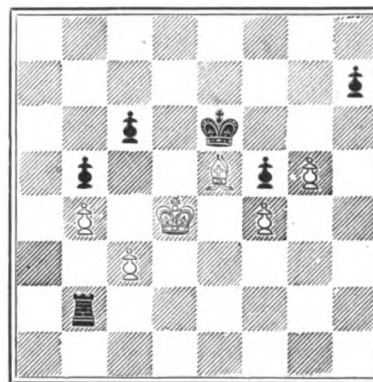
Of various songs to hand from Messrs. Leonard & Co. Mr. Joseph L. Roeckel's "Gossamer Dreams" has a pretty melody and a graceful accompaniment. "Since Last We Met" is more commonplace, but might please the unsophisticated. A "Gavotte de Noël" for piano solo, by Anton Strelezki, is eminently undistinguished; while of Sydney H. Gambrell's "March of the Cavaliers" and Arthur W. Hume's "Valse" entitled "Marguerite" the less said the better. "The Heart's Complaint," a vocal piece by Henry S. Perkins (Novello & Co.) if a little old fashioned in style is elevated in tone and written gratefully for the voice.

Chess

[All communications, marked clearly "Chess" on cover, to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Academy and Literature," 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.]

No. 4.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to play. What is his quickest method of winning?

The solution to No. 2 is as follows: 1. R×B; 2. B×R, B×R P; 3. B×K P, B×Kt P! 4. B×B, Q—R 1. If 4. Q—Q 2, R—Kt 3. 5. Q—B 4, B×B, dis. ch.

The following is a hitherto unpublished game between Mr. A. Burn and the Rev. John Owen.

1. P—K 4

1. P—Q Kt 3

This was Owen's favourite method of opening the game, and he played it with great skill, but it cannot be recommended.

2. P—Q 4

2. B—Kt 2

3. P—K B 3

3. P—K 3

4. B—Q 3

4. P—Q B 4

5. P—Q B 3

5. Kt—Q B 3

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 6. B-K 8 | 6. Kt-K B 8 |
| 7. Kt-K 2 | 7. B-K 2 |
| 8. Kt-Q 2. | 8. O-O |
| 9. P-Q R 8 | 9. R-Q B 1 |
| 10. O-O | 10. P-Q 4 |
| 11. P-K 5 | 11. Kt-K 1 |
| 12. Q-K 1 | 12. P-K B 8 |
| 13. P x P | 13. R x P |
| 14. Q-Kt 3 | 14. Q-B 2 |
| 15. Q-R 8 | 15. P-Kt 8 |
| 16. B-Kt 5 | 16. R-B 2 |
| 17. P-K B 4 | 17. B x B |
| 18. P x B | 18. P-K 4 |

This is the critical point in the game. At first sight this move seems to gain the advantage, but White turns the tables on his opponent by a very fine combination.

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| 19. R x R | 19. Q x R |
| 20. R-K B 1 | 20. Q-K 2 |
| 21. P x B P | 21. P-K 5 |
| 22. Kt x P! | 22. Kt-K 4 |

If P x Kt, 23. B-B 4 ch., followed by R-B 7.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| 23. Kt-B 6 ch. | 23. Kt x Kt |
| 24. P x Kt | 24. Q x P ch. |
| 25. Kt-Q 4 | 25. R-K B 1 |
| 26. Q-R 6 | 26. R-B 2 |
| 27. R-K 1 | 27. Q-Q 8 |
| 28. Q-K B 4 | 28. Kt-B 5 |
| 29. R-K 8 ch. | 29. R-B 1 |
| 30. P-B 7 ch. | 30. K-R 1 |
| 31. Q x Q and wins. | |

PRIZE COMPETITION.

We award a prize of a guinea every quarter for the best game played at any club either in matches, tournaments, or in the course of ordinary play, with this restriction—that the club membership shall not exceed 200. We hope by this restriction to excite interest in the competition among clubs all over the country. The prize will be awarded to the player sending in the best game—that is, competitors may send in one game each week and the prize will go to the player who has sent in the best during the quarter. Competitors can therefore send in many or few games, as they see fit, and at any time. The prize will not be a cash payment, but will take the form of books to be selected by the prize-winner.

No winner can secure the prize twice in six months, but prize-winners can of course compete again, and, if one of their games is the best, it will appear at the head of the list at the end of each quarter.

The name and club of each of the players must in all cases be given with the score of the game, and competitors must send in the Chess Competition Coupon of the current week with each game.

The prize will be awarded by the Editor of this column, his decision will be final, and no discussion or correspondence on his decision will be permitted.

Games may be sent in at any time by competitors, but not more than one game each week.

[Chess Competition Coupon on Cover.]

Correspondence

"Geometry of Position"

SIR,—To "the man in the street" the series of lucid articles on scientific and philosophic subjects appearing in THE ACADEMY is invaluable. In "Facts and Comments," page 203, Herbert Spencer, speaking of the phenomena of space, refers to "the marvellous truths now grouped under the title of 'The Geometry of Position.'" May I venture to beg that THE ACADEMY, or some of its readers, will help one of the mere "men in the street" to some information on this complex subject, or say where it may be found; also if it be scientifically demonstrated that figures in space possess other than three dimensions?—Yours, &c. STUDENT.

"The Living Mantle of God"

SIR,—In 1902 Mr. W. H. Mallock attempted the reconciliation of science with theology; but he only succeeded in making an intellectual desert and calling it peace.

Mr. Saleeby, in his article under the above title, seems to have essayed a like task with the same unfruitful result.

Having reduced the cosmos to energy, and made much of the fallible character of our senses, he leaves us without a guide in the dense metaphysical jungle into which he has led us.

Better anything—materialism even—than this. Better the knowledge of the senses—real at least to us—than this maze of ignorance in which we are told to be happy because, forsooth, we know not what may happen.

Let it be granted—as of necessity it must be—that we can

know nothing of external things except through the senses, and that our knowledge of phenomena may be quite different from that which to some superlative intelligence is the "reality." Shall we then throw away the only "reality" we can know because to a being differently constituted our conceptions might be untrue?

Mr. Saleeby would have us impatiently leave the pathway Science has laboriously made, and strike off blindly through the forest with no glimmer of an idea as to whither we go.

There is a possibility—nay, probability—that if we patiently follow Science she will one day lead us forth into the sunshine; but what hope have we if we plunge into the thickets of ignorance alone? Surely the "fool in his folly" was never so foolish.

May I add that it is unworthy of Mr. Saleeby to speak of the "notorious Haeckel"? That eminent and venerable biologist deserves something better than this squalid epithet.—Yours, &c. J. B. WALLIS.

"Of"

SIR,—Those who read Dr. Murray's letter on the demonstrative use of the preposition "of" which appeared in your columns some time since will be unable to agree with your correspondent, J. B. Wallis, that "friend of mine" is incorrect. That it is the exact equivalent of "my friend" is not apparent. In the sentence "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you," the emphasis falls upon the word "friends"; but in the expression "He is no friend of mine," the lack of affinity betwixt two persons is demonstrated by the preposition followed by the strongly accented last word.—Yours, &c. FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

"Ursprung des Harlekin"

SIR,—This is by no means new. No doubt the learned German has succeeded in collecting a vast amount of evidence, but it is all on the old lines.

Wheeler's "Dictionary of Fiction," 1866, gives the general heads; Scheler in 1873 connects the forms from the French point of view.

One early form is "Alichino," in Dante's "Inferno," a demon, see xxi. 118, xxii. 112; then we have a suggestion put for Charles quint, and the Saxon "helle-cyn," or brood of hell; so there is much to choose from, but the real origin is still matter of controversy; it has very probably arisen from folk-speech, never reduced to writing; and that quagmire lies at the basis of everything, when we really treat of true origins.—Yours, &c. A. HALL.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-.

Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE.

BACON.—In Marlowe's "Faust" (Marlowe died in 1595) he speaks of "the sage Bacon." Aristotle and others as equally great names. Bacon published his "Advancement of Learning" in 1605. Are there any known grounds for thinking that Bacon produced anything before that time which would induce a man like Marlowe to assign him such a high place?—H. T. (Ilkley).

[Continued on page 438]

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"GENIUS."—"Genius," as Carlyle says, 'is only an infinite capacity for taking pains.' This (very inadequate) description of genius is constantly attributed to Carlyle. Did Carlyle ever give utterance to it? If so, when? I myself fancy it is put into the mouth of one of Sir Arthur Helps' characters in one of his dialogues.—J.Z. (Zanzibar).

* "PHILOMOT."—In reading one of Addison's "Spectator" essays, I came across the following passage: "As I was standing in the hinder part of a box, I took notice of a little cluster of women sitting together in the prettiest coloured hoods that I ever saw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another philomot; the fourth was of a pink colour, and the fifth of a pale green. Can any one explain what colour 'philomot' is? I have tried to trace it, but failed.—Fitzgeorge (Newcastle).

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S PEARLS.—Miss Edgeworth writes "Think of Josephine and her Cisalpine pearls, and all the falsehoods she told about them to the emperor she revered." "Helen"—Ch. xxiii. What is the incident referred to?—H.C.

* STOP-WATCHES.—In Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," Book iii. chapter xii. occurs the following: "He suspended his voice . . . three seconds and three-fifths by a stop-watch." Were stop-watches, registering fractions of a second, known long before 1760? And were they of English invention?—P.L.B. (Tonbridge).

GENERAL.

OPERA PLOTS.—Is there any book published giving a short argument of operas, both serious and otherwise, and embracing more than the usual favourites? If so, who published it?—W.I.

LONDON FOGS.—Lamb quotes "True London Particular" in his note on London fogs (Lucas' ed., p. 351, Vol. i.) What is he quoting from?—Viator.

"HEIGHO! SAYS ANTHONY ROWLEY."—At the end of the story of "the frog who would a-wooloo go," comes this verse:

"So there was an end of one, two and three,

Heigho! says Rowley.

The rat, and the mouse, and the little froggie,

With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho! says Anthony Rowley."

Can any reader explain the meaning of this apparent nonsense, especially of line four? Was there ever a person called Anthony Rowley? If so, what connection (if any) had he with "the frog who would a-wooloo go"?—Blick.

LONDON STREET NUMBERS.—Can any reader tell me whether there is any road or street in London in which the numbers of the houses or shops run into one thousand? I know that the Fulham Road, the Old Kent Road and the Commercial Road all have numbers over nine hundred.—Statistician (South Kensington).

HARDING STREET, E.C.—Is it known from whom this name arose?—A.H.

AN OLD SHIP.—While looking over some old numbers of "The Times" recently, I came across the following: "The newly invented vessel, the 'Constellation,' intended to sail against wind and tide, arrived above Blackfriars Bridge on Saturday (November 22, 1811). The vessel is 50 feet in length, with only one mast, made of iron, and an upright windlass affixed to it. There are twelve horizontal sails, similar to the shape of window shutters, which are extended or shortened in an instant: the mast with all its appendages is, also, as quickly struck. She has neither blocks nor any running rigging, except a fore and aft stay and cable. Her guns, which are of curious mechanism, will keep their own elevation." Can any one say what became of this curious ship?—John P. Sinclair.

THE NEWDIGATE.—Is there any list available of the Newdigate Prize Winners since 1850, and how many of their prize poems have been published, and where?—Horace.

"TAKING A SIGHT."—Is not "taking a sight" considered an offensive gesture? Nevertheless in "Nell Cook" in the "Ingoldsby Legends" I read:

"The Sacristan he says no word that indicates a doubt,
But puts his thumb unto his nose, and spreads his fingers out."

Here the dumb-show implies incredulity. What is the origin of the expression?—Shrimp.

Answers

LITERATURE.

"SCORPE."—An ignorant spelling of *sculp*, which is a dialectal form of *scalp*; see the "Eng. Dial. Dict." One sense of *scalp*, in Lincs, is a low bank of sand or mud, left uncovered at low tide.—Walter W. Skeat.

"BELLERUS."—Bellerus is an imaginary name of a Cornish giant. Milton coined it from Bellerophon, the name of a Cornish promontory near Land's End. He originally wrote Corineus, the name of a Cornish giant mentioned by Spenser in his "Mourning Muse of Thestylis," by which "Lycidas" was to some extent inspired:

Up from his tombe the mightie Corineus rose,
Who, cursing off the fates that this mishap had bred,
His hoary lockes he tare, calling the heavens unkinde.

For the vision of the guarded mount and the angel that appears in St. Michael's, see Caxton's "Golden Legend."—Joseph Knight.

AUTHOR FOUND.—The lines quoted by "N." are from Swinburne's poem "Super flumina Babylonis" in the "Songs before Sunrise." They are spoken by "the angel of Italy's resurrection" of any man who has given his life for her, i.e., for Italy.

How should he die?
Seeing death has no part in him any more, no power
Upon his head;

And then follow the lines:

He has bought his eternity with a little hour
And is not dead.
For an hour if ye look for him, he is no more found,
For one hour's space;
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold him crowned,
A deathless face. —F.P.

* AUTHOR FOUND.—The lines—

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed,
The best fruit loads the broken bough,
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
Immortal love sows sovran seed

come from Gerald Massey's "Ballad of Babe Cristabel."—T. A. Archer (Oxford).

"THE ADVENTURES OF DON BELLIANIS."—Don Belianis de Grecia is the hero of an old Spanish romance of chivalry, founded upon the model of the "Amadis de Gaula," but with much inferior art and on a coarser plan. It was written by Jeronimo Fernandez, and first appeared in 1547; it was translated into English in 1598, and an abridgement in English was published in 1673. It was one of the tales of knight-errantry which are recorded to have stood on the unfortunate shelves of Don Quixote.—M.A.C.

VIOLETS.—The violet is stated to have sprung from the earth on which flowed the blood of Ajax when he stabbed himself—although some authorities give the flower as the hyacinth. Dr. Young, in "The Instalment," adopts the former fact—

"As when stern Ajax poured a purple flood
The violet rose, fair daughter of his blood."

Later on it became a popular notion that the violet might spring from the blood or body or grave of any person of pure and innocent character, and the flower became emblematic of innocence. Thus when Ophelia, in "Hamlet," Act iv. scene 5, says "I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died," she means that he was the last pure, noble character of the Court; and the exclamation of Laertes in Act v., scene 1, has reference to her chastity and innocence. The same idea is the foundation of the other quotations.—Joseph Nelson (Hull).

"REVENONS À NOS MOUTONS."—"L'Avocat Patelin" was first printed in 1490, and was supposed to be by one Pierre Blanchet. In the eighteenth century it was revived and put on the French stage by Brueys. Some alterations were made, but from the subject of the play it seems probable that "Revenons à nos Moutons" occurred in the first version, so that Blackmore need not have been guilty of an anachronism.—K.K. (Belfast).

"REVENONS À NOS MOUTONS" occurs in the trial scene of the "Avocat Patelin," a French farce of the fifteenth century. Professor A. Vinet (in his "Discours sur la Littérature Française") ascribes it to an unknown author. In 1706 Brueys (the author of "Le Grondeur") adapted this play for the Paris stage. The present rendering of it played at the Théâtre Français has again been modernised by J. Truffier, one of the Sociétaires of that theatre.—Ignoramus.

GENERAL.

"TICKHILL, GOD-HELP-IT."—A parallel is in "Kyme, God-knows"; the epithets are terms of compassion, thus:

"Kyme, God-knows; where no corn grows,
And, when we get a little hay,
The river washes it away."

It being situated low, in the marshy parts of Lincolnshire; but good for grazing. Both these places were noted of old; the former being the head of a Domesday honour, with estates in several counties; the latter a Barony, which fell to the Talbois family; one of whose widows, a Countess of Lincoln, was mother by King Henry VIII. of Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond.—A.H.

"FEIGNETS."—What is the authority for this spelling? I thought the term, if written, would be "Feignit," i.e., I feign playing, I'm not really playing when I call "Feign it"; though still in the game; I have not altogether left off playing. Then "feignit" was used as a noun, e.g. "I had feignit when you touched me," to which noun a plural would arise in heated discussions—"You're always having feignits"—A.C. (Chelmsford).

* SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.—Ireland was described by the Greek geographer Strabo (B.C. 64 to A.D. 21) under the name of Ierne. To the Romans it was known under various titles, its most common one being *Hibernia*. But as at the commencement of historic times it was largely peopled by the Scots, it also became known as *Scotia*. During succeeding centuries, as the Scots established themselves in the Northern portion of Britain, which had been called *Caledonia* by the Romans, the name *Scotia* extended itself to part of this country, conjointly with Ireland; but it was not until about the tenth century that Scotland (as we know it) alone was styled *Scotia*, or at first *Nova Scotia*, and the use of the name dropped entirely as far as concerned Ireland. Erin, or Ireland, therefore is the most ancient name of the Green Island; whilst it can also claim priority as far as the name of *Scotia*, or *Scots'-land*, over the part of Britain which now bears that name.—J.A.

"TO SLEEP AS SOUND AS A TOP."—I have frequently heard boys speak of tops which spin steadily and long as "asleep"; they always use the word "snore" of a top's humming.—T.McD. (Fermoy).

"SLEEP LIKE A TOP."—There are two derivations suggested for the above phrase. (1) When peg-tops and humming-tops reach what is termed the "acme of their gyration," they become so steady that they do not seem to move. This is called sleeping. (2) From the French *taupe* (dormouse); Italian *topo*. Our translation is a perversion of "Egli dorme come un topo" or "Il dorme comme une taupe." The latter is the less likely. Cf. French "Dormir comme un sabot."—H. Caris J. Sidnell.

NURSERY RHYME.—I see in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE of February 6 the counting-out rhyme beginning "Wonery, twoery, tickery seven." A possible variation of the above I have often heard used by children in the United States; it is as follows:

Wonery, twoery, ickery Ann,
Hollabone, crackabone, Nicholas John,
Kewry, kary, English Mary,
I, saw, tut.—W. R. Furness (Philadelphia).

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London: 23 April 1904.

Price Threepence.

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Literary Notes

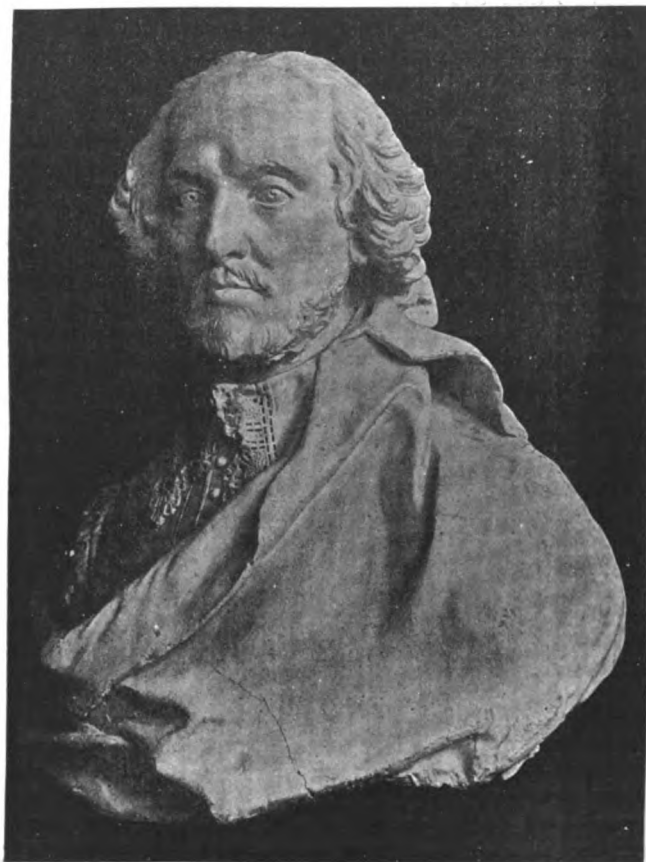
TO-DAY (Saturday) is Shakespeare Day, yet in how few English-speaking centres will the fact be worthily remembered. London has its Commemoration, of which I have given details from time to time, but surely such a day might be made a national or imperial literary festival. Of all the links that bind nations together, the possession of a common tongue is, perhaps, the strongest, and—as need not be said, save to point my argument—of all the glories of our English literature Shakespeare's works are the greatest. Is it too much to hope that in years to come Shakespeare Day will be more generally commemorated?

THERE are many forms which such a commemoration can take, performances of the plays, dinners—how fond as a nation and as individuals we are of celebrating any occasion with a dinner!—concerts and so forth. Yet on this Shakespeare day there is not any play of his acted at a London theatre! We might take lessons from Germany or France as how best to bear in public memory the names of our great writers. The nearest approach to a theatrical performance is the excerpts from various plays at the Court Theatre. Could not Mr. Tree with his travelling company have arranged a matinée and an evening performance? Or Miss Ellen Terry, or Sir Henry Irving, or Mr. George Alexander?

THEN the British Museum sets a brilliant example of how not to do things. I went up there to see the special exhibition of Shakespeareana; inquiries from four or five commissionaires, two or three policemen and an awesome official, behind a desk and impenetrable “don't-careness,” produced no information and seemed to raise a spirit of wrath at any member of the mere public daring to ask for information. At last I found one honest man, who did know and pointed out to me four meagre cases. There I looked upon the Folios, the Quartos, Dugdale's “Antiquities,” The Blackfriars Mortgage Deed, Manningham's “Diary,” and so forth. Is *that* all the British Museum can do for us? Where are the countless other books, maps, prints, plans, portraits, programmes and so forth, which should go to make up a decent exhibition of Shakespeareana at the British Museum?

Is it wonderful that the public are lethargic when the authorities insist on hiding their light—an they have any—under a bushel? Is it not a national disgrace that in the city where Shakespeare lived and worked there is no public memorial of him of any sort and no

collection—which can be got at—of Shakespeareana? When the Museum and its wide-awake authorities are mouldering in the dust Shakespeare will be remembered and revered, as he is remembered and revered to-day in other lands. Truly a poet is not without honour save in his own country; truly there is something rotten in the state of England, and the man is yet unknown who will put it right.



SHAKESPEARE

From a plaster cast of the terra-cotta bust now in the possession of the Garrick Club

[From “*A Life of William Shakespeare*,” by Sidney Lee. Smith, Elder

THE Bishop of London has proposed to re-open the question of uniting the benefice of St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury, with two adjoining parishes. The church is associated with two of the greatest benefactors

of English Literature, the editors of the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, John Heminge and Henry Condell. But for these men, it is probable that Shakespeare's manuscripts would have remained in the tiring-rooms of the Globe and Blackfriars playhouses at the mercy of the accident of fire and loss from various causes. Had the precious papers survived till 1642 it is likely they would have been destroyed by the Puritan zealots. For their services to the nation and to the English-speaking peoples all over the world Heminge and Condell deserve lasting remembrance and undying gratitude.

In the pretty and quiet churchyard a memorial was set up in their honour by Mr. C. C. Walker in 1896. Surely it would be a dishonour to their memory and an insult to the public-spirited donor of the Memorial if this proposal to merge the benefice in other parishes (which of course means the demolition of the church) were to take effect. I rejoice to see that the churchwardens and the inhabitants are making energetic protest. The church was built by Wren on the site of the church of which Condell was a "sidesman." It is in excellent preservation. The electric light has only recently been installed. The registers containing the entries of the burial of Heminge and Condell, and various other entries relating to their families, still exist.

THESE and the church and the beautiful memorial form one of the treasures which reward the pilgrim from the Colonies and from America. The disturbance of such associations, in its ultimate effects, means a weakening of the bonds of the British Empire. The name of Shakespeare and all that concerns him are a girdle put about the earth—a symbol of spiritual union and empire which can offend none. In Germany, in Denmark, in America, the services of Heminge and Condell are held in high honour. In London they are celebrated in 1896 and flouted in 1904! We decline to believe that the Bishop is personally responsible for a proposal so likely to bring this country still further into contempt for its lukewarmness and ingratitude where Shakespeare is concerned.

DR. SAMUEL SMILES, known all the world over as the author of "Self-Help," died at Kensington on Saturday last. It was as a writer of books rather than as a man of letters that he gained fame, but he made at any rate one interesting contribution to literary history in "A Publisher and His Friends," which narrated the early history of the house of Murray. The "Life of Stephenson" is also a useful work. Dr. Smiles was born in 1812, and it is understood that he has left an autobiographical record of his long, busy and useful life.

THE "Edinburgh" is very solid, the most interesting and informative article being the concluding paper on "The Boer in War and Peace"; mention may also be made of "The Letters of Horace Walpole" and "The Women of the Renaissance." Mr. Henry James contributes an article on D'Annunzio to the "Quarterly," which is also a solid issue; other noteworthy papers are those on "Recent Aesthetics," by Vernon Lee, and "The Novels of Thomas Hardy," by Edward Wright.

In the "Forum" the late Grant Allen gives a vivid account of his first impression of Herbert Spencer:

"At last I found the house; but Spencer was away. I left a card, and wrote a little later, requesting the favour of an interview. I got a gracious reply; would I come

and lunch with him? I accepted, of course, all agog at the privilege. On the day appointed I called at the house in Queen's Gardens. A tall thin man, very springy of step and bland of countenance, rose from his easy-chair to greet me. It was the famous easy-chair, built on anatomical principles to fit his figure. At first sight, his appearance was distinctly disappointing. There are great men who look their greatness the moment you see them—for example, George Meredith. Spencer did not. You would say, at a cursory glance, the confidential clerk of an old house in the city. Afterward, when I got to know him better, I saw there was far more in the face than that; indeed, though always disappointing, it mirrored in some respects the idiosyncrasy behind it. It was serene and placid. It took life calmly. The forehead was magnificent, showing massive thinking power; but the lower half of the face, which most of all expresses emotion, was poor and ill-developed. If you held up your hand so as to screen the lower part and to see only the noble and expansive brow, you would say, 'What a glorious head!' If you held it so as to screen the forehead and see only the chin and mouth, you would say, 'What a feebly endowed emotional nature!' But one great charm Spencer always possessed, especially in those earlier days—a clear and silvery voice The enunciation, in particular, had a beautiful distinctness, every syllable being uttered, and its due value being given to each. This cultivated peculiarity remained with him to the end, though later in life, when the pessimism of old age took hold of him and soured him, the silvery tone was sometimes lost in a certain suspicion of querulousness."

THERE are several good articles in "The Independent Review"; Mr. John Pollock writes understandingly of Lord Acton at Cambridge, concerning whose small "output" of actual writing we read:

"It was not true that he could not write. On the contrary, he was a master of language, rich, eloquent, and pointed. In dramatic power of constructing sentences, he was not surpassed by many. He knew how to choose the exact word which would most stimulate the mind. His thought was compressed into words with a closeness that can be likened only to that of Dante. It was not that he could not, but that he would not write. Nor was it true of him that 'his power was out of proportion to his work.' Beneath a world of learning, under the weight of which another might have been honoured for sinking, Lord Acton's tread was elastic."

All of which considerations make us regret the more that he did not write much. I also quote an interesting anecdote:

"At a dinner given by the Historical Society which he founded in Trinity College, he told the following story: 'I was once with two eminent men, the late Bishop of Oxford and the present Bishop of London' [Stubbs and Creighton]. 'On another occasion I was with two far more eminent men, the two most learned men in the world—I need hardly tell you their names—they were Mommsen and Harnack. On each occasion the question arose: who was the greatest historian the world had ever produced. On each occasion the name first mentioned, and on each occasion the name finally agreed upon, was that of Macaulay.' Burke and Macaulay Lord Acton held to be the two greatest of English writers, and Burke at his best to be our wisest political thinker."

And Burke was an Irishman!

ANOTHER interesting contribution to the same magazine is Mr. Laurence Binyon's "The Art of Blake," a painter whom he rates extremely high, as for example:

"But, among the paintings, besides a good deal that has little worth, there is enough and to spare for whole-

hearted admiration. Not only splendid in daring of conception, the best of them are wrought with wonderful harmony and justness of execution. His use of water colours, limpid radiant washes enforced with a reed-pen outline, produced examples that remain among the happiest works in that medium, preserving, with true



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON : THE GUILDHALL

[Photo. Booker & Sullivan, Chancery Lane]

insight into the genius of his materials, the lightness and unlaboured character of a drawing. 'The River of Life' is, surely, one of the loveliest water-colours that have been made in England."

VERY curious, but not altogether effective, is the coloured frontispiece—"The Easter Hymn"—in "The Century"; modern costume scarcely lends itself to stained-glass effects. Of the other illustrations, several are very fine examples of American magazine work, particularly "Passing a Rival Post by Night" and "An Old Time Plains Fight," drawn by Frederic Remington, "The Villa D'Este," in colours, by Maxfield Parrish, and "The Easter Bonnet," by Anna Whelan Betts, in colour, which is very graceful and sweet. Of the literary contents "Sincerity and Love," by Maurice Maeterlinck, is a frank plea for sincerity: "Love contains no complete and lasting happiness save in the transparent atmosphere of perfect sincerity," and "It is impossible to be sincere with others before learning to be sincere towards one's self"; and then there is a noteworthy article on "Landmarks of Poe in Richmond," which should be read by every student of Poe.

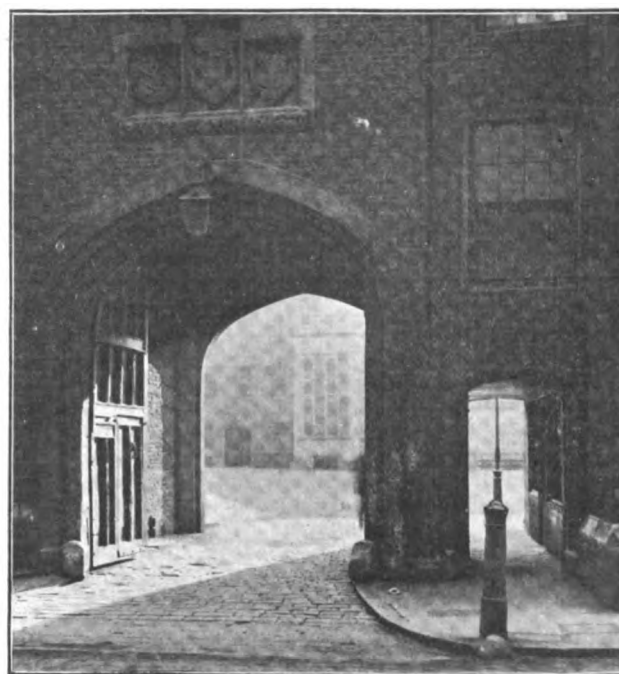
THE third and concluding instalment of the Bancroft Letters appears in this month's "Scribner's." Here is a pleasant peep into London literary society in 1847:

"On the 19th, Saturday, we breakfasted with Lady Byron and my friend, Miss Murray, at Mr. Rogers's. He and Lady Byron had not met for many, many years, and their renewal of old friendship was very interesting to witness. Mr. Rogers told me that he first introduced her to Lord Byron. After breakfast he had been repeating some lines of poetry which he thought fine, when he suddenly exclaimed: 'But there is a bit of American

prose, which I think has more poetry in it than almost any modern verse.' He then repeated, I should think, more than a page from Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast,' describing the falling overboard of one of the crew, and the effect it produced, not only at the moment but for some time afterward. I wondered at his memory, which enabled him to recite so beautifully a long prose passage, so much more difficult than verse. Several of those present with whom the book was a favourite, were so glad to hear from me that it was as true as interesting, for they had regarded it as partly a work of imagination. Lady Byron had told Mr. Rogers when she came in that Lady Lovelace, her daughter (Ada) wished also to pay him a visit, and would come after breakfast to join us for half an hour. She also had not seen Rogers, I believe, ever. Lady Lovelace joined us soon after breakfast, and as we were speaking of the enchantment of Stafford House on Wednesday evening, Mr. Rogers proposed to go over it and see its fine pictures by daylight. He immediately went himself by a short back passage through the park to ask permission and returned with all the eagerness and gallantry of a young man to say that he had obtained it. We had thus an opportunity of seeing in the most leisurely way, and in the most delightful society the fine pictures and noble apartments of Stafford House again."

THE publishing business of Messrs. Isbister & Company has been taken over by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, who will continue it in Tavistock Street; needless to add, perhaps, that "Good Words" and "The Sunday Magazine" will continue and I hope flourish.

MR. RICHARD PRYCE, part author of "Saturday to Monday," now being played at the St. James' Theatre, is, of course, the well-known novelist, his latest work of



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON : THE GATEWAY, LINCOLN'S INN

[Photo. Booker & Sullivan, Chancery Lane]

fiction being "The Successor." Mr. Pryce comes from the Welsh Borderland; the scenes of some of his stories are laid in Montgomeryshire and contain clever pictures of Welsh rustic life.

THE opening chapters of Mr. Frankfort Moore's new tale, "The White Causeway," will appear in the May number of the "Lady's Realm."

MRS. STEPNEY RAWSON'S new novel, "The Apprentice," which will shortly be published by Messrs. Hutchinson, is a romance which has for its setting the town of Rye, in Sussex, and the adjacent portion of the Romney Marshes. The action of the story takes place some ninety years ago, in the year of the coronation of George IV., and touches, therefore, a period with which Mrs. Rawson is well acquainted.

AMONG the most interesting volumes promised by Mr. John Murray are "A History of South America," by C. E. Akers, "The Moon," by William H. Pickering, "Fort Amity," by A. T. Quiller-Couch, and "Sabrina Warham," by Laurence Housman.

THE Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature contains a striking paper on "The Letters of Charles Lamb," by Mr. Samuel Davey.

Bibliographical

MR. GRANT RICHARDS is to be congratulated on the idea embodied in his series of "Boys' Classics." Such a series is most desirable. But who is to say what are, or are not, "Boys' Classics"? Mr. Richards begins with a story by James Grant and one by Marryat. So far, so good. With Grant and Marryat one is always safe; and with Fenimore Cooper, and, I should suppose, with G. P. R. James, though I am not sure that the latter would appeal to the boys of to-day. That is the difficulty. It is of no use to reprint "classics" which living boys won't look at. And, in regard to some of the most obvious of "boys' classics," difficulties of copyright must needs come in. I remember that in my own boyhood Gustave Aimard was almost as great a favourite with youngsters as Dumas. Are any of his books (translated, of course) in print? I see that as late as 1885 Messrs. J. & R. Maxwell issued his "Red-River-Half-Breed," but I know of no re-issues since then, though in 1896-97 Messrs. Blackie included his "Trappeurs d'Arkansas" in their "Modern French Texts." Other favourites of my youth were J. G. Edgar and W. H. G. Kingston, and then came R. M. Ballantyne with his long years of popularity.

In connection with the death of Dr. Smiles, it may be recorded that in 1897 ten of his works achieved the distinction of a "popular" edition, being issued at the uniform price of three-and-sixpence. They were: "Character," "Duty," "Self-Help," "Thrift," "Thomas Edward," "Josiah Wedgwood," "Jasmin," "Industrial Biography: Ironworkers and Toolmakers," "Life and Labour: Characteristics of Men of Industry, Culture, Genius," and "Men of Invention and Discovery." These, we may presume, are all in print. A new edition of "The Huguenots in France" came out in 1893. Dr. Smiles' last publication was his "A Publisher [John Murray] and his Friends" (1891).

That Milton's Poems should appear in Messrs. Macmillan's "Library of English Classics" is but right and proper. Only, one is a little surprised that there should be so large a demand for works which, we are so often assured, are not really read. It was but the other day

that an ably-edited text of Milton, with all the variations noted, in one volume, was put upon the market. In 1902 Messrs. Newnes included the Poems in their "Caxton" series, having in the previous year issued them on thin paper. To 1900 belong Mr. Frowde's editions, one reproduced from the original texts, the other with the spelling modernised, and both supervised by Mr. Beeching. Yet another edition, published in Boston, U.S.A., was circulated in this country in 1899. In 1897 there was an edition in the "Apollo Poets," and a fresh impression of that in the "Albion" classics. Of Dr. Masson's well-known edition there were re-issues in three volumes in 1890 and 1893. Of the separate poems there have, of course, been very many editions during the ten years we have been surveying.

Mr. Mallock's latest novel, "The Veil of the Temple," is shortly to appear in volume form. When is the writer going to give us another "New Republic," or even another "New Paul and Virginia"? His career as a novelist began in 1881 with "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century" (two volumes), and since then we have had from him "The Old Order Changes" (three volumes, 1886), "A Human Document" (three volumes, 1892), "The Heart of Life" (three volumes, 1895), and "The Individualist" (1899). There was a cheap edition of "The New Republic" so recently as 1900.

To his reprints of Hazlitt's works in "The World's Classics" Mr. Grant Richards has just added "The Spirit of the Age." I think many would be grateful to him if he would reprint the other and less familiar "Spirit of the Age"—that by R. H. Horne, Robert Bell, and Mrs. Browning. This came out in 1844, and is therefore at the disposal of any enterprising publisher.

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T. FISHER UNWIN,
Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

Reviews

"The Sun Forgotten"

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Herbert Spencer. (Williams & Norgate. 2 Vols. 28s.)

MOODS there are in which the infinite demands made by astronomy upon space and time cause us to regard our earth as an utterly unimportant atom in the sum of things, and ourselves as little more than meaningless *ephemera*, accidentally glittered upon by the unconsidering stars. But this is an unphilosophic conclusion. Even to-day, many centuries after Copernicus, we may repeat the axiom of that splendid old Greek who taught that "Man is the measure of all things." Standing, as he believed, on an immovable earth, the central and essential feature of the cosmos, this was easier for him to say than for us, unless we reflect, to accept to-day. Yet he was absolutely right. In our own times a great genius who was familiar with the indebtedness of humanity to the Sun—the proximate source of its life—has told us of the typical hero that he is "a man to make the Sun forgotten." And indeed it is so; when human worth asserts itself at its height who will not agree with Emerson that it can more than suffice "to make the Sun forgotten"?

It is from such a study that we rise in this instance. These two volumes with their eleven hundred pages are not fully to be comprehended in a week of days, any more than they are adequately to be discussed in a thousand words—or years; but it is nevertheless possible to set down certain of their characters in an imperfect and partial way. It is not too much to say that we close this book, the most interesting and certainly one of the most important we have ever opened, feeling better, wiser and humbler for having even thus hastily read it. The preceding sentences will read like irresponsible rhetoric to those who imagine that the nature of Herbert Spencer's Autobiography was in any way indicated by certain quotations which recently appeared in "The Times," and which gave occasion, in several quarters, for a typical excretion of the lamentable impertinences with which several writers have unconsciously exemplified the fact that there is a class of "literary people" whose sole claim to the title appears to be their lack of acquaintance with, or comprehension of, serious literature.

It is needless to say that there is no gossip in these pages. Deliberate judgments on people with whom Spencer was acquainted are numerous and very interesting. Without exception they are extremely moderate and philosophic in tone. There is, indeed, no abuse of any kind and no error of taste in all these extraordinarily frank and detailed pages. To only one of these judgments need we refer. Not only friends of George Eliot, but all to whom the destiny of woman is a matter of grave interest, will feel a keen gratification in Spencer's opinion of her. As he was never in love with her; as she was, more or less, a follower of Comte, from whom Spencer ever differed; as his general opinion of the intellect of woman placed it lower than man's; and as he formally repudiated the suggestion that she owed any of her ideas, or powers, or knowledge to him, we may take as absolutely trustworthy his remarkable opinion of her gifts. He considered, in a word, that she could have written on philosophy with permanent results, and con-

sidered her moral nature as highly endowed as her intellectual. And as a last evidence that this almost unmeasured tribute from a quite immeasurable man was based on thorough knowledge is the fact that he besought her to write fiction many years before she made her first attempt to do so or had even contemplated doing so. It is safe to say that no woman was ever accorded by such a judge such comprehensive and judicial praise as that which is here recorded for the pondering of ages so distant that perhaps women of George Eliot's calibre may then be relatively abundant.

We have dwelt on this because of the interest it will possess to the reader of, say, a thousand years hence, who will regard Spencer's century as that which saw the beginning of a new era for woman; but of course the two chief interests of this book are to be found in its illumination of Spencer's work and of his character. As to the first, there is no space here to speak. It would be necessary to quote some hundreds of pages in order to demonstrate the very high importance which this book will always possess as a study made of its own development by an intellect probably the most stupendous yet evolved in the history of our globe.

And as to the character of the man. The whole story is here told. Spencer tells us of his efforts to control his lack of tact, his lack of reticence, his hasty temper, his self-esteem, his indomitable but sometimes misdirected will. He shows us how even the finest intellect may err, in trying to give grounds for the belief that his father was his intellectual superior! He compares his mother's great sacrifices for him with his small sacrifices for her; and speaks of the "unceasing regret" with which he recalls his lack of due appreciation of her when she was alive. In the "Reflections" with which the book closes we have a commingling of rare qualities: it is the most impressive and important chapter in the book; the last that humanity is to receive from one who wrought for half-a-century to give "more life and fuller" to the generations that are to be. To a cosmic range of intellect that enabled him to unify all knowledge in one inexpugnable generalisation, he added a love of humanity that made him the incessant foe of militarism, the champion of women and children and the tireless seeker of such truth as might add to the dignity and worth of human existence in the coming stages of its evolution. Author of an idea which comprehends stars, atoms, societies and thought itself within one principle, he yet found time to teach the medical profession that a child likes sweets because they are good for it and the educationists that a girl's limbs are as much entitled to health-giving exercise as a boy's or a kitten's. Having established upon the basis of knowledge rather than fancy the truth that the Cosmos is an ordered unity, he yet insisted, in season and out of season, upon the claims of the individual as opposed to the many. Master of a wider range of knowledge, abstract and concrete, than any of his predecessors, he yielded to no one in his recognition that human knowledge is utter nescience; and amidst the reviling of those who, in their prejudice and self-sufficiency, falsely called him "atheist" and "materialist," he taught, whilst conclusively proving that true religion must last as long as men continue to think, that we are "ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed."

C. W. SALEEBY.

More Carlyle

NEW LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE. Edited and annotated by Alexander Carlyle. With illustrations. (John Lane. 2 vols. 25s. net.)

THOSE who regard the good name of a great man as among the most precious possessions of his country must welcome a publication tending to restore Carlyle to the place which he occupied in general esteem before the mismanagement, to employ no harsher phrase, of his trusted literary executor. Mr. Alexander Carlyle has not been unconcerned with endeavours to this end by polemical methods, but he perceives that it is a more excellent way to let Carlyle plead his own cause, not as an advocate in a case which had not arisen in his time, but by the simple self-portraiture of forty years of familiar correspondence. As he justly remarks, Carlyle's journals fail to represent his habitual mood for the simple reason that he only journalised when in low spirits. These three hundred and ninety-five letters, dashed off for the most part with little or no premeditation, and written to various people on varying occasions, are far more truly expressive of the general attitude of his mind. It will be, we should think, impossible for any one to read these constant testimonies of devoted family affections, tender pathos, compassion for humanity as a whole and for its suffering members, quiet unostentatious generosity and fidelity in the fulfilment of arduous obligations without acknowledging that no true portrait of the man can represent him as other than noble.

No character, of course, can be exempt from faults, and it is Carlyle's misfortune that his principal defect not merely lent itself to ridicule, but often betrayed him into grave injustice. He was, unquestionably, an inveterate grumbler, and this failing not only embittered his domestic life, but rendered his correspondence and conversation a repertory of groundless and at first sight ill-natured judgments upon predecessors and contemporaries. The assemblage of so many letters helps us to a reason for a characteristic commonly and not wholly without foundation attributed to dyspepsia, but which requires a deeper explanation. He seems to have formed a most inadequate conception of the significance of the age in which he himself was living and of the brilliancy of its intellectual achievement. It might have been expected that one who had so unsparingly denounced the spiritual bankruptcy of the eighteenth century would welcome the advent of a new age with higher ideals, but the nineteenth century fared even worse with him than its predecessor; and hardly any of its illustrious representatives in any department receives any due measure of encomium. Even Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe" and Emerson's Essays, which might have been expected to have aroused his enthusiasm, are mentioned with some slight. This unhappy incapacity for admiration has operated greatly to his disadvantage, causing him to be regarded as a bilious and cynical misanthrope, while it is in fact evident that his heart is bursting with the sympathy which veracity compels him, as he thinks, to withhold. He never suspects that the fault may be in himself and that he may be an indifferent judge of the merits of other men. But although these letters are full of crude disparagement, sometimes offensively expressed, it is clear that envy or jealousy had no part in these censures. They concern himself as much as others; there is hardly any book of his own which does not suffer from his inadequate estimate of the significance and the genius of his own day.

The letters now published extend from 1836 to 1879, and may be divided into two main classes: family letters

addressed to Carlyle's mother, brother, wife and other near relatives; and letters to friends and associates, literary for the most part. The general characteristic of the former is an intense affectionateness sometimes tinged with unconscious humour by a strong clanish feeling. Most of them are written in great haste, warm from the warm heart. Many of the miscellaneous letters are also hasty and artless, but others are elaborate compositions, careful in style and models of skill with reference to the end proposed. Among them may be mentioned the excellent letter of advice to an unknown correspondent (No. 134); that to the Rev. Alexander Scott on literary methods (No. 161); that to Leigh Hunt on his "Religion of the Heart"; and the two to Sterling, delicately but unmistakably conveying Carlyle's dissatisfaction with his "Strafford." "Browning's 'Strafford' I have never seen, nor shall see." In a letter to Browning himself, however, Carlyle acknowledges the receipt of "Sordello" and "Pippa Passes," and characteristically advises his correspondent to write his next book in prose. The letters to Sterling are always charming, and entirely in the spirit of the Life. The letters succeeding the death of Mrs. Carlyle are exceedingly pathetic, but, as Mr. Alexander Carlyle remarks, are quite inconsistent with the idea, confirmed as this is by the wild outbursts of grief in Carlyle's diary, of his having felt any obligation to remorse for his conduct towards her. Graphic sketches of persons and things abound everywhere, and there are some good descriptive letters, especially of rides in South Wales and the home counties. Without any shade of obscurity, the style of his simplest note is still thoroughly Carlylean, effectually refuting the fancy that his characteristic diction was affected for literary purposes.

The letters here published are only a portion of a larger collection, some day, it is to be hoped, to be given to the world. They have been selected up to 1866 by Professor Norton, and after that date by Mr. Alexander Carlyle. The book is handsomely printed, and appropriately illustrated with portraits and views. An index of the letters under the names of the persons to whom they are addressed would have been acceptable. The annotation is too sparing, but excellent as far as it goes, and controversy is wisely avoided. The only slip we have, remarked is the conjecture that the "heterodox Lincolnshire parson" who found funds for the "Leader" was the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, who did not belong to Lincolnshire but to Norfolk, and was so remote from heterodoxy as to edit the "Quarterly Review." The person intended was the Rev. Edmund Larken, rector of Burton, near Lincoln. R. GARNETT.

Woodland Ways

THE NEW FOREST. By Mrs. Willingham Rawnsley. With twenty full-page illustrations in colour. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE public is already familiar with the series of quarto volumes illustrated in colour which, including several by Mr. Mortimer Menpes and a couple by Mr. Fulleylove, occupies so important a place in the catalogue of Messrs. Adam & Charles Black. The past week sees the addition of two to the list, Mrs. Willingham Rawnsley's volume and one by Mr. C. Lewis Hind, entitled "Adventures among Pictures." Most of the volumes owe their existence to the improvements effected of late years in the reproduction of pictures in colour, a method of book decoration which it is evident has points of appeal that extend to widely differing classes. But it is children to whom the appeal has ever been the most irresistible. It was to the childlike faith of

the mediæval devotee that, in the main, the designer of the illuminated manuscript addressed himself. Thence to the hand-coloured wood engravings of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries is a seven-league leap, but the appeal once more was to the child-mind. Then again for children in the 'forties of the nineteenth century Joseph Cundall produced coloured illustrations, and in the 'fifties Baxter his Baxter-types. Chromolithography soon afterwards developed rapidly, and decorated "juveniles" both internally and externally with colour. And then in the dying years of the nineteenth century came the three-colour and kindred processes. Is it yet again to children that the appeal is made? It goes without saying that no process has yet satisfied either artist or lover of art, though between the early chromo and the colour-print of to-day is fixed a great gulf. Will the day ever come when the "average man," whose demand, presumably, is responsible for these continuous efforts to reproduce, in perfect facsimile, a picture in colours, shall say "I have no pleasure in them"? One of Frank Stockton's most whimsical tales is based on the idea of a man whose commercial penetration, having gauged the artistic instincts of his fellow-townsmen to a T, results in his invention of a machine for the production of hand-painted pictures in oils. The hands are mechanical ones, but they hold brushes, and the pictures are demonstrably "hand-painted"—and, when a certain number has been struck off from the same design, indistinguishable from the original which the machine was set to copy. This seems to be the end in view of the experimenters in colour reproduction by process, and it *may* ultimately be achieved—it is far enough from having been achieved up to the present—but what a goal to aim at! The present process probably accentuates the faults of whatever colour scheme it is applied to, so that when made use of for the reproduction of pictures so lacking in imaginative qualities as those in Mrs. Rawnsley's book, the uncompromising colouring of the originals—this is conjecture only, of course—is hardened into a positive conflagration of crude blues and greens and oranges which coalesce without harmonising, without even influencing each other. That different results are obtainable is evident from a glance at the frontispiece to Mr. Hind's volume, "Plain Land," by Louis Grier, a strange opalescent landscape of intermingled blues and greens that recalls, both in design and colouring, a Japanese colour print. But Mrs. Rawnsley's pictures may have suffered more than common wrong in the process of reproduction, for even those in low tones, and it is in low tones that the colour process seems to yield the best result, are displeasing: "Beaulieu Road," for instance, where the artist's selection appears to be in no way at fault. Of the text it is not possible to speak with any enthusiasm. Although the title-page reads as above, upon the cover appear the words "Painted and described by Mrs. Willingham Rawnsley." Now Mrs. Rawnsley has *not* described the "New Forest." She has given a series of impressions which she has received from the Forest, intermixed with a good deal of gossip about a garden; and gossip about gardens has become rather wearisome of late. One need not demand history in such a volume as this, but one might reasonably expect such of the features of a guide-book as help the stranger to know the districts he is most likely to appreciate, and the routes of approach. To record with sufficient of mastery to compel a hearing the impressions conveyed to a mind by landscape, by weather or by the observation of the fauna and flora of a restricted area is a rare gift, rarely exercised.

F. CHAPMAN.

The Great Proconsul

THE LIFE OF THE MARQUIS OF DALHOUSIE, K.T. By Sir William Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I. (Macmillan. 25s. net.)

FEW of our great Indian administrators have escaped attack and hostile criticism. The Indian Empire is an anomaly now, and the rule of the East India Company was still more of an anomaly. The position of a Governor-General, swaying a vaster territory and a stronger host than Aurangzib ruled at his highest, and yet limited in his reign and liable to be criticised and checked by the British Government on one side and the Directors on the other, was something that the West found it hard to appreciate, and the East absolutely failed to comprehend. The Oriental imagination of Disraeli, leading him instinctively to appreciate the Eastern mind, gave the princes and races of India a personal sovereign whom all had heard about and some had seen. Tawdry as the Durbars and proclamations seemed to the austere British mind, it may be, as far as we yet know, that from them dates the growth of genuine loyalty among the princes and natives of India.

Dalhousie came at the parting of the ways. The dual control of India was more and more an anachronism, and yet it required the shock of the Mutiny to overthrow the traditions of rule. He was undoubtedly a great administrator, but not great enough to foresee the consequences of much that he chose to do and also much that he was forced to do.

But in so far as regards the Mutiny, Sir W. Lee-Warner heaps up proofs that others in high place, with greater experience, military and native alike, were as blind to the danger as he. Further, there is no doubt now that had the military measures recommended by Dalhousie in a remarkable series of minutes been adopted, the Mutiny would either not have broken out, or would have been nipped in the bud. Early in 1856 he proposed that the proportion of European troops to native should be increased, by enlisting more British and disbanding part of the Sepoys, and by enlarging the so-called "irregular" force of the Punjab, which was to save India soon after.

This biography is the model of what a life of a great man should be. Lord Dalhousie is made to speak for himself, by his diary, his letters, his minutes and despatches. The attacks on him are stated fairly and answered moderately; and no imputation of motives is ever made. So anxious is the biographer not to be unjust that he refers to a vindication of Gough's strategy in the Sikh Wars, published after his own first volume was written, and advises his readers to find out from it what can be said against Dalhousie's unfavourable opinion.

The most interesting part of the work must be, to an historical student, the discussion how far Dalhousie's masterful policy was the cause of the Mutiny. To us it has always seemed that the causes of the Mutiny must be inferred from the nature of the outbreak. It was, as its name implies, primarily a mutiny, the rising of the mercenary Bengal army against the Government. It was most like that grim tragedy of ancient history, the war of Carthage with the Mercenaries, that other *πόλεμος ἀσπονδός*. The revolt was joined by dispossessed princes, unsuccessful claimants, religious fanatics and all the enormous Eastern host of waiters on fortune and courtiers of the successful. The Bengal Sepoys had been pampered with extra pay and extravagant praise: the pay had been reduced, and they were full of vague fears that not only their privileged position but their religious and social standing was to be taken from them.

Indian history is full of changes of dynasty and sovereignty brought about by mutinies of mercenaries. When the rulers of the country were foreign in race and thought, and the British soldiers were reduced in numbers and their quality discredited by native rumour, is there need of more to explain what happened? The Sepoys felt no more loyalty to the Company than Sir John Hawkwood and his men to the Signory of Florence.

For the reduction in the pay and privileges of the Bengal spy Dalhousie was responsible, as also for the proposal to make the native army liable to service beyond the sea. Both these measures were necessary for efficiency; both were bound to cause discontent. Had his other proposals been adopted, the discontent would have been repressed with comparative ease. For the blunder of the greased cartridges, Dalhousie can have no responsibility.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

A Great Curator

SIR WILLIAM HENRY FLOWER, K.C.B., &c. A Personal Memoir. By C. J. Cornish, M.A. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

THE latter half of the nineteenth century was the battle-ground of giants so redoubtable that men of consummate talent and intellectual vigour, yet somewhat less than epoch-makers, tend now to be gravely underrated. Such a one was Sir William Flower, whose services to science and to his country have their lively witness to-day. The reviewer of this delightful memoir, approaching it with little knowledge of the man outside that derived from the anthropological part of his work, finds himself happy in making the acquaintance of one who, as Mr. Francis Galton has said, "was more universally beloved by his contemporaries than almost any other scientific man whom I have known."

Born in 1831, young Flower left the domestic museum which delighted his schooldays for the study of medicine, distinguishing himself in the Crimean war. His letters home at this time are of much interest as bringing some aspects of the siege of Sebastopol into comparison with the present and parallel siege of another Russian fortress. Though Flower discovered "the tendency in the British Army to snub the doctors and not give them fair play," he insisted on using chloroform, and with the best results.

But we must pass from Flower, the promising young surgeon with a penchant for eye work, to Flower the curator of the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. He gave up the prospect of wealth for the science which he loved, and with which his name is now so wholly identified that the present writer, long familiar with his name, had never heard of his connection with the medical profession. Only three years after the publication of the "Origin of Species" Flower originated the means of letting Nature tell its own story of the laws of evolution, by a wise rearrangement, occupying many years, of the specimens in the unrivalled museum founded by John Hunter. When, after more than twenty years of fruitful work in Lincoln's Inn Fields, he was appointed director of the Natural History Museum, Flower devoted his peculiar genius to what he has now made the model of every leading zoological museum in Europe and in the United States. The great Central Hall, destined for an inferior purpose by Owen, to whom the great theory of the younger generation was a thing to be opposed by means often dubious, was devoted by Flower to the highest

purpose it could fill. For centuries to come the thoughtful face of Darwin, as figured by Boehm, will look down upon the cases in which, by many years' hard labour, Flower has demonstrated in the simplest and most attractive manner the theories to which Darwin first gave the hall-mark of certainty.

In his knowledge of whales Flower had only one rival, Sir William Turner of Edinburgh; as a curator he was without an equal. He has incalculably enhanced the value of museums all over the world by his originality and devotion.

But his original contributions to science were numerous and important. When anthropology was even more shamefully neglected in this country than it is at present, he did his utmost for it, always citing the few instances, such as Oxford and Edinburgh, where the science of man was recognised. He did much to demonstrate the truth that all the races of man have a common origin, and his important methods in the study of craniology helped to make it plain that there are three, and not more than three, great families of man at present extant, the Caucasian, the Mongol and the African.

Above all, Flower was a high-minded and sympathetic gentleman. He thought it worth while to demonstrate, on anatomical grounds, the idiocy and cruelty of the bearing-rein; he valued the friendship of men like Stanley, who, when ignorance assailed Darwin, preached from the text "Let there be light," and declared that truth could never be in opposition to the highest thoughts of man; and when he believed himself dying in the night, rather than waken his devoted wife, worn out by many sleepless nights of nursing, he opened the prayer-book beside his bed at the words "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," thinking that, if he should indeed die, these words might comfort her. Verily a life worth living and worthy of remembrance.

C. W. SALEEBY.

The Pioneer of Army Reform

LORD CARDWELL AT THE WAR OFFICE. A History of his Administration, 1868-1874. By General Sir Robert Biddulph, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. (Murray. 9s. net.)

LORD CARDWELL, the man who gave us the Army Reserve and short service, and abolished purchase—the man, in fact, who gave us a modern army—has been much forgotten. He was not a picturesque or eloquent statesman. The portrait of him at the beginning of this volume is pre-eminently an official face, attentive, just, able, capable of sternness, but not an attractive or striking face. He is rather the person you would expect to find in the chair at some important company meeting, and fortunate you would be to find him there.

It is well that now, when the British Army is just emerging from the melting-pot again, we should be able to compare what an able and patriotic organiser like Lord Cardwell did, and still more what he wanted to do, with what our present Commission of Three has done and recommended. On the whole, and speaking not as an expert, I should think that the recent reconstruction is proceeding on Cardwellian lines. The separation of departments and apportionment of responsibility is his idea; the assimilation of the War Office to the Admiralty, and the attempt to give a permanence and continuity to military as to naval policy are all Cardwell principles. The Intelligence Department was his creation, and if subsequent Ministers and Parliaments had not starved it and military authorities dis-

regarded what it was able to find out, the saving in our late war would have been enormous. And according to Sir Robert Biddulph, who ought to know, Lord Cardwell's favourite plan was the creation of a Minister of Defence, a single person with all the strength of a single expert mind, to fulfil the functions that were apparently neglected by the recent Council of Defence. "Boards are screens," and there is nothing so soporific as divided responsibility. Only it would seem that such a Minister of Defence would have to be an expert, and a permanent official. Party considerations could not be allowed to influence such an appointment. But it is hardly likely that Mr. Gladstone would have listened to a proposal of that sort, even from his most efficient colleague. The supremacy of Parliament was too much a part of his mental structure.

A considerable part of Sir Robert Biddulph's book is taken up with the abolition of purchase in the Army, and the way in which this reform was carried through by the authority of the Crown, in spite of opposition in the Lords. Historically speaking, the abolition of purchase by Royal Warrant was in accordance with tradition. It was the Sovereign that gave commissions; and the Sovereign had previously forbidden the sale and purchase of commissions in the Army, only allowing, as an exception, certain ranks to be dealt in at certain rates. These rates having notoriously been exceeded, the Sovereign withdrew the concession that had been abused. But nevertheless the famous Royal Warrant was a means of settling an important change in the Army without the consent of the House of Lords, and might conceivably have been used to decide the question without the consent of the Commons.

The sketch of the history of purchase in the Army is very interesting; and it might have been carried further back, though for the purposes of this work Charles II.'s reign begins the existence of the Army. The English armies for the Hundred Years' War were raised by nobles and great men, who were paid by the King for their contingents, and presumably bestowed commands in their forces for value received, as well as for relationship or favour.

The style of the book is adequate and businesslike, fitting its subject. A good many documents are inserted, as is indeed necessary. All the interest such a work has for the reader must be in clear explanation and fair statement, and for these merits Sir Robert Biddulph may claim full credit. It is a pity that he should have fallen into the traditional official blunder of the double perfect with the infinitive—"on a basis so firm that it would not have been easy for a successor to have overturned it." May we hope that this is one of the War Office traditions that will not survive the cleansing of the Dauntless Three?

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

THE LIFE OF JESUS. By Oscar Holtzmann. Translated by J. T. Bealby and Maurice A. Canney. (A. & C. Black. 18s. net.)

THIS book reads as if it were the word of a middle-aged world taking a final farewell of its youthful dream. It is a farewell word in which there lingers no regret or anything inconsistent with stoical acquiescence in the dream's departure. There is nothing grandiose, nothing romantic, about this good-bye. The Jesus, the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, is no more. He who stilled the waves with a word and commanded the dead to live is no more. The Reformation swept away the gorgeous edifice of the autonomous Church against which the gates of hell should not prevail, threw out the mysteries of grace, and made a mock

of the very Presence. The nineteenth century has torn to tatters the record of the human life and stripped the historical figure of the trappings lent it by the pious imagination of an older, or a younger, age. The biological record, like that of the human infant, is multiplied in the successive ages, and in the microcosm of our London you may see them all to-day. Here we have vague primitive enthusiasm at the street corner; at Westminster the gorgeous ceremonial of a professional priesthood formed on a philosophy and theology of which it is thenceforward to be the guardian; a free thought that acquiesces in a literary tradition stately in simplicity at St. Paul's; the while quiet men in studies, more or less ignoring the mere question of "values," persevere in their self-imposed task of pulling down and uprooting.

Here, for instance, is Professor Holtzmann, a most honest and painstaking man, whose work it is equally impossible to ignore and to take a fervid interest in, stripping the great high priest of his Urim and Thummim, of his breastplate of precious stones, of his bells and pomegranates, his sandals and his mitre of fine linen, that we, whose fathers bent the knee at *incarnatus est*, may rise superior to the remote half-illuminated peasant reformer of Galilee. And so little bitterness does he show, so little of the iconoclastic fever, that his work is, from the point of view of the orthodox believer, triply dangerous. To many the illustrated life of Christ that M. Tissot was exhibiting in London a few years ago was of the nature of a *scandalon*; yet that the Son of Man was without form and comeliness was no new idea.

But the Son of Man was the Eternal Wisdom of the Father. For two thousand years the lightest words that proceeded out of His mouth have been as unfathomable wells, from which men might draw the water of life; and now the wells are parched. And He who was the way and the truth and the life, the vine, the door, the shepherd, the great high priest, the immaculate victim, the lamb that should take away the sins of the world, is become but a little star in the constellation of the world's teachers of "morality." Is that, then, to be the last word?

THE HOMERIC HYMNS. Edited by T. W. Allen, M.A., and E. E. Sikes, M.A. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

WHAT is known for certain is that the Homeric Hymns are neither hymns nor by Homer. Date, authorship and intention are matters of pure conjecture. Possibly some of the poems were used on festival days, whilst the shorter poems seem to be introductory to Epic recitations. But what is the interest of the poems? Regarded merely as poetry they do not take a very high place, although there are passages in them infected with a love of open-air life, as readers of Shelley's translation of the "Hermes" may infer. To some they are interesting because they give clues to the Greek religion, to others their charm must lie in the fact that they contain quite a multitude of puzzles, linguistic and historical.

But whatever their value, here is an edition, which for some time must be final, representing the labour of many years. The introduction discusses the manuscripts, references to the hymns in literature and their nature and language. Full notes, textual and exegetic, are also given—in a word the whole scholar's apparatus is here and we cannot conceive that any one will have the heart to undertake the task of editing these poems afresh, unless indeed he can match his scholarship with an equal originality.

Perhaps the most beautiful of the poems is "Demeter," and this has an interest quite apart from its

art. It is a very old document which reveals certain aspects of the Eleusinian ritual, which in the light of such works as Frazer's "Golden Bough" appears to symbolise the mystery of the earth's fertility—seed-time and harvest. After the sowing of the seed man's part in the operation ended until harvest should again fill his barns and assure him of food for the winter. It would be strange indeed if the long wait between Spring and Autumn should not bring fears for the harvest and an anxiety to do all that was possible to propitiate the corn-mother and the corn-maiden—"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Hence the birth of Greek religion and the growth of the Eleusinian mysteries. In this poem there are references to fasting, to purification, to the carrying of lighted torches over the land in order to cleanse it; to the purification by fire—see the strange story of Demophoon—to the breaking of the fast by the taking of a mixture of wheat and water—"She commanded them to mingle meal and water and mint and give it to her to drink." So the fairy story of our youth is seen to give us a key to unlock that strong box of the Greek—his religion. This volume has a good index and the introduction to each poem is headed by a short bibliography.

ALLGEMEINE DEUTSCHE BIOGRAPHIE. Vol. XLVIII. (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot.)

LIKE our own great "Dictionary of National Biography," when the German record of its great men reached in 1899 the last name in Z, it was determined to issue supplementary volumes that should include the celebrated men and women who had died during the progress of the work. The third volume of the supplement, forming the forty-eighth of the whole work, has just appeared, and is in every way worthy of its long line of predecessors. It extends from Döllinger to Friedrich.

These supplementary volumes have an importance outside Germany, for they afford almost the only permanent means of reference for the lives of the great modern figures who have dominated Germany in politics, literature, art, science, indeed, in every department of human activity. If we wish to consult a brief but authoritative account of the life and work of Bismarck, or of Bernhardt, or of Bamberger, among statesmen and politicians, we must turn to these volumes, where we shall also find excellent lives of Anzengruber the poet, Auerbach the novelist, Curtius the historian, and Delius the Shakespearean critic.

The last published volume contains a life of Dove the chemist, whose work as a meteorologist is of the highest importance, since it was he who made the first attempt to systematise it as a science. Du Bois-Reymond, the physiologist, also finds a place here. One of the most interesting memoirs is that of Feuerbach, the painter, who died in 1880. He had a hard struggle, for during his lifetime few bought his pictures or saw anything in them, whereas he is now considered one of the greatest masters of the past century. His pictures, with those of Böcklin, form the chief worth of the Schack Gallery at Munich. Feuerbach wrote an account of his own life, entitled "The Heritage," because he believed that he had inherited his gloomy temperament. The book is a "Complaint" rather than an autobiography, and it is well to have the calmly reasoned memoir by Anton von Werner that the Dictionary affords. One thing must be conceded, that Feuerbach himself always believed in his art and its future recognition. There is also a life of Freytag the novelist, who died in 1895. He attempted in his work to make

literature a means to strengthen the nation to a national life.

We might perhaps take this opportunity of reminding those of our readers who may at times need information about the careers of recently deceased German celebrities of the great usefulness of the "Biographisches Jahrbuch und Deutscher Nekrolog," edited by Anton Bettelheim. It is a valuable book of reference, especially for the lives of men not yet dealt with in the "Allgemeine Biographie."

Some Minor Verse

CRUMBS OF FANCY. By Lotte. (Stock. 2s. 6d.)

ST. JOHN: A POEM. By Robert F. Horton. (Dent. 1s. net.)

POEMS. By W. E. Walkerdine. (Stock. 1s. 6d. net.)

THE POET'S CHILD. By Christie Finlayson. (Sonnen-schein. 2s. 6d.)

SIDELIGHTS: POEMS, CHIEFLY LOCAL. By E. Percy Schofield. (Barton-on-Humber: Lee. 1s.)

CORNISH BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS. By R. S. Hawker. (Lane. 5s. net.)

"CRUMBS OF FANCY" is a book one cannot praise or yet light-heartedly condemn. The author—we should guess, a woman, from the internal evidence; for "Lotte" appears to be a pen-name—the author has a certain temper of thought which demands respect; while yet the thought itself is neither deep nor original. So also the expression shows a certain instinct for poetry and sense of fancy, rather than imagination; while yet it is rudimentary in the extreme. The author has scarce mastered the elementary problems of poetic style: all is *incompt* and beginner-like. Yet there is the residual something which forbids any responsible critic to sneer. And that is all we can say.

It is more than could be said of "St. John," which is a curious attempt to versify the Gospel narratives through the mouth of the evangelist John. It has facility of versification, and no other poetic quality. Perfectly sincere in religious feeling, quite respectable and habitual in diction, it proceeds in a contented amble of equable and prosaic narration. The juxtaposition of biblical and journalistic phrase has occasionally *bizarre* effect, which alone disturbs the placid level of commonplace relation. Its religious feeling never prompts any artistic emotion, any imagination; it is a typical example how religious sincerity may go with poetic insincerity. The one sincerity has here been powerless to generate the other. The form is a mistake, because it implies the one all-conspicuous absence—poetry.

Of the next three books, speech were not kind. Two are of the impossible sort which create wonder as to how they found cold print; while "Sidelights" has the local smartness which claims no wider audience—its slight serious attempt a faint Tennysonian echo. But amends for all foregone feebleness come with the excellent popular edition of Stephen Hawker which issues from the Bodley Head. Of this little-known poet two collected editions have appeared, the better and later also coming from the Bodley Head. Upon it the present edition is based, with some slight additions. The memoir and bibliography of Mr. Wallis, the previous editor, are omitted by the present editor, Mr. Byles, for reasons of space, and pending the forthcoming biography of Stephen Hawker. But their place is taken, and the book is made valuable, by a number of very interesting reproductions from the chief local scenes and features commemorated in the poems. Some of these are photographs,

some lithographs, one or two from old engravings. Together with the characteristic portrait of Hawker which forms the frontispiece, they make this edition essential to every lover of the Cornish poet who sang Trelawney. Very little of him rises above a clean and healthy mediocrity, be it confessed: he had the Wordsworthian trick of rhyming upon everything and anyhow. But in a few pieces, by sheer strength of character, he overcomes his lack of art, and is excellently right, once for all. One or two of the best among these pieces have an imaginative strength, sincerity and individuality quite surprising, and worthy of lasting memory—which in the end they will surely attain. It is a poetic personality which merits a wider repute than has yet been accorded it.

Fiction

THE SUCCESSOR. By Richard Pryce. (Hutchinson, 6s.) The central idea of Mr. Pryce's new novel is by no means new, in fact it is as old as man himself—the desire for an heir. A certain Lord Alton saw that his property was fine and his means abundant, but without pleasure, for there was no son or daughter to inherit, only a watchful heir presumptive, the son of his deceased brother. But it was only when there was no offspring by his third wife that he gave himself altogether up to despair. From his despair he is roused by a letter from his sister-in-law, who rashly presumes on the state of affairs to push forward her son. In his anger he evolves a plan by which the heir presumptive is disappointed, and a daughter is born to the house of Alton. The main theme of the story, if examined closely, is unpleasant, the plot of Lord Alton to secure a child repellent, but Mr. Pryce does not intrude it upon us. It is a mere suggestion, a careless hint, something almost intangible. The story flows so smoothly, is told with such an airy touch, that we are never offended, and it is only when we close the book and cast a backward glance that we could wish the author had chosen a pleasanter subject. The characters in the book are never elaborated, only suggested with clever incisive touches. The dialogue is bright, often amusing. Mr. Pryce is a novelist with a distinct style, for which in these days we may be thankful. He knows exactly the moment when enough has been said, he keeps to his subject and pursues the main theme of his story evenly throughout the book. "The Successor" does not ask us to be serious and study far-reaching questions set forth at great length; it simply amuses and agreeably passes an idle hour. We are never bored, nor does our attention flag. This, we imagine, was Mr. Pryce's intention in writing the book.

RULERS OF KINGS. By Gertrude Atherton. (Macmillan, 6s.) We must register a most urgent protest against so fine a writer as Mrs. Atherton wasting her time not merely upon attempting the impossible, but that which, if possible, should be forbidden. To take living monarchs, or in fact living notabilities of any standing, for use as puppets in a work of fiction is both feeble and futile; it shocks all sense of literary propriety and makes the story ring untrue, however ably it may be contrived. The present rulers of Germany and Austria, an imaginary daughter of the latter, a wonderful young American multi-millionaire, such are the leading figures in "Rulers of Kings"; the plot is one of the wildest fantasy, and the only interests of the book are the cleverly drawn character of the Archduchess Ranata and the keen discussions of the future of Continental politics. The Archduchess is a striking figure, with her strange mingling of the past and of the future, of the ambitions, the strifes, the killing conventions of a Royal house with the longings, desires, wild impulses of a young, headstrong and beautiful woman. The pity of it all is that Mrs. Atherton should have spent so much time, labour and skill in elaborating a predestined failure. The novelist should keep to the world of imagination, leaving facts—as far as they can be ascertained—to the historian.

ADRIA, A TALE OF VENICE. By Alexander Nelson Hood. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.) "Adria" is not so much a novel as a picture of Venice in a romantic period and with romantic incidents. The writer is imbued with the charm of Venice, with the wonderful beauty of the City of the Sea. His pen, halting and dull in the first few chapters, which are laid in England, becomes fluent and enthusiastic when he reaches Venice. He lingers lovingly over his descriptions as a lover lingers over the delineation of the loved one. The action of the story takes place in the 'forties, and is concerned with the heroic struggles of Manin and his followers to free Venice from the bonds of the Austrians. Julian West is sent out unofficially by Lord Palmerston to reconnoitre and report the state of feeling in Venice against the Austrians. He falls in immediately with the Manin patriots, and warmly espouses the cause of Venice. He finds a long-lost uncle, one of the prime movers in the struggle, under an assumed name, and after his death befriends his adopted daughter Adria. The story of Manin's brave fight against the Austrians is graphically told. "Manin alone was capable of leading or restraining that passionate people. He was the representative of their aspirations, the hero of their cause, the apostle of liberty, the champion on whom they blindly relied." It ended, as all the world knows, in Manin's banishment from Italy. Venice's acknowledgment of his patriotism when the Austrian yoke was removed from her shoulders was to bring the remains of Manin, his wife and daughter from France to a final resting place in San Marco. But it is as a description of Venice, as an attempt to put its beauties on paper, that "Adria" is chiefly concerned, and the author may certainly be praised for a warm coloursome appreciation of Byron's "Fairy City of the Heart." Not the least of its merits are some very excellent photographs, admirably printed.

LANCE-IN-REST. By L. A. Talbot. (Harper, 6s.) Despite its martial title, Mr. (?) Talbot's novel is no romance of chivalry, but a story of modern life. "Lance-in-Rest" is in fact the nickname bestowed upon the heroine by her lover, a name appropriate enough to Agatha Linwood in her impulsive knight-errantry, but one which would assuredly never have been conceived or bestowed by the correct young barrister, Robert Bass. In reading this curious book we come to the conclusion that the author is either singularly untrained in the art of construction, or is wilfully ignoring its value. The care and space given to the portraiture of Robert appears disproportionate, since that unfortunate young gentleman is ultimately handed over to Agatha's prim little sister, and is then abruptly killed off, as though the author did not know what to do with him. The central situation of the book might seem to verge on melodrama, but as treated by Mr. Talbot is hardly even drama. Agatha Linwood, while living in a solitary moorland cottage, rescues a traveller from the snow, only to recognise him as Adrian Armitage, who is being pursued on the suspicion of murder. Adrian having lost his memory as a result of a blow on his head, Agatha passes him off to the world and to himself as her brother. This sufficiently improbable complication is depicted with a quietness which proves rather convincing. Of course Adrian recovers his memory and proceeds to fall in love with the wrong person. The final adjustment must be left for the reader to discover. As a story "Lance-in-Rest" must be pronounced unsatisfactory, but the gallant figure of Agatha Linwood is very attractive, and there are touches alike in characterisation and description that suggest that the author has done some thinking before beginning to write.

THE KING'S FOOL. By Michael Barrington. (Blackwood, 6s.) "The King's Fool" hides the heart of a poet beneath his jester's motley, and his story is a dream of mediæval romance. This tale of the age of the Troubadours shows us feast and tourney, leads us from monastic quietness to the brilliance of a King's Court, and depicts extremes of loyalty and treason, love and hate. Yet with all its dramatic elements it is essentially a romance of the spirit, and the author is more intimately concerned with the secret tragedy of Yvrot, the King's Fool, than with the vengeance of

Ranulf Fitzurse, and the triumph of Hubert the King. The central motive of the story is admirably original, and there is a singular and pathetic irony in having a chronicle of the days of chivalry set to no music of clashing steel or melody of a jongleur's lute, but to the mocking jingle of a jester's bells. Yvot, who masques a knightly spirit in his ignominious disguise, is first shown to us as a child in the Monastery of Orlac, where he is the special charge of the saintly Abbot Raymond, who alone knows the secret of his birth. The boy himself can recall nothing of his life before he was brought to the shelter of Orlac-in-the-Valley, save dim memories of storm and peril which haunt his sleep. The monastic seclusion and its effect on a sensitive child are delicately suggested, and the Abbot Raymond, with the fire of the Troubadour rekindling at moments beneath his ascetic calm, is a beautiful figure; his death at the organ, rapt in the soundless music which reaches the boy Yvot in his dreams, is an exquisite bit of mysticism. Cast out, friendless and nameless, Yvot comes to the Court of the young King, and all his great imaginings of valour and fame end in his being chosen by Hubert as his jester. Thenceforward the story is that of a great loyalty, unbroken even by the love which King and jester both feel for the Lady Modwena. How Yvot serves his King and his lady and how in the end his name is revealed—all this forms the outward history of the King's Fool. It is a romantic and pathetic history very harmoniously told; yet perhaps we shall not read it amiss if we feel that the actual events are the least part of its significance. For the book is after a fashion a philosophical fantasy, located among the rose gardens and tiltyards of mediæval romance. Yvot's wooden sword, worn in place of knightly steel, is a very emblem of life's futility, and his half sad jests and loyal silence will dwell in the memory longer even than the valiant deeds by which he proves the manhood beneath the motley. Dreamer and mocker of dreams, there is a very haunting pathos in this figure of "The King's Fool."

THE IMPERIALIST. By Sara Jeannette Duncan. (Constable, 6s.) Mrs. Everard Cotes has departed from her familiar fields and given, in the study of a Canadian town, a ponderous political novel. Elgin is pictured in its prosaic life with realistic fidelity, but neither strength of characterisation nor the story of four lovers can save the book from dullness. With discussions of imperial federation and preferential tariffs, "The Imperialist" is as dreary reading as the campaign documents of a contested election.

Short Notices

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON. By T. Fairman Ordish. New edition with additions. (Dent.) A new edition of this charming book has long been wanted. No other work that we know is so useful to the student of Shakespeare, to the student that is to say who takes an interest in Shakespeare's personality, to understand which a knowledge of Elizabethan London is essential. It is too often thought that all Shakespeare's deep insight into country life was gained from his early experiences at Stratford, and Mr. Ordish's book is a good corrective to this mistaken idea. Shakespeare's London was a country town, the country was never outside his ken; birds, beasts and flowers could be studied by him as well in the Metropolis as they could be in his native place. The additions to the work are very welcome, including the capital itinerary of the town. The illustrations are excellent, and include a reproduction of the Ely House portrait.

MY MEMORIES. By the Countess of Munster. (Eveleigh Nash, 12s. 6d.) In reading "My Memories" we seem to be listening in a twilight room to a gentle, reminiscence voice telling old stories, sad and gay, with the flickering flame of a log on the hearth lighting up a gentle time-graven face. The windows of the room look on an ancient pleasure where old lovers tread, lost roses bloom and wistful ghosts linger in the gloaming. The Countess of Munster gives us a book as rare as is the spirit of gracious, restful old age in which she writes. Her memory wanders far from the days when the

child "Mina" was the pet of King William IV. to the days when "weak, sad and tired" she writes of the years which lie between, for the friends who would hold her long, "waiting to go Home—for good and all," as the children say." The book gives many vivid portrait sketches, the earliest those of the kindly sailor King walking the deck of the old chain pier at Brighton or entertaining in the Dragon-room of the Pavilion, and Queen Adelaide in her generous love for the children and grandchildren of the King by a tie "the wrong, the pity" of which she felt and forgave. Of her girlhood at Kensington Palace the author writes in such leisurely, gossip style as would befit the vanished quill for which she sighs. Among her memories is the passing of the young Queen with a crown of white roses beneath the brim of her bride-bonnet. In contrast with this romantic reminiscence is the story of the removal of the sentries from the inner court of the Palace, routed by the ghost said to be that of George II., who died at Kensington Palace, October 25, 1760. There are glimpses of Dresden and Naples in the years of travel, of the Paris of Louis Philippe and the bourgeois homeliness of life in the Royal Family; later in 1848 the revolutionary mobs, the barricade in Faubourg St. Antoine and the passing in a one-horse *fiacre* of the fugitive King and Queen. The story gives a sojourn at the Court of Hanover, with sketches of the old King Ernest August, stately and erect in his hussar uniform, and of the blind Crown Prince, later George V. The latest direct records are of the early Court of Queen Victoria, and the charm and grace of the young Queen are held in loyal memory by the young and charming dancer at those far-off balls. In the "Miscellanea" are wise, womanly talks on "True Refinement" and "The Servant Question" and the story of "A Noble Life," told with sympathy for the brave worker and the erring children of her care. There is a veinage of supernaturalism through the book, most manifest in the eerie chronicle of "The Crimson Portrait." The Countess of Munster has given us a personal record which is delightfully garrulous yet wisely reticent, wide wandering in interest yet intimate and self-revealing. To the author's "Dear Readers! Farewell!" we cry back—Dear Lady! *A rivederla!*

A HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA: FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT BY THE DUTCH IN 1652 TO THE YEAR 1903. By H. A. Bryden. (Sands, 6s.) It is difficult to say aught but good about a book which is so obviously well-intentioned as this the latest history of South Africa. Its excuse for existence, should such excuse be necessary, is that it is short, concise, accurate and impartial, all of which qualifications are imperative in a work of this nature. Mr. Bryden has known South Africa for many years past, his novels have dealt exclusively with that vast sub-continent, and he has done his share of exploring, prospecting, trekking and even fighting. But he has not allowed his romantic instinct to obtrude itself in his history. It is all cold, clear-cut fact, duly authenticated and vouched for by documentary evidence and the quotations of recognised authorities. All this is as it should be. Save for the concluding chapters anent the Jameson Raid and the Boer war, there is really little or nothing here that is not to be found at greater length in the works of Sir John Barrow, Baynes, Bryce, Theal, Noble, the Rev. John Campbell, Sir Bartle Frere and a couple of dozen other standard authors, but the merit of Mr. Bryden's compilation lies in its succinct concentration. In the narrow compass of three hundred and fifty pages, eked out by a full and well-arranged index, we have all that it is necessary for the average student to know about the rise and development of that extraordinary part of the world out of which, according to Pliny, there always comes something new. Mr. Bryden very wisely takes up no very strong political attitude, and is quite content to let the mere narration of events speak for itself. He is entirely right in his description of the Rand just before the Jameson Raid; the seething discontent among the Uitlanders, the impossible attitude of Paul Kruger and the inevitableness of the war, which even in those lurid days loomed large and dark in the near foreground. It is always easy to be wise after the event, but Mr. Bryden is unexceptionably just and fair

to all alike; he states a plain case, and it is for the careful reader to draw his conclusions. Altogether this little history is thoroughly honest and reliable, and may quite confidently be recommended to students and others.

Reprints and New Editions

Only a few weeks ago I received a handsome reprint of *EVELINA*. Now I am presented with another forming one of the volumes of *The York Library* (Bell, 2s. net). It is a much smaller volume than the former, printed on thin paper and without the illustrations which made the larger volume so delightful. It testifies anew to the re-growth of Fanny Burney's reputation. What influences this fashion in literature? Probably Mr. Dobson's appreciation of Miss Burney in the *English Men of Letters* series caused a few to renew their friendship with her, and perhaps many of the younger generation to make her acquaintance. Has her vogue at the present moment any curious connection with the return to the old-world fashions in dress? "*Evelina*" was not very remunerative to its author, as remuneration goes now, Miss Burney receiving only thirty pounds in all. Another old friend with a new face greets me—*SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY* (Illustrated Pocket Classics, Macmillan, 2s. net). It lies side by side with a volume of essays by Addison and Steele, *THE SPECTATOR IN LONDON*, illustrated by Ralph Cleaver (Seeley, 2s. net). I welcome this as a boon, for these papers are by no means so well known as *Sir Roger de Coverley*, partly, as is pointed out in the preface, because the latter papers constitute only a small volume and have frequently been detached. The papers selected are those which bear directly on the various phases of town life in the reign of Queen Anne. While "*Sir Roger de Coverley*" gives us a glimpse of the country, "*The Spectator in London*" takes us to visit the old coffee-houses, the precursors of our present-day clubs, to the playhouse, to the shops—in short we make a round of the town in excellent company. "It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him." If every one we met in town amused and interested us as much as Addison and Steele we should not long consider the question. The general get-up of the book is excellent and should attract many buyers. In that pleasant and well-known series "*The Little Library*" is issued *THE POEMS OF HENRY VAUGHAN* (Methuen, 1s. 6d. net). The introduction and sketch of the poet's life, necessarily short, for there is little authoritative information on the subject, is by Edward Hutton. He contrasts him with Crashaw and Herbert, and expresses his opinion that of the three Crashaw is by far the greatest, with which verdict most of us will probably agree. Vaughan was, of course, above everything else a mystic, a poet of a mystical age, dreaming visions for which frequently he could not easily find expression; occasionally "for the briefest moments we find a very real beauty—thought and expression having presumably kissed each other." Two volumes, containing some of the best plays of *BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER*, have been added to the thin-paper issues of *The Mermaid Series* (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net each in leather, 2s. 6d. cloth). The introduction is by Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, and makes interesting reading. Among the plays given us are "*The Maid's Tragedy*," "*Philaster*," "*The Knight of the Burning Pestle*," "*The Faithful Shepherdess*," and "*The Spanish Curate*." We have had no complete edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays that can be considered adequate since that published in eleven volumes in 1843-6. In 1840 a two-volume edition was issued, and before that several in varying numbers of volumes. We understand that this want will be met by the new and complete edition by Messrs. Bell & Bullen shortly. For those who do not want so large an edition we can recommend the two volumes in *The Mermaid Series* just noticed. The printing, paper and binding leave nothing to be desired, indeed the series is particularly tasteful and attractive where so many series are worthy of praise. Those

of us who have the previous volumes of the series have by now on our bookshelves a pleasant row of old plays in an up-to-date dress. To the *Little Quarto Shakespeare* (Methuen, 1s. each net) have just been added *ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL* and *THE WINTER'S TALE*. This little edition, to be completed in forty volumes, continues on its way merrily, cheered, I have no doubt, by generous patronage. I have only one small quarrel with this series, the volumes of which are so comfortable for the pocket—it is impossible to place it on the ordinary bookshelf. Where is it to repose? Perhaps Messrs. Methuen will send me a little case to accommodate it. I have received from Messrs. Dent *THE THOUGHTS OF BLAISE PASCAL* (*The Temple Classics*, 1s. 6d. net). This translation of the *Pensées* is by Mr. William Finlayson Trotter, M.A., from M. Léon Brunschvicg's text, and was specially made for this edition. These fragmentary thoughts or notes prepared by Pascal for his projected *Apologia* of the Christian religion have been considerably revised and modified since they were published in 1669. Their first appearance in English was in 1688. The present edition claims to be a translation of the most logical arrangement of the thoughts, namely that of the twelfth edition, published in 1900. F. T. S.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

In Mrs. Campbell Praed's new novel, "*Nyria*," she has provided an astounding revelation for her readers in a preface which should considerably heighten the interest of the book. This tale of the first century is sufficiently absorbing to carry the reader through its pages without such testimony to their veracity. For they teem with dramatic incident and scenes so vivid that one certainly seems to have stepped back into those gorgeous days when Rome ruled the world. But we learn that the portraiture and pageantry owe their likeness to the abnormal memory of a ghostly slave girl. Having been an observer of half the political intrigues of the day—not to mention others where love and revenge played wildly for high stakes—and been martyred for her faith, this ghost-girl, *Nyria*, seems to have reappeared in the person of a modern but uncultured young woman, who, in some sub-conscious condition, has recounted her story to Mrs. Campbell Praed, including many intimate details of court and social life of the period. That these present the air of reality only imparted by an eye-witness we confess. Nevertheless the writer of fiction needs to be ingenious, and Mrs. Praed is a skilled craftswoman of her kind. She, however, practically disavows the authorship of "*Nyria*," although the book cannot fail to increase her reputation as a versatile novelist. Its peculiar interest is therefore not alone for the ordinary novel reader, but for the student of history and of psychology, to whom it presents a problem worth consideration. "*Nyria*" will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin on May 9. —Mr. Edward Arnold announces the publication on Wednesday, April 27, of a new novel by Mr. Richard Bagot, entitled "*Love's Proxy*." —Mr. Edward Arnold will publish on May 2 "*The Antipodeans*," a new novel by Mayne Lindsay, and "*The Reaper*," a new novel by Edith Rickert. —The forthcoming number of "*Blackwood's Magazine*" will contain a sonnet by Mr. William Watson, written on the occasion of his recent visit to Aberdeen, where he received the degree of LL.D.; also an article by Mrs. John Lane entitled "*Soft Soap*." —A Wagner volume will have a special interest just now in view of the forthcoming special cycles at Covent Garden, Bayreuth and Munich. Messrs. Methuen & Co. are about to publish a new book by Mrs. Leighton Cleather and Mr. Basil Crump, the authors of "*The Ring of the Nibelung*," an interpretation. It tells the story of "*Parsifal*," "*Lohengrin*" and the Holy Grail, incorporating Wagner's own explanations. It will be followed by two more volumes, the first of which will deal with "*Tristan and Isolde*," and the second with "*Tannhäuser*" and "*Die Meistersinger*," with a chapter on the bards of the Middle Ages. —The agreement with France should make Mr. A. J. Dawson's book, "*Things Seen in Morocco*," of especial interest just now. The book contains sixteen illustrations

and is issued by Messrs. Methuen.—“The Shrine in the Garden.” As many applications are being made for this work, the Orient Press finds it necessary to state that its publication is unavoidably delayed. The book in question, which is a portion of the diary of a person recently deceased, who moved in the highest circles, is being kept back pending a legal decision in regard to certain delicate matters with which it deals.—Mr. Andrew Melrose will shortly publish a new novel by Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe, entitled “Peaceable Fruit.” Other books to be published by Mr. Melrose immediately include a theological work, “The Christ from Without and Within,” by the Rev. Henry Clark, author of “Meanings and Methods of the Spiritual Life,” and a poem entitled “Amor Immortalis,” by Basil Winston. The Rev. Alexander Smellie, whose book, “Men of the Covenant,” has been a great success, has written a little book of a different kind entitled “Service and Inspiration,” to be published by Mr. Melrose immediately.—“Present-Day Japan” is the title of a timely and important book by Miss Augusta M. Campbell Davidson which will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on April 25. The materials for the work were gathered in the course of a lengthy visit to the country during which the author associated chiefly with Japanese, and enjoyed exceptional opportunities of observing present social conditions. The book will be illustrated with a three-colour frontispiece and about sixty-five pictures in black and white.—The minor poets of the Caroline period seem to have been unduly neglected in modern times, and Professor Saintsbury has prepared a list of the most important of these poets whose work has been practically consigned to oblivion, and has arranged for the publication of their chief contributions to the poetry of the First Charles and Second James. The scheme already includes Chamberlayne’s “Pharonnida” (1659); Marmion’s “Cupid and Psyche” (1637); Bishop Henry King’s “Poems” (1657); Benlowe’s “Theophila” (1652); T. Stanley’s “Poems” (1651); “Aurora” (1657); Patrick Hannay’s “Poems” (1622); R. Gomersall’s “Poems” (1633); Sidney Godolphin’s “Poems” (a. 1643); Kynaston’s “Leoline and Syndanis” (1641); T. Beedome’s “Poems” (1641); Robert Heath’s “Clarastella” (1650); Bishop Joseph Hall’s “Poems” (1651); Flecknoe’s “Miscellanies” (1653); Flatman’s “Poems” (1674); Katherine Philips’ (“Orinda”) “Poems” (1667); Philip Ayres’ “Lyric Poems” (1687); Patrick Carey’s “Poems and Triolets” (1651); and John Cleveland’s “Poems” (1653). Others may be added. The book, which will contain the necessary introductions and notes to each group of poems, and a general introduction by Professor Saintsbury, will be published at the Clarendon Press in two octavo volumes. The first volume will be ready in the autumn of the present year.—Mr. Heinemann has in preparation a volume on Japan of the present day, written entirely by Japanese authorities, which will be a compilation quite unique and representative in character. For instance, Baron Sannomiya, head of the Imperial Household, will write on the Imperial family; the Marquis Ito on the constitution; Baron Kaneko Kentaro on the Parliamentary life; Marquis Oyama, chief of the general staff, on the army; Admiral Saito, Vice-Minister of Marine, on the navy; Count Okuma on education, and also Miss Shimoda, head of the Peeresses’ School, Tokyo, on women’s education; M. Sakatani, Vice-Minister of Finance, on finance; M. Yamamoto, governor of the Bank of Japan, on banking; Baron Shibusawa, president of the United Chambers of Commerce, on industries and commerce, &c., &c. And there are besides to be chapters on mining, labour, marine enterprises, railways, post office, police, and the press. The volume will be edited by Mr. Alfred Stead, and be ready in the course of May.—Mr. Heinemann will publish in the autumn the “Memoirs of Madame Sarah Bernhardt,” a portion of which is at present appearing in the “Strand Magazine.”

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Ryan (The Rev. C. J.), *The Gospels of the Sundays and Festivals*. Two Vols. (Browne & Nolan) net 12/6
Anderson, K.C.B. (Sir Robert), *Pseudo-Criticism* (Nisbet) 3/6

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Harman (Edward Geo.), *Studies from Attic Drama* (Smith, Elder) 5/0
Tolman (Albert H.), *The Views about Hamlet and Other Essays*. (Houghton, Mifflin) net £1.50
McCall (P. J.), *Pulse of the Bards (Cuisse na h-Eigse)* (Dublin: Gill)

History and Biography

- Bryden (H. A.), *A History of South Africa, 1652-1903* (Sands) 6/0
Vandam (Albert D.), *Men and Manners of the Third Republic*. (Chapman & Hall) net 12/0
Vacaresco (Hélène), *Kings and Queens I have Known* (Harpers) 10/6
Sichel (Walter), *Beaconsfield* (Methuen) 3/6 and 4/0
Richardson (Ernest Cushing) and Morse (Anson Ely), *Writings on American History, 1902* (Princeton, N.J.: The Library Book Store)
Andrews (E. Benjamin), *The United States in Our Own Time: A History from Reconstruction to Expansion* (Chatto & Windus) net 16/0
Riis (Jacob A.), *Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen* (Hodder & Stoughton) net 7/6
Munster (The Countess of), *My Memories* (Nash) 12/6
Duff, G.C.S.I. (The Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant), *Notes from a Diary, 1892-1895, in Two Vols.* (Murray) 18/0
Spencer (Herbert), *An Autobiography, in Two Vols.* (Williams & Norgate) net 28/0

Art

- The Greyfriar, No. 60 (Godalming, Greyfriar) 1/6
The Artist Engraver, No. 2 (Macmillan) net 7/6

Educational

- Examination Papers, 1903, Royal University of Ireland (Royal University)
Watt, M.A. (A. F.), *Bacon's Essays, I.-XX.* (Tutorial Press) 1/6

S.P.C.K. Publications

- Tenni, *Portions of Common Prayer* 3/6
Chiswina, *Portions of Common Prayer* 1/4
Chiswina, *St. Mark's Gospel* 0/8
Kikuyu, *English-Kikuyu*, compiled by A. W. McGregor 2/0
Luganda, *Phrases and Idioms*, by C. W. Hatteraley and H. W. Duta 0/8
Hausa, *Bible Stories* 0/8
Ibo, *One Hundred Texts taken from the Scriptures* 0/1
Shiputhau, *Lumen ad Revelationem Gentium* 0/10
Sehuanwa, *A Concise Instruction on Christian Doctrine and Practice* 0/10
Swahili, *Readings Collected from Arabic Stories* 0/4

Miscellaneous

- Witchell (Charles A.), *Nature's Story of the Year* (Unwin) 5/0
Holmes (The Rev. R. S.), with Introduction by the Right Hon. Lord Hawke, *The History of Yorkshire County Cricket, 1833-1903* (Constable) net 5/0
Shuddick (R.), *How to Arrange with Your Creditors* (Unwin) 1/0
Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature (Asher) 3/0
McCarthy (Michael J. F.), *Rome in Ireland* (Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0
Elson (Louis C.), *American Music* (Macmillan) 21/0
Pease (Edward R.), *The Case for Municipal Drink* (King) net 2/6

Fiction

- “Wee Macgregor Again,” by J. J. B. (Richards), net 1/0; “Shining Lights,” by Thomas Bedding (Strangeways), net 1/0; “Tomasso's Fortune,” by H. Seton Merriman (Smith, Elder), 6/0; “Randal of and his Guardian Angel,” by Sarah Tytler (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; “Randalholme,” by Austin Clare (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; “The Poet Lance-in-Rest,” by L. A. Talbot (Harpers), 6/0; “Two Men from Kimberley,” by H. Barton Baker (Ward, Lock), 3/6; “The Disappearance of Dick,” by W. B. Harris, F.S.A., F.R.G.S. (Blackwood), 5/0; “For Love and Ransom,” by Esme Stuart (Jarrold), 3/6; “Miss Arnett's Marriage,” by Richard Marsh (Long), 6/0; “Bats at Twilight,” by Helen M. Boulton (Heinemann), 6/0; “The Borderlanders,” by Janet Laing (Dent), net 3/6; “The Gift,” by Sarah Macnoughtan (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0; “The Admirable Tinker,” by Edgar Jepson (Nash), 6/0; “The Picaroons,” by Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin (Chatto & Windus), 3/6.

Reprints and New Editions.

- “The Surrender of Napoleon,” by Rear-Admiral Sir Frederick Lewis Maitland, K.C.B. (Edited, with Memoir, by W. K. Dickson) (Blackwood), 15/0; “Flotsam,” by H. Seton Merriman (Smith, Elder), 6/0; “Tales of the Wonder Club,” Second Series, by M. Y. Halidom (Burleigh), 6/0; “The Lion Hunter in South Africa,” by Gordon Cumming (Murray), net 2/6; “His Political Conscience: A Drama in Four Acts,” by Ha Rollo (Burleigh), net 2/6; “Beaumont and Fletcher,” 2 vols., edited by J. St. Loe Strachey (Mermaid Series) (Unwin), cloth, each net 2/6, leather 3/6; “Evelina,” by Fanny Burney (Bell), net 2/0; “Select Poems of James Clarence Mangan” (Dublin: Gill), 0/4; “The Pilgrim's Progress,” by John Bunyan (Cassell), net 0/6; “Nebo the Nailer,” by S. Baring-Gould (Cassell), 0/6; “In Summer Shade,” by Mary E. Mann (Long), 0/6; “The Thoughts of Blaise Pascal” (Temple Classics) (Dent), cloth, net 1/6; “The Spectator in London: Essays by Addison and Steele” (Seeley), net 2/0; “The War in the Crimea,” by General Sir Edward Hamley, K.O.B. (Seeley), 0/6.

Periodicals

- “The Cosmopolitan,” “Edinburgh Review,” “English Historical Review,” “Cassell's History of the Russo-Japanese War,” Part 3; “Literary News,” “Quarterly Review,” “Church Quarterly,” “The Forum,” “The Girl's Realm.”

Foreign

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Verhaeren (Emile), *Les tendresses premières* (Bruxelles: Deman)

Periodicals

- “L'Occident,”

The Art of Portraiture Dante and Goya

A LECTURE BY MRS. CRAIGIE

(John Oliver Hobbes)

ONE of the charms in addressing the Dante Society rests in the fact that it is not necessary to introduce him, or to apologise for his existence, or to assure you that he is well worth reading—if one can snatch a few moments from the masterpieces which are daily published and daily praised—as Dante is not. But this is *not* a Goya Society, and so I shall feel no diffidence in attempting to tell you something of the personality, and the art, of that very great Spanish painter. And, if you will bear with me, I will try to justify the step I have taken in placing his name with Dante's as a supreme master of portraiture. You may wish to know first what I mean by portraiture. Well, broadly, I may describe it as the presentment of character, either by colour and lines, or by words—that is to say, there are portraits in frames, and portraits in books, and portraits in stage plays. The originals of many portraits are well known; others may be guessed; others, again, may be what are called creations of the artist's own imagination. Nevertheless, they are *all* portraits and they are all intended to call up to our mind, or to our remembrance, real men and real women. A portrait, therefore, must be judged by many tests. The critic himself must have, above all things, experience, and insight, and a thorough familiarity with the technique of the actual art under consideration. The "I-like-it," or "I-don't-like-it" method of approaching other men's work may provide readers with amusing occasional articles, but they are not criticism, nor can they ever carry the weight of criticism. We all know that Sainte-Beuve, in France, and Matthew Arnold, in England—to mention two critics with whom other critics have differed, but whose rare gifts have never been questioned—never wrote of any work unless they gave the best they themselves possessed to the task. There is no reason in the world why the critic should always be right. There is equally no reason why he should always be wrong, but that he should be careful and highly trained are qualifications he may not lack.

Goya was born in the middle of the eighteenth century, very nearly five hundred years after Dante. He was the son of a small farmer, and while he was not brought up in poverty, his circumstances were humble. Dante's family—as you all know—was distinguished, rich and important, and, whereas the Florentine first displayed his genius in writing love poems, the Spaniard first attracted attention to his ability by drawing a pig on a wall. This drawing was noticed by a monk, who undertook the boy's education, and it is pleasing to be able to add that he lived to see the triumphs of his *protégé*. But I will not mislead you about the facts of Goya's education; he was wild, he ran about the fields and threw himself with ardour into all the

games and pursuits of Spain. If he had not been a genius there was every outward indication that he was a ne'er-do-well. Yet, while he appeared to be wasting his time and his energy, he was gaining an intimate knowledge of his countrymen and of life as it is lived, he had also that quality which is common to genius of a certain type—he could atone for long periods of dissipation by application of a really prodigious kind. For instance, he taught himself French long before he went to France, and, when he worked, the quickness of his brain could repair the indolence and neglect of years. If he was a wild player, he was a frantic worker, and if he was the central figure of all the fights and all the feasts, he excelled, easily, all his fellow-students in the studio of the old painter under whom he first mastered his craft. At the age of nineteen he went to Madrid and we hear of him displaying his talent for music by wandering through the streets of Madrid at night with a guitar, singing irresistible songs to girls on balconies. And, as often happens, the guitar-playing led to further troubles; he had to fly from Madrid terrified by an order of arrest from the Inquisition. In order to get to Rome he made his way to the centre of Spain—earning his journey money by assisting at bull fights. As one result of his experience in the arena, we have an astonishing series of sketches dealing with bull-fighting, which, in their way, are unsurpassed in power, accuracy and horror. He reached Rome, where he found friends in two other great Spaniards already famous—Rivera and Velasquez. Goya, strangely enough, does not seem to have been influenced by the Italian school of art. He was not a man who owed much to other painters or to their schools. He was not a man to found a school, and just as it would be impossible to imitate *him*, he found it impossible to imitate others. Dante was academic. He took Virgil for his model, he surpassed him, but his mind was ever faithful to classical traditions; Goya, on the other hand, was a philosopher first and an artist afterwards. He learned what he could from every source, but he had neither the technique nor the soul of a born poet. Art for art's sake would have seemed to him absurd, and, indeed, in his time, the question of art for art's sake had not arisen as we understand it now. The Revolution in France and the Inquisition in Spain had produced a type of mind to which such vague impressions as the True and Beautiful, and so forth, would have held neither meaning nor attraction. The truth as Goya saw it about him, so far from being beautiful, was appalling, and, just as Dante—revolted by the iniquities he felt in the political life of his own day—wrote the "Inferno," Goya sketched life as he saw it, with all the fury and passion of a nature which no influence was ever able to soften. At Rome, therefore,

he was untouched by the romance and the relics of the Renaissance, and the old masters. He met the French painter David, and from him he heard of the revolutionary and liberal ideas which appealed strongly to his temperament.

In 1780 Goya returned to Madrid and took up his abode there, after an absence of fifteen years, under the protection of Charles III.—he became a Court painter. This appointment, which has always proved disastrous except to the highest order of intelligence, could not alter the inherent qualities of his mind, and, perhaps because he was a satirist and preserved his independent attitude, he became even more successful as a man than as a painter. He had so much power, so much malignity, his genius was so fertile and his qualities were so brilliant, that, while he made people tremble at the bitterness of his epigrams, the epigrams were nevertheless remembered. Men sought his society, and women of high rank gave his wife much trouble by paying him attention and compliments which she considered uncalled for. The young Duchess of Alba fell so violently in love with Goya that she broke with all her Court associations in order to assert a relationship which was more picturesque than respectable. She was even exiled by the Queen Marie Louise; Goya accompanied her into her retreat, and, what is a marvellous testimony to his powers he brought her back with him and made her peace with the indignant Royal Family. He seems to have possessed—what is called in these days—a temperament. He believed in nothing, he doubted everybody, he had no reverence, and, I should say, very little sympathy; but, with it all, he was much more than a wit. If he were only a satirist, a wit and a libertine, I could not have placed his name, even for this one evening, beside Dante's. It is not for us to say whether he was capable of feeling deeply—that was his own secret, and it died with him—but we can never doubt that he *saw* deeply, and, whether he disguised his vision in mordant irony or in brutal exaggerations, or in crude statements, or in fantasies—which seemed sometimes to border on madness—the *truth* is there, and there is his great link with Dante. He knew men and women, and it has been well said of him that "he was not a Spaniard, he was *the* Spaniard." He was intolerant, fanatical, chivalrous, unequal and, from the English point of view, inconsistent. An unjust man himself, the spectacle of injustice enraged him; a sensitive man himself—as all satirists are—he could apply the red-hot iron to any wound, whether it was his own or his neighbour's. And yet, with it all, he had, we are told, much personal grace and charm. This grace, at the time he was a favourite of the Queen Marie Louise, took artistic form in some decorative work very much in the manner of Watteau and Lancret. There are a series of decorative works in the gallery at Madrid which are wholly delightful. They are so full of movement, so bright, so sunny, so delicate—it is difficult to realise that the hand which drew and coloured these delicious pictures could have given us also that ghastly series known as "The Disasters of War." In a former lecture here I referred to the terrible changes worked by trouble in the mind of Botticelli, and the difference between his early works and his later ones. There is a still greater difference between those pleasing, never artificial compositions of Goya, and the revolting sketches he has left which are also drawn, unmistakably, from facts under his own eyes. Indeed one of his most famous sketches has for its title this saying: "I Have Seen Them." It represents a piteous group of men and women at the point of a dozen

bayonets. I wish the time allowed me to dwell on the many romantic incidents of Goya's career. He died at the advanced age of eighty-five. He knew extremes of poverty and of affluence. He was the Court favourite under three reigns—the reign of Charles III. and Charles IV., he saw the abdication of the latter, and he painted the portrait of his patron's successor Joseph, the brother of the Emperor Napoleon. A man who had lived through such crises, and had been such a close observer of them, had indeed material at his hand for satire. In the celebrated series known as "Caprices," there is not a type of evil, or malice, or weakness of humanity which is not hissed and derided and held up to derision and contempt by Goya. The most flippant study of these works must make the least thoughtful feel that it is almost better for the happiness of the individual not to know too much about the hidden machinery behind those historical events which are described with bald simplicity in the ordinary text books. Goya would not tell pretty lies and he did not see pretty truths. He never modified his view, and as he took a cynical view of humanity he displayed an absolute indifference in following the successful party always. As he held no official rank and no responsibility, he enjoyed all the privileges and escaped all the penalties inseparable from high rank or responsible professions. He attached himself without difficulty to persons of every class, and he placed his artistic skill as much at the service of the usurper of the throne of the Bourbons as he had to the Bourbons themselves. His great aim seems to have been to know, somehow, all that there was to know about humanity. For the rest, he had no scruple. He attempted to describe, in a series of most extraordinary works, history, religion, portraiture and national morals. He had not Dante's religious feeling, and certainly not the inspiration which the great Italian found in that marvellous impulse given by a purely ideal first love. Goya said of himself that he had three masters in his life, Nature, Velasquez and Rembrandt. In Nature he seemed to find, for the most part, ugliness, screams, exasperations, cruelty and warfare. As an eminent French critic has said of him: "He can make you shudder but he cannot make you weep; he can interest you but he cannot get your heart." There is something almost revolting in his very ability to be able to sketch—whether from memory or on the scene—some of his terrible impressions. He did not paint *con amore*, he was never in love with his subject. Even in his famous portraits of the Duchess of Alba there is a cruelty in the unsparing cleverness with which he has presented a being who, we feel somehow, is fascinating on rather a mean scale. Just as Dante lived under the inspiration of a very noble love, Goya worked under the inspiration of a very fashionable one. Beatrice was a lady of noble family and the Duchess of Alba was a lady of noble family, but whereas one was a noble great lady, the other was a noble small lady. They were both considered beautiful and they both died young, but whereas one must have been a woman of singularly tender and profound nature, the other was evidently frivolous, vain, restless and dissatisfied, a true daughter of the eighteenth century, brought up under the influence of Rousseau and Voltaire. And now I have come to the point I wish to bring forward and dwell upon. The genius of Goya was perfectly appropriate to the times in which he lived; he expressed them, and he expressed them with such power that in Spain to-day one still recognises, constantly, Goya faces, Goya attitudes—the world, in fact, which he represented—with amazing brilliancy and

quickness—in his oil paintings and his water-colour sketches. I think every one will agree with me when I say that portraiture—whether in epic, or in drama, or in prose, or in verse, or on canvas—is a way of seeing. When we go to a gallery of old or modern masters and we have any acquaintance with art, we do not require to be told by whom the portraits have been painted. We know a Rembrandt and a Velasquez and a Titian, just as we recognise a Watts, a Frank Holl or a Sargent of the present day. In literature we know the difference between a Shakespeare, a Thackeray, and a Dickens character—a George Eliot character and a George Meredith character. They are all true to the truths of psychology but each master has his own way of seeing and conveying his impressions. Now in the State Gallery of Madrid one may see Goya's portrait of the family of Charles IV. He owed much to that family. They indulged him in every way; they humoured him, they endured all his moods; they permitted him—in a Court still famous for its rigid etiquette—astonishing freedoms. Well, one may imagine many artistic treatments of that family; some of them might have been more flattering to the human race; some might have been more decorative, from the point of view of those who are admirers of the Italian School; but Goya's treatment of the Spanish Royal Family, while it may be what sentimentalists may describe as heartless, is absolutely sincere. Sincerity is, I think, an essential quality in portraiture, and to accuse any painter or literary artist of taking too personal a view, or putting the mark of his own coinage on his own characters, is inadmissible criticism. If one were to follow the new advice given to artists of every kind by some of the newer school of critics, we should have the nose painted by one distinguished gentleman who was a nose specialist, and the ears by some other distinguished gentleman who made a study of ears, and the mouth by another distinguished gentleman who made a special study of the upper lip, and we should get a result after the style of the atrocious domestic property known in America as a *Crazy Quilt*. It is a thing made of patches subscribed by every person who has a cutting to spare. The *Crazy Quilt* is, in fact, a monster; the impersonal work of art is a monster also. Where there is no individuality there is no force—where there is no force there is no truth.

Now if we consider the history of Goya's times, we must admit that no truthful man or woman could call it splendid. It was too violent to be squalid; the lamentation, bloodshed and woe of that period would seem almost incredible to those who live in England to-day; the immorality, the irreligion, the selfishness, the cruelty and the power permitted to those who had either fortune or audacity or rank, or all three, cannot be described by us at this distance; but they were immortally described by Goya.

When Ferdinand VII. was restored to the Spanish throne he allowed Goya to paint his portrait. Goya had been disloyal; he was still full of spite, defiant, impious and reckless. Ferdinand said to him: "You have deserved exile, and you deserve to be hanged, but you are such a great artist that we forget all the rest!"

The Bourbons made mistakes and they were not all good rulers, but they were always aristocrats. Many of

them were weak, many were foolish, many were wicked; they never condescended, however, to vulgar resentment or malice. They did not resent Goya's satire; they realised its sincerity; they recognised its truth. Ferdinand, who knew all that Goya knew of the politics, the society and the tendencies of the period, must have felt that—at a time when all the noblest instincts of humanity were denied and laughed at—it was unjust to look for heroic or even disinterested men. The note of the age was the note of unsparing, pitiless, remorseless egoism. The battle was to the strong; the victory, too, was to the big battalions. The soul was ignored and the will of man was opposed absolutely to the will of the unacknowledged God.

"You are a great artist," said the King, "and we forget all the rest." This was not the triumph of personal charm or magnetism—it was the triumph of a man who, with all his faults, could not be flattered by any amount of success, or money, or popularity, into telling lies or acting them. Here he resembled Dante. Here, too, he resembled Voltaire. Here, too, he resembled every man who ever made any mark on his own or later generations. Let him be mistaken, let him be prejudiced, let him see too much joy, or too much gloom, or too much sorrow, or too little hope, or too little security, so long as he doesn't lie. Had Goya lived in England to-day he would certainly not have shown us women being butchered in the streets, men being dreadfully tortured, or prisoners groaning in chains. The horror is *not* that he saw them *but* that there were such sights to be seen. The final comment on his labours may be found in the one calm and consoling phrase he ever published. It is written under a sketch which represents four women sleeping, shut up in a dark attic: "Do not wake them; sleep is often the one good to the sorrowful." The man who wrote that was one who had paid the full price for his knowledge. He must have gone down into the depths and earned the right to speak of suffering in his own terms.

Goya's terms were not Dante's terms, though Dante lashed his own age with the keenest invective ever uttered in literature. Goya's terms were not the terms of Titian, or of Gainsborough, or of Rembrandt, or of Velasquez, or of Shakespeare, or of Goethe, or of Balzac, or of Disraeli, or of Thackeray, or of George Meredith. But he, as they, expresses the moods and the spirit of his own generation; he, wiser than many men of genius, never allowed himself to be tied down to any one set. The whole world was his country, and while he knew Courts, he also knew farmyards, and while he could paint Queens, he could also paint drudges. This is why I call him a supreme master of portraiture—he has not given us a few acquaintances, he has given us a whole people; he has not given us a class—he has given us *civilised* Europe in the eighteenth century. The gift may not be comforting; some of us may yearn for a few touches of false sentiment, a little balderdash, in fact. Balderdash, however, has not vitality. If Goya had given us balderdash we should never have heard of him—and he still lives—not because he was witty, or clever, or wild, or dashing, or agreeable, or was loved by a duchess, but because he was truthful. He painted the truth.

A Few Copies of "The Academy and Literature" of January 16 still remain, containing

Mrs. Craigie's Lecture on "The Comic Note,"

and can be obtained, post free, for 3½d. from the Publisher, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.



(Illustration from "The Henry Irving Shakespeare." The Gresham Publishing Co.)

Itinerary of a Ramble through Shakespeare's London

ROUTE.

British Museum. Exhibition of Shakespeariana.
 St. Leonard's Church, Shoreditch.
 Site of The Theatre, Holywell Lane.
 Site of the Curtain Theatre, and the Shakespeare
 Memorial in Church of St. James', Curtain Road.
 St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.
 Crosby Hall.
 Church of St. Mary Aldermanbury. Memorial to
 Shakespeare's first editors.
 The Guildhall.
 St. Saviour's, Southwark.
 Blackfriars.
 Middle Temple Hall.
 Gray's Inn Hall.

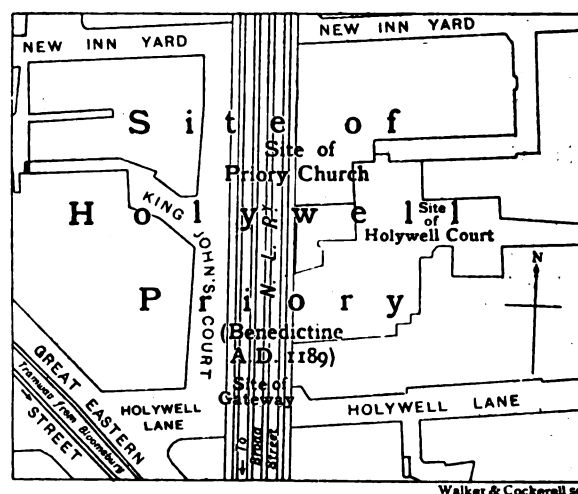
ON leaving the British Museum, walk across Bloomsbury Square to the corner of Southampton Row and Theobalds' Road, and take the *blue* tram which passes St. Leonard's, Shoreditch. The present church was built on the site of the old church which stood here when Shakespeare resided in London. Here was buried Richard Tarleton, the famous Elizabethan jester, supposed to have been commemorated by Shakespeare under the name of Yorick, the King's jester, in "Hamlet." James Burbage, the inventor of the playhouse—"the first builder of playhouses," as his surviving family claimed—was here laid to rest in February 1596. His son, the great actor, Richard Burbage, who achieved his fame in the leading characters of Shakespeare's plays, was buried here in March 1619, three years after Shakespeare was laid in the chancel of the church at Stratford-on-Avon.

The entries in the registers relating to the players and their families invariably conclude with "from Halliwell," or "Halliwell Street," meaning the liberty of Holywell, the precinct of the dissolved priory, the name of which survives in Holywell Lane.

On leaving the church, walk about a hundred yards in the direction of Bishopsgate and you will see on the right New Inn Yard and Holywell Lane. Between these lanes, on the further side of the North London Railway, stood the Theatre—the first playhouse ever erected. It was an English invention; playhouses did not exist in any other European country; and the inventor was James Burbage, who, besides his theatre, built houses in the Holywell precinct and lived and died there, and was

buried in the church of St. Leonard you have just left. King John's Court, immediately beyond the railway, runs between these lanes. The site of the Theatre was on the left as you walk through this court from Holywell Lane out into New Inn Yard.

Now continue your way up Holywell Lane, across Great Eastern Street, into Curtain Road, and turn to your left. On the other side of the way is the church of St. James, where the memorial window to celebrate the



tercentenary of Shakespeare's arrival in London was put up over the west door in 1886. This memorial is the gift of Mr. Stanley Cooper, now a member of the Council of the London Shakespeare League. Opposite the church is Hewett Street, formerly Gloucester Street, and before that Curtain Court. This marks the site of the Curtain Theatre, where "Romeo and Juliet" was first produced in 1596, and proved to the Elizabethan playgoers that a greater than Marlowe had come to bring poetry upon the stage.

Great Eastern Street leads into High Street, Shoreditch. Turn to the right and walk (or take an omnibus) to Bishopsgate, the next Shakespearean quarter. Stop at St. Helen's, on your left. There is St. Helen's Place, Great St. Helen's and Great St. Helen's Place where the church stands. These names merely mark divisions of

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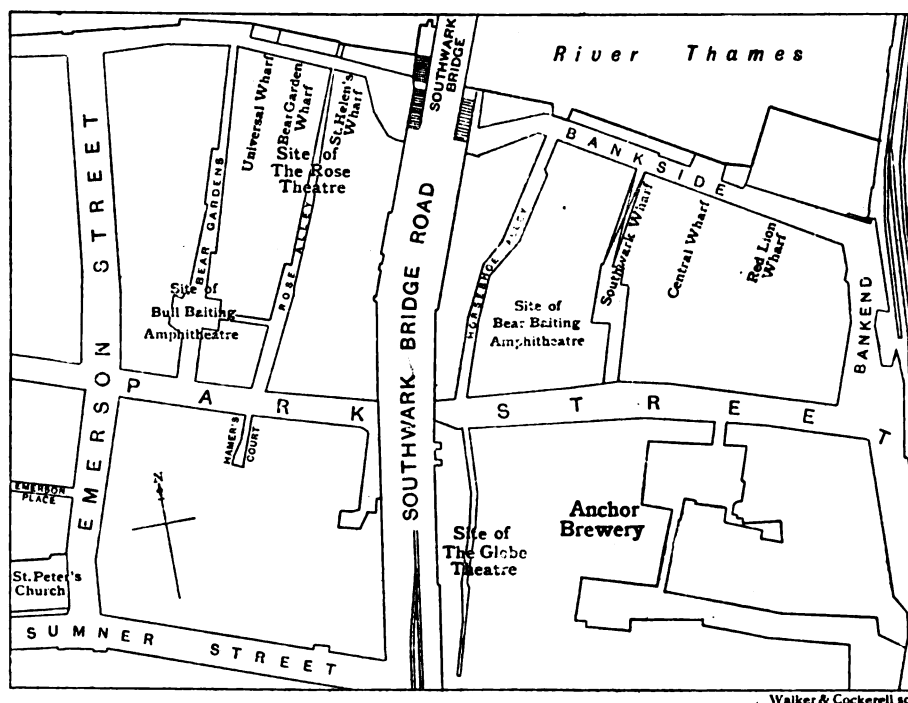
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the original precinct of the Priory of the Nuns of St. Helen's. The church is one of the few which escaped destruction in the Great Fire. It is extremely probable that Shakespeare himself worshipped here, because he resided in the parish, and most likely in the precinct. There is documentary evidence that he lived here in

as having performed in Shakespeare's plays. Here was buried, in 1607, the poet's youngest brother, Edmund Shakespeare, described in the register as "a player." Laurence Fletcher, one of Shakespeare's fellows in the Chamberlain's company of players, was buried in the church in the following year. There is every degree of



1598; how long before that date we do not know. In coming hither from Shoreditch you have traversed the way between Shakespeare's residence and those of his friends and associates in Holywell, and the theatres in which they were mutually interested.

Crosby Hall adjoins St. Helen's. It figures in Shakespeare's play of "Richard the Third." To-day you can take your lunch in Crosby Hall, now a comfortable restaurant. You now proceed by Threadneedle Street, past the Royal Exchange (an Elizabethan institution), down Princes' Street, into Gresham Street on your left (the street derives its name from the college established here by Shakespeare's contemporary, London's merchant prince). On your right is the Guildhall, where the deed of Shakespeare's property in Blackfriars is preserved. A little farther, on your right, is Aldermanbury. Almost from the corner you can see the memorial to the editors of the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, surmounted by a bust of the poet, standing in the churchyard of St. Mary's. Heminge and Condell merit our gratitude. But for them probably the world would have been the poorer by more than half of the plays. Particulars concerning the memorial will be found engraven on the sides of the pedestal.

Now, the next point is London Bridge, for St. Saviour's and the Bankside. If you retrace your steps and turn down King Street opposite the Guildhall you come to Cheapside, where you can take an omnibus to your destination. At the end of King William Street you will see, facing towards London Bridge, the statue of William the Fourth. This marks the site of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap. Then across the bridge we come to St. Saviour's Church.

In the token books of this church are the names of some sixteen of the actors enumerated in the first folio

probability that on both occasions Shakespeare was present. If we are fortunate we may be privileged to see the registers containing these entries. But we must not linger. We have now to explore Bankside.

Next to the church, westward, stood Winchester House, the palace of the Bishops of Winchester. Sir Walter Besant remarks in his "South London": "If I am taken to a slum—such a slum as that on the west of St. Mary Overies [the old name for St. Saviour's] and am told that in this place was Winchester House, I am at once interested." The Borough market covers the garden of Winchester House, the warehouses between it and the river cover the site of the palace. At the end of Stoney Street is an arch with ancient stonework among the brick, probably the riverside entrance of the palace. Going through the market we come into Stoney Street (the pilgrim may go and inspect that arch, but the way is undoubtedly slummy) and Park Street is opposite. This will conduct us to Bankside.

Park Street and Bankside run parallel westward from Bank End. Turn into Park Street: Horse-shoe Alley just this side of Southwark Bridge is in a line with the site of the Globe Theatre. Just beyond the bridge you will see Rose Alley, with a tablet in the wall defining the estate on which Henslowe built his Rose Theatre, the precursor of the Globe on Bankside. A few steps beyond is another alley called Bear Gardens; here was the Bear Garden, near to which Shakespeare resided after he left St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. A little further is Emerson Street. This will lead you to Bankside; turn to your left. Notice the fine view of St. Paul's across the river and the barges with their brown sails. On your left as you go you find a series of alleys. Of these Cardinal Cap Alley and Pike Gardens commemorate the Bankside of Elizabethan times. There was an inn called the

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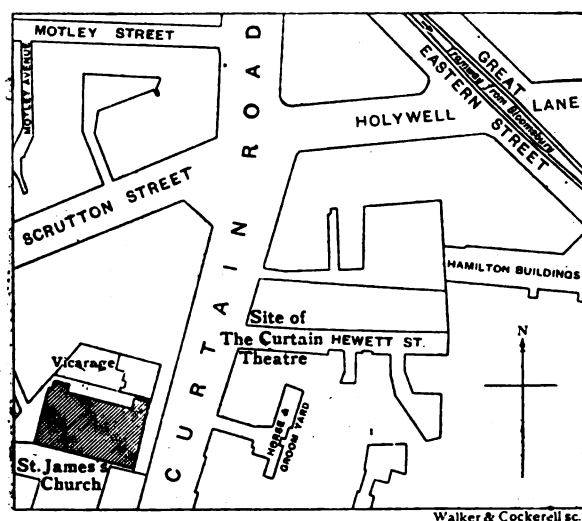
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Cardinal Cap where the players resorted. The ponds where the pike were kept, as well as the surrounding garden, are delineated in maps made in 1572 and 1593.

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ciated. In the garden the catalpa tree planted by Francis Bacon, who was a denizen of the Inn many years, is still alive—a really living link between us and the London of "the spacious days of Great Elizabeth." An illustration of this tree appears on another page.

T. FAIRMAN ORDISH.

(The plans in this article are taken from "Shakespeare's London," (Dent))

Egomet

TO-DAY it is almost impossible to see Shakespeare by reason of his commentators, who with their elucidations too often obscure the light. Take "Hamlet" for example; what can be more clear than that Shakespeare took, as we know he did in so many other cases, a blood-and-thunder drama, not troubling himself with the workings of the plot, which had already pleased the popular taste, but rewriting the speeches, pouring into them all that wonderful poetry which welled up so bountifully to his pen's point? Then come the commentators, critics and criticasters, asking us to study the psychology of "Hamlet" and to work out the salvation of the play by joining up all the loose ends into a weavement which would astound and amuse the innocent author. Can you not hear, at your elbow, a ghostly chuckle as you pore over the pages of notes and introduction to the play you are reading? Shakespeare was fond of a jest, and what jest so full of mirth to him as this endeavour of us moderns to make out that he was a poet-god who could do no wrong?

ALL that commentators can usefully do for us is to throw light upon words and phrases which have grown obscure owing to the mutations of our language and to work out for us the conditions under which the plays were written and produced. For myself I have often regretted that I did not live in the London of Elizabeth; it was a town of many inconveniences and of much brutality. But it was small enough to be an entity; it was a country town, you could see the country side from any house-top. It was a living town; this London of to-day is merely a town to live in. How I should have delighted to take boat to the Surrey side, to wander there across the fields and marshes. Then when the trumpets sounded I would squeeze into the crowded theatre and sit me down to listen to Master William and his fellows bravely speaking their piece.

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that what oft was thought had ne'er been so well expressed as by him? He was a man full of life and energy, therefore a man who could sympathise with, understand and—being a poet—express the emotions of

bridge, and there before one stood the so-called Hamlet's Grave. There could be no mistake about it, for on a cairn of stones, old bricks and garden litter was a yellow painted inscription: "Hamlets Grave."



FRANCIS BACON'S TREE IN GRAY'S INN GARDENS

[Photo. Boulker & Sullivan, Chancery Lane]

mankind and of womankind. He did not live in a world apart, a world of his own imagining, as too many of our poets have done, he led a busy, probably an adventurous existence; nor was the stage of his day hidebound with tradition, he was free to say his say in his own way, and with such audiences as his he dared to handle outspokenly the naked feelings of humanity.

Yes, please let me read my Shakespeare unhampered by "full notes"; let me sit down by my fireside or beneath a tree, let me close my eyes for one minute or for two, calling up a mental picture of the Globe Theatre upon Bankside, of the hot, noisy, crowded auditorium and of the sunshiny sky above; then let me read and as I read picture the performance of my Shakespeare's play, all compact of energy, action, life.

E. G. O.

At Hamlet's Grave

THE air bit shrewdly. It was very cold. Rain clouds swept up the Sound, hiding Kronborg Castle and then the Swedish coast. From Helsingör station, an hour from Copenhagen, the road ran through the little town of Elsinore over rough cobble stones to a stone portalled gate and an ill-kept park. Up a sodden pathway, across a little wooden

Round about stands a fine grove of birch trees, damp and lank in the cold grey mist, the cairn is circled by a low iron railing, and we are standing on the ruins, now barely distinguishable and all grass overgrown, of Hamlet's Castle of Elsinore. Opposite if one could penetrate the sea fog is Sweden, below lies the Sound, here and there are crags and masses of rock, and an old old wall, lichen-strewn, marks the limits of the old keep.

All this should be impressive, reminiscent, inspiring. It is none of these. For Hamlet's grave is a frivolous mockery, a mere sham, unworthy alike of the great nation that gave him birth and of that sister nation whose genius gave the Danish Prince immortality. If the "Grave" were simply a monument, a memorial, it would serve, as indeed does the fairly good bronze statue erected near by, but as an excursion attraction to Marienlyst, a bathing-place with hotel and concert-room which is half a mile away, it is simply contemptible.

To those who wish to localise the incidents in the play a visit to Elsinore is amply repaid. The conscientious scene-painter or the enterprising actor-manager will find it all ready to his hand. A Telbin or a Hawes Craven can revel in appropriate local colouring.

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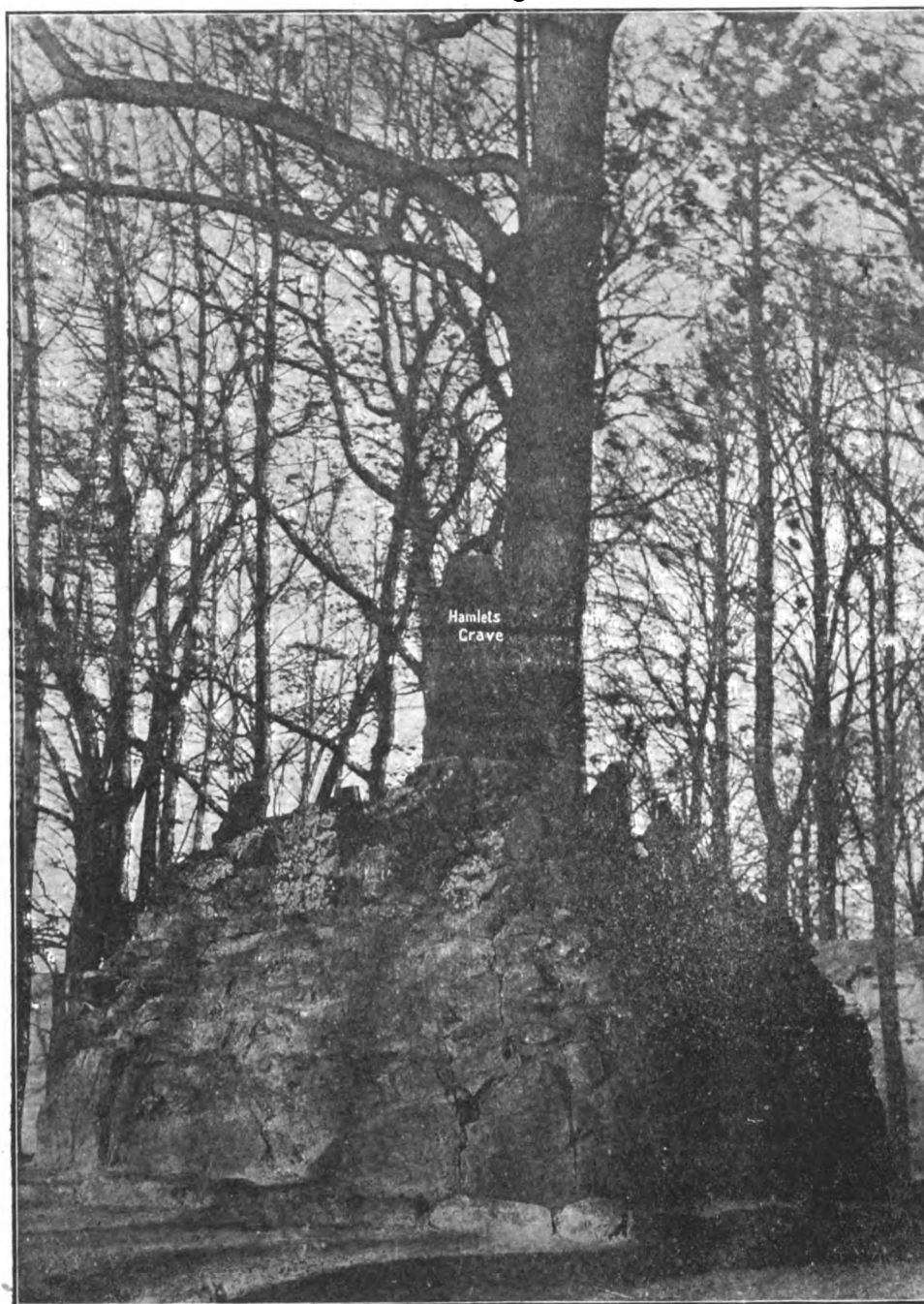
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of half a dozen silent pools for Ophelia, "the dreadful summit of the cliff, that beetles o'er his base into the sea," even a practicable churchyard can easily be found. Indeed, for all that is known to the contrary, it may already have been done.

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Was Shakespeare a Better Playwright than Poet?

[A hitherto unpublished speech by G. B. S., opening a discussion on the above question at the Friars' Club. Printed without permission.]

WHETHER Shakespeare were a better playwright than poet is the subject set for discussion to-night. It is not so commonly known as it should be that this English tongue of ours has at any rate one delightful characteristic, namely that in it it is quite impossible to express oneself with any great degree of exactness. So many words, so much to say; so many words with not only various shades but with actual varieties of meanings. I mistrust the critic who calls upon the writer to express his meaning in two or three words and not in two or three paragraphs; in fact, I mistrust all critics, save one. I mistrust also the writer who attempts this foolish task, foolish in that at so much per thousand words three paragraphs are better than three lines or three words, foolish in that it is impossible to express an idea clearly and concisely in English—at least I find it so. Blessed are the uses of ambiguity, and in no tongue better than in English can a writer or a speaker be more distinctly ambiguous. How useful to the statesman, to the local politician, to the philosopher and to the man of science is this characteristic of the English speech! Yet sometimes how incommodious! Take, for example, this question selected by me for discussion by you; what does it mean? I do not know, nor do you, though you try to look as if you did. Shakespeare? What does that word mean? Does it mean Shakespeare, or Bacon, or Sidney, or Spenser, or Marlowe, or Bunyan, or Swift, or Johnson, or Thomas Moore, or George Moore, or Frankfort Moore, or myself? I do not know, nor do you. Let us amend that word, or rather add, in brackets, "Whoever he may have been." The word "better" I will reserve for later consideration. What do we mean by the word "playwright"? A dramatist, a writer of plays? Yes, but what do those words mean? By playwright I mean, and I know what I am talking about, a practical writer of practical plays. So now our sentence runs, "Was Shakespeare (whoever he may have been) a Better Playwright (or practical writer of practical plays) than Poet?" Now what do we mean by a poet? Being diffident of expressing a decided opinion of my own on any subject, I looked up the word poet in a dictionary which I will not name. I learnt that "a poet is one who writes poetry." (Laughter.) I did not look up poetry, for I felt certain that I should find poetry defined as "the writings of poets," which would be inaccurate, for many poets write prose, unwittingly. So, putting diffidence aside with an effort, I submit this definition of a poet, he is "a man—or woman—who prefers to write verse as an easier medium than prose in which to work." Once or twice when hurried I have written verse myself; as verses go, they were good. Now let us look our question in the face, "Was Shakespeare (whoever he may have been) a Better Playwright (or practical writer of practical plays) than Poet (i.e. a man who preferred to write verse as an easier medium than prose in which to work)?" Better—our only remaining dubious word. What do I mean by better—what do we all mean by better? Why, simply more successful. What do we all mean by a successful man? Why, the earner or the receiver—often a very

different matter, but I have no time to-night to discuss unearned increment and the taxation of land values—the earner or receiver of a fine income. Shakespeare earned nothing but admiration and envy by his poems; he earned a fortune by his plays. The question is answered.

[Edited and passed for press by W. T. S.]

Science

Causation and Shakespeare

MORE fundamental than the belief in the Unity of the Cosmos, or in the Conservation of Energy, is the scientific avowal that *causation is universal*. In other words, the first article of faith in the creed of science is the "law of continuity." We believe that throughout eternity there is eternal causation, immitigable consequence: that nothing is uncaused or "self-caused"; that there are no breaks; that *Natura non facit saltum*; that there is neither chance, caprice nor contradiction in the Cosmos. We believe this though it is obviously incapable of proof in the strict sense, and we are daily including within causation that which has formerly boasted of its independence. It is only because meteorology is backward that the prayer-book still contains a petition for fine weather. When we know a little more about atmospheric electricity, solar prominences and the like, that petition will have to be deleted for very shame. Similarly with more recondite matters: "free will" once defied us. Nowadays it can easily be proved to be a "pseudo-idea," not really even thinkable. But we are not yet out of the wood, be assured.

Some people still believe—and the greatest of living scientists is of their number—that the origin of life necessitated a break in the law of continuity. But Lord Kelvin is not a biologist, and he cannot find leading biologists to support him. The distinction between living and not living has all but broken down. You cannot establish an absolute distinction. "Life is self-movement," said Thomas Aquinas; but radium was not known in his day. Then some confused thinkers have argued that the coming of *consciousness* cannot be explained by causation, not realising that all our knowledge, the concept of causation included, is confined to the contents of our own consciousness.

If you ask me, I would say that the law of continuity will have been established everywhere else ere it can ride cock-a-whoop over Shakespeare, whom we take as a type of genius. With the introduction of that word we must cry a halt for definitions.

Our excellent friends, the modern psychologists, who owe their existence to Spencer, but have "quite superseded him," tell us that genius is merely a possession in exceptional degree of the power of associating ideas; and oney fancy that there is no more to say. Now, there is an obvious half-truth here. Intelligence, intellect of sorts, and certain types of genius may indeed be thus explained. Mathematical genius, for example. If we attempt roughly to classify genius as *philosophical* (including scientific) and *aesthetic or creative*, then we may say that the first class of genius, *as long as it possess no tincture of the second*, is not any serious difficulty to the law of Universal Causation. We can explain it by the law of association of ideas, by comparison with mere talent, such as most of us possess a

quantum of, and we find no serious difficulty. As a matter of fact—though narrow men will deny it—philosophic genius in its highest form is never met without some infusion of the *creative imagination*. The conception of universal gravitation, though it did correspond with objective truth, was a creative effort of Newton's mind. The Synthetic Philosophy, as even Dr. Fairbairn admits, could not have been conceived without the creative effort of a rare and noble imagination.

But it is in the purely creative or æsthetic genius that we see most clearly the strength of the last stronghold to bow to the Law of Continuity. And even here we may choose. The poet and the musician, as I see it, are more sheerly creative than their fellows. The law of association of ideas really throws no light that I can see on the C minor symphony. Of your Shakespeare or Beethoven I would say that they brought a new thing into the Cosmos, did I not know that without antiquity we could not have had Shakespeare, and without Bach we could not have had Beethoven. Causation we can trace in part, even in the case of these consummate artists. We can also study their parentage and environment, and say foolish things about this strain of blood giving the genius his insight and that his love of form; or this type of landscape giving him his feeling for Nature, and so forth. It is a curious fact that literary men, with an unconscious recognition of the law of continuity, are constantly attempting to give scientific explanations of the traits of genius, whilst scientific men themselves will shrug their shoulders and merely assent to the indisputable truth that a poet is born, not made. That is almost all we know about it. At some happy commingling of parental elements we can faintly guess, but that is practically all.

And if I may venture to judge the oft-quoted definition of Carlyle, that genius is "an infinite capacity for taking pains," I would say that *that* would indeed be no difficulty to the Law of Continuity; but it is obvious nonsense.

Somehow, remembering that mind and matter, as Spencer taught, are but different aspects of the Unknowable, I am inclined to prefer, in a modern interpretation, another definition also of Carlyle's, which I have never seen quoted yet, and which seems to me to be one of the truest and most sublime things he ever said, that "genius is the clearer presence of God Most High in a man."

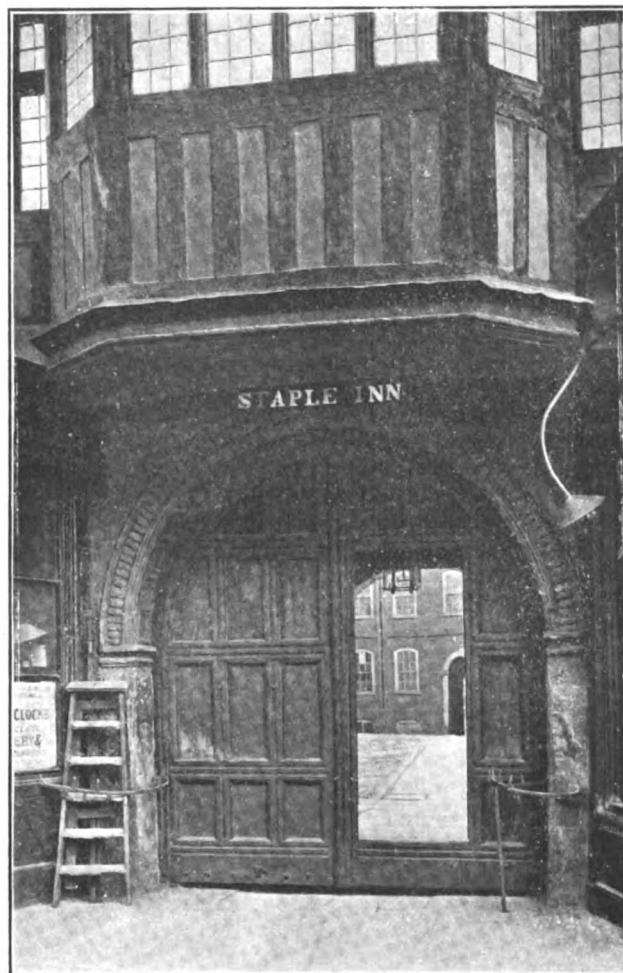
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Dramatic Notes

"THE Two Gentlemen of Verona" is, if taken seriously, almost if not quite the least delightful of Shakespeare's comedies; but it should not be so taken, it is a fantasy, a fairy tale—"Once upon a time there were two young gentlemen of Verona," and so on; it is all very joyous, very bright, a frolic of lads and lasses, who upon occasion shed a tear, but we know that their hearts are never really sad. A very pleasant performance of this comedy is now being given at the Court Theatre by Mr. J. H. Leigh's company; the setting is adequate, more often than not it is beautiful and the acting on the whole very good. The ladies carry off the chief honours.

As Julia Miss Thirza Norman looks well and acts well, if I would hint a matter for amendment it would be that this young actress should beware of being over-deliberate; it is right, as so few performers remember, to think as well as speak, but Miss Norman thinks just a shade

too long, with the result that her speeches sometimes lack that joyous spontaneity so desirable in comedy. Miss Norman, in fact, sometimes shows that she is acting at being full of jollity, and therefore her joyousness is not contagious. I do not recall having seen Miss Ellen O'Malley before, but I hope often to watch her acting



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON: THE GATEWAY, STAPLE INN, HOLBORN
[Ph to. Booker & Sullivan, Chancery Lane]

in the future, for she has indeed a very pretty gift of comedy and a charming presence; her mirth appears unforced, and at the same time she has lurking somewhere in her voice a suggestion of tears, and in all great comedy there is a hint of tears somewhere. It is this hint in Irish humour that makes it so compelling. Of the gentlemen of Milan, Mantua and Verona, I liked best the clowns; to act altogether ineffectively one of Shakespeare's clowns is, I imagine, an impossible task, but to overact them is easy. Both Mr. A. G. Poulton as Launce and Mr. Granville Barker as Speed steered a middle course, making all possible fun out of the delivery of their quips and cranks and quiddities, and not overdoing their antics and comic business. The name of Launce's dog was not given on the programme, but he is a quiet comedian of much self-contained humour. Neither of the Two Gentlemen was quite good, they were too deliberate, too much overcome it seemed to me with the responsibility of delivering blank verse; let them be a little more youthful and free and easy. Mr. J. H. Leigh was scarcely genial enough as the Duke of Milan. In fact, the one thing wanting

to make this performance of the play well-nigh as good as could be, is a touch of youthfulness and jollity, it is at present a trifle too sedate and slow.

THE Mermaid Society is doing for our dramatic classics much the same work as that done for later dramatists by the Stage Society. "The Way of the World" reads so admirably that I almost expected to find that it would act badly and that therein lay the cause of its failure when first produced. But Congreve knew better and his comedy affords wonderful entertainment, if little edification. But then a comedy has only one aim—to entertain, and Lamb was nearly, if not absolutely, right in his view of our old comedies. The characters in the written page do not stand out very distinct, but on the boards they gain life and substance and receive at the hands of the Mermaid players very fair, if not entirely satisfactory, treatment. The general fault in the acting was heaviness, there was little of that lightness, airiness, grace, debonairness necessary for the playing of Restoration comedy. The gallants and fine ladies of the stage in those days were not serious human beings, but ideals, dreams—and the breath of human nature crumbles them to dust. Several of the players, however, achieved almost complete success; thus Miss Ethel Irving wanted but a soupçon of dignity to complete her impersonation of delightful Mrs. Millamant; Mr. Frank Lascelles lacked but a touch of airy insouciance in his villainy to have made his impersonation of the rascally Fainall perfect. As Mirabell, Mr. C. M. Hallard was far too serious and Mr. Ian Maclaren made a bore of Petulant. Three quite delightful performances there were: Mr. Lennox Pawle gave us a perfect picture of the Squire-Western Sir Wilfull Witwoud, the lumbering country squire, full of strange oaths and broad talk; Mr. Nigel Playfair was admirably silly as Witwoud, who, despite his want of wit, is so often witty, and Mrs. Theodore Wright came triumphantly through with the difficult character of the scolding, shrewish, fleshly Lady Wishfort; she made of her a magnificent picture of an elderly she-fool.

As for the dialogue, we were not permitted to hear all of it, for our modern players count not clearness of speech among the necessary accomplishments of an actor; but what we did hear came to us like sparkles and flashes from diamonds. What a feast of wit! Acted with more grace, more vivacity, less earnestness "The Way of the World" would draw audiences for many a long day. Mr. Cyril Maude is fond of reviving old comedies, let him look to this one and play Sir Wilfull for us.

"SATURDAY TO MONDAY," by Mr. Frederick Fenn and Mr. Richard Pryce, is not, as described by the authors, "an irresponsible comedy," though I am not quite certain what that may be, but a bright, amusing farce. Why not call a farce a farce? To have written a good farce is not a matter of which to be ashamed. As for the plot—well, it is farcical, its situations and its characters are entertaining; the dialogue is fresh and funny; the one fault is that though the characters are entertaining they are not as broadly drawn as they should be in farce and they show little of that observation of human nature expected from the authors of "'Op o' My Thumb." Mr. George Alexander is what of old was called a "walking gentleman," and he walks very well; Mrs. Wendover, Angela (played by Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson),

Probyn Dyke and others are mere shadows, while Lady Diana Porchester is a dull caricature. But why break a butterfly upon the critical wheel? The piece made me laugh consumedly, and, oh, in these serious days, that is much for which to be thankful.

JUDGING from the enthusiastic reception of "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner" on Saturday last at the Imperial Theatre, the fare provided was entirely to the taste of the audience. There were no boosings from the gallery—it was indeed what Mr. Waller himself called "a splendid reception." If this romantic comedy be not strong meat, it is fairly robust and leaves nothing but a pleasant taste in the mouth. The action is stirring and has a fine flavour of war, the dialogue if not witty is bright and amusing, the setting is harmonious and sufficiently indicative of the period—the American War of Independence, in the late autumn of 1778. The heroine is a high-spirited wilful young girl, betrothed in order to please her family to an officer of the King. But she never marries him, for her heart is taken captive by her own prisoner, one of Washington's officers, who is brought wounded to her house.

THE first act is by far the best, in fact the first act is a very good act indeed. It is natural and unforced, giving the audience a clear and concise hold on the situation without any unnecessary details or circumlocution. But the second act is a distinct drop from the level of the first; it introduces a note of artificiality which is present throughout the rest of the play. But then it is a romantic comedy, and the usual interpretation of romantic comedy is a bundle of devices and a bag of well-worn tricks. As regards the acting, the surprise of the evening was Miss Grace Lane's charming and really fine acting as Miss Elizabeth Philipse. Miss Lane has never done anything quite so good before, in fact a lack of distinction and authority has always been laid to her charge. This charge was certainly unanimously gainsaid last Saturday, when she delighted the whole house. Mr. Lewis Waller was, as always, a fine figure of a soldier, and looked interesting enough in his bandages to win even the capricious Miss Elizabeth. We think, however, that his rather difficult piece of acting in the second act would gain considerably if played in a less farcical manner—that is, more in the manner of light comedy. Also in the last act is not the element of tragedy a little out of place? Mr. Lyall Swete, who in collaboration with Mr. Robert Stephens has written this play, took the part of an eccentric old man admirably, while Miss Lottie Venne was very amusing in the part of Mistress Sarah Williams. We wish "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner" a long and a merry life.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD has very kindly promised to emerge from her retirement for the purpose of reading Volumnia in the British Empire Shakespeare Society's Reading of "Coriolanus" on Friday, May 20, at 2.30 p.m. Mr. J. H. Leigh is to be the Coriolanus, and he has placed the Court Theatre at the disposal of the Society for the occasion. The reading is to be given under the direction of Mr. Lyall Swete, who will read Menenius, and the cast will include Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay and Mr. H. R. Hignett. Strangers' tickets for this reading and all particulars regarding the Society can be had from the hon. secretary, 17 Southwell Gardens, S.W.

MR. LEIGH promises a revival of "Timon of Athens" for May 14.

MR. CHARLES CHARRINGTON and Mrs. Charrington (Janet Achurch) are about to take a company on tour in the provinces. They open on the 25th instant at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, playing "The Lady from the Sea," "A Doll's House," and a comedy from the pen of a new writer, "The Hearts," by John Bohun. Afterwards they will visit The Lyceum, Edinburgh, The Royal, Glasgow, and the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Birmingham, but on these occasions "A Doll's House" only will be performed according to present arrangements.

FALSTAFF. Pièce en Vers en Cinq Actes et Sept Tableaux. Imitée de Shakespeare. Par Jacques Richepin. (Fasquelle.) Jacques Richepin, who is a son of the celebrated novelist and dramatist Jean Richepin, has taken the first and second parts of "Henry IV." and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and mingled their episodes in somewhat incoherent fashion. He gives, for instance, the scene of Falstaff and his recruits, Falstaff's account of the highway robbery, in which episode Page and Ford—the name of the latter being for no reason that we can see changed to Gué—are those primarily robbed as they leave Windsor for London for the purpose of buying Anne Page's trousseau; she is engaged to Slender against her will. He gives us also an orgy at the Boar's Head, the linen-basket scene, the scene where Prince Hal puts on his dying father's crown and that of the revels at Herne's oak. But French Alexandrine verse is scarcely suited to the humour of Falstaff, indeed in the process of translation and adaptation the humour has more or less evaporated, and did we not know Falstaff in the original we should wonder wherein his reputation for humour lay. To represent Fenton as Prince Hal in disguise, to permit him to abduct Anne Page and to make love to her in a drunken bout that gradually melts into a scene of maudlin sentimentality, is surely a desecration of the methods of the master hand that created Falstaff, the most humorous figure in English literature. It was a great Frenchman, Alexandre Dumas père, who said that "after God, Shakespeare had created most." It would be well if French authors who desire to introduce the great English dramatist to the French theatre-going public bore those words of their great *confrère* in mind.

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Art Notes

I FANCY that nobody but a critic realises how much effort is being wasted in the vague desire to achieve works of art in a hundred studios to-day; but the critic has to realise it—and the effect of pictures upon the mind is, at the end of a long day of gazing and exhibition-trudging, very often most depressing. To enter Mr. John Baillie's galleries and find oneself in the presence of the work of a pure poet in colour, such as is Mr. Cayley Robinson, is like walking into the Spring out of the murk of Winter. Emotions that ninety-nine men out of a hundred would make vulgar and commonplace become transmuted through this man's vision, with the aid of a very beautiful craftsmanship, into most haunting and exquisite sensations. His colour sense is rich and rare, and one cannot help but wonder what an enhancement his colour gift would have been to the art of Burne-Jones. His paintings glow and gleam; and his colour is the music to a large and masterly sense of composition and arrangement—a sense that gives dignity and the grand manner to the smallest pictures he creates. There is in his art that mystic beauty of expression that gives to Maeterlinck's prose its dignity, its vastness and its thrill. His painting of children and of motherhood has an exquisitely chaste quality that is purer and sweeter and yet more full of the pulse of life than that of the art of any man I know, whether that man came out of mediæval Italy or the modern world. Indeed, I know no poet in colour who interprets to us this sweetness of young womanhood and its supreme beauty of chastity as does Cayley Robinson.

And to be supreme in the artistic utterance of any human attribute is to reach towards high achievement. But whether this artist paint the tender moods of "The Depth of Winter" or "The Foundling"; whether he give us the lyrical haunting suggestion of the boat with its guiding lamp that sails on life's adventure to "Pastures New," or whether he give us the grim fantasy of the bottom of the sea, he transfers to us the emotion of the thing seen with a force that is as powerful as it is disciplined, and as perfect as it is restrained.

MR. BAILLIE promises us an early exhibition of another of the younger men of genius, S. H. Sime.

THE New Gallery suffers a little, as it was bound to suffer, from contrast with the show of the "International," which lately held these walls. But it is in many ways a good exhibition. The New Gallery, or the Academy, may usually be said to make or strengthen some particular man's reputation with the public; and this year the dominant accomplishment is certain to be recognised as being that of the brilliant and masterly painter, George Henry. His large canvas of the girl in the full skirts, who sits gazing languidly at the "Poinsettia," is the most remarkable achievement amongst the younger men; and the older men who do not drop far below their fame, only maintain their old position—of these that marvellous veteran Mr. G. F. Watts is beyond criticism in his whirling flight of nude children that he calls "A Fugue." Mr. George Henry sends also the second most brilliant portrait in this show—his simply treated, richly coloured, perfectly restrained portrait of a handsome woman, "Miss Idonia la Primaudaye." A portrait that will attract much attention is the "Marie Tempest" of the French painter, Blanche—for all the playgoing world has a tender corner in its heart for this charming comedy actress; and, though the artist has made the flesh tints fiery and a little leathery, the likeness and the vivacity are superb. The Frenchman, however, gives us a finer colour scheme in a remarkably telling portrait of a lady—"Madame Jacques Baugnies"—that is likely greatly to enhance his reputation in London. Mr. John Sargent, the master of the portrait to-day, is not at his best in either of his canvases at the New Gallery this year, both being vitiated by too great a pink-and-whiteness that gives a weakness and a thin look to his splendid brushing and vigorous handling. Mr. Brough considerably enhances his reputation with his very strong portrait of "Mrs. Paley"; and Mr. Harris Brown makes one of the hits of the year with his telling picture of "William Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland," a very fine piece of character-drawing, recorded with great restraint. In landscape, Mr. North sends one of the best works he has given us for many a long day, and Mr. Alfred East shows characteristically good works; whilst Mr. Harold Speed's beautiful moonlight piece is one of the most atmospheric and luminous paintings in the galleries. Mr. Edward Stott, Mr. Gotch, Mr. Adrian Stokes and Mr. Alfred Parsons are well represented in the room where the great veteran Mr. Watts dominates them all with his child eagerly walking out of the deep mystic ocean with arms outstretched towards the mysterious wayfaring of life. Mr. Lavery and Mr. Austen Brown send good work, whilst Mrs. Swynnerton shows that the daring methods she employs to give the brilliant qualities of her strident imagination fail when applied to portraiture—but the failure is the artistic fall of a very brilliant personality.

Of the one-man shows that I have seen in Bond Street the last few weeks, I think that Mr. Shoosmith's dramatic water-colours of old towns have impressed me most. I never remember seeing a picture by this man before, and it was a welcome surprise to wander amongst these largely conceived and beautifully rendered water-colours. There is a large dramatic sense intensified by a charm of colour and a broad use of the brush that recalls the glories of the great English school. "In the shadow of the Tower of St. Nicholas, La Rochelle" is a very beautiful thing; and over and over again we get this brightly lighted mid-distance enhanced by the dark and resonant glories of the foreground buildings. I will not become tedious with the list of beautiful things I longed to possess out of this little gallery; but the day will come when Mr. Shoosmith's name will fetch higher prices than the modest sums that are affixed to these remarkably fine water-colours.

THE Leicester Galleries have on view at present two interesting shows—a collection of old prints, and a number of drawings by Burne-Jones. One of the most beautiful of these drawings is issued, much reduced in size, as the invitation card to the Private View, and a very exquisite thing it is. Yet, I doubt whether Burne-Jones was, as Mr. Sidney Colvin says in his preface to the catalogue, "the most poetical painter of our time." That statement would depend on the meaning of the word "poet." If by poet Mr. Colvin means one who writes verses, then perhaps Burne-Jones was to painting what a verse-writer is to letters, a poetical painter. But by poetry I should mean in letters exactly the same thing as by art I should mean in painting—the power of transferring emotion. And as such I should consider prose as poetic a means as verse. The Bible and Carlyle and Macaulay and Ruskin are to me quite as poetic as any verse; and oratory seems to me a particularly poetic form of art. Judged by such a standard, Burne-Jones would not reach quite so high, whilst Corot goes to the top. Aubrey Beardsley's line is far more poetic than Burne-Jones', more musical, more resonant. Yet, all things said, Burne-Jones was a great artist; and this in spite of the fact that he narrowed his art by a hundred fads against this effect and that effect. His was not a great majestic art; but he saw beautiful visions, and in themselves those visions were worth the recording. In his own words he gives us the key to his achievement—"By a picture I mean a beautiful romantic dream of something that never was, never will be—in a light better than any light that ever shone—in a land no one can define or remember, only desire." And it is exactly in his contempt of this glorious world's light and of this splendid wayfaring in that light in order to live amidst his half-sexed world that he missed the greatness of the supreme masters.

MR. E. ROSCOE MULLINS, the well-known sculptor, has removed from St. John's Wood to Church End, Finchley, where he has built his own studios, and is now engaged upon a large equestrian statue of the late Prime Minister of Nepal, to be eventually cast in bronze and sent out to India.

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS has completed a novel which at present bears the title "The Farm of the Dagger." Dartmoor provides the background, and again an American prisoner plays a prominent part in the story.

Musical Notes

THE dispute in connection with the Queen's Hall Orchestra is just one of those matters regarding which there is much to be said on both sides. On the one hand, nothing seems more reasonable, in a way, than Mr. Wood's claim that his players should engage to attend all the performances for which they may be required, and not to send deputies to represent them while they are undertaking more lucrative engagements elsewhere. On the other it is contended that the terms which Mr. Wood—or rather the syndicate which actually runs the concerts—offers are such as to be quite unreasonable unless the players are allowed as heretofore to supplement them by outside work. In a word Mr. Wood is represented as wanting all the benefits of a permanent orchestra while guaranteeing only some hundred and fifty concerts per annum. Meanwhile what is unfortunately certain is that some of the finest players in the band as it has hitherto been constituted—all of the horn players and ten out of the fourteen first violins, for instance—are resigning. It may be said in this connection that, if rumour may be trusted, Mr. Wood enjoys among his subordinates the reputation of a somewhat "harbitary gent." His enthusiasm and his abilities are admitted, but according to some of his critics, at least, these qualities are not invariably associated with the best of feeling and discretion.

THE recent success of the Sheffield choristers at the Kruse Festival has naturally provoked discussion on the subject of provincial choral singing and the causes of its superiority to the Metropolitan article. Personally, however, I am inclined to think that greater enthusiasm and more diligent practice, rather than any of the more far-fetched reasons which have been advanced, are the main factors contributing to this result. One theorist, I notice, discusses at length the influence of the broader vowels of the provincial singers, which it is suggested conduce to more solid and effective tone. I question, however, whether there is anything in this. In the case of soloists, every one must have noticed how individual peculiarities of pronunciation tend to disappear in singing. Is it not the same in the case of a chorus? But doubtless the sturdier physique of country as compared with town bred choristers goes to improve their lung power, though I believe London could produce just as good voices as Leeds or Sheffield if the practice of choral singing were cultivated as widely here as there, where other distractions are probably less numerous.

ONE of the most interesting concerts next week will be that of the London Choral Society on Monday, when Dr. Elgar's "King Olaf" will receive its first performance in London, along with others of his lesser known works, including the Meditation from "Lux Christi" (written in 1899), and a number of unaccompanied part songs for male voices. There are those who reckon "King Olaf" more highly than the better-known and more ambitious "Caractacus" (Op. 35) which succeeded it. "King Olaf" was produced at the Hanley Festival in 1896, and was Elgar's first work to gain him general attention. To which it may be added that one of the composer's most treasured possessions to-day is a fine tankard made by some members of the choir which took part in this performance, and bearing an appropriately Bacchanalian inscription, which was presented to Dr. Elgar as a memento of the occasion.

THE recent performance of Schubert's symphony in C major under Weingartner recalls the old question as to the correct position of this work in the list of Schubert's compositions in this form. Was it his Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, or Tenth symphony? Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel call it his Seventh. Others, taking into account the work in E major, of which a complete sketch exists, have regarded it as his Eighth. Others again, holding that the "Unfinished" was also written after No. 6, reckon it his Ninth; while the late Sir George Grove, of course, believing to the last in the existence of a lost symphony written in 1825 at Gastein, fondly alluded to it always as the master's Tenth. Unfortunately, the evidence seems by no means clear as to any such work having actually been written. But Sir George always remembered, no doubt, his famous find at Vienna and, Schubert-worshipper as he was, lived in hopes of its turning up to the last.

UNFORTUNATELY there are "finds" and "finds." Just about twelve months since, for example, circumstantial accounts appeared in the Viennese papers concerning the reported discovery of a Schubert manuscript at Gratz in Styria, said to be none other than the missing movements of the immortal "Unfinished." That work was, as is well known, in the possession of the composer's friend, Anselmo Hüttenbrenner, from whom it was obtained by Herbeck, the conductor, in 1865, when the first performance of it was given in Vienna. Hüttenbrenner lived at Gratz, and the missing manuscript was alleged to have been discovered among a quantity of old papers which had belonged to one of the poet's servants. Unfortunately nothing further has since been heard of the matter, from which it would seem a tolerably safe assumption that if any such manuscript was found at all it was not that of the symphony in B minor.

WAGNER is evidently not yet played out in the land of his birth, judging by the figures which the faithful "Bayreuther Blätter" publishes. The total number of performances of the master's works in Germany last year was, it seems, 1,406—or sixty-seven performances more than those of 1902. At the head of the list "Lohengrin" (279) and "Tannhäuser" (273) ran almost "an equal race together," the "Dutchman" coming next with 181 representations. "Die Meistersinger" was given 172 times—this being forty-three more performances than those of the previous year. "Rienzi," on the other hand, had only twenty-three hearings. Perhaps the most surprising thing about these figures is the popularity of the "Flying Dutchman"—a work which, I confess, I have always found insupportably dull. "Rienzi," I imagine, would probably be given rather more often but for the demands of its *mise-en-scène*.

MEANWHILE the great attraction at La Scala during the past season has, it seems, been "L'Oro del Reno," more familiarly known to northern readers as "Das Rheingold," of which I read: "The money taken on the opening night exceeded any first-night receipts ever recorded at the old Opera House," and again "This opera has had a phenomenal run of nineteen nights to crowded houses, and the management was compelled to give three extra performances to satisfy the demands of the Milanese public." After which who shall say that Wagner has no attractions for Italian audiences? Lyons, too, has been enjoying the same work, along with the

other numbers of the tetralogy, but after a manner all its own. The opera was given in three acts! After which one reads without a shock of a suggested performance of "Die Walküre" in five acts, and of "Götterdämmerung" in seven!

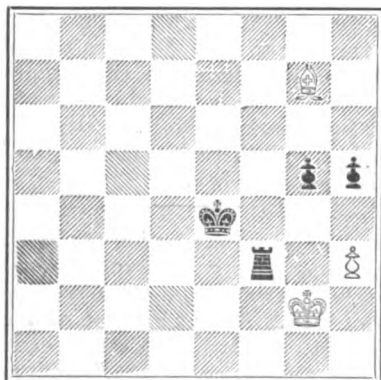
THERE is room for considerable difference of opinion as to the value of some of the musical tuition which obtains in our Elementary and Secondary schools. But there can be none as to the desirability, indeed the necessity, of good instruments in the shape of first-class pianofortes being employed if the best results are to be secured. Wherefore it is pleasant to read that such a famous firm as Messrs. Broadwood & Sons have been public-spirited enough to come forward with an offer which should bring about this desirable end at the smallest possible cost to the long-suffering ratepayer. Messrs. Broadwood and the public, who will be gainers by their enterprise, are alike to be congratulated.

ON May 27, 1844, Dr. Joachim, then a lad of thirteen, played Beethoven's violin concerto, under Mendelssohn's conductorship, at a concert of the Philharmonic Society in London. As the sixtieth anniversary of this date coincides approximately with Dr. Joachim's appearance this year in connection with the annual Joachim Quartet Concerts, the executive committee of these concerts have decided upon taking steps for celebrating the "diamond jubilee" of this first appearance. They have accordingly arranged to hold a reception in honour of Dr. Joachim on Monday evening, May 16 next, at the Queen's Hall. The Prime Minister hopes to preside, and it is intended to present Dr. Joachim with an address and with his portrait, painted by Mr. Sargent, R.A. This ceremony will be followed by a concert of orchestral music for which the Queen's Hall Orchestra has been engaged, and in which it is hoped Dr. Joachim will consent to take part, both as soloist and as conductor of some work of his own composition.

Chess

[All communications, marked clearly "Chess" on cover, to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Academy and Literature," 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.]

No. 5.
BLACK.



WHITE.

BLACK TO PLAY AND WIN.

SOLUTION to No. 3, K—B 2. Black can now accept the exchange of Bishops if offered, afterwards keeping the King on K sq. and Q sq., always ready to move to Q 2 whenever White plays to K 5.

This position actually occurred in a correspondence game between the Liverpool and Edinburgh Chess Clubs, and Edinburgh here played B—B 2, and White announced mate in forty-five moves, probably the longest mate ever announced in actual play. Perhaps some of our readers would like to solve this mate, which is in itself a problem of considerable difficulty.

The following game is a good example of the dangers attending a premature attack when receiving the odds of P and 2:

Remove Black's K B P.

White.

1. P—K 4
2. P—Q 4
3. B—Q 3
4. P—K 5

Black.

- 1.
2. P—Q 3
3. Kt—Q B 3

This move looks very threatening, but the attack is unsound.

5. Q—R 5 ch.
6. B × P.

4. Kt × P
5. P—Kt 3

White is quite blind to the dangers of his own position.

7. Q × R
8. K—Q 1
9. K × Kt

6. P × B
7. Kt × P ch.
8. P × P ch.
9. B—B 4 ch.

and Black mates in a few more moves.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

We award a prize of a guinea every quarter for the best game played at any club either in matches, tournaments, or in the course of ordinary play, with this restriction—that the club membership shall not exceed 200. We hope by this restriction to excite interest in the competition among clubs all over the country. The prize will be awarded to the player sending in the best game—that is, competitors may send in one game each week and the prize will go to the player who has sent in the best during the quarter. Competitors can therefore send in many or few games, as they see fit, and at any time. The prize will not be a cash payment, but will take the form of books to be selected by the prize-winner.

No winner can secure the prize twice in six months, but prize-winners can of course compete again, and, if one of their games is the best, it will appear at the head of the list at the end of each quarter.

The name and club of each of the players must in all cases be given with the score of the game, and competitors must send in the Chess Competition Coupon of the current week with each game.

The prize will be awarded by the Editor of this column, his decision will be final, and no discussion or correspondence on his decision will be permitted.

Games may be sent in at any time by competitors, but not more than one game each week.

[Competition Coupon on Cover.]

Correspondence

The Library of Standard Biographies

SIR,—While thanking you for "The Bookworm's" note on our "Library of Standard Biographies" which appeared in your issue of the 9th inst., we trust that with your accustomed courtesy you will allow us an opportunity of stating the objects of this series.

We have endeavoured to place within the reach of every one a series of the best biographies that have been published, and we felt that we had something more to do than to offer the books at the popular price of one shilling—namely, to render them suitable for general reading. We are not attempting to compete with the large and complete editions of these classics which can always be obtained from the public libraries.

We are appealing to readers who have neither the time nor the inclination to read the larger editions, and with this object we have not only had the complete biographies reduced to readable dimensions, but we have supplied notes embodying recent information on the subject as well as chronological tables and indexes.

If we are to confine ourselves only to those biographies that can be contained in a single volume without compression, we fear that it would be impossible to escape from the track that has already been too well covered to be of very much use.—Yours, &c.

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Morality and Emotion

SIR,—Your correspondent is correct in his impression that Matthew Arnold's phrase was "morality touched by emotion" (not "reason"), and that this was his description of religion. The phrase occurs in "Literature and Dogma"

chapter i., section 2 (page 16 of the Popular Edition, 1886), in a passage which runs thus: "Religion, if we follow the intention of human thought and human language in the use of the word, is ethics heightened, enkindled, lit up by feeling; the passage from morality to religion is made when to morality is applied emotion. And the true meaning of religion is thus not simply *morality*, but *morality touched by emotion*."—Yours, &c.

M. A. C.

"And"

SIR,—Mr. Clement Shorter allows us to retain our literary idols so long as we do not begin a sentence with "and." I have no desire to convert him; but as there can be but two guides for those who wish to write correctly, the grammar, and the practice of acknowledged masters of prose, and as it seems that those masters are all wrong when their practice comes into conflict with Mr. Shorter's theory, we must have recourse to the grammar, and there we read: "Conjunctions can *begin* sentences after a full period, showing some relation between the sentences in the general tenour of discourse."—Yours, &c.

P. A. SILLARD.

Science—Explanatory

SIR,—I seem to be incessantly writing to you, but I really cannot help it.

In answer to "Student," whose kindness claims my attention, may I say that it most certainly has *not* been "scientifically demonstrated that figures in space possess other than three dimensions." As to the "geometry of position," my knowledge is so slender that I can only suggest a reference to the subject in any one of many text-books.

Mr. Wallis, whose comments are very valuable to me, gives me—in the first place—the credit of originality in trying to show that Reality is Unknowable to us. This is, of course, an old, as well as a modern, conclusion. But surely I never said that we must "throw away the only reality we can know," nor that we must "impatiently leave the pathway Science has laboriously made and strike off blindly." With all my heart I admire and adhere to Science, but I hold it scientifically proved that Science has its limitations. Indeed I believe I may fairly claim to have shown this in my article—none of which was original, of course. I quite agree that we should "patiently follow Science." I expect untold things from her; but I do not expect everything.

Furthermore, I did not attempt to reconcile science with theology. Mr. Wallis must remember the proof in "First Principles" that science and religion—not theology—can be reconciled. I am not aware of any theological dogma that can be reconciled with science, except by using words in a double sense; i.e. by what logicians call a *formal fallacy*. But I cannot believe that Mr. Wallis considers materialism "better" than a proud yet humble recognition of our inevitable limitations. Materialism will give, I suppose, a type of intellectual peace, but more desert-like than ever desert seen by Tacitus. Transfigured realism, on the other hand, also gives an intellectual peace, whilst not incompatible with those spiritual aspirations of the race which are verily "a master-light of all our seeing." I say we are to be happy because—well, because there are good women in the world and high hopes and beautiful thoughts—some of which, mayhap, are still unthought.

Mr. Wallis objects to my calling Haeckel notorious. If he has read the "Riddle of the Universe," he should wonder at the moderation of my language.

May I just say that the article on the nebular theory in the "Harper" for May does not embody a "new theory," but is merely a restatement, in accordance with the most recent knowledge, of a theory much older than I am?—Yours, &c.

C. W. SALEERY.

[Many other letters are held over for want of space.—Ed.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE.

AUTHOR WANTED.—"Education consists not in an accumulation of facts but in turning the eye of the soul to the light." Can any one say who is the author of the above; and if it be quite correctly quoted? The common dictionaries of quotations do not mention it.—J.T.B. (Hull).

AUTHOR WANTED.—

O what shall the man full of sin do
Whose heart is as cold as a stone?
The black owl looking in at the window,
And he on his death-bed alone?

When the spirit half-freed from its bare case,
Goes shrinking away through the gloom,
With a whisper of wings on the staircase,
And a shudder of feet in the room.

And they bear him with horrible laughter,
Though he cling with the strength of despair
To bed-post and lintel and rafter,
Away to the prince of the air!

Wykehamist.

ELLISON'S "MAD MOMENTS."—Henry Ellison's "Mad Moments, or first verse attempts by a born natural, addressed respectfully to the light-headed of Society at large, but intended more particularly for the use of that world's madhouse, London," was first printed at Malta in 1833. The 1839 edition is the same with a new title-page. Later, another corrected edition was published, containing Ellison's lamentations over the really remarkable performances of the Maltese printer. This edition (I do not know the date—but subsequent to 1839) is out of print, and is not in the British Museum. Can any one give the name of any library where it may be consulted?—A.K. (Denbighshire).

POWYS OSWYN.—This author has published the following books: "Ernest Milman; a Tale of Manchester Life," London, 1856, 8vo; and "Liverpool Hol A matter-of-fact Story," London, 1857, 8vo. Any particulars as to this writer will be welcomed. The name appears to be a pseudonym.—H.T.F. (Wigan).

"DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS."—In this novel Diana Warwick sells a most important Cabinet secret to Mr. Tonans, the editor of the leading paper of the Opposition party. Is this incident founded upon fact? If so, who were the originals of Mrs. Warwick and Mr. Tonans, and how closely has George Meredith followed the real circumstances?—C. J. Pollard.

"THINK LONG."—In one of Milton's prose writings this sentence occurs: "Leave her (the Church) not a prey to these importunate wolves that wait and think long, till they devour thy tender flocks." There is a colloquial phrase current in Norfolk "to think long," meaning "to desire." Is there any connection between the two? Wolves that "think long" are very unusual wolves.—H.T. (Ilkley).

* COLERIDGE.—

Here on this market cross aloud I cry
I, I, I, I myself, I!
The form and the substance, the what and the why;
The when and the where, the low and the high;
The inside, the outside, the earth and the sky;
I, you, and he, and he, you, and I,
All souls and all bodies are I myself I!
All itself I, all my I, all my I!

The above was written by Coleridge, the poet. Can any one say to what it refers?—Student (Sunderland).

SHAKESPEARE'S IGNORANCE.—In Edmund Burke's "Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," Bohn's Series, p. 61, I find: "The admirer of Don Bellianis perhaps does not understand the refined language of the *Eneid* . . . In his favourite author . . . he perhaps reads of a shipwreck on the coast of Bohemia . . . he is not in the least troubled at this extravagant blunder." In Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale," act iii. scene iii. I find: "Our ship hath touched upon the deserts of Bohemia." Can any reader give the passage from Don Bellianis? What light does it throw upon the theory that the Bohemia of Shakespeare was really Apulia?—W.H.W.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—In an old biographical dictionary dated 1784 I recently found the following curious statement concerning the above author: "Goldsmith, like Smollett, Guthrie, and others who subsisted by their pens, is supposed sometimes to have sold his name to works in which he had little or no concern." Is there any existing proof of this?—R.E.W. (Wimbledon).

* "IT IS THEIR NATURE TO."—Dr. Watts is often quoted as an authority for the expression "it is their nature to." Is not this a mistake? The true reading in his "Divine and Moral Hymns for Children" is, I believe:

Let dogs delight to bark and bite
For God has made them so.
Let bears and lions growl and fight
For 'tis their nature too.

In this version the questionable grammar does not appear. Is there any real authority for the other version?—*H. B. Foyster.*

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.—Has it ever been suggested, or am I alone in thinking that the male friend to whom Shakespeare addresses most of his sonnets might have been some youthful actor who played female parts? Actresses were not known on the English stage till after the middle of the seventeenth century. I should like also to ask if any other poet has sung of the physical charms of a male friend, and had a "master-mistress of my passion"—Son. XX?—*W.H.P.*

Answers

LITERATURE.

"GENIUS," Carlyle.—The definition referred to is: "The transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all." "History of Frederick the Great," Book iv. chap. iii.—*W. J. Greenstreet (Stroud).*

* BURLINGTON HOUSE.—The lines quoted are altered and abridged, not very happily, from a stanza in the proemium of Spenser's "Hymn of Heavenly Beauty." The poet asks for inspiration to show men what true beauty is like:

That with the glorie of so goodly sight,
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shows, and feed on vain delight,
Transported with celestiall deye
Of those faire forms, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty,
Th' Eternal Fountaine of that heavenly Beauty

—*G.B. (Carlisle).*

"BELLERUS."—The phrase "fable of Bellerus" is a poetical expression, borrowed from Latin and Greek usage, for "fabled abode of Bellerus." The name was invented by Milton from Bellerium, the promontory now called the Land's End. Pope mentions it in l. 315 of "Windsor Forest":—"From old Bellerium to the northern main." The original reading was "Corineus old," to whom Milton alludes in his "History of Britain" as a giant who came over with Brute the Trojan, and from whom Cornwall is said to have taken its name, being "assigned to him by lot" or, as Drayton says in the first song of the "Polyolbion," given him for his victory over Gogmagog the Cornish giant. The change from "Corineus" to "Bellerus" was probably made for rhythmical reasons, in order to make the line run more smoothly.—*C. S. Jerram (Oxford).*

"SLEEP'ST BY THE FABLE OF BELLERUS OLD."—Professor David Masson thus explains this passage: "Sleep'at, &c., i.e. prosaically near Land's End in Cornwall. Land's End was the Bellerium of the Romans; and Milton himself seems to have invented the name-father Bellerus, for the place, imagining him perhaps as one of the old Cornish Britons of the lineage of Corineus. Indeed he had just written Corineus and had substituted Bellerus for musical reasons."—*K.K. (Belfast).*

"BELLERUS."—Bellerium is the Latin name for Land's End in Cornwall. From this Milton has coined the word "Bellerus" and applied it to one of the fabled Cornish giants. The Cambridge MS. has "Corineus," a giant who was Lord of Cornwall. "By the fable," i.e. in the south. Fable by metonymy for "fabled habitation."—*H. Cariss J. Sidnell (Preston).*

"PHILOMOT."—This is an obsolete word, a corruption of "feuille morte"—dead leaf.—*B. M. Guyn-Lewis.*

"PHILOMOT."—If I may hazard a conjecture, this is derived from "feuille morte," and means "of the colour of a dead or faded leaf."—*W. J. Greenstreet (Stroud).*

* "PHILOMOT."—This word, used by Addison ("Spectator," No. 265) to denote the colour of a lady's hood, is a corruption of the French "feuille-morte"—dead-leaf coloured. The word "philomot" is not to be found, perhaps, in many of the dictionaries of to-day (it is not in Chambers' for instance), but Walker's (edit. 1834) gives "Philomot, adj., coloured like a dead leaf." Baret's Italian Dictionary (1820) has "Philomot, adj. Foglia morta." Flügel's German Dictionary (1849) under "Philomot" says, "see feuille-morte." There it has "das Braungeib (wie das Laub beim Blätterfall) Blättergrau." Nugent's Pocket Dictionary, French and English, 1839, has "Pilemot, adj.: couleur de feuille-morte."—*Faber.*

[Answers also received from R. S. Graham, H. C. J. Sidnell, Percy Soler, and M.A.C. (Cambridge).]

BACon.—The allusion in "wise" (not "sage") "Bacon" is not to Francis but to Roger Bacon, the Franciscan monk and philosopher. He was born in 1214, and died at Oxford in 1294. In the passage referred to (act i. scene i. l. 153) Marlowe couples him with Albertus, a learned Dominican, who, like Roger Bacon, was credited with supernatural powers. In l. 87 of the same scene Faustus says: "I'll have them wall all Germany with brass." This is an imitation of the legend of Friar Bacon, who is said to have designed the building of a wall of brass round England, and whose name formed the title of a play, written by the dramatist Greene and acted in 1595. There is good evidence to show that this play was the production of a jealous rival, with the object of eclipsing the fame of the author of "Faustus."—*C. S. Jerram (Oxford).*

BACon.—Roger Bacon, born about 1214, died in 1292, was the "sage," and no disparagement to Francis, Lord Verulam. We cannot fully gauge his great powers because he was suppressed; his inquiries were defective from want of funds and some writings destroyed from jealous suspicion. He was indeed so wonderful that his very qualifications were deemed magical, and he was supposed to obtain knowledge by consulting a "brazen head," still proverbial.—*A.H.*

[Answers also received from G.E.J. (Bray), G. Newall, W. J. Greenstreet (Stroud), K.K. (Belfast), W.D. (Ayr), M.A.C. (Cambridge), and Orient.]

"REVENONS À NOS MOUTONS."—The use of this expression in an English form in "Lorna Doone" is not an anachronism—the farce of "Maître Pathelin," in which the original occurs, was written in the fifteenth century, probably about 1465—the question of its authorship is undecided. An adaptation of the farce was made in 1706 by De Brueys. Perhaps it is this version which is known to G. Verney.—*Barbara Smythe.*

"REVENONS À NOS MOUTONS."—The farce "l'Avocat Patelin" is written by Pierre Blanchet (born at Poitiers 1439); the edition of the eighteenth century is only a modern transformation by Brueys (born 1640, died 1723). An anachronism does not exist.—*Bohemia (Vienna).*

"REVENONS À NOS MOUTONS."—Blackmore was guilty of no anachronism when he made the Counsellor use the above expression in 1690. The farce "Maître Pathelin" is assigned by the best authorities to a date at least anterior to 1470, though the author remains unknown. "Revenons à nos Moutons," though it is the usual form, is not, I believe, the correct one. The passage as given in the "Chrestomathie" of MM. Paris and Langlois is as follows:

PATHELIN.

Il est desja si empressé
Qu'il ne sçet ou il l'a laissé:
Il faut que nous l'y reboutons.

LE JUGE.

Suz, revenons à ces moutons:
Qu'en fut il?—*R. Steuart (Jersey).*

GENERAL.

WINCHESTER SLANG.—I have not seen any answer to a question which was asked in THE ACADEMY of two weeks ago. "As unintelligible as Winchester slang." What is the reference? Winchester "slang" is the peculiar language used by boys of Winchester College. It is not fair to call it slang, as most if not all of the words it consists of are good old English and Saxon words. The language is called "Notions," and when I was at Winchester about twelve or fourteen years ago new boys had to learn it and were examined in it by the prefects, and I believe and hope that this custom still obtains. I give a few examples of words. *Cud*=pretty or beautiful, a variant of the Saxon *couth* (opposite to uncouth). *To go continant*=to go on the sick list (*conf.* "I pray thee have a continent forbearance," a phrase which occurs in one of Shakespeare's plays). *To come abroad*=to come off the sick list. *Tug*=stale, old. *Tugs*=stale news. The vocabulary comprises, I should say, about a hundred words, and it is quite possible for two Winchester boys to carry on by means of it a conversation which would be quite unintelligible to an outsider.—*Wykehamist.*

"TICKHILL, GOD-HELP-'EM."—This saying originated during the time of Cromwell, who when he saw Tickhill Castle in the distance asked what place it was. On being told that it was known as "Tickhill, or Tickhem, or some such name," he grimly replied, "by God's help I'll tickle 'em," whereupon one of his officers said, "Then God help 'em." The castle was eventually bombarded and captured, and since that time whenever the word Tickhill is mentioned some one invariably replies "God help 'em."—*G.F.W. (Sheffield).*

"TICKHILL, GOD-HELP-IT."—"Tickhill, God-help-'em!" is the form in which I have always heard this oclamation, which always follows the mention of Tickhill in this neighbourhood. The explanation usually given is that the road between Doncaster and Tickhill, being extremely lonely, used to be infested by footpads, so that when any one announced his intention of going to the latter place, his friends cried "God help you!" while on his safe arrival there he was greeted with a congratulatory "God bless you!"—*H.P.H. (Sheffield).*

OPERA-PLOTS.—Clément (F.) et Larousse (P.), "Dictionnaire Lyrique, ou Histoire des Opéras," Paris, 1869-81, published by Veuve P. Larousse et Cie is an authority upon this subject. The "History of the Opera from Monteverde to Donizetti," by Sutherland Edwards, London, 1862, published by W. H. Allen & Co., may also be consulted.—*H.T.F. (Wigan).*

"BAWBER."—The word is broad Scots for "Baby," the familiar name for the copper coins that came from the Mint during the infancy of Mary Queen of Scots, with the baby Queen's head on the face of each.—*M. MacArthur (Lyminge).*

SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.—From the sixth to the thirteenth century one of the names of Ireland was *Scotia*; this name was taken from the Scotti who, originally known as the *Scottraige* or *Scottraide*, gradually acquired the leadership of the forty-six free clans, that is, of those victorious after the great tribal struggle at the beginning of the Christian era. These clans became all known to foreigners as the Scotti, a name which was subsequently extended to the whole people. That this was the way in which the name was first given is shown by its not having been used in Irish but only in Latin documents. The ending, *raige* or *raide*, is a patronymic. In the eleventh century part of Northern Britain had acquired the same name, owing to the invasions and settlements of the Scotti, Ireland then being called *Scotia Major*.—*C.R.W.*

TYPE DERIVATIONS.—Bourgeois is supposed to be so called from a type-founder of that name. *Nonpareil* is from Fr. *nonpareil*=unequaled, peerless; the fem. *nonpareille* is used for a kind of type (also pear, ribbon, &c.) Brevier was originally the type used in printing breviers. *Minion* is from Fr. *mignon*=favourite, and as adj., pleasing, dainty. *Primer* (Long and Great Primer) from O.Fr. *primer*, *premier*=first, elementary. *Pica* type was originally the black-letter type in which the pica or ordinal was printed; the name "pica" was given to the ordinal on account of the colour and confused appearance of the rules, they being printed in the old black-letter type on white paper and thus looking pied (Late Latin *pica*=magpie).—*M.A.C.*

TYPE DERIVATIONS.—The type named brevier is derived from "breviary," being the type in which they were usually printed. Bourgeois is probably from some French printer called Bourgeois. Primer is from *Primarius*, the book of "Prayers to the Virgin." Pica is from the service of the mass termed *pica* or *pie*.—*M.M.D.*

T. G. WAINWRIGHT.—The essays of T. G. Wainwright were published under the following title: "Essays and Criticisms by Thomas Griffit Wainwright, now first collected, with some account of the author, by W. Carew Hazlitt. London: Reeves & Turner, 196 Strand, 1880." This book contains a preface and biographical notice of lxxxi. pages, 351 pages of essays and criticisms by or attributed to T. G. W. from the "London Magazine" 1820 to 1823, and an appendix with the will of Dr. R. Griffit and the two test trials in the Court of Exchequer for the recovery of the assurances for £18,000 reprinted from "The Times," June 30, 1835, and also a portrait of Helen Frances Abercromby from an original drawing by T. G. W.—*A.H.V.*

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BUT there would be real use in studying the effect of natural environment upon literature; first upon broad lines, the difference in the works of writers of northern climes and of southern; the fundamental distinctions between the literature of France, Germany, our own country, and others; then the influence of mountain scenery, of the sea, of the flat-lands, of forests, and so forth. No definite result might be the outcome of such

an inquiry, yet something interesting might come of it. This age prides itself upon being scientific in its methods, yet how little, if anything, of scientific method enters into literary criticism. "I like this" and "I do



SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

[Photo. Kate Praeger, Brompton Square]

not like that," that is the beginning and the end of literary criticism, of art and of musical criticism also. There is the danger of pedantry, of attempting to measure the immeasurable with a foot-rule, of weighing genius in the scales as one weighs diamonds; on the other

hand there is that uneducated impressionism which permits young criticasters to rush in where their elders and betters tread with anxious steps.

THE London Shakespeare League Commemoration Dinner on Saturday last was a very pleasant function. Dr. Furnivall, the President of the League, occupied the chair, and was felicitous in proposing the toast in "honor" of Shakespeare. Why honor? Among other speakers who added to the enjoyment of the evening may be named Dr. W. Blake-Oggers, K.C., Professor Gollancz, and the Chairman of the London County Council. It is to be hoped that the work of the League will increase and prosper until at last London has no longer cause for shame in its neglect of the fame of its greatest citizen.

THE Oxford Historical Society is to be congratulated upon the collection it has gathered together of portraits in the new Examination Schools. This, the first it is hoped of a series of exhibitions, is confined to portraits of those who died before the year 1625, the pictures being selected from the College and other collections in and around Oxford. The earliest portrait is that of Edward III.; other notable canvases are Henry VIII., Henry, Prince of Wales, Archbishop Warham by Holbein, Sir Henry Lee by Sir Anthony More, Sir W. Cordell by Cornelius de Zeeu, and William Tyndale. Unfortunately the exhibition closes on May 26, so many of us will see it not.

A DISTINGUISHED Field-Marshal has written in the following terms of the character of Gerald Federan in Mrs. Craigie's novel, "The Vineyard": "The drawing of the man's nature is wonderful. The differences between moral and physical courage are seldom understood by the average observer, but it is a fact that many men who have won great distinction as riders, as winners of the V.C. and the like, have shown, in private life and in their relations with women, inconstancy, weakness and actual meanness. Federan's character is drawn with absolute fidelity to the facts and experience of men who know life as it is."

THE annual meeting of the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland will be held at Stationers' Hall, London, on Friday, May 6, at four o'clock. In connection with the annual meeting, arrangements have been made for a visit to Windsor on Saturday, May 7, when there will be a luncheon at the White Hart Hotel, and arrangements have been made to visit the Castle and other places of interest.

THE scene of Mr. John Oxenham's new story, to be published in the autumn, probably under the title "Hearts in Exile," is laid in Siberia, the tale dealing with exiles in that cold land. There is a flavour of "Enoch Arden" in the plot.

THE Earl of Iddesleigh has written a novel, "Charms," which will be published by Mr. John Lane.

MRS. JACOB spent many of her early years in Forfarshire, which accounts for the singular vividness of the "landscapes" in "The Interloper," quite one of the most human stories recently published, sane, sound and human. Of how few novels of to-day can so much be truthfully said.

ROYAL Historical Society, April 21, the President (Dr. G. W. Prothero) in the chair; the following were elected Fellows of the Society: P. A. G. Brönnk, J. A. C. Deas. The following libraries were admitted as subscribing libraries: Royal Institution, Chelsea Public Library and the Victoria Legislative Library, British Columbia. A paper was read by Miss Rose Graham, F.R.Hist.S., on "The Finance of a Religious House (Malton Priory) in the Thirteenth Century (1244-1258)." A short discussion followed in which the President, the Director, Mr. Hubert Hall, and the Secretary, Mr. H. E. Malden, took part. The Director communicated Part II. of "Peter's Pence in England," prepared by the Rev. O. Jensen, Ph.D., for the Society.

IN succession to the late Sir Leslie Stephen, the Right Honourable A. J. Balfour, M.P., has been elected President of the London Library. It would have been difficult to have made a more admirable selection. Mr. Balfour is indeed an all-round man—reader, writer, musician and—politician. Mr. Frederic Harrison has been elected Vice-President, another excellent choice. The London Library is to be congratulated.

TICKETS can still be obtained for the afternoon concert at Grosvenor House on May 10 in aid of the Rebuilding Fund of Lower Brixham Church, of which the author of "Abide with Me" was Vicar. Among those who have kindly promised to assist are Madame Clara Butt, Miss Violet and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Madame Louise Dale, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Mr. Denham Price, Mr. W. H. Squire and Mr. Arthur Bouchier; a delightful afternoon is therefore assured. Tickets can be obtained from Messrs. Mitchell, Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street; Messrs. Chappell & Co., Ltd., 50 New Bond Street, W.; Chappell's Box Office, Queen's Hall; Messrs. Metzler, Musical Agency, 42 Great Marlborough Street, W.; Ashton's Royal Library, 38 Old Bond Street; or F. G. Evans & Co., 104 Wigmore Street, W. One thousand pounds is still wanted to complete the necessary sum, and of this £100 has been promised by an anonymous donor provided that the remainder (£900) be raised by May 10. Subscriptions should be sent to the Reverend Stewart Sim, The Vicarage, Lower Brixham, Devon.

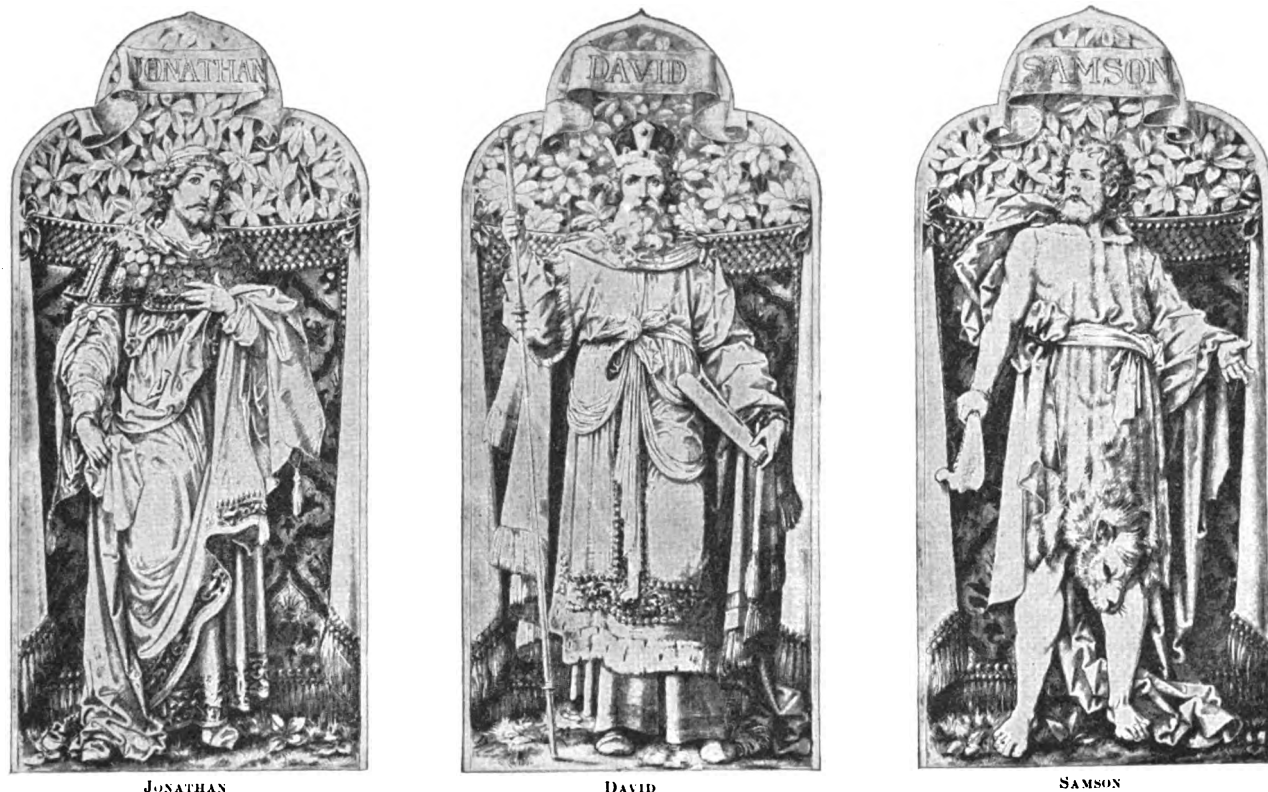
MR. THOMAS THORP sends some quaint and pretty pictorial post-cards, giving views of Windsor Castle, Reading in 1823, and of various Berkshire seats.

ON May 2, Prof. Henry Jones being unable to be present at this meeting, Mr. G. E. Moore will read a paper on "Kant's Idealism" before the Aristotelian Society. On June 6, at the annual meeting to receive the report of the Session, and for the election of officers, the President, Prof. G. F. Stout, will read a paper on "Primary and Secondary Qualities."

"THE CENTURY" for May contains some capital illustrations and reading matter. Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., contributes an article full of intimate knowledge on "The Mother of Parliaments," descriptive of life in the House of Commons, with very clever pictures by André Castaigne; then there is the opening of Dr. Weir Mitchell's curious experiment "The Youth of Washington, told in the form of an Autobiography." Of the illustrations, perhaps the most interesting is the reproduction of a photograph of Tolstoi at twenty-nine, as an officer in the Crimean War.

THE Annual Conference of Jewish Literary Societies will be held at Jews' College, Queen Square House, Guilford Street, W.C., on Sunday, June 26, 1904. The morning session will be devoted to the reading of papers on Jewish literary subjects, and in the afternoon the annual business of the Union of Jewish Literary

was edited by S. W. Singer in 1820; and the Poems of T. Stanley were edited, with a preface, by Sir E. Brydges in 1814. The "Poems and Psalms" of Bishop King were reprinted by Dr. Hannah so recently as 1843; while the works of Bishop Hall, edited in 1808 and again in 1863, were re-presented to us in 1879 by Dr. Grosart.



JONATHAN

DAVID

SAMSON

The Blackmore Memorial Window in Exeter Cathedral. Unveiled April 26, 1904

[Reduced from Photographs of the Window designed by Messrs. Percy Bacon & Brothers, of London]

Societies will be transacted. In the evening the retiring President of the Union, Professor Israel Gollancz, F.B.A., will preside at a dinner to be held in the Wharnccliffe Rooms, Hôtel Great Central, Marylebone Road, N.W.

Bibliographical

THE small poets whom Professor Saintsbury proposes to resuscitate shortly should be grateful to him. Of Ayres, Beedome, Benlowe, Cleveland, Flatman, Flecknoe, Godolphin, Gomersall, Heath and Kynaston there have been, I believe, no modern editions; I doubt if some of them have ever been reprinted. Nor, in the case of most of them, is there any reason to regret the fact. Cleveland wrote some vigorous stuff, but all the rest of the above named are best represented in anthologies, if they are to be represented at all. Some of the Professor's other favourites have already received a measure of attention from their posterity. Thus, Patrick Carey's "Trivial Poems and Triolets" were reproduced under the editorship of Sir Walter Scott in 1820—in which year, also, Chamberlayne's "Love's Victory" was reprinted. Then the Poems of Patrick Hannay were reissued by the Hunterian Club in 1875; Marmion's "Cupid and Psyche"

The two Bishops, I think, might very well have been omitted from the Professor's scheme. They are in no need of an advertisement.

Messrs. Routledge continue active, it appears, in their revivification of the "half-forgotten." They promise us reproductions of Amory's "John Buncle," Mrs. Behn's "Oroonoko," Brooke's "Fool of Quality," Sarah Fielding's "David Simple," and Mrs. Radcliffe's "Romance of the Forest." The last named was issued by Messrs. Routledge themselves in 1882, 12mo, pp. 429; will they reprint this, or re-set the book? During last century the "Romance" was published in 1810, 1824, 1825, 1846 and 1877—perhaps in other years. The most recent edition of "The Fool of Quality" is, it appears, that of 1872, which was rendered possible, no doubt, by that of 1859, edited by Charles Kingsley. "The Fool," by the way, had the honour of being abridged by John Wesley. Mrs. Behn's "Oroonoko" seems to have been reprinted so lately as 1886 by the Temple Company. Of "John Buncle" I can trace no edition later than that of J. H. Burn in 1825. Miss Fielding's "David Simple," apparently, has no record later than 1782; it had the distinction of figuring in more than one French version. It will certainly come to us more freshly than any of the others above noted.

The coming local celebration of Robert Bloomfield will no doubt have the effect of causing some demand for the poems of that writer, of whose complete works Messrs. Routledge gave us an edition in 1883. This had been

preceded in 1864 by an edition illustrated by Birket Foster, and this, again, by editions in 1836, 1827 and 1803. A volume of "Remains" came out in 1824 (the year after the poet's death); a selection from his correspondence appeared in 1870. "The Farmer's Boy" had at one time a remarkable popularity. Between 1800 and 1827 it ran into fifteen editions; there were others in 1828, 1833, 1835, 1855, 1857 and 1875, and possibly more. "The Miller's Maid" had the good or bad fortune to be turned by one man into a melodrama, and by another into a comic opera. Bloomfield himself wrote "a village drama" which he called "Hazlewood Hall." Altogether, there is quite a "literature" of Bloomfield.

I find a few "chestnuts" among the many good stories told by Sir M. Grant Duff in his new "Notes from a Diary." That about the judge who responded to the toast of the Navy (I. 5); that about Lord Alvanley paying the man heavily for "bringing him back" from his duel (I. 21); that about Father Healy "coughing badly" (II. 169); that about "conscious as we are of each other's imperfections" (II. 208); that about the Archbishop's fear of paralysis (II. 237); and that about the "Cloaca Maxima" (II. 279), have all been told before. The Healy story has been related of the elder Hood, and the "Cloaca Maxima" of Lady Davy (wife of Sir Humphry). The story about Dean Stanley and "three times seven" (I. 86) was told by Mr. Locker-Lampson in his "Patchwork" (1879), and Lady C. Lindsay's sayings (I. 162) were reported by Lord Houghton in one of his "Monographs" (1873). But, on the whole, Sir M. Grant Duff's "chestnuts" are fewer than might be looked for.

Miss Edith Browne kindly writes to inform my correspondent of the week before last that Matthew Arnold's phrase *was* "morality touched by emotion," that he *did* apply it to religion, and that it is to be found in his "Literature and Dogma" (in Chapter i., section 2, I may add). The germ of the phrase, it may be mentioned, is contained in Arnold's essay on Marcus Aurelius, where he says: "The paramount virtue of religion is, that it has *lighted up* morality; that it has supplied the emotion and inspiration needful for carrying the sage along the narrow way perfectly, for carrying the ordinary man along it at all."

A correspondent writes: "I am particularly interested in the works of A. C. Swinburne, and have most of them. I know of the partial bibliographies published by R. H. Shepherd and by T. J. Wise (in 'Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century,' Vol. II.), also the very incomplete bibliography published in the 'English Illustrated Magazine' of April and May 1903. But none of these give any clue to books or magazine articles dealing with Swinburne's work or with his life. It seems difficult to get any biographical particulars. Wratislaw's 'A. C. Swinburne,' in 'English Writers of To-Day' series, is an account of his books with extracts and appreciation—no particular value. Can you help me in the matter?" I am afraid I can't—unless I can get my editor's permission to occupy a much larger portion of his space.

THE BOOKWORM.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

Subscriptions are now being received at the Chiswick Press, 20 Took's Court, E.C., for an edition of the three plays of Aeschylus known as the Oresteia (i.e. the Agamemnon, Choephoroi and Eumenides), edited by Robert Proctor, and printed in a new Greek type cut partly from his designs, partly in imitation of the finest of the early Greek founts,

that used in the New Testament of the Complutensian Polyglot, printed in 1514. The book is printed in red and black on paper specially made by Mr. Batchelor. It will be issued in green paper boards with linen back. Two hundred and twenty-five copies have been printed. The subscription price is two guineas net. It is desired to print in this type editions of Homer's "Odyssey" and of the "Idylls of Theocritus," of both of which texts had been prepared by Mr. Proctor. The price of the "Odyssey" will not exceed four guineas; the price of the "Theocritus" will not exceed two guineas. In allotting copies of the "Oresteia" preference will be given to applicants subscribing for all three books.—"The Work of George W. Joy" is the title of a new art work which Messrs. Cassell & Company will publish shortly. It will be illustrated with thirty Rembrandt photogravures, twenty reproductions in colour of pictures and drawings, and nine illustrations of studies in chalk, &c., and will contain a biography, a technical note, and some remarks on the painting of the nude.—The first part of Messrs. Cassell & Company's fine art work, "Royal Academy Pictures, 1904," will be published early in May. This year's issue will include four Rembrandt photogravures of notable pictures in this year's Academy.—Mr. Heinemann has in the press a volume of stories by Jack London, author of "The Call of the Wild," which he hopes to publish early in May. The volume will be entitled "The Faith of Men."—A new novel by Janet Laing, author of the successful novel "The Wizard's Aunt," has just been issued by J. M. Dent & Co., under the title of "The Borderlanders." Messrs. J. M. Dent will also issue shortly a new and important addition to their Mediæval Town Series; "London" is the title of the book, which is written by H. B. Wheatley, a well-known authority on the subject. The work will contain over forty illustrations from drawings by H. Railton, W. H. Godfrey, Katherine Kimball, Hanslip Fletcher and from old prints. Also a map of London in 1588 (from William Smith's MS.) reproduced in colours by lithography. An elaborate work on the livery companies of the City of London, entitled "The City Companies of London and their Good Works," being a record of their history, charity and treasure, by P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., will be published shortly by Messrs. Dent. A noteworthy and charming feature of the volume will be found in the drawings by Mr. A. R. Quinton of the ancient headquarters of the City companies. These illustrations, drawn in wash or pen-and-ink, number nearly fifty; several are reproduced in photogravure and the remainder in half-tone and line.—The next volume of Messrs. Methuen's Library of Devotion will be "A Little Book of Heavenly Wisdom: Selections from some English Prose Mystics." The book has been edited by Miss E. C. Gregory, daughter of the Dean of St. Paul's. "A Modern Bæotia," by Deborah Primrose, will be published in a day or two by the same firm. On Monday, May 2, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is publishing "China from Within: A Study of Opium Fallacies and Missionary Mistakes," by Mr. Arthur Davenport.—"The Kingdom of Twilight" is the title of a novel by Mr. Forrest Reid which Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will bring out on Monday, May 2, in his "First Novel Library."—Alaston Buchanan has translated the Book of Ecclesiastes into English verse in the metre of Omar Khayyam, and will publish the volume very shortly under the title "The Essence of Ecclesiastes," through Mr. Elliot Stock.

Booksellers' Catalogues

THE following booksellers' catalogues have been received, copies of which can be obtained post free on application to the several booksellers:—Mr. Charles Higham, 27a Farringdon Street, E.C. (*Theological*); Messrs. E. & C. M. Idle, 21 High Street, Bloomsbury (*General*); Messrs. Derry & Sons, Ltd., Nottingham (*Library Bulletin*); Messrs. Myers & Co., 59 High Holborn (*General*); Mr. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford (*English and Foreign Theological*); Messrs. H. Sotheran & Co., 140 Strand (*Literature, Science and Art*); Mr. G. P. Johnston, Edinburgh (*Rare and Old*); Mr. A. Sutton, Manchester (*Sporting*).

Reviews

Pure Prescott

HISTORY OF THE MOORISH EMPIRE IN EUROPE. By S. P. Scott. (Lippincott. 3 vols. 45s. net.)

It may help the reader to appreciate the position of Mr. S. P. Scott as an historian if it is stated that he appears to have gone to Dozy for his foundation; to Gibbon for his outlook; and to Macaulay, Traill and Buckle impartially for his style. The result, strange to say, is pure Prescott. It will be gathered that the author's method is not original or individual, but essentially synthetic. This is not said in a disparaging sense. Prescott has many admirers—perhaps it would be better to say readers—on either side of the Atlantic, all of whom may be trusted to find Mr. Scott's compilation absorbing, and its length no disadvantage. On the other hand, a still greater number of students of history—and those, perhaps, of a rather different class—will be found indisposed to undertake the conquest of these three substantial volumes. It is true that the period is of fascinating interest, and one, moreover, which has not hitherto claimed an undue share of modern attention; but the writer, in these days, who invites us to master some two thousand pages of narrative makes a heavier claim on our time and forbearance than he is aware of. When all is said, the history of the Moorish invasion remains an episode—a great and splendid one, but still a digression from the main course of European history.

It is naturally impossible to attempt here the task of following Mr. Scott through the ramifications of his slowly moving story. Its underlying purpose may best be told in his own pleasantly dogmatic words. "That writer," he declares in his preface, "best fulfils the office of an historian who passes before the mind of the reader, as in a panorama, not merely the more striking events of war and diplomacy, but circumstances often regarded as unimportant, yet which illustrate, as no others can do, the condition of the masses...of public and private morals...of domestic manners, of ingenious inventions, of literary progress and artistic development." The dictum is decidedly open to question, since there are as many forms of history as kinds of men. To Matthew Arnold the most valuable part of history was criticism; Mr. Oscar Browning's theories would end by making it a mere annex of political study; while the latter-day scientific economist is never satisfied that his predecessors in the field of history have probed deeply enough into the causes of events. If, with Mr. Scott, we are to essay the constructing a panorama of all human activity both in itself and in its relation to time, the task is like to prove interminable, and we must begin our history with the Deluge, if not with the Fall. Certainly, this method, if not quite unquestionably the "best," can claim the undisputed credit of being the longest.

An examination into the author's fertile disquisitions on the life and society of his period evokes a certain passing sympathy with the scientific and economic school. In the second volume, the tale of the havoc and murder wrought by that cruel and treacherous picaroon, so falsely heroised by the Spanish people, the Cid Campeador, is barely complete before a sudden change of scene presents us with a glowing, but quite unauthentic, picture of the condition of the common people at the same epoch, when bread was obtainable at

"a merely nominal price," and an armful of choice fruits and vegetables could be purchased for "a trifle." Setting aside the incongruousness of the picture, we are tempted to ask: What then of the wretched husbandman who laboured hard to grow wheat, or rare fruits, to be sold at the price of waste?

It must be owned that there is a certain element of the pinchbeck in the long procession of Mr. Scott's glittering sentences. The emotions come too easily, and follow too conventional a course. There is a certain unimpartial harping on the worse points of Spanish character, and a decided show of enmity towards the Roman Church. Even in his preface he feels constrained to warn his readers against the pernicious principles of the one, and the corruption of the other. The fairest and firmest passages in the work are those devoted to an exposition of Islam. The one notable quality which the most exacting critic could not deny Mr. Scott is industry; if he had possessed an equal measure of penetration and proportion he might have produced an important, instead of a merely interesting history. On the question of scholarship, it is perhaps prudent to say nothing. American scholarship seems to be nearly always at fault when most wanted.

A protest must be entered against the list of "Authorities Consulted in the Preparation of this Book." There was no need whatever to compile a catalogue of seven hundred publications under such a heading; but there seems to be a growing tendency among authors of a certain class to preface their works with these somewhat vainglorious and ill-chosen bibliographies. In the present instance the fault of taste is the more apparent from the unsatisfactory form of the catalogue, which is indeed of a sort to make the librarian shudder. As the works in question are never quoted in footnotes or appendices, the list is worthless. Some really valuable volumes, moreover, have been omitted, such as Clément Huart's "History of Arabic Literature" and Dr. De Boer's "History of Philosophy in Islam." The dating throughout the book is not well done, and the transliterating of Arabic names is unsatisfactory.

W. LAWLER-WILSON.

Wolfe

THE FIGHT FOR CANADA. By Major William Wood. (Constable. 21s. net.)

MAJOR WOOD needs no apology for his excellent book, which tells once more the stirring tale of the ever memorable siege and capture of Quebec, and treats it more exhaustively than it has ever been treated, save in Messrs. Doughty and Parmelee's monumental work. If the brief Waterloo campaign justifies a fresh volume every year or two, the fateful summer of 1759 before Quebec is certainly worthy of half a one, which is about the space accorded to it in Major Wood's book. If influence in the world's destiny counts, "the battle of the plains" is of more import than Waterloo. As objects of pilgrimage the two fields are unique in their magnetism, the former probably gaining on the latter in numbers every year. "The Fight for Canada" does not deal in detail with the four years' campaigning that led up to the supreme struggle, but the first and lesser portion of the book is a commentary rather on the military and naval situation of the Powers concerned.

The author maintains, with some truth, that historians of the "Seven Years' War" in America have not given due weight to the influence of sea power in a struggle whose significance is not yet fully appreciated on this side of the Atlantic—a point of view which has gained much ground recently in all military history. The author's exhaustive account of the Quebec campaign is most welcome, and is a notable contribution to British history. A good deal has come to light recently through the assiduous labours of Quebec students, notably Dr. Doughty, whom Major Wood quotes freely. "The Siege of Quebec" in histories of this war has naturally been but a luminous incident among many. The author's exhaustive and able treatment of it clashes with nothing, and fills a want. Happily he destroys no traditions of consequence and establishes Wolfe more firmly than ever, as the leading spirit of the drama, for which we must all be thankful.

I do not agree with Major Wood, however, in his rating of the various portraits of Wolfe, and believe the one in the National Portrait Gallery, painted by Schaak from Hervey Smith's profile sketch, supervised doubtless by Wolfe's friends, to be the most probable interpretation of the real man at his death. Major Wood does not seem to be aware of the original portraits of Wolfe (at 16) and of his mother hanging at Squerryes. And, oddly enough, though he goes quite elaborately into the various Wolfe relics, he does not even mention the 170 beautifully written letters now in Colonel Warde's library, nor does he in his copious notes and bibliography once allude to Squerryes, still owned by the descendants of Wolfe's oldest friends and executors, and the principal repository of his literary remains. Kate Lowther was probably unworthy of Wolfe, shallow and conventional, so far as we know. The strength of their mutual attachment is dubious. Major Wood's judgment on the American provincials is somewhat sweeping. Virginia, for her size and wealth far the most unpatriotic and backward, is in a sense singled out for an exception as if the legend of the Virginian resistance at Monongahela was dying hard. The Southern militia, it is true, were mostly dregs, but New England had nearly 20,000 men in the field at one time, and these were not dregs at any rate, if uneven and badly disciplined, to say nothing of their rangers, as witness the Colonial Bradstreet's famous march to and capture of Frontenac. No one cursed his own province and its inert people more than Washington in his letters of this date. Major Wood is a Canadian officer, is President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, and far better equipped with a practical knowledge of nautical matters than the average layman. He has much of interest to say on eighteenth-century ships and sailors. The book contains a good plan of the siege and portraits of Wolfe and Montcalm.

A. G. BRADLEY.

Blundell's

EARLY ASSOCIATIONS OF ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE. A Record of Blundell's School and its Neighbourhood. By F. J. Snell. (Hutchinson & Co. 6s. net.)

A POEM is very often built upon the foundation of a single haunting line or phrase, a story sometimes evolved from the suggestion contained in a striking title; but a work of this character should grow around the definite intention of the writer. The title-hunt becomes almost as difficult a process as truffle-hunting, and it is amazing that no professional title-finders have advertisements amongst those of typists and copyists in the columns of this paper. But the difficulty is one that should affect only the workers in the imaginative field. The title of a

biographical, topographical, or historical volume should not be far to seek; whilst, decided on, it should be exact and informing. Mr. Snell's title hardly fulfils these conditions. In fact, by the time he has finished the volume the puzzled reader will be hazarding conjectures as to what end the writer had in view. A majority of library subscribers noticing the title in their catalogue would assume that what was offered them was a work similar in character to, say, "The Manchester Life of Bishop Fraser," and add it to their lists or ignore it, according to their interest or apathy with respect to episcopal biography. Those who sat down to read it under the impression that it was mainly concerned with a particular period of the life of the late Archbishop of Canterbury would be disappointed, for it contains little that is new concerning him, and little enough altogether. It does, it is true, explode the widely-spread belief, founded on a statement of Temple's in one of his speeches ("I learnt to plough and I could plough as straight as any man in the parish") that the Archbishop was of very humble parentage. But the only chapter in the book in which Temple is the central figure is the one entitled "At Oxford."

The truth appears to be that the sub-title conveys Mr. Snell's original intention, but that he was afterwards diverted from the straight road he had intended to follow. The result is that he appears to wander at intervals rather aimlessly up side tracks.

The book contains very nearly as much about Richard Doddridge Blackmore as it does about Frederick Temple, and it is a significant fact that entries of reference to the former appear in the index as on pages 16, 53, and 58, whilst the first reference to the latter is given as on page 62, and three whole chapters (seventy pages) pass before the Temple family secures the author's attention.

A great part of these opening chapters of the book is devoted to identification of actual places in the district with the country described in Blackmore's "Perlycross," and very interesting chapters they are. One cannot but feel that Mr. Snell might very fitly undertake for the Blackmore country such a work as Professor Bertram Windle produced on the Wessex of Thomas Hardy. Buried, however, under a misleading title, who but the chance explorer is likely to hit upon these chapters? The disconsolate volume might almost address the public in Romeo's words, "By a name I know not how to tell thee *what I am*."

Perhaps the most interesting stories about Temple are those relating how when Headmaster of Rugby he was discovered by a master of Blundell's trying to repeat his boyish feat of crossing the lower school in three strides, and how when Archbishop he clambered through some laurel bushes to find the spot where he had as a boy cut his name on the wall of the old school.

A very simple explanation is available of the nickname "Blueskin" applied to Temple's father. The Archbishop had a very strong dark beard, which grew so rapidly that he had to shave twice a day. Every one knows the blue appearance that a beard of this character gives to the face, and doubtless the Archbishop inherited the peculiarity from Major Temple. The extracts from Richard Bovet's "Pandemonium" provoke the question whether in that work Christina Rossetti found the germ of the "Goblin Market." There is an odd misprint on page 27, where 1705 is stated to be the year in which Aldhelm was created first Bishop of Sherborne by Ine King of Wessex.

If the volume should ever be reprinted it might be renamed, following the precedent of Prince's famous "Worthies of Devon," "Blundell's and its Worthies."

But I am myself adopting the profession which I suggested at the outset. One guinea, please, Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

F. CHAPMAN.

The City of Rubens

ANTWERP. AN HISTORICAL SKETCH. By Wilfrid C. Robinson. (Washbourne. 5s. net.)

ONCE upon a time the writer of these words, standing before that huge painting by Rubens of the Baptism of Christ, to be found in the Museum at Antwerp, heard this twitter fall from a covey of personally misled tourists on the wing past the picture: "That's fine, that's great," protested one, circling to suggest space, in his enthusiasm. Another was of colder mood: "What interests me," said he, trying not to be proud of his superior culture, "what interests me is that it was done by a fellow here in the town."

Of the town which Rubens helped as much as any man to make famous Mr. Robinson tells in this book the fame, and, with reservations, one is inclined to say he tells it well. His ultramontane sympathies betray him into the ancient error of confusing Kings with Things: "On February 11, 1515," says he, "all the bells of Antwerp rang out their merriest peals, and loudest among them, from St. Mary's, not yet a cathedral, rang the great bell *Carolus*, founded eight years earlier. They rang out to welcome the young Archduke Charles, who that day made his Joyful Entry into Antwerp. Unconsciously they were ringing out the Middle Ages and ringing in modern times, for the reign of Charles the Fifth marks the beginning of modern history." This, and it is a fair specimen of Mr. Robinson's manner, may pass as rhetoric, but to any one who remembers the date of the landfall of Columbus, it must seem unphilosophical. And for myself, did I connect periods with princes, I would far sooner date modern history from 1467, when Good Duke Philip of the Golden Fleece marched out of the world, and better Desiderius Erasmus sidled in.

One comes across the names of a few simple persons in this book. Rubens (we are not allowed to forget that Charles the First knighted him), Quentin Matsys, and Plantin the printer—a great concession this, for we are gravely told he was suspected of heresy—are mentioned at some length, but, broadly speaking, a man must wear a crown, or a mitre, or at the very least a halo, to please Mr. Robinson. Halos, by the way, are distributed liberally throughout the book, and one feels that the author narrowly escaped dropping one on the crazy head of Balthazar Gérard, by whose "fatal pistol shot," as he pleasantly observes, William the Silent "was called away."

Mr. Robinson's worst fault is his frequent absence of humour, which makes him in all good faith write of the Bollandists as Voltaire might have written in irony. As I would not for all the world offend a hagiologist, I content myself with establishing my point by a quotation from another chapter, that treating of Napoleon's connection with Antwerp: "All classes were wounded in their family affections and religious sentiments. The poor would willingly have foregone the Emperor's alms, and the rich have done without his marks of favour, had he consented to leave them their sons. But the tax of blood was exacted to the last drop. All boys in the orphanages of Antwerp, who were old enough to be sent afloat, were enrolled in the French navy."

Again Mr. Robinson is slipshod in his use of adjectives. The Flemish Image-breakers he calls with some

show of reason "miscreant," but then he calls the Spanish soldiers, who broke the Flemish Image-breakers, also "miscreant." This is illogical, since by his own showing they were supporting the cause of Orthodoxy. Surely, Mr. Robinson, who writes like an old Jesuit boy, must be aware that "miscreant" is properly a term of abuse for the man who does not believe what you say. The best thing I can say of this book is that I read it from title to colophon, which told me that it was printed at Bruges. It is not well produced.

F. NORREYS CONNELL.

Commonplacency

NOTES FROM A DIARY, 1892-1895. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. 2 Vols. (Murray. 18s.)

Two more volumes of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's "Notes," yielding one or two newspaper columns of capital stories: that is a record creditable alike to the author's industry and to the critic's power of picking and choosing. Sir Mountstuart has entered upon his anecdotage with a light heart. He has hardly any prejudices—all is fish that comes to his net, a net let down not in the deeps, but upon the calm shallows of London society. Sir Mountstuart, in fact, fishes in the London parks; and what he catches, that the borrowing journalist cooks in butter. Sometimes one suspects that he does not know the difference between a toothsome young fish and a tough old one; and that he lacks that infallible judgment in condiments which the European *cuisine* possessed at its best, until the travelling American deluged its dishes with salt. Sir Mountstuart's stories have indeed to be taken at times with a dose of salt heavy enough to destroy the fine native flavour. And often, as on page 176 of Vol. II., he has got into his net and into his kitchen a very muddy and bedraggled weed. The stale saying about the marriages of the sons of the late Duke of Argyll is here attributed to the "Duke of —"; and though the dashed Duke in this case really is ambiguous, as dashed Dukes rarely are, we may deny the attribution, and shift it to a popular actress, whose happy-go-lucky blunder was easily passed over.

But the Diarist generally shows his good breeding; and it would be quite unjust to think of him as other than amiable. He is also complacent and he is commonplace. He is sure of Mrs. Hemans but doubtful of Mr. Meredith; and his fellow members of the Breakfast Club (in whose kitchen most of his fish are fried) are mentioned with a gravity justly due to judges, to writers and thinkers of a certain celebrity, to the prosperous and the mediocre. At times the Diarist, who retains the characteristic prudences and the audacities of a Colonial Governor, just promises to become interesting and just falls short. He tells us that Kegan Paul talked to him about Tennyson, and we are expectant, for Kegan Paul's views of the bard did not far differ from those of the Moxon people. But Sir Mountstuart will not show us the publishing side of poetry; he records only what everybody could say and know. It is the vastly easier method; but it is not the most entertaining or the most amusing. He dined with the Empress Frederick. Really! But there our astonishment begins and ends; for not another word follows to justify the entry. Notes on the weather once in May in 1893, or on a day in June in 1894, have become rather a feature in the words of recent love songs; but they are more oddly placed in the diary of a man who is no maudlin sentimentalist; neither is he on intimate terms with Nature, still less her interpreter to others.

Half the entries had better have been cancelled for the printers; yet the book, even where it is least essential, will be welcome enough in the large domestic circles which it personally affects.

A book which bristles with names is sure of its misprints; and a careful reading of proofs has not here expunged all error. The "Mr. G. Ward" of page 252, Vol. II., should be Mr. W. G. Ward, and the separate entry of G. Ward in the index should be cancelled. The spelling on page 201 (same volume) of Feilding as Fielding takes away the point of a stock anecdote. An Italian gender on page 178 of Vol. I. clamours for revision, and the word, moreover, is mis-spelt. The index has not escaped the same ill-luck. There is indexed, for instance, an allusion to the Duke of Norfolk on page 201 of Vol. II. which that page does not contain; while page 196, Vol. II., has an interesting story about Harcourt which is not indexed under his name. Give and take in these matters is hardly satisfactory.

Taine

H. TAINE. SA VIE ET SA CORRESPONDANCE. Tome II. Le Critique et le Philosophe, 1853-1870. (Hachette. 3f.50.)

It will be remembered how in the introduction to the first volume of Taine's Life and Correspondence it was stated that his horror of publicity led him to forbid by a clause in his will the publication of "lettres intimes ou privées." Thus his published letters deal solely with general topics, or with such subjects as philosophy, history, æsthetics, art and psychology. This method of writing biography has undoubtedly advantages, but it tends to eliminate the man's personality in too great a degree. We seem to learn what he thought and what he did in some purely external manner which does not bring us near enough to his soul. When once, however, we have overcome the disappointment of being left, as it were, outside the closed doors there is much here to interest us, although scarcely as much perhaps as in the first volume.

The period 1853 to 1870 saw the publication of all Taine's critical and philosophical works, among them of course the history of English Literature, the composition of which had taken seven years. He paid his first visit to England in 1860, but the letters written from London and Manchester are scanty, and contain little beyond records of engagements fulfilled and the names of the persons he met. His veritable impressions were preserved for his book "Notes on England," published later.

In the winter of 1870 Taine planned a book on the history of German Literature in the Nineteenth Century, analogous to his English Literature. For that purpose he arranged to spend the summer months in Germany. He started in June and visited Frankfort-on-the-Main, Weimar and Dresden. On July 12 he was called home by the death of his mother-in-law, and the declaration of war in the week following prevented his return. Taine renounced for ever his book on Germany. "We could no longer be impartial," he said. Therefore what he has to say here about Germany is extremely interesting and valuable. The criticism is so excellent that we can only deplore the loss of Taine's projected volume. His first visit to Germany took place in 1858. Then he found the Germans primitive, abandoning themselves to the first impulse and so forming a complete contrast to the pride of the English and the vanity of the French. The bringing up and education of German girls were, he considered, very defective. Although the Germans, he

asserted, possessed good sense in the highest degree and were ten times more learned than the French, Taine allowed them no wit, and thought their scholars were often mere collectors and amassers of facts. When he revisited the country in 1870 he noted great changes. The Germans had lost their broad-mindedness, their tolerance, the sympathy for others that they had under Goethe. Germany had ceased to dream and had begun to act. The Germans desired to become merchants, bankers, manufacturers, colonists, to organise a State, to work, to make fortunes. He also compares French and German critics. The Frenchman is a psychologist, an amateur of ethical curiosities, his pivot is the knowledge of the human heart and mind, and thus style and form are to him necessary tools. If he writes well it is not in order to write well, it is to express shades of thought and meaning, to paint portraits. In such criticism not merely scholars and specialists are interested, but also diplomatists, distinguished women, men of the world. German criticism is the work of specialists in philology, history, hellenism, or archæology. They are all "learned" specialists and nothing beyond.

In 1862 Taine made some "notes personnelles" in accordance with his habit of examining from time to time his literary and philosophical conscience. His cast of mind is, he declares, French and Latin. His ideal at that period in religion was a free Protestantism as in Germany under Schleiermacher, or as then in England; in politics he desired local or municipal freedom as in Holland, Belgium and England, attached to a central representation. But knowing that Protestantism was against the nature of the French people, and local government against the constitution of property and society in France, he found it better to aim at other things, at the acquirement of pure knowledge and a fine style, at securing a pleasant social life, at increasing the general well-being, and at possessing ideas that were both disinterested and universal.

For the literary life *per se* Taine had no affection. He disliked its attendant worries and technical details. He probably thought of his early struggles on £50 a year when he wrote "la littérature ne peut être qu'un luxe; il faut chercher ailleurs un gagne-pain."

If space permitted we might refer to many more points of interest in the notes and correspondence. A third volume is to follow which will contain his correspondence during the war and Commune (1870-71) and of the last twenty years of Taine's life, which were exclusively devoted to his book "Les origines de la France Contemporaine."

MEN AND MANNERS OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC. By Albert D. Vandam. (Chapman & Hall. 12s. net.)

WE are taught that we should say nothing of the dead save what is good. What is one to say therefore of a book by a dead author which consists in great part of violent attacks on dead politicians? This is a case of the dead reviling the dead. Not a nice thought, or a cheering one.

Mr. Vandam throughout a long and not uninteresting career as Parisian correspondent and man of letters knew most of the folks worth knowing, possessed a prodigious memory, and a large collection of political notes of by-gone celebrities. From time to time he contributed articles, mainly compiled from these notes, to English magazines. He published several volumes of gossip about things social and political in France, during the second Empire and afterwards, and is generally supposed to have been the "Englishman in Paris" who temporarily

mystified us some few years ago. In a publishers' note to the posthumous work now under review, it is stated that about half the book was in type at the time of the author's death, the rest was extant in the shape of papers and contributions to periodicals. "These papers have been put together as nearly as possible upon the lines which the author himself seems to have intended." The result is disappointing. Mr. Vandam was a sound reliable writer on most subjects, save politics; but his ardent, virulent and unreasoning Imperialism blurred his vision and distorted his appreciation of all men who were not approximately of his way of thinking.

His two pet bugbears were Thiers and Gambetta. Of the former he quotes Victorien Sardou's suggested epitaph (though he forgets to mention its Attic origin):

"Ci-git un très-fin politique,
Qui, pour régner tout seul, fonda la République."

He expatiates on Thiers' meanness, insatiable ambition and personal cowardice, and tries to leave that great statesman, who doubtless like other great statesmen was only human and therefore had his faults, without a rag of character or reputation. But if he is unkind to Thiers, he is positively unfair to Gambetta. He can find no words strong enough to express his hatred of that interesting and complex personality. He says, for instance: "The wonder up to this day is that among all those whom he bullied and hectored, both military and civil, there was not found an officer, a journalist, or a former parliamentary colleague, either to twist his neck or to send a bullet through his brain, and thus rid France of a scourge. It need not have been murder or assassination, an ordinary challenge would have done the trick, for Gambetta was a coward from nape to heel." This is very plain language, and a man who could write thus about a decidedly big statesman is obviously not to be trusted in his opinions on men and events of the time. As to the rest, the book, barring its lopsidedness and partiality, gives a fair picture of men and manners in those confused days succeeding the fatal fourth of September. It is written with much ease and fluency, and not a few new lights are thrown upon events hitherto somewhat obscure or misunderstood. Still, it all happened four and thirty years ago; very nearly all the actors who played their parts more or less successfully on the world's stage of the time are dead, and this exhumation of scandals and blunders seems to be a little unfortunate and belated.

Verse

THE FIRE-BRINGER. By William Vaughn Moody. (Gay & Bird. 5s. net.)

STUDIES FROM ATTIC DRAMA. By Edward George Harman. (Smith, Elder. 5s.)

THE FACE OF THE NIGHT: A SECOND SERIES OF POEMS FOR PICTURES. By Ford M. Hueffer. (Macqueen. 3s. 6d. net.)

FROM A CLOISTER. By Elizabeth Gibson. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

PULSE OF THE BARDS, SONGS AND BALLADS. By P. J. McCall. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

SONGS AND VERSES. By Lady John Scott. (Douglas. 5s.)

LES TENDRESSES PREMIÈRES. Par Emile Verhaeren. (Bruxelles: Deman.)

We hail with pleasure a batch of recent verse which has an unusual proportion of excellence. First by right of merit we would place "The Fire-Bringer" of Mr.

William Vaughn Moody. We noted with praise in THE ACADEMY a previous volume of this American poet. But "The Fire-Bringer" reaches a yet higher level. It is work of remarkable distinction, with a classical breadth and amplitude of diction. The merest snatch is sufficient to declare his quality. For instance:

"A sacred bird
That o'er the springtime waves, at large of dawn,
Off Delos, to the awakening Cyclades
Declares Apollo."

To this expressional gift is wedded a fine imagination, a sustained power of bold and striking imagery. The power of the entire poem, indeed, is unflinching. Not for a long time have we encountered a faculty so rich and authentic as that displayed in this lyric drama. The chief fault is an occasional violence of phrase.

Mr. Harman also offers us lyric drama; but in his case it is translated drama—one being the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus, the other the "Alcestis" of Euripides. The versions are done with such excellent freedom and mastery of language that the reader might frequently suppose himself to be reading an original English poem, and a strongly written English poem. That is as it should be, and to our mind the best praise of poetic translation. The author has sometimes paraphrased with much boldness; but let scholars pick a quarrel with him for this, if they will. We are contented to recognise an admirable and spirited piece of work.

Mr. Hueffer's "Face of the Night" is another distinguished volume; and is in every way worthy of the reputation established by his previous work. He has the power of picturesque simplicity; the lyric instinct and the lyric feeling are strong in him; and his lyric rhythms have an individual music which owes nothing to the suggestions of other poets. A modern of the moderns, he yet can touch rustic homelinesses with conspicuous success. Mr. Hueffer is unmistakably a poet.

Miss Gibson's "From a Cloister" and Mr. McCall's "Pulse of the Bards" have merit of a much less decided kind than the foregoing. The former, in a quiet and modest way, has some poems which show personal thought and sincerity of feeling; which are poems in their degree. The latter's book is good and spirited verse rather than absolute poetry. But it is superior to the "Songs and Verses" of Lady John Scott, which are not more than pleasing derivative verse in the Scottish ballad style. M. Emile Verhaeren, however, brings us back at the close to authentic poetry. His is verse wrought with all the cunning intimacy of the young Belgian school. Its varying rhythms, its *nuances* of feeling and imagination, and something exotic, something decadent over all, make a combination characteristic, singular, which is Verhaeren.

Fiction

DWALA. By George Calderon. (Smith, Elder, 3s. 6d.) Dwala is an ape from Borneo; a fine specimen of the missing link variety. He can talk, wear clothes, and has appreciated the advantages of embracing Christianity. He is destined to take his place in the Imperial programme. But first he is discovered by a pro-Boer M.P., brought to England and introduced to the Liberal party. Hitherto Dwala had been great in a relative sense only, and in comparison with the man in the street; but now he leaps into the front rank: he has his great establishment, his valets and secretaries; he can inspire great passion; he has the genius for filling great

offices and doing nothing. In a word he is the success of a London season. And with his intellect those responsible for his upbringing feel that he cannot be allowed to loaf. He must do something. Become a great writer, scientist, tinker, tailor, soldier or sailor: why not diplomat? no special training is required; and, happy thought, why not Prime Minister! and so on. Mr. Calderon has enjoyed this satire at the expense of the English people; but ingenious as are the conception and humour, there is little doubt that the execution leaves something to be desired. Satire is a great weapon, but it is also two-edged, and must needs be handled skilfully. The reader will be struck by the author's keen perception and ready wit, and sometimes will be influenced by the justness of his satire.

BELCHAMBER. By H. O. Sturgis. (Constable, 6s.) The central figure in this rather depressing story is the Marquis of Belchamber, generally called Sainty, who was cast by Fate to play a brave part in the world's show, and was denied by Nature the ability to play the rôle. "The world is like a huge theatrical company, in which half the actors and actresses have been cast for the wrong parts. Perhaps the hardest case is theirs who by their sex are called upon to 'have a swaggering and martial outside,' and yet, like Rosalind in her boy's dress, start and turn faint at the sight of blood. . . . To be in harmony with one's environment, to like the things one ought to like—that surely is the supreme good." Sainty inherited from his dissipated father a shattered and feeble constitution, a moral cowardice and irresolution that made him the sport first of his mother and relations, afterwards of his schoolfellows, and later on of his wife and her lover. He is a scholar by nature, happy in browsing among books from morning to night, with a modest sum of money sufficient to buy a few books and provide him with the necessities of life. He has no vices, his timid soul shrinks from any display or expenditure of money. He is Puritanical by nature, a gentle sexless creature meant for a convent, and he is called upon to parade before the world as the head of a great house. If the author wished to make Sainty interesting he set himself a difficult task, a task which demanded peculiar skill and insight. Sainty never touches our emotions or claims our sympathy, he is to us as he was to the world, a spiritless, rather priggish, but well-meaning young man. With some of the other characters the author has been more successful; the portrait of Cissy, an utterly vain, worthless woman under the guise of a pretty flower-like exterior, is particularly lifelike and clever.

THE ADMIRABLE TINKER. CHILD OF THE WORLD. By Edgar Jepson. (Nash, 6s.) This is, perhaps, the best novel Mr. Jepson has written since that masterpiece of light comedy "The Passion for Romance," though not on our first introduction to Hildebrand Anne Beauleigh, in the circumstances that gained for him the as yet unqualified sobriquet of Tinker, did we realise his potentialities. When, however, on his eleventh birthday he appeared with the "air of a seraph . . . an angel child" we rejoiced exceedingly, for who does not know the fascination of the angel child in the hands of that cunning artist, Mr. Jepson? The story of this anniversary—Tinker's Birthday Bloodhound—in some respects the happiest in the book, describes a "bullfight" between the hero and "a large and solitary ram, by name Billy," ending in the pursuit of the torador by Billy's owner, and the subsequent discomfiture of that empurpled and injured gentleman by Tinker and the bull terrier henceforth known as his Birthday Bloodhound. Chapter x. relates the adoption by Tinker of a little girl deserted by her uncle at Monte Carlo, and is full of delicate and charming humour. "Voilà des Séraphin" cried "one stout and sentimental baroness" when they entered the restaurant of the Hôtel des Princes, and henceforth the book chronicles the deeds of two angel children. The volume is well produced, though the sad-coloured cover seems inappropriate to this joyous little comedy; we note also that no mention is made, on the title page or elsewhere, of Mr. Jepson's other books.

Short Notices

ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE. By T. Dinham Atkinson. (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.) A quite admirable introduction to the study of English architecture. With such a guide-book to building as this the pleasures of travel will be vastly enhanced, for few people save the elect realise how humanly interesting buildings—churches, castles and houses—become when we can look at them with an understanding eye; there is history in stones. This little book is written clearly and soundly, and is better illustrated than any other work of its kind that we have met with; the illustrations illustrate, which is as it should be, mere pretty pictures are not wanted for such pages. Altogether excellent and useful.

THE COURTSHIPS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. By Martin Hume. Revised with new chapters. (Nash, 12s. 6d.) "But she was a Queen, and a great one." The two supplementary chapters of this new edition of a deservedly popular historical study deal with the personal aspect of Queen Elizabeth's courtships, a thorny subject. Major Martin Hume has, however, skated over thin ice with admirable dexterity, and sums up if not with distinctness with great acumen: "All the love affairs that we have glanced at in their non-political aspect, were but the solace of a great governing genius, who was supremely vain. Though they were accompanied by circumstances which were reprehensible, undignified and indelicate for any virtuous woman, much less a Queen, the arguments and evidence that I have been able to adduce should lead, in my opinion, to the delivery of a verdict of not proven on the generally believed main charge against the Queen of actual immorality." As Bacon (not Lord Bacon as the author has it) said, "love was allowed but lust banished."

PSEUDO-CRITICISM; OR THE HIGHER CRITICISM AND ITS COUNTERFEIT. By Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., LL.D. (Nisbet, 3s. 6d.) Sir Robert Anderson, in the volume before us, attempts what must, we fear, in the nature of things prove an impossible feat. How he succeeded, with Le Caron's aid, in frustrating the second Fenian raid on Canada is, as he reminds us, a matter of history; but the thousand miles of frontier which at that time it was his business to protect are as nothing by comparison with the borders of traditional orthodoxy that lie open to hostile incursion on the part of what he calls the pseudo-criticism. Sir Robert's unbounded enthusiasm for the cause of which he appears, not now for the first time, as a champion, wins our sympathy and regard. But, despite his constantly recurring appeals to the practice and principles of forensic justice, and his warm denunciation of the exasperating attitude of men who in the assault upon revealed religion seem to arrogate to themselves the functions both of witness and of judge, we cannot resist the conviction that here we have a writer who on the other side is little better than are they as he pictures them. To tell the mere truth we do not understand how men who are well assured of the "God-breathed" origin of the Sacred Scriptures can be easily dismayed to see them treated as the subject matter of a variety of more or less inconsistent experiments. Simply as a matter of experience it is obvious that it is by the exhaustion of contrary hypotheses that truth does at last, in every branch of science, get itself vindicated. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength"; and to men who, like Sir Robert Anderson, believe, *fide divina*, that "Jesus is the Son of God," the conflict of hostile voices is but a passing discord. It is this assurance of faith that gives to the most strenuous upholder of the Scriptures, the Roman Catholic Church, the confidence that so amazes the world. And Sir Robert has more in common than he suspects with that "Romish priest with his crucifix" who shares with the Rationalist his suspicion and dislike.

KINGS AND QUEENS I HAVE KNOWN. By Hélène Vacaresco. (Harper, 10s. 6d.) Eight Queens, four Kings, three Emperors, one Empress and the Pope. That seems to be the grand total of Mlle. Vacaresco's Royal list, and

it is probable that there is no other single woman in Europe, not of the blood Royal, who has been on the same intimate terms with a like number of crowned heads. The dearest friend and confidante of Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, she has had exceptional opportunities of meeting Royalties of all nations, and indeed it is common knowledge that she was within an ace of becoming a Royalty herself. Granted that such things have to be done, it would be very difficult—in fact impossible—to talk about “Kings and Queens I have known” in a more discreet way. There is no scandal, no gossip, no ill-natured revelation of private life; nothing in short that a well-bred woman need be ashamed of committing to paper and publishing broadcast. For, according to Mlle. Vacaresco, and there is not the slightest reason to doubt her veracity, the Kings and Queens she has met have all been quite delightful folk, full of charm, grace, high thinking and plain living—which is all exactly as it should be. Here, for instance, is what she has to say of our own Queen Alexandra: “That image of the new Queen in her old Marlborough (House) home remains with me one of unrivalled beauty and sweetness, an image harmonious, fair and dazzling, like the name and title of the exalted lady whose rank is eclipsed by virtues as countless as the gems of her crown.” Incidentally it is a pity that the book has not been better edited; it is full of silly mistakes: Biebrich is spelt Biebrich, the sculptor Begas masquerades as Begag, the Castle at Sinaia is spelt in two different ways on the same page, and there are a dozen other equally ignorant errors. It is so easy to be correct in these things. A well-known journalist, now dead, is said to have spoken of the Kaiser as “one of the pleasantest Emperors I have ever met.” Mlle. Vacaresco is guilty of no such *faux pas*, and her book may be unreservedly recommended.

LA GUERRE DE SEPT ANS, HISTOIRE DIPLOMATIQUE ET MILITAIRE. Par Richard Waddington. Tome II. Crefeld et Zorndorf. Tome III. Minden—Kunersdorf—Québec. (Paris: Firmin Didot et Cie.) M. Waddington is going on with his monumental history of the Seven Years' War, and gives us the account of the years 1758 and 1759—the year of indecisive fighting everywhere, and the year in which Frederick the Great touched the lowest point of disaster, and his ally reached the pinnacle of victory. Though the fighting was not at the Napoleonic pace, and armies went into winter quarters with traditional regularity, yet war was world-wide. M. Waddington has not only to jump from the Oder to the Elbe, and from both to the Weser and the Rhine, but to cross the seas to view, in Macaulay's picturesque phrase, the black men fighting on the coast of Coromandel, and the red men scalping one another by the great lakes. In this survey no strictly limited reviewer can follow him, at least in any detail. M. Waddington is equally careful and thorough in military and in diplomatic research; but it is easy to see that his heart, as is but natural in a distinguished diplomatist, is rather with the envoys and foreign ministers than on the field of battle. His study of authorities is exhaustive, and we notice in particular the great use he has made of that rich source of diplomatic information, the Newcastle Papers, where there is much that the Record Office cannot give. The accounts of battles and campaigns are careful, and written with evident comprehension; but they are not very graphic or stimulating. They agree generally with Carlyle's vivid pictures, but do not leave an impression on the mind like his. In diplomacy, however, where Carlyle is hopelessly to seek, M. Waddington is in his own kingdom, and knows everything. The only complaint one has to make of him is that he gives us so many trees that he prevents us from getting a view of the wood. The illuminating generalisations that seem to light up a whole obscure and tangled jungle of international disputes and negotiations are not his gift as they were the gift of Sir John Seeley. M. Waddington's fairness is very admirable, especially in a French historian. Patriotic as he is, he has obviously but one aim, to get at the exact fact by consulting both sides. He has been, perhaps, too anxious to let the principals in the drama have their own say, and extracts from the manuscript despatches of the generals and

ambassadors fill an appreciable part of his volumes. We cannot quote from a work of this character, for its value lies precisely in its statements of detail. M. Waddington may not have thrown any startling new light on his period, but he has brought a great deal more first-hand evidence to bear on the conclusions already formed by historians, and his work is an invaluable storehouse of facts, carefully gathered, learnedly ordered and fairly stated. A word of praise is due for the interesting plans of battles and operations, some contemporary, some modern, with which the work is illustrated.

Reprints and New Editions

The latest volume added to the Thin Paper Classics (Newnes, leather 3s. 6d. net, cloth 3s. net) is a selection from the LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE. This selection has been made by Mr. C. B. Lucas, who also contributes a short introduction. The letters have been very considerably reduced, but Mr. Lucas tells us that nothing has been omitted “which was from any point of view of real and permanent value.” These letters are already so well known that I should have thought there was no need of a further reprint, but evidently the publishers think otherwise. To us these leisurely written letters, full of small detail and carefully turned phrases, seem indeed to belong to a past age, an age very far removed from our days of feverish notes and hastily written postcards. Mr. Lucas writes of Horace Walpole's mode of living: “If it was not a very ‘strenuous life,’ it was not, at least, a very scandalous one. He, like his great namesake, whom in many ways he rather, perhaps intentionally, resembled—except when he tried to write verses—was somewhat *Epicuri de grege porcus*; but he was not without some virtues.” As for the format of the “Letters,” all I need say is that the present volume is as excellent as any that has appeared in this admirable series. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his introduction to THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS (National Library, Cassell, 6d. net), writes: “Why the English, whose nature it is to be particularly happy and particularly muddle-headed, should have been the one people in Europe to be influenced in so startling a manner by the bitterness and the logic of Calvin, must remain a riddle.” Has Mr. Chesterton overlooked their influence on Scotland? Surely the Scotch were much more drawn to the stern creed of Calvinism than the English, and, what is more, were permanently influenced by it. Mr. Chesterton goes on to say that the Puritan revolution “if anything was a reaction against the Renaissance. It was essentially a barbaric thing, an outburst of the fierce mysterious part of man. It had far more in common with some primitive religion, beating gongs and bellowing at an eclipse of the moon.” It is so easy to misunderstand the Puritan movement of which Mr. Chesterton writes so glibly. I take up now a handsome, imposing reprint of Caxton's translation from the CHEVALIER GEOFFROY DE LA TOUR LANDRY of the *Booke whiche the Knyght of the Toure made to the Enseignement and Taching of his Doughters* (Newnes, 3s. 6d. net). This quaint old book is edited with a glossary by Gertrude Burford Rawlings. The book was written in 1371-2 by the Chevalier Geoffroy de la Tour Landry for the guidance of his daughters in the observance of manners and morals, and has had, so far as we know, only two English translators, one in MS. anonymous, and one by William Caxton, published at his press. This book has only once since 1484 been reprinted, namely in 1868 by the Early English Text Society, so that it will probably be welcome to a good many of my readers. Caxton's Knight of the Tower is of course archaic in language, but a glossary has been provided. Some of it is exceedingly quaint and amusing, although it must be confessed that much of it is dull. I am afraid that the majority of women will not endorse Caxton's opinion that “this book is necessary to euery gentilwoman, of what estate she be,” nor will they expect their daughters diligently to peruse its pages. The present edition is the first illustrated one in England; Caxton's book had no pictures. The illustrations, which are well suited to the text, are by Garth Jones, and altogether it is an excellent reprint of a little-known work. From the Orient Press I have received a slim, tastefully

bound little volume, **THE SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS** (1s. net). The utterances here printed are, of course, disconnected observations of K'ung, the Master, and have been carefully chosen with the view of obtaining a wide interest. **SELECT POEMS** of James Clarence Mangan (Gill, 4d.) contain an interesting frontispiece—a picture of the poet's birthplace, now No. 3 Lord Edward Street, Dublin. The book, bound in paper covers, is handy in form, and should secure more readers for these fine poems. A welcome reprint is Mr. Sidney Lee's **STRATFORD-ON-AVON**, with forty-five illustrations by Herbert Railton and Edward Hull (Seeley, 2s. and 3s. net). It is not only welcome but timely, the celebration of Shakespeare's birthday last week giving point to its appearance. F. T. S.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Clifford (The Rev. Cornelius), *The Burden of the Time* (New York: Cathedral Library Association) 2/6
 Dawson (The Rev. Joseph), edited by, *John Wesley on Preaching* (Richards) 2/6
 Abbott (Edwin A.), *Paradosis, or In the Night in which He was* (Black) net 7/6
 Sabatier (Auguste), *The Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit* (Williams & Norgate) 10/6
 Hunter, M.A. (The Rev. A. Mitchell), *Daniel and the Age of the Exile* (Dent)
 Garvie, M.A., D.D. (Alfred E.), *The Gospel for Today* (Ingles Ker) net 2/0
 Vaughan (Cardinal), *The Young Priest: Conferences on the Apostolic Life* (Burns & Oates) net 5/0
 Lewis, M.B.A.S. (Mrs. A. S.), *Acta Mythologica Apostolorum, with Translation from the Arabic* (Clay) net 12/6 and net 6/0

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Hueffer (Ford M.), *The Face of the Night* (Macqueen) net 3/6
 Gibson (Elizabeth), *From a Cloister* (Mathews) net 1/0
 Scott (Lady John), *Songs and Verses* (Douglas) 5/0
 Moody (William Vaughan), *The Fire-Bringer* (Gay & Bird) 5/0
 Smith (G. Gregory), edited by, *Elizabethan Critical Essays, in Two Vols.* (Oxford Press) net 1/0
 Tanworth (Elizabeth Davis) (Mrs. George Bancroft), *Letters from England, 1846-1849* (Smith, Elder) net 6/0
 Pai, B.A., LL.B. (Nagesh Wishwanath), *The Angel of Misfortune* (Bombay: Mulgaokar) Rs.24
 Russell (T. O.), *The Last Irish King, a Drama in Three Acts* (Dublin: Gill) net 0/6
 Coburn (Wallace David), *Rhymes from a Round-up Camp* (Putnam) net \$1.50

History and Biography

- Robinson (Wilfrid C.), *Antwerp, an Historical Sketch* (Washbourne) net 5/0
 Wood (William), *The Fight for Canada* (Constable) net 21/0
 Colquhoun (Archibald R.), *Greater America* (Harrers) 16/0
 Scott (S. P.), *History of the Moorish Empire in Europe, in Three Vols.* (Lippincott) net 45/0
 Thorburn (S. S.), *The Punjab in Peace and War* (Blackwood) net 1/6

Travel and Topography

- Jekyll (Gertrude), *Old West Surrey, Some Notes and Memories* (Longmans) net 13/0
 Hutchinson (Horace G.), *The New Forest* (Methuen) net 21/0
 Davidson, M.A. (Augusta M. Campbell), *Present-day Japan* (Unwin) 21/0
 Gribble (Francis), *The Story of Alpine Climbing* (Newnes), 1/0

Science and Philosophy.

- Bottoms (S.), *Radium and all about it* (Whittaker) net 1/0
 Allbut (Professor T. Clifford), *Notes on the Composition of Scientific Papers* (Macmillan) net 3/0
 Macculloch (J. A.), *Religion: Its Origin and Forms* (Dent) net 1/0

Art

- Clausen (G.), *Six Lectures on Painting* (Stock) net 5/0
 Great Masters, Part XIII. (Heinemann) net 5/0
 Art Workers' Quarterly (Chapman & Hall) net 2/6
 Williamson, Litt.D. (George C.), revised and enlarged by, *Brvan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, Vol. III. H—M.* (Bell) net 21/0

Educational

- Woodward (William H.), *Desiderius Erasmus: Concerning the Aim and Method of Education* (Cambridge Press)
 Wyatt, M.A. (A. J.), edited by, *Chaucer: The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, &c.* (Tutorial Press)
 Medd, M.A. (John C.), *Nature-study Readers, in three Books* (Routledge) Books 1 and 2 1/6 each, Book 3 1/3
 Buckland, M.A. (F. T.), *The Frank Buckland Reader* (Routledge) 1/6
 Millard, M.A. (The Rev. F. L. H.), *A Short History of Elementary Education in England* (S.P.C.K.) 0/3
 Muss Arnold (W.), *A Concise Dictionary of the Assyrian Language, Part 14* (Williams & Norgate) net 5/0
 Woodhouse, M.A. (W. J.), *The Tutorial History of Greece* (Tutorial Press) 3/6
 Pitman (F.), *How to get Speed in Shorthand* (Guilbert Pitman) net 0/6

Miscellaneous

- Brassey (The Hon. T. A.), *Problems of Empire* (Humphreys) net 6/0
 Atkinson (Thomas Dinham), *English Architecture* (Methuen) net 3/6

- Horne (John), *Starting Points for Speakers, Preachers, Writers, and Other Thinkers* (Oliphant, Anderson) net 2/6
 Banks (D. C.), *The Ethics of Work and Wealth* (Blackwood) net 5/0
 Macdonell, C.B., LL.D. (John) and Manson (Edward), edited by, *Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation, Vol. IV.* (Murray)
 Barnett, Ph.D. (G. E.), edited by, *A Trial Bibliography of American Trade Union Publications* (The Johns Hopkins Press)
 Upward (Allen), selected by, *Sayings of K'ung the Master* (Orient Press), net 1/0
 Brightwen, F.Z.S., F.E.S. (Mrs.), *Quiet Hours with Nature* (Unwin) 5/0
 Risley, I.C.S., C.I.E. (H. H.) and Gait, I.C.S. (E. A.), *India Census Report, Parts I and II* (Calcutta: Government Printing Office) 7/6 and 6/0
 O'Brien (Mrs. William), *Under Crough Patrick* (Long) 6/0
 Pontonville Prison from Within, by One Who has been there (Greening) 6/0
 Shanks (John), *Some Neglected Aspects of the Fiscal Question* (Glasgow: Bryce) (Putnam) net \$1.25
 Hancock (H. Irving), *Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods* (Putnam) net 1/6
 Roebuck (G. E.) and Thorne (W. B.), *A Primer of Library Practice for Junior Assistants* (Putnam) net 5/3
 Waddell, M.B., LL.D. (L. A.), *Report on the Excavations at Patalliputra (Patna)* (Calcutta: Bengal Secretariat Press)
 The Struggle in the Far East, by the Author of "The Expansion of Russia" (Oxford: Bridge & Co.)
 Transactions of the Cambridge Philological Society, Vol. V., part v. (Clay) net 1/0
 Temperance Entertainer, edited by Ernest Pertwee (Routledge) 1/0

Fiction

- "Souls in Bondage," by Percival Gibbon (Blackwood); "Celibate Sarah," by James Blyth (Richards), 6/0; "The Peril of an Empire," by Robert Johnston (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; "Felicitia," by Christopher Hare (Harpers), 6/0; "Many Waters," by Arthur Tomson (Walter Scott), 6/0; "The Love that he passed by," by Iza Duffus Hardy (Long), 6/0; "The Orangery, a Comedy of Tears," by Mabel Dearnier (Smith, Elder), 6/0; "Rosabel," by Esther Miller (Heinemann), 6/0; "A Woman's Tragedy," by Lawrence L. Lynch (Ward, Lock), 3/6; "A Fairy in Pieskin," by "G. G." (H. G. Harper) (Long), 3/6; "The Crime of the Century," by Dick Donovan (Long), 6/0; "The Hazards of Life," by Violet Tweeddale (Long), 6/0; "First Favourites," by Nathaniel Gubbins (Long), 3/6; "A Wise and a Foolish Virgin," by Gertrude Warden (White), 6/0; "The Stone-cutter of Memphis," by William Patrick Kelly (Routledge), 6/0; "A Daughter of the People," by Murray Home (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "Confessions of a Journalist," by Chris Healy (Chatto & Windus), 6/0.

Reprints and New Editions.

- "Stratford-on-Avon," by Sidney Lee (Seeley), net 2/0; "The Works of Sir Thomas Browne" (Edited by Charles Sayle), Vol. I. (Richards), net 8/6; "The Paston Letters, 1422-1509" (Edited by James Gairdner), Vol. IV. (Chatto & Windus), net 12/6; "The Scots Peerage" (Edited by Sir James Balfour Paul), Vol. I. (Douglas); "The House Healthful yet Economical," by T. M. Shalleross (St. Bride's Press), net 0/6; "The Nemesis of Faith," by J. A. Froude (Walter Scott), 1/6; "Merchant of Venice" (Waistcoat Pocket Series) (Treherne), net 1/0; "Letters of Horace Walpole" (Edited by C. B. Lucas) (Newnes), net 3/6; "The Knight of the Tour," by G. de la Tour Landry (Edited by Gertrude Burford Rawlings) (Newnes), net 3/6; "The Watchers," by A. E. W. Mason (Arrowsmith), 3/6; "The MS. in a Red Box" (Newnes), 0/6; "Prose Writings of James Clarence Mangan" (Edited by D. J. O'Donoghue) (O'Donoghue, Gill & Bullen); "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth," by Martin Hume (Nash), 12/6; "Sermons to Boys and Girls," by the Rev. John Eames, M.A. (Allenson), net 1/6; "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Edward Gibbon, Vol. iv. (Richards), net 1/0; "The Wealth of Nations," by Adam Smith (Richards), net 1/0; "The Captain of the Guard," by James Grant (Richards), net 1/0; "Mr. Midshipman Easy," by Captain Marryat (Richards), net 1/0; "A Man Adrift," by Bart Kennedy (Greening), 0/6; "The Convict Colonel," by Fortuné du Boisgobey (Greening), 0/6; "The Poetical Works of John Milton," two vols. (Macmillan), net 3/6 each.

Juvenile

- St. Nicholas, Vol. XXXI., Part I. (Macmillan) 6/0

Periodicals

- "The Medical Book News," "The Printseller and Collector," "Mind," "Journal of Theological Studies," "North American Review," "University Record," "Pall Mall Magazine," "The Royal," "The Troubadour," "The Dial," "Pictorial Comedy," "Atlantic Monthly," "Boy's Own Paper," "Girl's Own Paper," "Leisure Hour," "Friendly Greetings," "Sunday at Home," "Longman's," "Caswell's," "Mazazine of Art," "The Reliquary," "Ainslee's," "Empire Review," "Temple Bar," "Macmillan's," "Century Illustrated Monthly," "St. Nicholas," "School World," "Woman at Home."

Foreign

Theological and Biblical

- Chantepie de la Saussaye (P. D.), *Manuel d'Histoire des Religions, traduit de l'Allemand sous la direction de Henri Hubert et Isidore Lévy* (Paris: Colin) 16f.

History and Biography

- Simon (Gustave), *L'enfance de Victor Hugo* (Hachette)

Miscellaneous

- Weber (Dr. Ludwig), *San Petronio in Bologna* (Leipzig: Seemann)
 Blotz (J. F. D.), *Das Aufkommen der Sage von Braban Silvius, dem Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, Vol. III. H—M.* (Bell) net 21/0

Reprints and New Editions

- "Le Forum Romain et Les Forums Impériaux," by Henry Thédénat (Hachette)

Periodicals

- "Altpreussische Monatschrift," "La Bibliofilia."

TRAINS OF THOUGHT III.—Backstairs

BY G. S. STREET

I HAD occasion recently to talk with an actor and went for the purpose to the stage door of his theatre. An actor's room at the theatre, especially if he is a manager, is a natural place of business for him, of course. I have heard a man of letters, however, object to such an appointment, complaining of the backstairs approach and more especially of a dressing-room for the scene of a business interview, as being unsuited to his dignity. Not so I! On me the stage door, up some narrow alley for choice, the dim porter's lair and the cramped staircase never pall. I trust sincerely that even if I am ever rich and famous no actor will ever suggest coming to see *me*, or appoint his club or private house for a rendezvous. I can go to clubs and private houses any day; for me the stage door! You go up the narrow alley, curiously eyed—and *that's* a pleasure!—by sympathetic loafers; you push open the stage door—it opens to the palm like doors on a stage!—the porter, or whatever the attendant there is called, sends up your card, grudgingly, as one who guards the privacy of a great man; another man beckons mysteriously from above; you go up the narrow staircase and follow him along a passage, where—who knows?—some charming lady in her “make-up” may frou-frou past you; a gentle tap—you are admitted to the sacred room. And let that room, I beg, always be a dressing-room. I love the grease-pots and the paint-pots. I love the looking-glasses and the litter. I love to see the actor change before my eyes as we talk, and I shall never forget the pleasure I had when one, gentlest and most amiable of mortals, turned suddenly and confronted me in a fierce Syrian beard and eyebrows to match. Ah, the stage door and behind the scenes! The mystery, the intimacy, the infinite suggestion! Gently, gently, my muse, we are men of letters.

Thackeray complains somewhere of the dinginess and meanness behind the scenes in contrast to the lights and brilliance of the stage. So do not I. The managers, I am sure, insist on the dinginess and meanness from a native love of dramatic contrast, an artistic sense which for the moment Thackeray wanted. I think it helps to conciliate our affection for Thackeray that in the midst of his many great excellencies he so often lets us feel superior to him. He wanted more light and more brilliance, as who should want a chop instead of coffee after dinner. The complaint is characteristic, a part of his theory of disillusion; just as he would insist that actresses and singers and dancers, so gay and beautiful before the curtain, were all old and haggard and wrinkled behind it. The artistic soul would count it disillusion only if before the curtain the effect cheated his memory; what he sees behind is a fresh experience altogether. But as a matter of happy fact actresses are more often than not as beautiful off the stage as on it, and often far more agreeable, in Thackeray's teeth. Many have talents apter for private than for public success. For myself, I have never been disillusioned in this way, and if I had been the pride of it would have well supported me.

Backstairs! In the theatre or out of it their charm is everlasting. Think of the backstairs of kings and courts, of Whitehall and Charles II. and N—no; we

have heard too much of the hussy, who was by no means the most interesting of those ladies, jolly but rather simple set as they were. There have been wickeder and more dramatic intriguers than those who used the backstairs of Whitehall, but Charles the Second's Court stands as a type of backstairs influence, since there it was so all-powerful. Backstairs influence! The thing itself is generally mean and commonplace enough, but even in these days what an enchantment in the name! Even in these days it suggests all kinds of romance. Backstairs influence! The Minister, stern and business-like, speaks to the deputation, inartistically huddled about. Yes, gentlemen, the demand is reasonable; I will see that it receives due attention. The deputation thanks him in matter-of-fact phrases; its slovenly frock-coats, its baggy trousers, its common commercial faces are shown out. The Minister is alone, and—hist! a mysterious rap. He flushes, wavers, pulls aside a piece of tapestry. A secret panel is pushed slowly open. A beautiful radiant figure enters. She threatens, flatters, cajoles. Then do as you will. I am your slave. She puts forth a white hand, flashing with jewels, seizes the memorial of the Protectionists, Free Traders, War Office reformers, what you will, and tears it in pieces with a triumphant laugh. She had come up by the backstairs.

That is the gay suggestion. Alas for the reality! If we searched very cleverly for backstairs influence in English political life we might find that a Minister's wife, not beautiful but merely persistent, had persuaded a Minister to give her sister's husband's first cousin a very minor appointment. A little while ago the phrase was used (very foolishly) about the decision of a statesman on a question of politics, and it turned out that the backstairs influence meant was that of another eminent statesman, an old gentleman of over seventy, all that there is of the most respectable. Alas for romance! Even a modern king, at least an English king, can give your imagination no assistance based on fact. If he wished he could not confer public honours without public reasons. He can give his private friends the honour of his society—and even that undoubted right will be criticised by the disappointed—and that is all.

A few years ago we heard a great deal of feminine influence at the War Office. But what was alleged was merely that weak officials had yielded to the open pressure and persuasion of ladies in their own intimate society. In any society if men grow weaker, women are apt to grow stronger, and if it is true, as it is sometimes pretended, that our statesmen are of weaker fibre than of old, no doubt the influence of women would gain; not, as with the strongest men in all times, the influence of immemorial arts, but the influence of domineering wills. But *that* is not backstairs influence. There is no fascination for our fancy there.

We must go back to past ages for backstairs influence with really lively and dramatic effects. But the backstairs remain, and I say that they are always delightful. They suggest that you are more intimate, further “ben,” as the Scotch say, than before. Even in private houses I will reach my room that way whenever it is possible.

Egomet

I HEAR again and again that the great age of fine letter writing has for ever departed, that to-day we have no Walpole, no Lamb, no Cowper, no FitzGerald. But who shall sit in judgment on his own times? It is for the generations to come to determine whether we can or can not indite epistles worthy to be read in cold blood, when both writers and receivers are become dust. For my own part I am no pessimist with regard to any branch of literature, I love my own age none the less because I look up with reverent eyes to the giants of the past. May I not be rubbing elbows with giants whom perhaps I cannot recognise as giants because of the number of mighty men of letters who adorn this year of grace? But then, let me tell you of one woman who in the future may be placed upon the shelves of book-lovers, alongside of the most charming of letter writers—Lamb.

My friend, for so I am honoured to call her, is a gentlewoman of a certain age, the age of iron-grey hair, of a seemly lace cap, of sedate walk and of quite becoming crows'-feet. I meet her now and again when she visits our noisy town and more seldom when I go down to pleasant N—, with its grey cathedral, red-roofed houses, busy market, frowning castle and beautiful outlook upon the low-lands lying East. I write to her some half score of times a year and she to me perhaps twice as often. My letters are no letters, but merely notes, saying that I am well or ill, that I am reading this or that book of which I think this or that, or that I have met Jane or Arthur or Wilberforce—cousins of ours—mere notes. But her letters are letters and of the best.

I READ them again and again and seek to solve the secret of their fascination. They convey no information of any intrinsic interest, they do not tell me anything of any one I care to hear about; when analysed they seem to be mere disjointed chatter. After all, is not that the essence of the perfect letter? Walpole's letters are epistles, another matter altogether. A familiar letter should be the written chatter of one friend to another, such exactly are the letters of my friend. She tells me of her toothache, the remedy she has applied to it and its failure or success; she details for me the progress of her garden; she sets forth the difficulties that have presented themselves to her in choosing a new covering for her parlour furniture; these and such like little affairs form the background to the portraits she paints for me of her friends, her enemies and of herself.

THUMBNAIL sketches they might be called; some of the originals I have met in my visits to N—, some I have never seen save in the pages of those letters, but how clearly I have seen them as there set forth, with all their little ways and tricks of manner and of speech. But above all I value the full-length portrait my friend has unwittingly drawn of herself; the portrait of a good, pure, honest-hearted gentlewoman; unselfish, modest, yet with a trusting hope that heaven may be for her. Is there anything in the wide world more to be honoured or loved than such a woman? She makes me proud of humanity.

E.G.O.

Science

A Shout with the Crowd

AFTER all, one must follow the fashion. The "literary" men have had their chance with Spencer's "Autobiography" and have naturally taken it. My small knowledge of Greek at any rate suffices to prevent me from calling them *critics*, because I have seen no sign amongst them of acquaintance with Spencer's work—so that the possibility of *judging* is denied them. But I wish to show, as best I may, where Spencer failed, not that I pretend to admire the motives which cause little people to yap at great people—whom, of course, our imperfect comprehensions can only imperfectly comprehend—but because the study may be of interest to readers of THE ACADEMY who know something of our debt to this illustrious man.

Let us first take the subject of psychology, of which Spencer is a universally acknowledged master. When faced with the old problem as to whether our knowledge is all derived from experience, or is partly *à priori*, Spencer concluded that all our knowledge and forms of thought are *à posteriori*—i.e. the result of experience—to the race, though some of it is *à priori* for the individual. It was impossible, as he thought, to explain such conceptions as those of space, time, motion, &c., as derived from individual experience; he therefore concluded that they are the result of long-drawn racial experience, and that the individual inherits them as *à priori* forms of thought or "innate ideas." This much-admired idea is palpably a compromise. It certainly appears to explain away our difficulties, but it has an unphilosophic look about it, and subsequent psychological and biological study has disposed of it. Certain of the ideas, such as that of space, which Spencer thought to be incapable of analysis, have been successfully analysed, and modern psychology is assured that Locke was right and that all our knowledge, including the very forms of thought, is the product of individual experience. Innate ideas are a myth. Knowing that this conclusion is now some decades old, it was of special interest to me, when seeking for the contemporary Oxford view the other day by reading Professor Case's long, lucid and deeply learned article on "Metaphysics" in the new volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in which, of course, he successfully demolishes every metaphysician that has ever lived, to find that his one good word for Spencer consists in referring to this exploded view as a "brilliant suggestion," to which he later reverts for its supposed value.

The ancestral-ghost theory of the origin of religions must also count as, at any rate, a partial failure. No one would care to assert that religions never arose in the manner supposed by Spencer, but, on the other hand, no one would now support him in the view that this and this alone was the manner in which religions arose. Probably Professor Tylor, of Oxford, has added much more to our knowledge in this matter than Spencer did.

Most of us know that, in the words of Mr. John Murray's admirable new magazine "School," Spencer was "the great educational reformer of the nineteenth century." But he was a rigid and absolutely uncompromising opponent of State-education, and prides himself, in his Life, on remaining so at 73, though conscious that practically the whole world was against him. Of course this is not a matter to be decided off-hand, but at any rate, few can deny that there is far more to be

said in favour of State-education than Spencer cared to recognise.

Closely allied to this was Spencer's opposition to compulsory vaccination. He went into this matter when the utility of vaccination had been proved as conclusively as anything outside mathematics can be proved, yet came to the conclusion that vaccination is useless. Of course every one knows that, both in this instance and the last, Spencer was biassed by his view of the duties of the State. His *laissez-faire* individualism was a heritage of his youth and it seized upon his mind with never-relaxed tenacity. It is interesting to me to trace the history of the conflict in Spencer's mind between this political doctrine which he had inherited and the doctrine of evolution which he had himself evolved. The victory went to the older and more deeply-rooted conviction. For it is perfectly plain to us that the modern extension of the functions of the State—such as teaching children and protecting them against disease—might conceivably have been predicted centuries ago, by any one who had the formula of evolution as part of his mental equipment. The law of specialisation which Spencer worked out with such invaluable results in so many other directions, must apply here also, on his own assumption that evolution is a universal process. Hence the curious result that later thinkers, without his early bias, but entering unbiassed into the heritage with which he dowered them, have almost unanimously rebutted their teacher's conclusions as to the functions of the State in this and many other directions.

Of course I am not so foolish as to assert that of the thousands of ideas and conclusions which Spencer left us, there are not several others that have yielded to the criticism of men who have made a life-study of the particular branch of thought to which they relate; but I have tried to select the most conspicuous and important instances in which various details of the synthetic philosophy are being modified. As its author once said, when some enthusiastic admirer, who had somehow missed the whole lesson of the law of evolution, declared that it would last for ever—"Shall my words be the only things in the Universe that do *not* evolve?"

C. W. SALEEBY.

Personalities: Mr. H. H. Davies

THERE exists a popular theory that the dramatic critic and the dramatist should be two separate individualities; Mr. Hubert Henry Davies is a living witness to the fallacy of such an arbitrary distinction. Mr. Davies is an Englishman—one of our brilliant young moderns—who crossed the Atlantic at an early age and took up the position of musical and dramatic critic to the "San Francisco News Letter." The critic was an earnest student with a purpose in life, and he devoted much of his spare time to learning those subtle tricks of dramatic art which, unfettered by convention, are so necessary to the construction of a good play.

Never once did Mr. Davies lose sight of the end in view, and at last his chance came; Mlle. Pilar Morin, the talented artist who was recently taking the leading part in a Japanese play at the Tivoli, commissioned him to write a short sketch to be produced by her at a benefit performance for the Red Cross Society in connection with the Spanish War. The result was Mr. Davies' first essay in dramatic art—"A Dream of Love"—enacted one afternoon at Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco.

This fascinating sketch was played by Pilar Morin a

short time ago in the Victoria Hall, Hôtel Cecil, at a reception given in her honour by Mrs. Heron Maxwell, and it is to be hoped that other opportunities of witnessing it will be afforded to London playgoers.

Mr. Davies next went to New York, where his name had become known through the very favourable notices



MR. H. H. DAVIES

written on his dream play, which had attracted much attention in San Francisco, and he now made the acquaintance of Mr. Frohman. This well-known manager lends a theatre once a month to Mr. Sargent, the dramatic coach, for the use of his pupils, with the right of securing for himself any play they perform. When a one-act drama from the pen of Mr. Davies—"Fifty Years Ago"—was produced, Mr. Frohman arranged for its public presentation; the play was a great success, exceptionally good notices of it appeared in the New York papers, and Mr. Davies thus created for himself a public in the Eastern as well as in the Western centre of American dramatic art.

Genius, ambition and energy were, however, destined to win for the young playwright even greater honours. He came to London bringing with him as capital three new plays which were disposed of in a very short time. One of them went back across the Atlantic at the request of Miss Elsie de Wolfe, the charming young actress who made such a remarkable success as a ghost in the "Shades of Night," the curtain-raiser to "Cousin Kate" when last that play was running at the Haymarket Theatre. She accepted "Cynthia" when she had read the first act, and produced this comedy at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, in March of last year; circumstances have fully justified her premature verdict. Miss Ethel Barrymore is in England, and "Cynthia" is to be produced at a West End theatre very shortly. The remaining two-thirds of Mr. Davies' capital—"Mrs. Goringe's Necklace" and "Cousin Kate"—fortunately fell into the hands of London managers, and who shall say that either Sir Charles Wyndham or Mr. Cyril Maude committed an error of judgment in accepting the manuscripts of a playwright previously unknown in England?

Mr. Davies is a great favourite with his friends, for he has a generous disposition, is loyal to the companions of

his youth, and, as may be easily imagined, has a keen sense of humour, which adds considerably to the charm of his unaffected style of conversation. He is devoted to his brother, who is a clever artist, and success, which is so often an element of discord in families, has only served to strengthen the bond of union between these two men. His remarkable memory and observant eye should be powerful factors in the perfecting of his life's work—that work with regard to which he is so reticent. In his own words he is desirous that it should "speak for itself." It has already spoken clearly enough to announce him as an ideal writer of realistic comedy, and with sufficient force to assure us that our aroused curiosity will not suffer from his personal modesty.

EDITH A. BROWNE.

Dramatic Notes

IN "The Rich Mrs. Repton" Mr. Carton has nearly achieved a fine comedy, as it is he has provided an entertaining but unconvincing mixture of comedy and drama; the comedy is wrecked by the introduction of drama, as it ever must be, and the drama is reduced to a bundle of old stage tricks by being pitchforked into the midst of a comedy. How is it that our present-day dramatists will persist in leavening their comedy with melodrama? Mrs. Repton is, as the title of the play tells us, rich, and she is also, as she would tell us herself, "a good sort." She sets aside a part of her mansion to be used as a club by her impecunious male friends, who, by the way, appear to be sufficiently well-to-do to obtain their clothes at expensive tailors and to have enough petty cash to be eternally smoking cigars and cigarettes. Among the frequenters of the club are the impecunious Lord Charles Dorchester, the tame cat Kempshaw and Paul Rance, a dramatist. The last and the first are rivals in love, and Mrs. Repton is the *deus ex machina* who settles the fates of her *protégés*. All is bright, light, witty, amusing, until the unnecessary melodrama, in the shape of a couple of blackmailing blackguards, a man and a woman, is introduced; then at once we begin to weigh the why and the wherefore of everything and to test the motives of the persons of the play, and all falls to pieces.

THERE is not very great scope granted to any of the performers in "The Rich Mrs. Repton"; most of the work is allotted to Miss Compton, who plays in her accustomed hard style, a touch of geniality in voice would be refreshing; the only other actor who really leaves any impression on the memory was Mr. Eric Lewis, who was quite delightful as Kempshaw. Mr. Lewis is always the same and always amusing, but this sameness must, of course, militate against the impression of reality made of any play in which he appears, and surely he is too clever an actor not to be able to give us some variety in look, tone and gesture in his next impersonation? Some of our most popular performers are always alike, no matter what may be their part. They should remember that such sameness destroys illusion, and should reform it altogether.

"THE FLUTE OF PAN," Mrs. Craigie's original comedy in four acts, met with an extremely enthusiastic reception at Manchester on Thursday last. Miss Olga Nethersole as the Princess Margaret—a part utterly unlike Sapho, Magda, and Carmen—delighted and as-

tonished those who have maintained that comedy was not included in her gifts. Some important scenes in the third and fourth acts were much disturbed by loud and inexplicable incidental music which was due, no doubt, to inefficient stage-management. Mr. Gilbert Hare—who has perfect diction, distinction of manner and the art of showing real power even under the lightest dialogue—appeared to brilliant advantage as the representative of a Royal House of more antiquity than strength. As a character study no praise would be too high for his performance, and when he is word-perfect his scenes should bear comparison easily with those of the best successes of the best French comedians. Miss Sarah Brooke was most *piquante* as a "morganatic cousin"; she made all her points with a light sure touch, never struck a false note or blurred an effect. As Lord Feldershey, Mr. Edward Fielding produced a highly favourable impression on the audience. He has a good presence; he does not strike attitudes; he was often nervous but he was always a gentleman. The rôle is not an easy one for a young actor, because it is not written in the sham-heroic style for the so-called gallery, which is becoming, by the by, very weary of vulgarity. The part of Lord Feldershey has to be played with dignity, reserved feeling, a sense of humour and the ease which comes only from long experience of the stage and the world. On the whole, therefore, Mr. Fielding can be congratulated. Miss Helen Ferrar as the hero's handsome mother was excellent. She was always "in the picture," and all her lines were received with keen interest. Miss Esmond and Miss Bourne as ladies in waiting were exceptionally good. It would be interesting to dwell at some length on Miss Nethersole's performance. The rôle of the Princess Margaret is far more subtle than the very raw sketch of Daudet's Sapho as adapted by Mr. Clyde Fitch. Miss Nethersole's Sapho is remarkable in many ways: she means it to represent a repulsive type degraded and unloved, and she plays it with fierce courage. But in "The Flute of Pan" she has to show tenderness, charm, gaiety, pure love, and, in the abdication scene, something approaching real tragedy. She succeeded in her task, and when she has filled out the details of her present reading the creation should take rank with her finest, as it is certainly her most sympathetic work.

THERE is much of human nature and therefore much of merit in "The Wheat King," the play founded by two American ladies on the late Mr. Frank Norris' novel, "The Pit." I have not read the story, but it would be easy to guess, and guess correctly, from various loose ends in the play that it had been founded upon a book. The theme of the play is the spirit of gambling, not at the board of green cloth or upon the turf, but in the wheat market. Too many details are given of the life of those who deal in wheat in "The Pit," for after all the interest of the play lies not in its realistic detail, but in its strong, broad picture of a strong man eaten up with the lust of winning dollars by gambling in wheat. The contest necessary to a play of human interest is between the man, Jadwin, the Wheat King, who lives for business only, and his wife Laura, who, going to the opposite extreme, asks her husband to make his home the centre of his life. As I have said, there are various ragged ends which should be cut off. Jadwin shows signs of incipient illness, which never develops, as I am told it does in the book, and in the same way a match-box plays a large but purposeless part in Act ii. The scene in the Pit, too, is unnecessary for the development of the play, and is merely a spec-

tacular scene which cannot be carried out properly on so small a stage. Take it for all in all, however, this play is strongly human, and therefore warmly welcome.

Of the players only two need be mentioned. Curtis Jadwin was excellently well acted by Mr. Murray Carson; it is a powerful piece of character drawing and is powerfully realised by the actor, who admirably conveys the growth of the fierce, absorbing spirit of speculation, and is truly pathetic in the last scene when the Wheat King is dethroned and finds peace and welcome in his wife's arms. As bright, amusing Miss Page Dearborn, Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay—who bears an honoured name—is capital, as lively and personable a young woman—or lass—as has been our fortune to see for many a day. This new recruit should go far. Altogether a play to see.

“‘OP O’ ME THUMB,” recently produced by the Stage Society, is now being played at the St. James’ Theatre in front of “Saturday to Monday.” Luckily most of the original cast are available, including Miss Hilda Trevelyan, who shows something akin to if not actually genius in the name part, Miss Bussé, who acts excellently as one of the laundry girls, and Mr. Nye Chart as the costermonger. An interesting little play admirably performed.

Musical Notes

THE musical references in Herbert Spencer’s Autobiography are not very numerous, but one or two are interesting. Take the following, for instance, on the subject of opera, written after the young philosopher’s first visit to Covent Garden (or was it Her Majesty’s?) in 1845:

“I was dreadfully disappointed. I was not roused to an emotion of anything like enthusiasm during the whole time. The inconsistency of recitative dialogue, the singing words of wholly opposite meanings to the same harmony, etc., etc., so continually annoyed me as to destroy all the pleasure due to the music or the story. Neither was the effect of the music so great as I had anticipated. The effects of its several parts were not powerful enough to render them fit portions of so large a composition. The structure wanted a massiveness more in proportion to its size. As it was it gave one the idea of rickettiness. It seemed to me that a series of pretty airs and duets did not constitute an opera as rightly conceived.”

The opera referred to in this passage was “La Sonnambula,” and there is probably not a single cultivated musician to-day who would not endorse the foregoing judgment so far as it relates to that particular work.

BUT what is rather curious—or would be so if it were not quite readily explained—is that though Spencer diagnosed so clearly in this way the weaknesses of old-fashioned opera, he failed to perceive in later years, when he came to hear Wagner, that the objections which he had formulated in the case of the earlier works no longer held good—that it was in respect of these very points in fact that Wagnerian opera constituted such an enormous advance on all that had gone before. Opera is, of course, a convention and the “inconsistencies of recitative dialogue” which Spencer condemns are part

and parcel of that convention; yet in Wagner they are diminished to the smallest extent possible—it is a more logical and consistent convention which Wagner employs than can be found in any other opera writer. Again the “singing words of wholly opposite meanings to the same harmony, etc.” totally disappears from the Wagnerian scheme; while the greater massiveness in the general structure of the musical framework which Spencer desiderated is certainly realised in his scores.

A priori therefore one might have thought to find Spencer hailing Wagner as that ideal operatic reformer which in point of fact he was. In reality one finds him recording as follows his impressions of a visit to one of the Albert Hall concerts in 1877:

“As we came downstairs the lady of the party was accosted by an acquaintance with the question—‘Well, how did you like it?’ To which her reply was—‘Oh, I bore it pretty well’—a reply which went far to express my own feeling. I discussed the question with the Leweses, who had been to these same performances; and though George Eliot, herself a good musician and a cultivated judge, said that the music pleased her, yet she confessed that it was lacking in that dramatic character which it especially aims at—did not give musical form to the feelings which the words expressed. I remember observing of two songs, quite different in the sentiments verbally embodied, that the melodies might just as well have been exchanged. Moreover, I observed that the musical phrases were very generally of kinds to be anticipated. They were not like those of true musical inspiration which suddenly discloses beautiful combinations one would never have conceived, but they were of familiar types.”

Such judgments, George Eliot’s included, read strangely enough, it must be confessed, to us who, nearly thirty years later, have come to love our Wagner as the most inspired dramatic composer that music has ever known.

APPARENTLY, however, Spencer never saw one of the master’s works on the stage. Had he done so he might conceivably have been induced, like others, to change his earlier views. Another passage on the same subject goes to show that one element at least of Wagner’s strength he clearly perceived:

“I came to the conclusion that he was a great artist, but not a great musician: a great artist in the respect that he understood better than other composers how to marshal his effects. To make a fine work of art it is requisite that its components shall be arranged in such ways as to yield adequate contrasts of all orders: large for the great divisions and smaller for the sub-divisions and sub-sub-divisions; and that there shall be contrasts not of one kind only but of many kinds. Wagner, I think, saw this more clearly than his predecessors. Complex music as ordinarily written is not sufficiently differentiated.”

Spencer seems to have perceived too, what is, of course, a commonplace to-day, how greatly Wagner’s orchestration gained from his employment of his instruments in families or groups when he wanted certain effects. But how incredible it seems that any one who had ever heard, say, the “Meistersinger” overture or the “Tristan” Liebestod, as doubtless Spencer had, could have pronounced their composer “a great artist but not a great musician”!

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A STUDENT'S LIFE IN PARIS IN 1859. By VAL C. PRINSEP, R.A.

Art Notes

At the Dutch Gallery in Brook Street is a most interesting exhibition of work by Mr. Forrest, whose oil painting places him, at a bound, far above any work he has so far given us, except perhaps the excellent portrait of Gladstone in church. He shows some sixty paintings of Morocco, painted with the restricted palette necessary, as the process printers hold, for the best results in three-colour reproduction; and he tackles the problem with a sharp eye for those results, as is proved by the excellence of the few specimens from these paintings which Messrs. Black, of Soho, are about to collect together into one of their handsome books of colour pictures. The largeness of the handling, the breadth of the colour, and the procuring of strong colour values by placing pure colour strokes side by side rather than by making the paint muddy by mixing of tints, all make for most successful reduction for illustration. But Mr. Forrest's mastery of his craft would end in little if it were not for the charming gifts that go to the making of his pictures. He shows a feeling for "situation," as the stage folk call it, and for character, both in regard to the people, their manners and walk and gesture, and in regard to their surroundings and way of life, which is perhaps only fully appreciated by such of us as have lived amongst them. The whole effect of the exhibition is one of freshness of sight, and of quick appreciation for the telling features of the people of Morocco and their land, whether in the "Going to Market," the large "Well—Tangier," in the "Grain Market—Mogador" or the "Travellers by Night." And the white and lilac scheme of "The Narrow Way" shows what subtle values may be got by a clever craftsmanship from what seems a crude and very limited palette of seven colours.

At the Goupil Gallery Mr. Bertram Priestman has a one-man show of his landscapes; and it is always a pleasure to brood over work which displays a true poetic sense, a fine feeling for the greens and greys and darks and lights of fields and streams, work which is always distinguished by great beauty of colour, seen with a large breadth of vision, and set down within the four sides of the frame with a strong decorative sense that landscape-painters only too often lack.

At the rooms of the Alpine Club, off Conduit Street, the members of the '91 Art Club hold their exhibition, amongst the most successful portion of which the crafts claim the leading place. There is a little miniature entitled "Sue" which is altogether charming.

VERESTCHAGIN, the Russian artist who went down on the ill-fated battle-ship outside Port Arthur, met his death in the way that he would have chosen, at least fittingly. His name is nearly forgotten in England today—indeed the tragedy of his death alone brought him back to fame, for his success here was a success of scandal, which, poor fellow, he of all men was the last to desire and least deserved. His pictures of war were attacked for their brutality, and I well remember my surprise on entering the rooms where they were hung to find that they were the ordinary thing, treated with restraint and calm judgment—works not to be compared for fire and emotion with the words of his catalogue. I had expected to find the ghastly sort of horrors one associates with Goya's terrible etchings; but any school-girl might have been taken to see them without a flutter. Indeed his technique was not of the best, though he

wrote strongly on the faults of the Old Masters. His life's work would have passed over the edge of the world and been forgotten; but the manner of his death will make him immortal.

As these lines are a-printing, I shall be walking the galleries of the Royal Academy, making notes for criticism; but there is one criticism which I should like to record before seeing anything—except what all the world may see without the shilling—the colossal equestrian figure in the courtyard of Watts' "Physical Energy," an awful and inartistic name, by the way, for a statue. Why not "The Horse and its Rider" or "Strength," or "Power," or "Manhood"? However, to his eternal shame, did not Stevenson commit the literary vulgarity of calling a book of English essays "Virginibus Puerisque"? And were not Ruskin's names for many of his books worthy of a shopwalker who has smattered Latin at a Polytechnic? Think of the man who invented the splendid "Seven Lamps of Architecture," calling an English book "Munera Pulveris"! to say nothing of "Fors Clavigera"! But to get back from literary vulgarity. Surely a rich national institution like the Royal Academy can afford to give critics a season ticket? And that, too, for "critic and friend." And, above all, surely the artists who contribute to the whole success of the Academy's annual enrichment should be entitled to go with their families to the Private View.

THE dealers' galleries in the Haymarket are always well worth a visit—and both Messrs. Tooth and Messrs. McLean have treasures upon their walls this season. Messrs. Tooth have their anteroom devoted to the fine landscapes of Fritz Thaulow, who shows here a wider range than is his wont outside Paris—from his sunlit "Village on the Dordogne," to his chill river scene where the sluggish stream rolls between snow-covered ice-bound sides. His very fine night scene "L'Idylle" is here also, and his "River in Normandy." Harpignies sends a characteristic and beautiful "Sous Bois," and there is a delightful Corot. A good Diaz, a dainty Orchardson, and a gemlike Rico add their attraction to a show that contains many valuable works.

MESSRS. McLEAN, amongst other good things, show one of the most beautiful Harpignies I have seen for many a long day; and Corot's "Hay Cart" also hangs on their walls. There is a charming example of Alfred Stevens, one of his fashionable beauties of the 'seventies, in a pink dress—how wonderfully Stevens recorded the women of that day. Here also is one of the most masterly examples of Muller's classical manner in his splendid landscape "Tivoli." Whilst Le Sidaner is represented by his exquisitely poetic "Une Impasse."

At the Ryder Gallery, in Albemarle Street, is an exhibition of paintings by Mr. Vigers; and Mr. John Varley shows a number of water-colours of Egypt at the Hanover Gallery in Bond Street; at Messrs. Vicars Brothers' Galleries in Bond Street is an exhibition of the work of a famous living engraver, Mr. Joseph Pratt—ranging from his well-known large steel engravings of animal subjects after Peter Graham and Rosa Bonheur to his fine mezzotint plates after the eighteenth-century portrait painters, work for which his apprenticeship to the splendid master of mezzotint, Lucas, particularly fits him. The large mezzotint of the King after Luke Fildes' portrait is here amongst his other work.

Correspondence

Kant's Ethical Principle

SIR,—Your contributor, who kindly refers to me as "my friend," seems to think that Kant's "noble life" is a refutation of his doctrine of "radical moral evil." May I suggest that such a remark does very scant justice to the great thinker's keen insight and moral depth? What his doctrine really meant is expressed by Bunyan's words when he saw a murderer being led to execution, "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bunyan"; by La Rochefoucauld's maxim, "Il y a des gens de qui l'on peut ne jamais croire du mal sans l'avoir vu; mais il n'y a point en qui il nous doive surprendre en le voyant"; Pascal's "Pensée," "L'homme conçoit une haine mortelle contre cette vérité qui le reprend et qui le convainc de ses défauts . . . Il met tout son soin à couvrir ses défauts et aux autres et à soi-même, et il ne peut souffrir qu'on les lui fasse voir ni qu'on les voie"; by the confession of the Apostle Paul, "The good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do"; and by the acknowledgment even of Rousseau, "Il n'y a pas d'homme qui n'ait d'odieux défauts."

No nobility of life in any of these great men could blind him to the "radical moral evil" in human nature; and if science loftily assures me that this ought not to be and cannot be, I am constrained to reply, in the name of literature, like Molière's heroine, "Hippocrate dira ce qu'il lui plaira, mais le cocher est mort."

I trust that your readers will forgive me for returning to this question, which possesses a literary interest nearly as great as the moral interest.—Yours, &c.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

"Of"

SIR,—Prepositions govern the objective, but the word "mine" is in the possessive, hence "friend of mine" is grammatically wrong, no matter what may be its force colloquially in sentences like "He is no friend of mine"; and even so would not "He is not my friend" or "He is not friend of me" be equally emphatic, while being more strictly correct? "He is no friend of mine" seems equivalent to the clumsy, and withal nonsensical, sentence "He is not a friend belonging to that which I possess."—Yours, &c.

J. B. WALLIS.

"What Makes Her"

SIR,—So far none of the answers to my query touch the point that I mooted. Coleridge writes "What makes *her*," while all of the answerers give "What makes *she*," as does the editor of whom I complain. "You" may be either the nominative or the objective; but "her," as I take it, is the subject of the infinitive "to be," understood. Can any one give me another example?—Yours, &c. JOHN B. TABB.

Lord Acton

SIR,—I read in an extract from an article by Mr. John Pollock, quoted in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, that Lord Acton said on some occasion: "I was once with two eminent men, the late Bishop of Oxford and the present Bishop of London (Stubbs and Creighton)." There is evidently some mistake here. Bishop Stubbs survived Bishop Creighton by some three months. Bishop Creighton died a week or two before Queen Victoria. Bishop Stubbs preached before King Edward VII. the Sunday after Queen Victoria's funeral. Hoping I shall not seem hypercritical.—Yours &c. H. B. F.

[Many other letters are held over for want of space.—ED.]

Owing to pressure on our space the Chess Column is crowded out

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

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Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

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The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

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Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE.—Could any of your readers inform me the date and particulars of the first jubilee in honour of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon? It was, I believe, known as "Garrick's Jubilee." Why was this?—*R. H. Wilson (Tooting).*

"LIKE A CHURCH."—"II. Henry IV., Act ii. scene iv. l. 248.)

Falstaff: A rascal bragging slave! The rogue fed from me like quick-silver.

Doll: I' faith and thou followdest him like a church.

What is the point of this simile?—*E. W. Hendy (W. Didsbury).*

"A LONG SPOON."—I find this in Shakespeare, as an implement "to sup with the D—." But what is the origin of the saying?—*W.F.*

LITERATURE.

AUTHOR WANTED.—Can any one tell me who it was who said, "I would sooner have written 'The Christian Year' than have won the battle of Waterloo"?—*Malta.*

STEVENSON'S EPITAPH.—In the epitaph written by R. L. Stevenson for himself there occurs the following line:

"And I lay me down with a will."

In using the word "will" did he mean his Last Will and Testament? It will be remembered that the learned novelist was at one time a member of the Scottish Bar, and would therefore know of the advisability of leaving a Will to regulate the succession to his means and estate.—*King Coyle (Glasgow).*

SCENES IN "IVANHOE."—Templestowe in "Ivanhoe" is identified with Temple Newsham, near Leeds. Can "Coppinhamst," "Rotherwood," "Torquilstone," &c., be identified with places still extant?—it being remembered that the site of the great Trysting Tree in Harthill Walk is commemorated by a young oak planted two or three years ago by the Duke of Leeds.—*Scathelock (Worksop).*

* "TUSHERY."—Robert Louis Stevenson in his "Letters" refers to "The Black Arrow," and romances written in a similar style, as "tushery." What is the exact meaning and origin of the word?—*G. E. Wakerley (Nottingham).*

EARLIEST SONNET.—What is the earliest example of the sonnet in English literature? The earliest I can find is by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, but I think there must be some earlier.—*B. (Dublin).*

GENERAL.

FEMALE PSEUDONYMS.—Is there any instance in English literature of a man having written under a woman's name? Some have conjectured that Fiona Macleod is a man, but with the exception of this possible instance I can find none.—*B. (Dublin).*

"KATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN."—Whence is Ireland's poetic name, Kathleen ni Houlihan, derived? Does it commemorate some famous heroine of that name, or is it of symbolic significance?—*Deirdre (Dublin).*

COINCIDENCES.—How are we to account for these name-agreements in the Revised Version of Ezekiel xxxviii.—Roshai, Muscovoh, Tobolsk, Hindu-Koosh, Targoman, Persia, &c.?—*W.F.*

* AN OLD EPITAPH.—The subjoined is copied from a tombstone in St. Dunstan's, Aldersgate, London. There is some "catch" in the rendering of it, but I never met any one who could explain it. It is said that the late Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Tennyson both spent hours on hours trying to translate the lines and neither succeeded. Can any reader give the correct rendering either in Latin or English?:

Quon tris di e vul stra
Os gulis ti ro um nere vit
H san Chris mi t mu la

—*Provincial (S. Shields).*

"HOPE AGAINST HOPE."—I find "To hope against hope" defined as "to hope without hopeful prospect." I should be glad if it could be explained to me how this latter meaning can be expressed by the actual words "hope," "against," "hope," or how it has come to be so expressed by them.—*H.T.*

"GOOD-BYE."—What is the significance of the common farewell—"Good-bye"? Does it mean good or God by you—thus bearing relationship to the Irish "Slán leat," and the French "Adieu"?—*Deirdre (Dublin).*

"PETER OF BARNET."—This is the title of a poem containing the following lines:

It chanced that on the cold wet field we found
A mountain daisy blooming all alone.
I paused and spoke of Burns, the Scottish bard;
Peter had heard the name,—I then couched o'er
The lines unto the daisy in a tone
Most tender and affecting.—Peter looked
As he would look me through,—he could not ween
Of feeling for a flower, and yet he felt
A kind of sympathy, that overpowered
All his philosophy.

I am inclined to think the passage is Robert Southey's; but his poems have been searched in vain. Can any reader trace it?—*A.K. (Denbigh-shire).*

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

SONNETS.—The late Oscar Wilde proposed (in "Blackwood's Magazine") a theory that the hero of the sonnets may have been some youthful actor who played female parts, and suggested that his name may have been William Hughes (cf. the W. H. of the Dedication, and Sonnets ix., cxxxv.).—*R. B. Boswell (Chingford).*

LITERATURE.

* "THINK LONG."—All over the North of Ireland the expression "think long" is used familiarly for "to pine," "to weary," "to be homesick," "to be lonely." A child at school would "think long" for his mother—a lover for his lady. No North of Ireland person would see any difficulty in Milton's phrase—he would take it to mean that the "wolves wait, and pine, or weary, till they devour thy tender docks." I have more than once found North of Ireland phraseology in English books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.—*A.A. (Belfast).*

BACON.—Answer received from A.G.

* "GENIUS."—Carlyle's dictum in "Frederick the Great" as to "genius" meaning "transcendent capacity of taking trouble, just of all" is probably a reminiscence and a judicious modification of Buffon's more unguarded words: "Le génie n'est autre chose qu'une grande aptitude à la patience" ("Disc. de Réception à l'Acad."). Hogarth is also stated to have pronounced "genius" "nothing but labour and diligence."—*R. B. Boswell (Chingford).*

GENERAL.

"TAKING A SIGHT."—Putting the right thumb to the nose and spreading the fingers out. This is done as much as to say, "Do you see any green in my eye?" Tell that to the marines." "Credat Judeus, non ego." Captain Marryat tells us that "some of the old coins of Denmark represent Thor with his thumb to his nose and his four fingers extended in the air," and Panurge (says Rabelais) "suddenly lifted his right hand, put his thumb to his nose, and spread his fingers straight out" to express incredulity.—*M. M. Dobree (Colwich).*

"PHILOMOT."—Answers received from A.G. and F.E.G. (Dublin).

"TICKHILL! GOD HELP IT!"—This is not the form in which I have known it for more than thirty years. The saying runs: "Tickhill! God help him!" (or "you"). Thus: "Where are you from?" "Tickhill!" "Then God help you!" "Where does he belong?" "Tickhill!" "Then God help him!" It is said of this place that it is "God forsaken!" and "The last place God made and never finished!" I do not think the phrase is older than the making of the Great Northern Railway, which cut off Tickhill from direct traffic from London northwards, destroying its prosperity as a market town, and at the same time put an end to the Great North Road coaching systems.—*Thos. Rutcliffe (Worksop).*

"THE ADVENTURES OF DON BELLIANIS."—From App. II. of Mr. John Ormsby's translation of "Don Quixote" I learn that "Historia del valeroso y invencible principe, Don Belianis de Grecia," published at Burgos in 1547, was written "by Jeronimo Fernandez, a Madrid advocate. There is an English translation of which an edition in chapbook form was current in the last century" (i.e. the eighteenth). I possess a copy of this translation. It is a 12mo of 120 pages bound in calf, and the title page contains the following full account of the contents: "The Honour of Chivalry, or The famous and delectable History of Don Bellianis of Greece, containing The valiant Exploits of that magnanimous and heroic Prince, Son to the Emperor Don Belianco of Greece. Wherein are described, the strange and dangerous Adventures that befel him: with his Love towards the Princess Florisbella, Daughter to the Soldan of Babylon, Translated out of Italian."

Sed tamen est tristissima janua nostra,
Et labor est unus tempora prima pati.

London. Printed for H. Woodgate and S. Brooks, at the Golden-Ball in Pater-noster Row. (Price One Shilling).—*E.G.B. (Barnsley).*

SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.—Scotland, called Caledonia, "coel-y-dun" or high forest land, by the Romans, was Albyn to the Gael; but it became Scotland under the Dalriads, a colony of Scotti from the North of Ireland who settled in Cantyre and Argyle. They came over under Fergus Mac Eri about the year 475, and his great-grandson, named Adcan, became first King of the Scots in Britain; Ireland or Hibernia was Ierne to the ancient Greeks, and these Scotti were locally called Cruithne, meaning "tattooed," and they are first called Scotti by Ammianus Marcellinus in connection with the Picts, who were also painted or tattooed Britons, who retreated to Caledonia before the Roman advance; this was about the year 361 A.D.; and it thus appears that the Scotti came at first, before their final settlement, as allies or mercenaries of the Pictish kings. Claudian the Roman poet, living about 361, names the Scotti, with one "t"; so *scathed*, a form of tattooing by incisions in the flesh, which made the colours more permanent than mere superficial painting as with woad. It is usual to accept the statement of Bede, the ecclesiastical historian, as final, when he states the "Scotti qui Britannia incolunt"; while Ireland was then the "Insula Scotorum."—*A.H.*

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The Academy and Literature

EDITED BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

No. 1670. Established 1869.

London: 7 May 1904.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.]

Literary Notes

MR. MAX BEERBOHM'S "The Poets' Corner" (Heinemann, 5s. net) is really very funny, and more than that in many cases it provides very sound criticism. The first plate, Omar Khayyam, is perhaps the best, being a delicious new view of the Poet and Thou; the Coleridge table-talking is capital, and so is the grotesque W. B. Yeats. Sir Henry Irving—or is it Dante?—at Oxford is quite impressive. Thank you, Mr. Beerbohm; such funning as this is wholesome, especially for the unco' serious.

IN the May magazines there are two delightful articles dealing with two men of letters of very different characters and repute, one by the late Canon Ainger in "Cornhill" telling of Lamb, who has won his reward in the love of countless thousands of readers; the other by Mr. James Baker in the "Fortnightly" telling of R. D. Blackmore, known to the many as the author of "Lorna Doone," known to the few as the writer of many other tales that picture truthfully the sweet story of our English countryside. Canon Ainger narrates the events of a visit paid by him, while preparing his study of Lamb for the English Men of Letters, to Widford in Hertfordshire, which brought him into contact "with persons not remotely connected with Lamb's early history."

"BLAKESMOOR" of the Essays was not, as we all know, the Gilston of Mr. P. G. Patmore, but Blakesware hard by Widford, at which last named village Canon Ainger met Mrs. Tween, daughter of Randal Norris, Lamb's dear friend. Mrs. Norris was a native of Widford, to which she returned after her husband's death, so touchingly described by Elia in a letter to Crabb Robinson, and where her two daughters had established a little school; there were two Mrs. Tweens, for the sisters married brothers. From his acquaintance Canon Ainger learned that Nancy Simmons was the name of Elia's fair-haired maid Anna, saw in her old-fashioned farmhouse-looking abode Lamb's gifts of his own books, the "thin quarto" of John Lamb the elder's poetical pieces and various pleasant relics. He visited the church, where is the grave of Mrs. Field and the site of Elia's Blakesmoor. In the pages of "Cornhill" all we lovers of Lamb may take part in that literary pilgrimage.

IN conclusion Canon Ainger asks what has given their unique position to "those slight essays of Lamb," and

answers, "What is it constitutes the virtue which gives permanence to literary work of so slight, so apparently ephemeral a character, as these rambling disquisitions on matters so personal to the writer himself? What makes us not merely forgive, but be perennially grateful



"MAARTEN MAARTENS"

(Dr. J. M. W. van de Poorten-Schwartz)

[Photo. Elliott and Fry]

for, these miscellaneous confidences of a London clerk of homely origin and prosaic occupation? No answer can be given, save the undying attraction that belongs to the union of sincerity and charm, which means purity of heart and tenderness—itself gold and turning to gold all it touches—the charity which in literature, as in life, is the grace that is above all graces."

It would be difficult to name a writer who differed more from Charles Lamb than did Blackmore, so robust, so full-bodied in style. We learn almost with surprise from Mr. Baker that he was an intense lover of Thackeray, from whom also he was so different. Of Blackmore the man the world knows little, which fact makes Mr. Baker's paper the more interesting and useful. It would serve no purpose to attempt to anticipate the verdict of posterity, but this much may safely be predicted—that Blackmore will not eventually be judged merely as the author of "Lorna Doone"; he himself, we are told, "became annoyed at the persistency of the public about this one book; and on one occasion he exclaimed: 'It's a pity the book was ever written, a pity it cannot be destroyed.'"

BLACKMORE was modest as he was great, judging in literary matters for himself but never considering his judgments as necessarily final; writing of Meredith he says: "Not that I care for his books, the style is too jerky and tangled, and structure involved, and tone too dictatorial for my liking. Still, he is emphatically an authors' author and the best men admire him beyond all others, and so I conclude that my judgment is wrong."

MRS. CRAIGIE ("John Oliver Hobbes") is about to publish through Messrs. Burns & Oates a booklet entitled "The Science of Life." The psychology of St. Ignatius Loyola and that of Tolstoi are brought into contrast, with many illustrations chosen by an acute and friendly observer of modern life; while Thomas Aquinas is pressed into service as a supporter of the pleasures of the young people of to-day, and of the self-sacrifice they suffer to attain them: "The young pay sweetly and patiently for their little dances and finery; they make their sacrifices cheerfully; they have an instinctive philosophy which they cannot formulate; but when the pains and responsibilities of life surprise them they show, as a rule, a courage which puts professional sufferers to shame." Mrs. Craigie treats of "tired souls," and attempts an answer to two modern problems: "Where do I come in?" and "What is the matter with realities?"

"SAINT GEORGE" for April is a good number; of the articles in it I may mention "Art and Puritanism" by J. W. Mackail and "Ruskin on Boyhood," from which I quote some genial words of the critic on boys:

"It was usual to say that 'boys would be boys': they could not be anything else. But if by the expression it was meant that a boy is something light and frivolous, he did not believe it. The boy ought to be in all ways a true boy—eager to play and ready to work. He ought to play more than a man, but we made him work harder, and we never gave him work interesting enough for him. This, however, was all being corrected now. Boys now were being allowed to play; nay, in our great public schools they were being compelled to play. Some boys never wanted to play, and could not be made to play, and these were not the right sort of boys at all. The one thing they had to recollect in working was this—and he believed very few people would tell it to them—that it is just at this time of life that their work is most important. It was terrible to him to think how lightly people made of boys' life. They thought and said, 'It does not much matter; he is but a boy; he can make it up afterwards.' No; all through life they could not make up life they had once lost."

MR. HEINEMANN has in preparation a translation of "Jena oder Sedan" by Max Beyerlein, the writer of

that effective play "Zapfenstreich." The story deals very frankly with German military matters. There seems to be arising a tendency among the novelists of to-day to turn fiction into a means of discussing social and political problems, a tendency against which urgent protest is called for. Sermons in pulpits and pamphlets from parliamentarians are acceptable to those who like them, but neither pamphlets nor sermons have any place in works of fiction. A novel should be a picture of life, dealing with human character and human nature, with the problems of everyday life, not with politics social or other. It is the novelist's duty to tell us the story of a human soul or—on a lower plane—to narrate for us a series of exciting adventures; that has been the course pursued by all the great masters, by Fielding, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, Meredith, to mention only our own countrymen. All this is but the repetition of the obvious, a necessary repetition for it is strange how oblivious of the obvious many of us are apt to be.

COMMENT in these pages is not often called for by the contents of "Pearson's Magazine," but in the May issue there are some reproductions of striking Japanese paintings of incidents in the war against China, pictures far more vivid on the whole than any I remember to have seen by Western artists. Japan has learnt much from us, she can still teach us somewhat.

THERE is almost a plethora of reading in the March issue of "Folk-Lore," the quarterly publication of that admirable and hard-working body the Folk-Lore Society. Well worthy of study are the Presidential Address of Professor York Powell and "The Story of Deirdre in its Bearing on the Social Development of the Folk-tale" by Miss Eleanor Hull. "Collectanea" is full of interesting matter, notably "A Witch Doctor's Kit, from Magila, East Central Africa" and "Folk-Lore of the Negroes of Jamaica." It is to be presumed that every student of sociology is a member of this Society, of which Mr. F. A. Milne, of 11 Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, is the secretary.

"DANA," the new Irish magazine, makes a brave start, among the contributors being Professor Dowden with a sonnet on Millet's "The Sower," and Mr. George Moore with "Moods and Memories," from which I quote a pleasant description of a London Sunday morning:

"As I sit at my window on Sunday morning, lazily watching the sparrows—restless black dots that haunt the old tree at the corner of King's Bench Walk—I begin to distinguish a faint green haze in the branches of the old lime. Yes, there it is green in the branches; and I'm moved by an impulse—the impulse of spring is in my feet; indiarubber seems to have come into the soles of my feet, and I would see London. It is delightful to walk across Temple Gardens, to stop—pigeons are sweeping down from the roofs! to call a hansom, and to notice, as one passes, the sapling behind St. Clement's Danes. The quality of the green is exquisite on the smoke-black wall. London can be seen better on Sundays than on weekdays; lying back in a hansom, one is alone with London. London is beautiful in that narrow street, celebrated for licentious literature. The blue and white sky shows above a seventeenth-century gable, and a few moments after we are in Drury Lane. The fine weather has enticed the population out of grim courts and alleys; skipping ropes are whirling everywhere. The children hardly escape being run over. Coster girls sit wrapped in shawls contentedly like rabbits at the edge of a burrow; the men smoke their pipes in sullen groups, their eyes on the closed doors of the public-house. At the corner of the great theatre a vendor of cheap ices is

rapidly absorbing the few spare pennies of the neighbourhood. The hansom turns out of the lane into the great thoroughfare, a bright glow like the sunset fills the roadway, and upon it a triangular block of masonry and St. Giles' Church rise, the spire aloft in the faint blue and delicate air. Spires are so beautiful that we would fain believe that they will outlast creeds; religion or no religion we must have spires, and in town and country—spires showing between trees and rising out of the city purlieus."

A COMMITTEE has been formed to collect funds for the erection of a memorial to James Clarence Mangan. Subscriptions or requests for further information should be sent to Mr. C. J. McCarthy, City Architect, Dublin. Lovers of Irish letters should welcome this project and will doubtless support it generously.

MR. CHURTON COLLINS has a paper in the "Contemporary" on "The Nestor of Living English Poets," Mr. Gerald Massey, a survivor of the strenuous days of Chartism, from which I quote some enthusiastic words:

"No one indeed can go through the two volumes of Mr. Massey's poems without being struck with what struck George Eliot when, as she made no secret, she drew the portrait of their author in Felix Holt—the innate nobility of the character impressed on them. Whatever may be their defects as compositions, and it may be conceded at once that they are neither few nor small, they have never the note of triviality. Instinctively as a plant makes towards the light, the poet of these poems makes towards all that appeals and all that belongs to what is most virtuous, most pure and most generous in man. In some he kindles sympathy for the wrongs and miseries of the poor by giving pathetic voice to them; in others he pleads for the victims of injustice and oppression in his own and in foreign lands. Here he calls on the patriot, there on the philanthropist to be true to trust and duty. No poet has painted more vividly or dwelt with more fervour on the virtues which have made us, as a people, what we are at sea, on land, in the home."

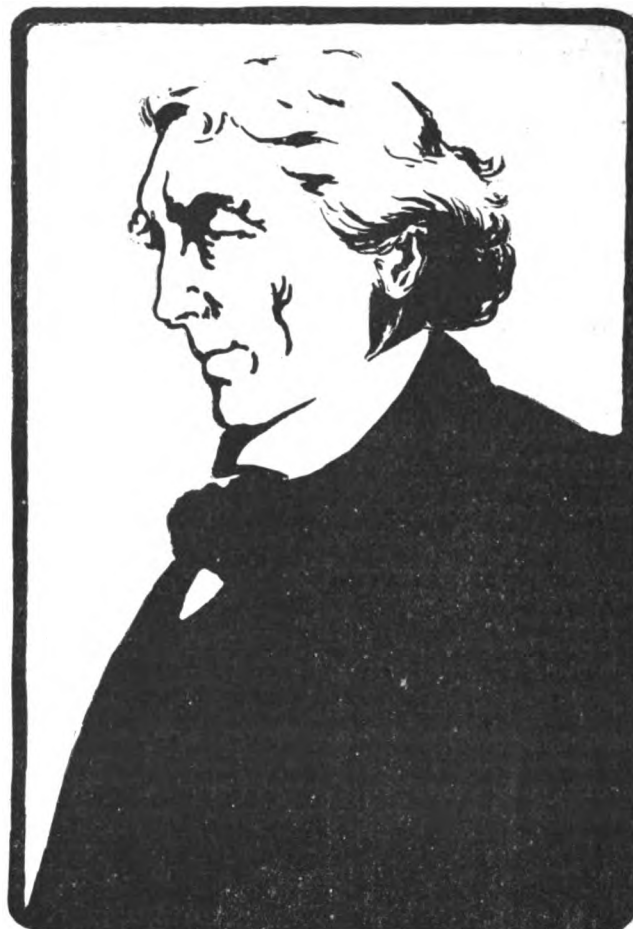
The whole article is good reading.

MR. JOHN FYVIE contributes to "The Independent Review" much curious lore concerning "The Life of John Buncle, Esq.," of which Life Hazlitt said "John Buncle is the English Rabelais," an unacceptable criticism. What a curious mania is this for dubbing one writer with another's name and suggesting that he is his counterpart—the Belgian Shakespeare, the English Maeterlinck, the this, that and so forth, and ever misleading and unfair to both parties. In the same Review there is an appreciative notice of Mrs. Paget Toynbee's "Letters of Horace Walpole." Altogether an excellent number of this excellent periodical.

THE "English Illustrated" continues its series of biographies and bibliographies of living men of letters with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Hall Caine. This series is not only interesting but extremely useful and will, I trust, be issued presently in book-form, interleaved so that the bibliographies may be kept up to time.

WITH the swallows and the Spring comes Part I. of "Royal Academy Pictures" (Cassell, 1s. net), well printed as ever and no more could be said. The frontispiece is a photogravure reproduction of the President's portrait of a model bathing, called "A Nymphs' Bathing Place."

NEXT year will be the fourth centenary of the birth of John Knox, and preparations are being made to ensure that the anniversary shall be celebrated in a



SIR HENRY IRVING

manner at once befitting the reputed theological bent of the Scottish people, and the fame of a man who more than any other individual influenced the religious and political course of Scotland's history. The General Assemblies, which meet this month, are being "humbly overtured"—this is the ecclesiastical phrase for a recommendation from the inferior to the superior church court—to take the necessary steps to secure the success of the celebration, and no doubt they will vie with each other, if they do not conjoin, in promoting the worthy recognition of such an important event. One of the commemorative proposals is the erection of a monument in St. Giles' Church in Edinburgh, as near as possible to the pulpit from which Knox preached.

Knox's name is associated in literature with two works, and of one of these the title is consistently misconstrued. The "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women" is not, as the title is usually interpreted, a tirade against women in general, but against the rule (regimen) of women; directed against Mary Stuart, his own Queen, the book proved a veritable rock of offence when it became necessary for the Reformer to secure the good graces of Elizabeth. But his great work is, of course, the "Historie of the Reformation in Scotland," which is not only picturesquely personal, but in parts, as Professor Hume Brown claims, deserves the high praise that by the substantiation of facts by abundant original documents

it satisfies the criterion of modern historical criticism, though of such historical virtues as large and sane views of human affairs the Professor admits that Knox was totally void. But, with all his faults, Knox was a great man, and Scotland recognises the fact and will be ready to profess its faith.

A REPORT just issued shows that during March the Corporation of Glasgow spent almost £1,000 on the purchase of pictures, in addition to £600 worth received from an anonymous donor. Now an association on the part of the National Art Collection Fund has been formed in the city "for the purchase of works of art to be exhibited in or presented to the civic collection, and for the fostering in any other way of a taste for good art." It looks as if the city were in almost too big a hurry to relieve the emptiness which at first seemed to characterise the extremely commodious new galleries opened at Kelvingrove three years ago.

THE game of golf has not been the theme of much good verse, though in the days when it was a more esoteric cult Carnegie and others had sung the joys of the sport and the fame of its heroes. But its recent developments have attracted the makers of light verse, and one of these, Mr. R. K. Risk, has collected from the pages of "Golf Illustrated," "Punch," and the "Pall Mall" and "St. James' Gazette" a series of his contributions which he proposes to issue as "Songs of the Links." Mr. Morton of Edinburgh will be the publisher.

Bibliographical

THE neat two-volume edition of Milton's Poetical Works which Messrs. Macmillan have just added to their "Library of English Classics" has an interesting "Bibliographical Note" from the pen of Mr. Alfred W. Pollard. Therein we are reminded that the first-printed of Milton's English verse was his "Epitaph on the admirable Dramaticke Poet, W. Shakespeare," which appeared among the preliminary matter of the second folio edition of the Plays in 1632. "Comus" was printed in 1637 at the request of Henry Lawes, who, as we all know, had written the music for the performance at Ludlow Castle in 1634. "Lycidas" came in 1638 as part of the literary memorial of Edward King. The "Poems of Mr. John Milton, both English and Latin, Compos'd at several times," dates from 1645, and Mr. Pollard tells us the story of the "portrait" of the poet which formed the frontispiece. The second edition of this volume came in 1673. Meanwhile "Paradise Lost" had appeared—probably, Mr. Pollard thinks, in the autumn of 1667. Of the numerous title-pages bestowed upon the volume Mr. Pollard gives a very readable account. The second edition came in 1674, and the third in 1678. Milton received, altogether, £10 for the poem, and his widow £8. The title-page of "Paradise Regain'd" (and "Samson Agonistes") is dated 1671, but Mr. Pollard shows that the book was really issued late in 1670. "The publisher's trick of post-dating it has thus caused all literary historians to assign it to the wrong year."

The student of literary history cannot afford to neglect even the least promising books. Take, for example, Mrs. George Bancroft's "Letters from England, 1846-1849." It has a strong literary flavour. As early as page 9 one is confronted with this passage: "Just as we entered Birmingham I observed the finest

seat . . . that I had seen on the way. On inquiring of young Mr. Van Wart (the nephew of Washington Irving) whose place it was, he said it was now called Aston Hall and was owned by the Bracebridges, and was the veritable 'Bracebridge Hall,' and that his uncle had passed his Christmas there." On page 16 comes the first of numerous references to Samuel Rogers, who figures throughout the volume in a very favourable light. On a later page Mrs. Bancroft meets Macaulay and "hears him talk not a little." Further on there are little pen-pictures of Sir Henry Taylor, Kinglake, Carlyle ("uttering his paradoxes in broad Scotch"), Walpole's Agnes Berry, Sir Archibald Alison, Hans Christian Andersen, Tom Moore (only "a wreck, but a most interesting one"), Mrs. Somerville, Thackeray ("who showed me a piece he had written for 'Punch'"), Emerson, Lord Jeffrey, and so forth. There is quite a full-length portrait of Lady Byron at fifty-five. Rogers claimed that he had introduced her originally to Byron—not knowing, let us hope, what a bad turn he was doing him.

The "Collected Library Edition" of Mr. Swinburne's Poems will, of course, be in many respects a joy to its possessors. There are, no doubt, good reasons for the plan adopted in distributing the Poems over the six volumes; but at first sight the distribution seems not very felicitous. On this point, however, the poet must be allowed to know best. It is pleasant to see that the contents of the promised book of new poems are to be included in the last volume of the "Collected Edition." That will gratify everybody. But especially pleasant is the intimation that the fifth volume will include the "Heptalogia"—"with additions." That is a blessed phrase, for new verse-parodies by Mr. Swinburne must needs be welcome. The "specimen page" given on the announcement-circular reveals the fact that the width of page and size of type adopted will not allow of the poet's longer lines of verse being presented without overlapping. This is especially ugly to the eye when the turn of a line is represented by "a lonely word."

Of Professor Knight's promised edition of the poems of Wordsworth (Newnes, Ltd.), it is a little disquieting to read that "In some cases the original text has been preferred, at times the version of intermediate years has been adopted, and in other instances MS. readings have been adopted." I hold most firmly that in reprinting a writer we should take the latest text printed during his lifetime, and therefore presumably approved by him. All other "readings" should go into the notes or the appendices.

It would appear, by the way, that Messrs. Newnes' reprint of George Wither's Poems is not to include the satires, though "The Shepherd's Hunting" and "Faire Vertue" will be represented. Both of those pieces were reproduced by Henry Morley when, in 1891, he included "Poems by George Wither" in his series of "Companion Poets." Morley also reproduced some of Wither's "Hymns and Songs of the Church," "A Ballad," "A Christmas Carol," "A Dream," and the "Sonnet on a Stolen Kiss."

It is pleasant to know that the great Lord Burghley is to receive at last an adequate literary celebration. The volume projected by Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack should serve to wipe out the reproach that has so long rested on our historians and biographers. All this time, in the shades, it must have been distressing to his lordship to reflect that he had no place in literature save in the woeful tragedy of "The Spanish Armada," as portrayed in the pages of "The Critic."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

The Days that are No More

OLD WEST SURREY. By Gertrude Jekyll. (Longmans. 13s. net.)

IN one of his all too rare book-reviews, published some few years since in the "Daily Chronicle," Mr. Swinburne described the work of which he was writing as "one of the few books which are well-nigh too praiseworthy for praise." The author of the work in question did not, it is certain, echo Tennyson's "I could not forgive the praise," for, coming from such a quarter, it must have made him a very proud man indeed. But to the great master of letters a liberty of praise is accorded of which if the apprentice availed himself he would at times stand the risk of being charged with something approaching over closely to impertinence.

And so it is with extreme diffidence that I venture to apply the words of Mr. Swinburne to Miss Jekyll's book, convinced though I am that they are entirely applicable.

Readers of the "Life of Mrs. Oliphant" may remember the incident of a young and unknown writer being introduced to the novelist. His indiscretion may have been due to embarrassment, or to unbounded self-esteem. Be it how it may, he acknowledged the honour by breaking into fulsome praise of her tale, "A Beleaguered City," recognised by most of her admirers as her masterpiece. "What! my good young man!" is Mrs. Oliphant's own record of her mental comment, "will nothing satisfy you but 'A Beleaguered City'?"

Well, well, the risk must be taken, and Miss Jekyll's indignation hazarded. This is the best book of its class that has appeared for at least a dozen years.

"I have thought it desirable to note, while it may yet be done, what I can remember of the ways and lives and habitations of the older people of the working class of the country I have lived in almost continuously ever since I was a very young child."

This was the task the author set herself, and nobly she has performed it. It is possible for an outsider with special gifts of observation and special qualifications of training to enter on a district new to him, and by comparison of things he has observed elsewhere with things to which his attention is then first drawn to throw unexpected light on the origin of a custom or the use of an implement which have passed out of memory of that district's inhabitants.

But as a rule the sort of patient research and faithful recording of facts which the compilation of a work of this character demands is most likely to be displayed by the dweller in the district. There is the love of the place to assist the keen intelligence.

On the first page of her book Miss Jekyll strikes a note that will find an answering one in the hearts of all whose creed it is that "old friends, old wine, old books" are best. Friends may be animate or inanimate, and amongst them those who cling to the ancient ways reckon buildings.

"It is to be regretted that where alteration or rebuilding became a necessity it should not have been done in a way that agrees with the best traditions of the district."

How many of us have silently used the same expression when, going a favourite country walk, or when, returning after a long absence to a familiar district, we

have found, not only the old landmarks swept away, but the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not. That is as easy, as sanitary, as convenient, and as economical to rebuild with due regard to "the best traditions of the district" Miss Jekyll has proved for herself, and by consulting the photographs of cottages erected by her and comparing them with those of buildings of ancient date it is to be hoped that other owners of dilapidated cottages may be induced to follow her example. No doubt Miss Jekyll would be pleased to show any hesitating owners the buildings themselves. It is not merely a slight to one's own good judgment, and to the susceptibilities of one's family—(one might as logically paste brown paper over a window with a fine view), but it is an insult to the public at large, a crime against the State—would that it involved a penalty!—to erect an ugly building.

It is difficult to decide between the respective charms of the timber-framed cottages and those that are tile-hung, so great is the charm of both. Proportion and simplicity of ornament were the watchwords of the old builder, and so long as the depth and breadth maintained a due relation to the height a simple brick moulding was sufficient to impart character and even dignity. Nowadays one is confronted with what Mr. Walter Crane once described as a rectangular brick box with a slate lid. The brick box by itself can be merely mean or squalid, according to whether it has stood one year or twenty. When it is decorated with "stone dressings" it can achieve a vulgarity, a flauntingness, that is more offensive than either. So much for the houses.

"Common things of daily use, articles of furniture and ordinary household gear, that I remember in every cottage and farmhouse have passed into the dealers' hands, and are now sold as curiosities and antiquities. Cottages, whose furniture and appointments had come through several generations, are now furnished with cheap pretentious articles, got up with veneer and varnish and shoddy material. The floor is covered with oilcloth, the walls have a paper of shocking design, and are hung with cheap oleographs and tradesmen's illustrated almanacs. This is the modern exchange for the solid furniture of pure material and excellent design, and for other things of daily use—all the best possible for their varied purposes—that will be presently shown and described."

It is a lamentable indictment, but how irrefutable! One has but to compare the two types of Windsor chair depicted side by side on page 57 to realise the extent of the loss. And in that instance even the depth of the degradation is not fathomed. It would be necessary in order to sound the lowest depths to place in juxtaposition a linen hutch, such as that in the illustration on page 51, and a modern painted chest of drawers, the legs of which appear to be hasty makeshifts, and the drawers of which do not seem to have been contrived to open and shut except with the maximum amount of exertion and strain to both operator and piece of furniture.

Of the variety and beauty of the numerous domestic utensils, specimens of which Miss Jekyll shows, space will not permit a description, and the bare enumeration would be tedious.

Room must be found, however, for a brief allusion to

the quaint tales of some of her old neighbours which Miss Jekyll records in the last section of her book.

The old woman who tells of her first place that she "didn't get no wages, only my food, one frock, and one bonnet, an' a shillin' to take home" might make the modern housekeeper sigh; especially when in the next paragraph the particulars of the old woman's second place come. "They was the particularest ladies I ever know'd. It 'ud do any girl good to go and live with such as they. There was the oak stairs—it was always a clean pail of water to every two steps; and I'd as much pride in it as they had." Then there is the other old lady who remarks one day, "I should like to show you the book I wrote." After a little inquiry she produces an old penny account book. "It's the story of my life," she said; "I did mean to fill the book, but I never got no further." The story is written in capital letters, with a dot carefully placed after each word. It is in a rough sort of verse, the lines a trifle difficult to scan in places, and the rhymes of the readiest, but intensely pathetic, and reminiscent of the country ballads of the old broadside class.

I am placing "Old West Surrey" on my shelves beside Dr. Jessopp's "Arcady," and I shall turn in future as often to one as to the other.

F. CHAPMAN.

The Gentle Art of Scratching

BRITISH MEZZOTINTERS. Thomas Watson, James Watson, Elizabeth Judkins. By Gordon Goodwin. (A. H. Bullen. 21s. net.)

ONCE upon a time there lived a man who, speeding an arrow from his bow, first heard fortuitous music in its accent and so became the forerunner of all the inventors of stringed instruments that ever lived. Once, too, there lived his fellow who, noticing a fortuitous scratch on a rock or piece of bone, first saw that it hinted at the form of something he had seen in Nature and so became the forerunner of all the line-drawers, engravers and etchers that ever lived. He, too, was the forerunner of the mass of literature which is growing up around the gentle art of scratching. And the latest example is before us, though the end is not yet.

Here, under the able superintendence of Mr. Alfred Whitman, Mr. A. H. Bullen continues to put all lovers of things beautiful, and particularly of things mezzotinted, under a burden of obligation. The third volume of "British Mezzotinters" is not only a valuable book of reference. It is a thing of beauty in itself. Dealing exhaustively with the Watson group, for Elizabeth Judkins is therein properly included as James Watson's sister-in-law, it does fitting justice to three past-masters of their craft, who, content to labour with almost incredible industry for scant remuneration, found in the pursuit of their fascinating craft its own exceeding great reward. Truly there is little of biographical interest recorded, and we congratulate Mr. Gordon Goodwin on not having attempted to spin out the meagre facts to what the lawyers would call a "remunerative length." Of their lives he has said little, but that little is enough, and it would be well if the same could be said of all biographers. Of their work, on the other hand, he has said all that was to be said within the scope of his instructions. And he has made more than one discovery for which those who have the itch for accuracy will be grateful. For example, patient research at Somerset House has yielded to him the fact that Thomas and James Watson were not brothers, a fact perhaps not of the highest importance, but one over which many an art catalogue in the past has shown its fallibility. Again,

by dint of careful research in the Print Room of the British Museum, he has dispelled the mystery that has hitherto surrounded the well-known mezzotint of little "Miss Price," of which Horace Walpole asked "When was infantine loveliness touched with sweeter truth?" He proves for us that she is none other than Sarah Bridget Frances, daughter of Chase Price, M.P., of Knighton, who married Bamber Gascoyne of Childwall Hall and became the mother of Frances Mary, the second Marchioness of Salisbury. Hence we have the delightful intelligence that the little lady who gazes upon us from the frontispiece of this book, and has gazed upon us once and again in the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, is none other than the maternal grandmother in prospect of our late beloved and regretted Prime Minister. These are examples of Mr. Goodwin's successful industry. At the industry which was not so productive we can shrewdly guess. "What's done we partly may compute, we know not what's rejected."

One word as to the reproductions, which are in photogravure, the very *alter ego* of mezzotinting and practically the only mechanical process of which nothing but good can be said when so applied. "Miss Kitty Dressing" is a veritable triumph, such as no mezzotinter however fastidious would dare to carp at. Indeed were the photogravure plate the size of the original and were the impression printed on old plate paper, I would wager myself to pass it off as an actual mezzotint to ninety out of a hundred of the so-called connoisseurs who frequent the salerooms of the metropolis.

G. S. LAYARD.

Elizabethan Critics

ELIZABETHAN CRITICAL ESSAYS. Edited with an Introduction by G. Gregory Smith. 2 vols. (Clarendon Press. 12s. net.)

THESE two volumes of reprints are "an attempt to recover, primarily in the words of the Elizabethans themselves, what then passed for critical opinion in literary circles," and the attempt has proved successful in a high degree. Dryden has been called and usually accepted as the Father of English Criticism, but, as these reprints again prove, he had a juster claim to the title of the Eldest Son, his parents being the group of Elizabethan writers, who were the first in this country to essay anything approaching scientific literary criticism. Mr. Gregory Smith's Introduction is an interesting survey of Elizabethan criticism, though we cannot quite accept all his dicta. He points out very truly that in those days literary criticism was all in the making and that Elizabethan criticism was the offspring of controversy; the literary men of that period were acting, at first at any rate, on the defence, answering attacks upon special forms of the literary art or upon the work of particular craftsmen. It was not until writers were called upon to defend the practice of their art that they began to examine into its principles. The Puritan attack was chiefly directed against the drama and against Italian influences and it was an attack of abuse rather than of argument. This attack was directly met, but the defenders were carried further in their ardour and proceeded to discover and to discuss literary principles. It is curious to note in these various writers how far apart most of them stood from the literature of their day which still lives, the writings which we now recognise to be truly national, the works which were the first to breathe the spirit of England. In criticising the condition of the drama, for instance, Aristotle, Horace, Euripides, Sophocles, Seneca, Plautus and Terence are the authori-

ties to whom appeal is made, yet Shakespeare shattered all their rules, refused to follow their examples, and now is counted a greater master than any of them. As Mr. Gregory Smith puts it: "The objections which came most naturally to the classicists were that English was not careful in its differentiation of kinds, that it mixed the tragic and comic purposes, that it neglected the propriety of the characters and the relationship of each with its neighbours, and that it was careless of the so-called Unities in the development of the plot." In short the drama then came near being killed with convention; history repeats itself to-day. But we have not space to discuss fully Mr. Gregory Smith's fine introduction, which well repays careful study.

The reprints include portions or the whole of Ascham's "The Scholemaster," Lodge's "A Defence of Poetry," Daniel's "A Defence of Ryme," the Spenser-Harvey Correspondence, Sidney's "Apologie," Webbe's "A Discourse of English Poetrie," and extracts from Thomas Nash, Puttenham, Richard Carew, George Chapman, Meres, Campion and others, which writings taken together absolutely refute the well-worn accusation that the Elizabethan age was admirable in creative work but despicable in critical. All students of literature will be grateful to Mr. Gregory Smith for a conscientious, careful and scholarly piece of work.

W. T. S.

North-East Yorkshire

YORKSHIRE. By Gordon Home. With thirty-two illustrations in colour. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS quarto book of "coast and moorland scenes painted and described by Gordon Home" forms a welcome addition to the list of "colour books" published by Messrs. Black. It contains thirty-two plates in colour of a kind with which the public is becoming familiar. Mr. Gordon Home has shown considerable discrimination in making an attractive selection from his sketches of Yorkshire scenery. Whether the process of reproduction does his work full justice or not, it is obvious that he is particularly at home in painting the old streets of country towns, and that he cherishes a genuine power of appreciating the charm of moorland and coast solitudes.

The letterpress of the volume, printed in bold type, consists of nine genial, unpretentious chapters describing the author's wanderings and sojournings in north-east Yorkshire districts, by the people and characteristics of which he appears to have been not a little fascinated. From the ancient stone-built town of Pickering, standing at the foot of Newton Dale, he takes us first to Whitby, remembering on the way to point out the wooded sides of Wheeldale Beck and its waterfalls, one of which, Mallyan's Spout, has a drop of about 76 feet, and is well worth a visit. Rambling up the Esk valley from Whitby in fine autumn weather the foliage of the trees compels an artist's admiration at every turn, and Mr. Home gives two plates of this district, one exhibiting a reach of the river Esk below Sleights Bridge, and the other enriched with the splendour of heather in full bloom upon Sleights Moor as seen from Swart Howe Cross. The great Roman road from the South to Dunsley Bay, the "bride stones" on Sleights Moor, one of which is seven feet high, and the graceful arch of the Beggar's Bridge at Glaisdale End, are among the landmarks of this locality.

Mr. Home writes enthusiastically of the coast-scenery to be found between Whitby and Redcar, and points out the value of early rising to those who wish to secure

memories of its more ethereal aspects. He considers that Mulgrave Woods contain some of the most delightful portions of sylvan Yorkshire. Their mossy rocks should certainly rank them high in the estimation of botanists. Runswick Bay, with its fine sandy beach, is pictured by Mr. Home, and commended in glowing words. On sunny days the blueness of the sea thereabouts touches the landscape with a curious sub-tropical richness of colour. Landslips have played a troublesome part in the drama of life at Runswick and Kettle-ness. Staithes seems to have witnessed an increase of vanity on the part of its handsome fishermen, caused by the competition of artists for their services as models.

Between Whitby and Scarborough, the village of Robin Hood's Bay furnishes Mr. Home with two of his best subjects for illustration. Some of its houses, set on the extreme edge of the land, face the sea in very picturesque fashion. To live in them in rough weather, such as winter brings plentifully to east Yorkshire, must be rather exciting; the bowsprit of a small sailing vessel once invaded a house in Robin Hood's Bay at high-tide. Scarborough and Whitby receive due attention from Mr. Home's brush and pen, after which he takes us out to the Cleveland Hills, a country of grand views over wild moors and cultivated plains. The town and ruined Augustinian Priory of Guisborough, and the Skelton Valley, provide matter for a chapter, and then Mr. Gordon Home concludes a pleasant book with illustrations of, and remarks upon, Pickering, Helmsley, and Rievaulx Abbey.

HERBERT H. STURMER.

GREATER AMERICA. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. (Harpers. 16s.)

THE author in his study of "Greater America" has realised the much ignored fact that the United States in its protectorate of Cuba and government of the Philippines is not beginning but continuing its Colonial experiment. Expansion has been the keynote of its national life since the audacious annexation of Louisiana, which secured to the country the Valley of the Mississippi. With the annexation of Texas, the seizure of New Mexico and California, the Anglo-American settlement of the boundary question between Oregon and Canada and the purchase of Alaska, the American nation found itself in possession of a vast but lightly populated expanse of country which divided into Territories was governed as Colonies, until population and development justified their admission, one by one, into the Federation of States. America on its own continent has thus made itself the master of alien races in its control of the French inhabitants of Louisiana and the Spanish-speaking Mexicans of Texas, Arizona and California. Within its borders have been two coloured peoples, the Indian and Negro, requiring the legislation of the higher for the lower and subject races. Thus America in entering the Pacific and Caribbean Seas is but extending and adjusting its colonial system in the government of these island dependencies.

The author accepts as inevitable the destiny of America as a world-power. No entrenchment behind the Monroe doctrine could safeguard a great nation against the engulfing currents of international politics. Although the book traverses a wide field in the survey of America in its relations to the Republics of Central and South America, the West Indies, and to Canada and Mexico on its own continent, its great value is in the close and impartial study of the experimental government of America in Cuba and the Philippines. The author is a clear-eyed critic of the faults and failures of America

in its imperfect realisation of its democratic ideals, but fair-minded in his recognition of the difficulties and dangers which attend all attempts at government "by the people of the people." But his chief arraignment of the American people in its relations to the Philippines is that of undue ideality, since it fails to accept the practical fact that a Latin people enervated by generations of tropical lassitude is unfit to cope with the strenuous problems of self-government. The military government of Cuba followed by a Protectorate gives, as the author believes, greater assurance for the future than does the generous and Quixotic attempt to lift the Filipinos, through a few years' American education and influence, into self-governing independence. The great difficulty in meeting this problem of governing a mixed and alien race is America's lack of a permanent Civil Service. To meet this need the appointments to the Civil Service must be removed from all influence of "the spoils system," and the positions in honour and emoluments must be made worthy the acceptance of America's best citizens. The author's ultimate judgment is that the well-being of the Philippines is dependent upon America holding and governing the islands on a system modelled upon England's rule of India. Space forbids any consideration of the remarkable chapter on "Asia in Transformation," with its statesmanlike study of the encroaching power of Russia in the East, the resistant independence of Japan, and the effect of their relations on the future of England and America. The book is a strong plea for a permanent Anglo-American alliance, with continents and seas as concrete arguments in favour of such strengthening of race bonds into political unity.

L. STUDDIFORD MCCHESENEY.

THE SCOTS PEERAGE. Founded on Wood's and Douglas's Peerage of Scotland. Edited by Sir James Balfour Paul, Lord Lyon King of Arms. Vol. I. (Edinburgh: David Douglas. 25s. net.)

Wood's edition of Douglas, with all its shortcomings, has retained its place for a century as the standard peerage of Scotland, and under the editorship of the Lyon the present work promises to be as useful a *vade mecum* through the intricacies of Scottish ancestry as its predecessors. This first instalment, ending with "Balmerino," marks a rate of progress which should ensure the completion of the work in five or six volumes. It embraces such famous titles as Aberdeen, Airlie, Angus, Argyll, Atholl, Balcarres, and Balmerino; and from the treatment of these a reasonable estimate of the quality of the work may be made. The historical characterisations which so charmed us in the old writers are gone, but as a careful *résumé* of genealogical research the work is an immense advance on its predecessors, and although no genealogy extending for centuries can be anything but imperfect, it is due to the contributors to say that their work on almost every page bears the evidence of careful and exhaustive research.

The volume opens with the genealogy of the Kings of Scotland, beginning with Malcolm Canmore and terminating somewhat abruptly with the children of James VII. of Scotland and II. of England. The Stuart dynasty ought to have been completed, and Queen Anne and her children included. In the notice of the Annandale peerage case two references are made (pages 261, 271) to the famous Resignation of 1657. A few words explanatory of the grounds on which the House of Lords arrived at their very remarkable decision to ignore this public deed would not have been

out of place. It was hardly worth while to reintroduce the exploded figment of Norman descent into the Argyll genealogy (page 318), and the statement (page 366) that Archibald, the ninth Earl, was executed in 1685 without a new trial because Sir George Mackenzie was of opinion that the sentence was so flagrantly unjust that it could not fail of being subsequently reversed, though given on the authority of Lord Hailes, is baseless. The real reason was that Argyll had friends who were true to him literally to the death. His execution was hastened to anticipate the arrival of instructions from Court specially commanding that he should suffer the last extremities of a traitor's doom. These he was spared. The relations of the great John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, with Marlborough merited, in our opinion, some notice. These remarks are not intended to minimise the outstanding merit and authority of the work. Many of the articles are models of their kind, particularly "Arbuthnott," which has a strong individuality of its own. A pious hope may be expressed that not too long an interval will be allowed to elapse between the appearance of the volumes.

THE LIFE OF FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR: SOMETIME DEAN OF CANTERBURY. By his son, Reginald Farrar. (Nisbet. 6s. net.)

As a nation, Great Britain owes a great debt—compared with which the National Debt is a mere trifle—to its headmasters: a debt which is only partially recognised, and can never be paid off. It is a truism that the early years of a boy's life in a great public school, where his character is formed according to the tone of the school, which is invariably the reflection of the headmaster's personality, are in every way the most important in that boy's life. Our public schools have almost invariably been fortunate in their headmasters, but among the many two shine out conspicuously—Arnold and Farrar. The two men differed greatly in method, manner, and personal characteristics, but they were alike in one thing. They both turned out the best kind of English public schoolboy, which is the best kind of boy in the world.

Dean Farrar's biographer is his son, and this relationship has both advantages and drawbacks. The book is very largely a compilation of what the Dean's contemporaries and pupils have written about him, and is less a biography proper than a consensus of appreciation from those with whom he was in daily association. As such it is good, full and satisfactory. But there is something lacking to complete the portrait. One feels throughout the perusal of the book that there is a want of some outside, independent, impartial summing-up of the net result of the life-work of a man whose simple Christian teaching will endure to generations still unborn. Such tributes as this abound throughout the book: "F. W. F. came to Marlborough like an apparition—a flame of fire—kindling enthusiasm for all that was noble and chivalrous. No one was ever so young as he was in those days, and I suppose he was then twenty-three or twenty-four; but the marvel was how he knew such a lot and associated himself with us little fellows, as if we could minister to his happiness."

Farrar's "Eric, or Little by Little" has been probably one of the best-loved and best-abused books of the last generation, and the author's son sums it up fairly by referring to "the far-reaching power with the meek and lowly of heart of this much-criticised little book, a power that will survive the caustic comments of the Press, and even the sneers of Stalky & Co."

On the whole, therefore, this volume of appreciation

makes interesting reading, and gives one a true and lasting impression of a good, earnest man, whose influence on his contemporaries and their descendants can never be overestimated.

THE YOUNG PRIEST: CONFERENCES ON THE APOSTOLIC LIFE. By Herbert Cardinal Vaughan. Edited by Monsignor Canon John S. Vaughan. (Burns & Oates. 5s. net.)

THIS book represents the last industry of a most strenuous life. It sums up in one aspect the experience of a lifetime. To the majority of secular readers it will appeal principally as a kind of unconscious autobiography; and to those for whom Cardinal Vaughan stood for the splendid figurehead of an ambitious and aggressive hierarchy, it will bring something of a revelation—even, it may be, a vague sense of disappointment. The man of the world will wonder at the simply evangelical spirit that was the motive behind such tireless activity in the promotion of schemes of ecclesiastical aggrandisement. To be a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church seemed to somebody—probably Disraeli—to be for an old man the finest goal of self-love. It was in no such spirit as that that the man whose spiritual reading and meditation furnish the material for this book spent long night hours of silence before the Sacramental Presence. "Here," he writes of those night hours before the Most Holy, "under the still shades of night, unseen by men but under the very eyes of his Lord, the priest endures his agony of sorrow for sin, and strives for the salvation of the perishing souls to whom he has been sent. Oh, what graces, what lights, what consolations, what conquests are thus achieved." To him the dogmas of Christian faith are the motives of activity; the persons of the Gospels, after the Divine, are his counsellors and companions. These Conferences of Cardinal Vaughan will not indeed bear comparison, either for matter or literary form, with "The Eternal Priesthood" of his predecessor, a book that is familiar to the Catholic clergy throughout the world; but we cannot doubt that to the clergy of England, for whom they were composed in the last tedious days of enforced leisure, when another man might have been content simply to wait, they will be precious. Monsignor Vaughan has, no doubt, given to the task of editing the book as much time and attention as he could conscientiously spare.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALS. (Part VI.) By Professor J. R. Ainsworth Davis. (Gresham Publishing Co. 7s. net.)

THE present section of this useful work is up to the level of its predecessors. We are not acquainted with any similar work which can rival this in the quality of its illustrations. They are simply admirable. The subject of animal movement, which is dealt with in the first half of this volume, has given opportunity for a very large number of drawings, photographs and plates, which render this work a marvel of cheapness. The section on animal development is treated with similar success.

It is extremely satisfactory to meet with a work on natural history which has contrived to retain all the amusing, "gossipy" and "personal" matter of the old books, whilst its full recognition of the fundamental truths of biology raises it to a philosophic plane which the older works could not reach. The simple, unquestioning love of Nature, the innocent wonder excited by a thousand of her devices, are not lost, but a new point of view, a unifying principle, is gained; and the

contented astonishment of the "creationist" has yielded to the profound intellectual reverence of the evolutionist, who repeats, with but slight modification, the noble sentence with which Darwin—momentarily made an artist by his theme, though still with dubious grammar—concludes his revolutionary masterpiece.

"There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms, or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved."

Fiction

TOMASO'S FORTUNE. By H. Seton Merriman. (Smith, Elder, 6s.) The untimely death of Mr. Seton Merriman removed a writer of very real ability from the ranks of novelists. This volume of short stories, if not equal in interest to his novels, is well above the average. Most of the stories are slight, hardly stories at all, mere suggestions or rough sketches. But it is the slight incident that Mr. Merriman handled with such peculiar skill and charm. He had the light touch, the power of suggestion which make such sketches valuable. He was never prolix, but knew exactly where to begin and where to end. Occasionally he compresses a whole story into a few pages—a very rare gift. None of the stories in the present volume are at all sensational or even exciting, but they interest and give pleasure. They are, as it were, small slices cut out of life, full of its indefinable mystery, replete with its possibilities, and showing various moods. Many of the stories are laid in picturesque Spain, the peasant life of which Mr. Merriman delineates with happy effect. The story with which the book opens, "Sister," is related by an army surgeon. It is a mere incident of war. A man desperately wounded and blinded by the explosion of a gun; a womanly, soft-fingered nurse to whom he babbles in his death agony, mistaking her for the girl who awaits his return down in Devonshire; the signing of the death certificate—a slice off life rescued for us from oblivion.

INCOMPARABLE BELLAIRS. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Constable, 6s.) Those of us who made the acquaintance of some very pleasant and amusing personages in "The Bath Comedy" will be glad to meet them again in "Incomparable Bellairs." Beautiful Mistress Kitty Bellairs, who set all the men of Bath at daggers drawn by the witchery of her smile and the grace of her person, is again the heroine of some very pretty adventures. "Love—the chief adventure of life, some maintain—comes to the lovely, to the loveable as sure as mountain stream to lake." Mistress Kitty said to her friend, Lady Standish, "I have had thirty-seven declared adorers these three years, and never one tired of me yet. Poor Bellairs! he had two wives before me, and he was sixty-nine when he died, but he told me with his dying breath that 'twas I gave him all the joy he ever knew." She is twice in the novel on the verge of marriage; once, indeed, she arrives at the steps of the altar, but in the last chapter we leave her still a gay little widow, although we are told that she has finally promised her hand to a devoted and much tried admirer. But he, with the reader, would probably never dare to feel sure until after the signing of the register. The author and authoress have given us a bright, dainty piece of work, full of graceful speeches and diverting adventures. It is not a serious heart-searching exposition of love, but a light airy trifle redolent of the days of patches and powder, of gay gallants and capricious mistresses, of highwaymen and lumbering coaches; in short, a pretty picture of a pretty period.

THE GIFT. By S. Macnaughtan. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.) There is a ring of earnest thoughtfulness about this book which seems to set it outside the realm of mere fiction.

Not that it is in any sense a great book, but it is a remarkably true study of a not uncommon character, one of the products of our up-to-date civilisation. There is an ever growing class of woman, clever, pretty, well-born and in easy, or even luxurious, circumstances, who seem to be avoiding marriage. They are women who have plenty of offers, and who, two generations back, would most certainly have been mated at the end of their first season, and in all probability unhappily mated. Nowadays they will not marry for the mere sake of marrying; they wait for the right man and sometimes they wait in vain. Sometimes he comes late, sometimes not at all, or bound by ties of duty which form an inseparable barrier. Then the woman, hungry for love, turns her eyes towards duty, or pleasure as the case may be, and looks to one of them to fill the void in her heart. Such a woman is Eleanor McNeill, and the story of her waiting, her struggle, and her ultimate attainment of peace, is woven, and well woven, into the thread of a pretty story, slight, but sufficient.

BATS AT TWILIGHT. By Helen M. Boulton. (Heinemann, 6s.) One of the books which set people wondering why they were ever written. An unpleasant story told with no particular grace of style. The central idea of the deaf heroine, whose deafness is the cause of so many woes, might have been used to greater advantage in a more agreeable fashion. Surely no family could be composed of people as absolutely dead to all claims of kindred and ties of blood as Rose Aster's maiden aunts and old-maid brother. Matthew Aster is drawn as a man with some pretensions to refinement of taste, and yet in all his household and acquaintance no single really decent person is to be found. He allows his only sister, afflicted as she is, to be turned out of his house by a designing woman, he permits her to marry an elderly reprobate whose profligate son has persecuted her with his attentions, and one only hopes that his own marriage turns out an adequate punishment, as it promises to do. The story of Rose's married life, under the roof with her husband's mistress, and the circumstances which culminate in murder and sudden death, is one of the nastiest things we have read for some time. One supposes there must be a public for such books, even though they have no literary graces to recommend them, or why are they published?

A BUSH HONEYMOON. By Laura M. Palmer-Archer. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) The seductive title of this volume hardly prepares the reader for thirty-three short sketches averaging nine or ten pages, each dealing with a different subject but set in the same environment. The glossary provided at the end of the book is chaotic in its want of arrangement, though no doubt of considerable interest to those desirous of knowing the real meaning of such phrases as "spit sixpences," "give rats," "takes some packing," &c. Billingsgate can afford similar examples of English "permeated if not enriched by the expressions of men and nations foreign to the community." But to be strictly fair, these several sketches are written with much real sympathy and brightness: the author evidently has more than a nodding acquaintance with the men and women that people the great solitudes of Australia. And regarding the book as a whole, it must be said at once that the sketches are well worth collecting and reprinting from the several magazines and newspapers in which they originally appeared. "The Bush Honeymoon" is the second story on the list, and is more or less typical of the others. It would seem an impertinence to criticise a bushman, but to a Cockney it appears rather remarkable that a bushman should start out on his honeymoon in an open cart, dressed in spotless linen, his bride in white piqué, white gloves, white shoes, &c., with the certain knowledge that it has been raining for days, that roads are "boggy," that rivers are in flood: in short, this happy "bandboxy" couple, before the day is out, have to abandon their cart, swim a river, ride bareback, hair hanging in a damp mass, teeth chattering. Hardly romantic; and the costumes hardly bushmanlike.

THE COURT OF SACHARISSA. By Hugh Sheringham and Nevill Meakin. (Heinemann, 6s.) "A pretty wit,

my masters—a pretty, pretty wit!" or perhaps it should be "wits" since "The Court of Sacharissa" is a joint production. Anyway, both authors are to be congratulated on a volume full of grace and delicate fancy, a volume of which the sub-title is no misnomer. A midsummer idyll it is, in an appropriate setting of quaint garden over which presides the dainty "Sacharissa." We fall under her spell from the moment we follow the Ambassador, the Scribe and the Man of Truth across the rustic bridge into the garden. How glad we are that Sacharissa was not a haughty, conventional lady, but just herself; that she accepted the Ambassador's graceful apologies in the spirit in which they were offered, for if she had not, where would our seven charming scenes have been?—how much we should have lost in losing these 314 pages, each one of which turns to a ripple of laughter—though we are not sure there are not tears as well in the last few leaves. The Major, the Ambassador, the Scribe, the Poet, the Mime, the Man of Truth, and the Exotic—they own no further distinction in the way of names—are each so well drawn that it would be difficult to say which stands out from the canvas with most distinctness. We read the book with unalloyed pleasure, and close it with a regretful echo of the Man of Truth's dictum that "it can't go on for ever"—and we own we should like to have heard the Exotic's famous story of "The Considerate Kurd," which, like another famous story of "Ould Grouse in the Gun-room," never gets told.

DIE LETZTE STROPHE. Novellen von Irma Goeringer. (Berlin: Fleischel, 2m.) These short sketches have a certain power and charm. Some of them even remind us of the motive of "Pippa Passes," for they represent the turning point in a human being's life, and demonstrate how a trifling circumstance may then become of importance. The fate of the little errand girl who at sixteen looked at life gladly and happily, and three years later began to droop under the burden of her experiences, is pathetically and cleverly indicated in little more than half a dozen pages. There is humour in the plight of the young wife who can never get the household accounts right, and whose husband is therefore for ever scolding her. A kind friend comes to the rescue, but the moral to be drawn is that husbands should not perhaps be too strict on that point. A pleasant half-hour may be spent over the volume, the contents of which combine a pleasant fancy with insight into human nature.

Short Notices

THE PUNJAB IN PEACE AND WAR. By S. S. Thorburn, Indian Civil Service (retired), late Financial Commissioner, Punjab. (Blackwood, 12s. 6d. net.) Mr. Thorburn possesses an exhaustive knowledge of a most interesting subject. What he does not know about the Punjab is hardly worth the knowing; though perhaps what he thinks about it is not always worth repeating in an historical work. It is almost a pity, too, that he begins his story with the first meeting of British soldiers and envoys with Runjit Singh, the founder of the Sikh state. The origin of the strange military brotherhood, the building up of Runjit's predominance, the formation and disciplining of the only force of infantry in India fit to stand up to British troops on equal terms, are extremely interesting, and could not fail to throw much light on later history. However, Mr. Thorburn, as an old and distinguished civil servant, is anxious to get to his own period and his own sphere. His description of the two Sikh wars is spirited and graphic. It is rather curious to find him remarking that "the exact relations between Lords Dalhousie and Gough at this period will not be known before 1910," when the documents explaining these relations have just appeared in Sir W. Lee-Warner's "Life of Dalhousie." Mr. Thorburn apparently did not know of the approaching publication of this work when he wrote the words quoted. He seems to condemn Dalhousie for paralysing Gough by forbidding an advance except for the purpose of striking and defeating the Sikh army opposed to him. But Dalhousie's reasons were sound; there were no reserves ready, and supply

was not properly organised; large reinforcements were soon to arrive, and unless an effective blow could be struck at once an advance would have been dangerous, especially with a Commander-in-Chief given to rash and reckless attack. Dalhousie's justification is to be found in the way in which Gough blundered up against the Sikh position at Chillianwala, and ordered his whole force to advance on an unknown jungle, for all the world like General Grant in 1864. Fortunately for the Indian Empire, the Sikhs had no Lee. The stirring tale of the Punjab in the Mutiny is well told; but the most valuable part of the book is the sketch of the administrative and fiscal system of the province, and of the frontier difficulties. Here, it seems, Mr. Thorburn, as a civilian and a Financial Commissioner, takes a biased view of the frontier policy. He condemns nearly all expeditions as wasteful and futile, and would apparently confine reprisals for tribal inroads to blockade and stoppage of trade. There is in his comments a little of the acrimony of the official who sees his hard-won surplus swept away to pay for a "little war." There is also a little of the tendency of the official to exalt his office and himself. "About that time (1886) a book called 'Musalmans and Money-lenders' appeared, which . . . to some extent constrained the Government to consider the indictments formulated therein." The book, as we learn from a footnote, was by S. S. Thorburn, I.C.S. Again, after a lecture at Simla on the lessons of the Tirah campaign, "the writer rose and quietly pointed out" a variety of things. Mr. Thorburn's views as to the danger of legislating for Indian natives as if they were Western Europeans, and of supposing that any cut and dried system will answer in the East, are sound and helpful; they would have been all the more convincing if the author had kept the personal note out of what is intended to be, and for the most part is, an historical work. Also he is too apt to split his infinitives.

LES SAMEDIS LITTÉRAIRES. Deuxième Série. Par J. Ernest-Charles (Perrin.) We sometimes need to know something of modern French authors without having either the time or opportunity for deep research. In such cases nothing is more helpful than the many books of collected essays containing the notices contributed by eminent critics to newspapers and periodicals. The volume in question really forms a "revue," so to speak, of the year's literary output in France seen through the eyes of a man who objects to literature becoming, as appears only too likely, a "business." There are articles on Alfred Fouillée the philosopher, on new women novelists like Mme. de Régnier and Mme. de Noailles, on Capus the dramatist, on the latest works of Édouard Rod, Anatole France and Jean Moréas, on groups of the younger writers, and on contemporary poets. To those who desire a cursory acquaintance with such matters we heartily recommend M. Ernest-Charles' little essays.

THE GOSPEL FOR TO-DAY. By Alfred E. Garvie. (Inglis Ker, 2s.) This little volume may, perhaps, be taken as an indication of the standing-ground of modern Congregationalism. It comprises, at any rate, an address delivered on the occasion of the author's retirement from the post of Chairman of the Scottish Congregational Union, and another that was given in Glasgow before a meeting of English, Welsh, Irish and Scotch Congregational Unions, together with four articles that first appeared in "The Evangelical Magazine." The author is the exponent of a "broad and rich Evangelicism," to which the speculative, practical and mystical tendencies stand in a relation of rivalry while yielding up to it "whatever is good and true in them." Redemption—that to the author is the essence of religion; and it is the peculiar property of Christianity, as distinguished from the other great religions of the world, that it alone announces redemption "not only as a distant, intangible ideal, but as a reality which embraces us." The message is experimental—not based upon extrinsic authority; it is ethical, thus at once corresponding to an inward impulse and answering to an outward demand. It issues in the service of God expressed mainly through the service of man. We are glad to note that, in reference to the

demand for a definite "conversion," in the sense in which the word is understood in Evangelical circles, Mr. Garvie makes a wise reservation. He is not of those who would deny salvation to those who cannot profess such an experience; he does not ignore the value of a Christian heredity, environment and education in securing an apparently simultaneous development for the natural and the supernatural life. A stimulating and thoughtful little book, and well written.

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS CONCERNING THE AIM AND METHOD OF EDUCATION. By William Harrison Woodward. (Cambridge Press, 4s. net.) Gerrit Gerritszoon (Mr. Woodward, for some reason incomprehensible to us, calls the name Flemish) has been fortunate in that his wit has saved him from the sympathy of dullards, and few who think with Erasmus have written of him badly. Only the other day there came quite a happy little book about him from the pen of a stark Presbyterian divine, Mr. Capey. And this, again, is a welcome piece of Erasmianism. Not far from the Gymnasium Erasmianum at Rotterdam stands Gerrit's statue, grave yet friendly, as one who in silence hopes that his young fellow-citizens may have better teaching and fairer treatment than an unhappy love-child who crept "like snail unwillingly to school" at Deventer, more than four hundred years ago. Erasmus was little of a pagan, and certainly did not possess that "pagan virtue" patriotism; he did not love his country. But he had a gentler and a nobler passion: he loved children, and with an intellectual love all the more perfect because it wastes no ardour in caresses, and if through his graven eyelids he can see the fostering care bestowed on Dutch schoolboys now, care that reaps full harvest, that cannot be the meanest part of his reward. The views of Erasmus on education, which, notwithstanding the bias towards the supposititious glories of antiquity, must, many of them, be shared by Mr. Stewart Headlam, Mr. Graham Wallas and Mr. H. G. Wells today, are, as it seems to us, admirably expressed, illustrated and criticised in this book, tedious only in its title. Professor Woodward, unlike a don, writes English well, sometimes, as in the phrase "Colet and More, the gracious figures of his brighter time," notably well. The book is inscribed to "Erasmiano Ornatissimo," the Master of Peterhouse.

PRESENT-DAY JAPAN. By A. M. Campbell Davidson, M.A. (Fisher Unwin, 21s.) The authoress apologises for adding yet another to the many books on Japan, but had she restrained her ardour and kept her pen under the guidance of discretion no apology would have been needed. Many of her chapters are capital, very good travel-talk such as is always welcome and interesting. The intimate details of Japanese life and manners which she gives us are really instructive and often fresh; such chapters, for instance, as "Travelling in Japan" and that on Tokyo could scarcely be bettered. On the other hand, the pages devoted to long accounts of Shintoism and Buddhism contain nothing new and therefore have no reason for being. The final chapter on the Drama is also no new news. Deftly cut down, this would have been an excellent addition to Japanese literature; as it stands it is too long. The illustrations are mostly poor.

A MASQUE OF MAY MORNING. Written and illustrated by W. Graham Robertson. (Lane, 5s. net.) We like Mr. Robertson better as artist than as maker of rhymes; many can put together verses as well as he, but few are gifted with such a charming sense for form and feeling for colour. The illustrations to this masque are all quaintly beautiful, full of a certain old-world flavour, instinct with artistic ability; of their beauty simplicity may be said to be the chief ingredient. The frontispiece, "Golden Gown," is a trifle garish, but a "Song of Sleep," "Flower of the Wind," with its fulness of movement, "Young Sorrow" and "May Eve" are all delightful. Many thanks, Mr. Robertson; we venture to ask for more. Many will buy this book to give away, most such will probably, if they be wise, keep it for themselves.

THE TREE IN THE MIDST: A CONTRIBUTION TO THE STUDY OF FREEDOM. By Greville Macdonald, M.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.) This curiously entitled book is really a study in "ethical philosophy," as the author says in his introduction. He accepts evolution—in his own sense—whilst denying, when necessary, its teaching. In truth we have here an attractive but rambling and amateurish attempt to write on a philosophical subject. The author's method is almost incalculably faulty, making hard the study of him; and he uses to the full the privilege which he claims for the poet, and which he regards as so valuable, of using terms in blank-cheque fashion, to mean this, that and the other thing, according to circumstances and taste. We are bound to say we prefer Dr. Macdonald when he is writing on epithelial proliferation in the larynx. When he tells us that the painter and the musician "may be considered, although sublimely ignorant of the fact, as the most advanced among scientific discoverers," we know at once how the land lies. Books of this harmless, unnecessary type have been written in increasing abundance of recent years, as the number has increased of those who see, as in a glass darkly, the magnificence of modern philosophic conceptions. There are doubtless many more to follow. The methods, terminology and logic of this book are such as are impermissible in philosophic inquiry or speculation. It is so much more the pity when, as not infrequently here, truths or half-truths are reached by means which can tend only to discredit them. For an example of confused thinking we recommend the reader to the discussion of that pitfall for the unwary—free-will. It will amuse and chasten him.

THE LAND OF THE ROSARY. By Sara H. Dunn. (Burns & Oates, 3s. 6d.) It is many years since in the company of Bishop Chadwick Mrs. Archibald Dunn made the tour of the Holy Land. In what spirit of faith and devout reverence she travelled this little book bears witness. The journey was less familiar than in these days of organised globe-trotting it has become, and the pilgrim's heart had been prepared by another course of training than is furnished by Murray. The rosary, with its fifteen joyful, sorrowful and glorious mysteries, served for both remote and proximate preparation; "Hic Verbum caro factum ["factus" is a rather unfortunate misprint] est," engraved on the altar in the Grotto of the Annunciation, showed to her eyes as a verification of a thousand devout meditations on the Angelical Salutation. The scenes of the Flagellation and Mockery, of the Agony and of the Crucifixion furnished occasion for something in the nature of a formal "meditation." And everywhere the Mother is remembered beside the Son. The prudent spirit of the Roman Catholic Church has realised ages ago how, for the completeness of the supreme tragedy of the race, the woman must stand beside the Man; and the "sword" that should pierce Mary's heart has been discerned by the devout in the compassion that made her, in His sufferings, one with her Divine son. There is much, no doubt, in this pious little itinerary that will sound a note unfamiliar to Protestant ears; but at a time when the devotions no less than the ritual of the Mother Church of the West are winning acceptance outside her fold, Mrs. Dunn's book may well meet with a welcome on the part of others than those who are of right the children of Mary.

ROADS TO CHRIST. Compiled and edited by the Rev. Charles S. Isaacson. (R.T.S., 3s. 6d.) To a thoughtful man, whatever may be his own views upon the great questions of religion, a book of this kind is of interest. Among the contributors of these autobiographical fragments there are many men whose name and reputation are a guarantee of sincerity. All of them have had experience of what in evangelical circles is known as conversion—a sudden opening of the heart and readjustment of life in accordance with principles hitherto unknown or disregarded, and an individual appropriation of the love and merits of the Son of Man. There is in the circumstances of the divers cases a similarity that is noted in his preface by the editor. "A simple tract courteously given," he says; "a right word spoken in a right way by a maid-servant, fellow-passenger

on a ship, a missionary deputation, or a passing traveller; an earnest appeal from the pulpit; the loving pleading of a Sunday School teacher; a text of Scripture hung upon the wall—these and many other weak instruments have been used by God to lead souls to Christ." Among the living contributors are the Bishop of Durham, Sir Robert Anderson and Prebendary Webb-Peploe. Part II. comprises a batch of the dead, such as Frances Ridley Havergal and Captain Hedley Vicars; and Part III. is composed mainly of persons of alien race—converts from Asiatic religions or from mere heathenism. There are one or two names of which the omission would have been no serious loss. French abbés, for example, converted by the discovery of a Bible Society's Bible on a book-stall in Paris are, as a class, well enough known.

Reprints and New Editions

Sportsmen are once again catered for in **ASK MAMMA** (Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books, Methuen, 3s. 6d. net). There has certainly been no lack of reprints in the last year or so which specially appeal to sportsmen. "Ask Mamma," a book very famous in its day, will undoubtedly receive a warm welcome in this excellent new dress. The Leech woodcuts are admirably reproduced, they at least should afford amusement to the younger generation even if the story be found somewhat long and tedious. The lover of light literature is not exclusively a product of the present day, as some people would have us believe, for in the preface to this book written in 1858, it was thought necessary to disclaim any very serious intention, and it is especially recommended that the lover of light literature should peruse its pages. It stated that "the following story does not involve the complication of a plot." Two cheerful red volumes have been sent me by Messrs. Blackie & Son (2s. 6d. each).—**AFTER DARK**, by Wilkie Collins, and **LA VENGRO**, by George Borrow. The latter, especially, I am glad to see in this attractive popular edition. Borrow used to be too little known, and not so largely appreciated as he should have been. The multiplication of the cheap editions of his fascinating books is pleasant proof that he has come by his own. I trust we may shortly have "The Romany Rye" in the same edition. The illustrations to "Lavengro," by Claude A. Shepperson, are worthy of warm praise. The stories collected together under the title "After Dark" should still find a public even to-day, when the tendency is to rise superior to well-constructed skilfully handled plot and to present the reader with a handful of impressionistic sketches, just the crumbs of life, not the respectable satisfying slice which Wilkie Collins gives us. After all, it is easier to laugh at such novelists as Wilkie Collins, and dub them "old-fashioned," than to emulate them. A pleasant addition has been made to the pleasant Temple Classics (Dent, cloth 1s. 6d. net, leather 2s. net) in the **SACRUM COMMERCIUM—THE CONVERSE OF FRANCIS AND HIS SONS WITH HOLY POVERTY**. The translation is by Canon Rawnsley. The Latin text has been collated, with the Codex Casanatensis, by M. Paul Sabatier, who also supplied the introduction.

Booksellers' Catalogues

THE following booksellers' catalogues have been received, copies of which can be obtained post free on application to the several booksellers:—Mr. Henry Gray, Goldsmith's Estate, East Acton (*International Bulletin*); Messrs. Maggs Brothers, Strand (*Old Time Literature*); Mr. Edward Howell, Liverpool (*Rare and General*); Messrs. Douglas & Foulis, Edinburgh (*Biography, History, &c.*); Mr. R. Ifall, Tunbridge Wells (*Miscellaneous*); Messrs. Galloway & Porter, Cambridge (*General*); Messrs. Deighton, Bell & Co., Cambridge (*General*); Mr. David Cadney, Cambridge (*Rare, Ancient and Modern*); Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly (*Books of To-day and To-morrow*); Mr. Bertram Dobell, Charing Cross Road (*Rare and Valuable*).

TRAINS OF THOUGHT IV.—English Classes

I HAVE been reading an account of a play in which the situations arose (the writer said) out of the marriage of an "upper-middle-class" man to a "lower-middle-class" woman. Not pretty phrases, are they? How far they imply, as in the case of the play they were meant to imply, genuine and useful distinctions of culture and taste, how far their rather rough and unsympathetic tone of the social drill sergeant is really practical, are questions to which in my casual way I shall return. But the unlovely phrases set me thinking first of all of the extraordinary complexity and involution of this class business in England. I wish that some philosopher with a strictly scientific habit of mind but a trivial taste would set himself to a thorough classification, with tables and diagrams, of our classes. He would have to determine first the several grades in so far as they can be distinguished, and next (of course keeping to the average) how each grade respects or despises the grades above or below it. Thus, if the classes were A, B and C and so on, they would be arranged in several tables in accordance with the ideas of precedence held by each of these classes, A, B and C, &c., with regard to itself and the others. So if you are a wholesale bootmaker you could find out at a glance how a peer, a barrister, or a boot-black ranked you in the social scale. There might also be a table expressing what distinctions, if any, are made by intelligent people who try to see men as they are. All this would be the merest ground plan of the work, of course. A multitude of excursions and appendices would be needed, and something colossal in the way of prolegomena. Such a work, when completed, would be of immense value to the foreigner, to whom the present confusion must be bewildering. And incidentally it would enable me when my friend Jones, an ordinary barrister, speaks contemptuously of "the middle classes," to know (a) what he means by the middle classes, (b) if he thinks he belongs to them, and (c) if he thinks I belong to them.

Thackeray, in a minutely observant way, but not in a very scientific spirit, did a great deal to inform his generation on the subject. But it is become far more involved and subtle since his day; the progressive mixing up of classes leads the single-minded snob into a quagmire of inconsistencies, if you cross-examine him. Take, for instance, the question of trade. The idea that its pursuit is incompatible with the status of a gentleman is quite a modern invention. To apprentice his younger son to a tradesman in the neighbouring town was a natural proceeding to the country gentleman of old. Also, while this particular form of snobbery has grown up in the last two hundred years or so, we now have members of recognised "great families" with fat titles going into trade. What is the snob to say? Can he object to Bob Smith without objecting to Lord Robert Brown? Yet the distinction between trade and professions is still pushed to an incredibly puerile minuteness. A and B are next-door shopkeepers; A makes a parson of his son, B takes his into the business; A's grandson despises B's grandson on the score of his inferior birth. And that sort of imbecility, in varying degrees, runs through English life and plays havoc (among fools, of course) with freedom and courtesy.

A man is ranked altogether differently by different

people. Mr. Levantheim, whose father was a Frankfort money-lender, who owns three large houses and consorts with dukes, regards himself—or certainly Mrs. Levantheim regards herself—as definitely of the aristocracy, the natural superior of Jones and me—but Jones regards Levantheim as unfit to black his (Jones') boots. Some-people, again, still regard players as persons of no account, others as somewhere in precedence between earls and marquises—"actor-managers" between Royal and ordinary dukes. And so forth. An exhaustive tabulation would make these obscure things plain.

As for the intelligent Englishman who respects himself for what he may be and tries to see other men as they are, his position is probably something as follows. One class he admits to be apart. So long as the institution of monarchy remains with us he admits it is a logical and convenient corollary that Royalty is socially a definitely superior class, entitled to a deference not given to others. Americans, if I may say so, proud of their own equality, are inclined to attribute to him a sort of servility towards Royalty from which he is free; in some past reigns his criticism has been of the freest, and he is happy in this and the last that it has not been stimulated. As for the aristocracy, if he belongs to it, it is quite possible that he has still a feeling of caste he would not confess—that is merely human; if he does not, he grants it no social privileges outside the House of Lords, or in such trifles as precedence at formal dinners. Save for the legislative privilege—a political question not for these pages—he regards it as a pleasantly picturesque survival. There again, Americans sometimes misjudge him, sometimes take (I have been told) when they join our aristocracy a view of their position he does not share. If I may put in a word for myself, I confess to rather a liking for your genuine old families, people who represent the direct line of a knightly house for eight or nine hundred years; but they are very few, and are hardly to be found among our titles. The intelligent Englishman (to go back to him) takes little account indeed of all the minor distinctions which have their absurd value only in the small radius about them. For it is a curious fact, which they who talk of classes and masses quite forget, that the lower you go in the social scale the keener are the differences.

The philosophy of the matter I take to be roughly that our system of classes is in essence an inconvenient survival from a caste system that had its meaning and uses. Inconvenient if not worse, I say, for this reason: unintelligent Englishmen—and most people everywhere are unintelligent—who admit that A, B and C classes are superior to themselves, thereby weaken that sense of possession in the country which a citizen should feel with no qualification. So much, I think, is true, but I believe the inconvenience to be passing away. The usefulness of those terms we started withal, your upper-middle and your lower-middle? Infinitesimal, I do believe. They may still roughly express real differences in culture and taste, but in my own experience the exceptions are so many, we are being so rapidly mixed up, we are growing so rapidly in a rough way alike—save always the really cultivated, who must always be few and for whose qualities class is no sort of guarantee—that I think it hardly worth while to keep them up. Hardly worth their ugliness.

G. S. STREET.

Egomet

IN "Henry VIII.," Act iv., Scene ii., Griffith refers to Oxford, and as far as I can recall this is the only mention made by Shakespeare of that university. Yet Oxford lies on one of the roads from Stratford-on-Avon to London town and anecdotes are on record of the poet's adventures in the grey city on the Isis. It is scarcely believable that Shakespeare did not ever visit Oxford and he must have talked of her to his friends who, luckier and happier than he, had studied within her walls. How different an Oxford it was that he must have known and loved from the Oxford of to-day, with its squalid suburbs and red brick villas, its shed-like railway station, noisy tramcars and glaring electric lights. A dark, dirty, unkempt place compared with the clean, bright city of our time, but possibly more beautiful.

SHAKESPEARE I picture to have been a lusty man, fond possibly to excess of all the good cheer of life, fond of rich fare, of fine wine and with an eye for a pretty woman. Yet, as was the fashion with those brave Elizabethans, a lover of books and of book lore, and therefore surely a lover of Oxford, the city of books and of bookish men. Can I believe that he counted Oxford merely as a stage upon his journey, a convenient halting-place whereat to obtain refreshment for himself and his beast? I can do no such thing; I dare swear, rather, that he loved Oxford and its colleges and the peaceful countryside in which that jewel of a city is set. The Isis must have been as beloved by him as Thames or Avon, and in Oxford meadows he must have listened to the song of the lark and in Oxford gardens drunk in the melancholy music of the nightingale.

I CAN picture to myself the tired playwright, actor and man of business sitting at his ease in his Oxford

hostelry, cracking jokes with a bright-eyed hostess and encouraging the rustic cackle of carriers and countrymen. Between the home where he worked and the home where he was born and bred this city of quiet splendour must have provided him with a delightful and loved resting-place. Then, on warm moonlit nights I can see him walking through the empty streets, passing the cloistered colleges, where here and there a studious light shines forth, down the grand highway of learning with its gabled houses, its sombre walls, its rugged pavements—an it had any—to Magdalen or to Folly Bridge. Leaning on the parapet he would look up at the heavens and the queen thereof, or around at the spires and towers, silver-grey in the moonlight, or below at the dark waters blazoned with argent, and—then, alas, being not that ideal poet of poets' dreams, his thoughts would descend to earth, he would stretch his lazy arms, yawn, and return to his inn, to sleep, perchance to dream.

I AM sometimes thankful that we do not know more of our Shakespeare's life and character; an we knew him more intimately perchance many a pleasant dream would be shattered; nearness does not always lend enchantment to the view. I love the very mystery that enwraps the man; I do not desire to meet the god of my idolatry face to face, perhaps only to discover that I like him not. No; I have his works and by his works will I judge him; I have my visions of him and those visions will I cherish. And among them this picture of him, a lover of Oxford city as all men of heart must be at once and for ever, who have trodden her streets and walked beneath her trees; to those who love her she is ever fair, whether smiling in the gay sunshine or sad beneath grey clouds of rain. I love London, I love Oxford—and in both great cities have I been with William Shakespeare.

E. G. O.

Shakespeareana

The Tempest, III. i. 1-15

FER. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor
Delight in them let off: Some kindes of basenelle 1
Are nobly vndergon; . . . my sweet Mittris 11
Weepes when she sees me worke, & faies such basenes
Had never like executor: I forget:
But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours
Most busie left, when I doe it. 15

DR. FURNESS, in his "New Variorum," on the above celebrated passage, remarks (p. 144): "This passage has received a greater number of emendations, and staggers under a heavier weight of comment than, I believe, any other in Shakespeare, not excepting even Juliet's 'runaway's eyes.'"

Theobald's *busie-less*, although it has received the approval and adoption of many well-known editors from Warburton to Dyce, is distinctly one of Theobald's very few failures. Dr. Johnson followed Theobald and incorporated "busyless" in his "Dictionary." Spedding's "*most busiest when idlest*" is ingenious, but unconvincing; although Aldis Wright considered it the best suggestion then made (1874); and it has been severely criticised by Lettsom and others. The most recent editors contribute nothing to the elucidation of the passage.

In order to arrive at what Theobald called "the truth of the text" we must consider the whole scene and the events of the preceding acts. Ferdinand thinks that the king his father is drowned, and that consequently he is himself a king. Hence the bearing of ll. 59-60 on l. 15:

FER. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do think a king.

and these lines are the key to l. 15 "when I doe it." The key to the whole scene is the "baseness" involved in the unkingly toil of the "patient logman"; and this word "baseness" is the key to the corruption of the Folio.

The "truth of the text" is now submitted in collation with the corruption:

Most base elfe, when I doe it (true reading)
Most busie left, when I doe it (Folio)

i.e., "I forget the toil enjoined me; but the sweet thoughts of *Miranda* make me more capable of resuming it after pausing to think of her, and thereby refresh my labour, which is *otherwise* (i.e. in addition to the mere toil) most base, when I, a king, perform it." Or, reading *most busy else*, "the sweet thoughts refresh my

labour which is otherwise most busily performed when I do it and do not pause to think of *Miranda*."

The corruption lurks in the word *lest*, or, as it appears in the later Folios, *least*. By the simple transposition of the first two letters of "*lest*" and the substitution of "e" for "t," the sense and beauty of the passage and the entire "trace of the letters" of the Folio are carefully preserved. The change required is not more than that involved in Theobald's justly celebrated correction of "a table of green fields."

Even if we retain "busy" in the text, the sense evolved seems far superior to anything yet proposed; but the tenor of the passage, if not of the whole scene, clearly shows that "base" is the preferable word.

HENRY CUNINGHAM.

Science

Marriage, Multiplication and Morals

IN an obscure corner of his daily paper, the reader may have seen a brief reference to the Commission recently appointed in Australia to consider some aspects of the vital statistics in a certain colony. After sitting for some months, the Commissioners concluded that there are about one million fewer inhabitants of Australia than there should be, according to the ordinary laws of increase of population.

Now the Government statistician of New South Wales has recently written a short book, discussing the decline in the birth-rate there. He finds a steady fall in the birth-rate; that the marriage-age among women is nearly a year and a half later than it was in 1885, and that of every 1,000 first-born children only 510 are, properly speaking, legitimate, 233 being legitimised by an urgent marriage, and 257 being illegitimate. In 259 out of every 1,000 marriages there is grave cause why the marriage should take place—i.e. in more than one out of every four marriages.

According to the Press messages which I have seen, no sensation has been caused in Australia by the publication of Mr. Coghlan's book, or by the report of the Commission. The facts were already known, and it is generally recognised that they apply to the whole of Australia.

This, then, we must conclude. Here is a great new country, which the white man has seized. The aboriginal has disappeared—we will not ask why. The yellow man is most rigorously excluded. And what is Anglo-Saxondom making of it? The population, tiny in proportion to the area, has ceased to increase. The acknowledged cause of this is the deliberate wish of the individual; in other words, the practice of what is erroneously termed Malthusianism (that most acute writer never having recommended this practice). As to marriage, the figures speak for themselves. If they stood alone they would be ghastly enough. But they do not stand alone.

Let us go to another new country where the Anglo-Saxon rules. Its President has lately been preaching about "race-suicide." Its birth-rate is falling; and we know why. America's reason is Australia's reason. The children are not wanted. As to marriage, only last week I heard an account of an American woman who had been married ten times to three men—with the aid of the divorce-courts. Is it any better in Europe?

It is not. The birth-rate is falling in every European country, with the exception, I believe, of Russia. The Russian peasant, poor chap, who is, I suppose, as fine a

fellow as exists, apparently is still free from the canker which is unquestionably eating into the vitals of European civilisation.

I have attempted to introduce a subject which needs volumes for adequate treatment. I certainly have no dogmatic conclusions to present to the reader. I can simply leave him, assured that he will find, as I did, that this subject "gives furiously to think." Let us just review the facts. The most highly civilised country in the world has the lowest known birth-rate; so grave has the problem become that many French statesmen—for occasionally in France statesmen fill places occupied here by politicians—are devoting their lives to this problem. It is also to be remembered that France is not only the most civilised but the most irreligious of European countries. Here, at home, the problem is not yet so urgent. The men who lead us are not concerned about it, for the excellent reason that the thinkers of the nation have not yet pointed it out to them. Nevertheless, the facts must one day be faced.

The State, as we know, is on the verge of feeding the starved school children—there are 60,000 such in London—whom it already educates. From practically all parts of white civilisation the tale is the same. Marriage is tending to break down, parenthood is a nuisance, the State is becoming more paternal and the individual less so; and "Marriage is no longer the only occupation open to women," as some vulgar mind has it.

And, in the light of the disquieting news from America and Australia, reinforced by their own private wishes, people are asking whether monogamy is a natural state for man. As a student of biology, a friend of mine was asked this question last week—by a married man who was tired of his wife, but who professed a disinterested desire for scientific information. Now, despite certain recent writers, the answer most emphatically is that monogamy is the ideal toward which the whole evolution of animal life, since sex began, has been steadily tending. We see it in the bird, which disputes with the mammal the honour of highest place in the animal world. Man has reached it in a peculiar and, in a sense, a premature fashion. I honestly believe that, *as yet*, only one woman in three or four, and perhaps one-tenth as many men, are really evolved so far as to be fitted for monogamy. But the leaders of man's moral evolution have realised the value of monogamy and, *whilst their followers had the power*, they have insisted upon it. Hence an immeasurable debt which we owe to the Roman Catholic Church. But the world is now convinced that "they didn't know everything down in Judee," though as a matter of fact no moral truth has been discovered since the Crucifixion, or ever will be. The decay of authority, due largely to its abuse, and the disappearance of the old deterrents such as excommunication, fear of hell and so forth, have led, can we doubt? to the present chaos, and the white race will hardly survive to see order evolved again; unless, indeed, its birth-rate begins to rise. Will it so rise?

All of which has nothing to do with science, I may be told. Well, I will not set up my definition of science against that of my objectors; but this is the verdict of science, at any rate, that monogamy has an impregnable fortress in the laws of Nature, and that, after a period during which men tend to depart from it, owing to the disappearance of the belief that monogamy is a divine ordinance, divinely upheld and avenged, there will come a return to it, on the final grounds that, as Kepler said, the laws of Nature *are* the thoughts of God.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

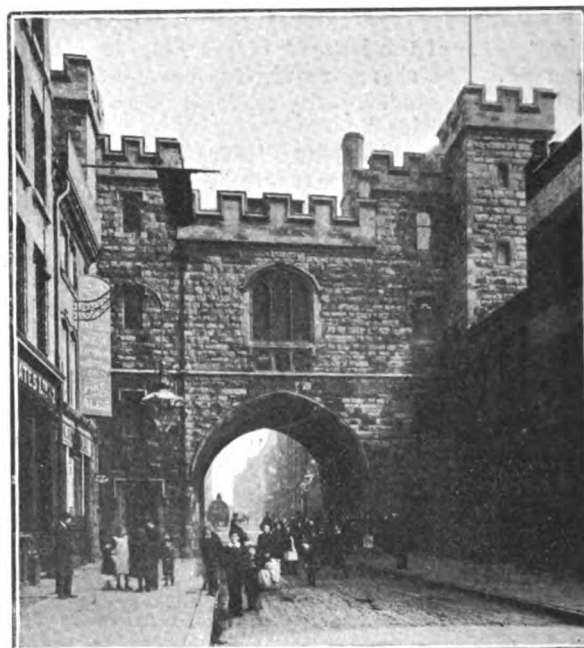
ONCE upon a time there was born a child, round whose cradle there gathered the good fairies, who endowed the little one with all good gifts, wit, humour, insight, the power of literary expression and other choice possessions. But no one noticed that a mischievous imp stood concealed behind the hangings of the chamber, who, when the good fairies had gone on their way rejoicing, crept out and said to himself, "This is all very fine; if this child grows up he will be too great and will become quite unbearable. So I will give him something." Wherewith he presented the unconscious babe with a strain of impishness, which should lead him when he had done good work to undo the same by jesting, tongue in cheek; jesting at himself and at all the world. And in course of time this child grew up and took unto himself the name of George Bernard Shaw, writer of plays and of pamphlets, novelist, maker of verse, politician, Fabian, vegetarian, anti-many-things, &c.; author, too, of "Candida."

Why did Mr. Bernard Shaw write "Candida"? Not for the purpose of making money, for it is a matter for wonder that a London manager has been found venturesome enough to produce it even at a few matinées. For the pleasure of the public then? Scarcely, the public likes not plays that make it think. Jestings apart, the demeanour of the people at such plays as "Everyman," "Op o' Me Thumb," "A Man of Honour," "Candida" is enough to make the judicious grieve, to repel any artist from stage work, to sicken any actor of sensitive ability; roars of delight greet abject clowning; sniggers, giggles and loud conversation are the accompaniment to any play worthy the epithet of serious. So is it with "Candida" at the Court Theatre; one blushes for one's neighbours and then for oneself at being there with such a crowd. Mr. Walkley lectured lately on The Theatre and The Crowd; he did not tell us, as he might well and truthfully have told us, that until the British public changes our theatre must remain inartistic and stand apart from life.

"CANDIDA" is genuine Shaw, but—wonderful to say—without a trace of impishness. The dramatist has taken three simple types, probing their nature to the bottom and drawing them for us as individuals. First, Morell, a strenuous, serious, socialist parson, with a keen eye for all extra-domestic matters, fond of his wife, but blind to the Angel on the Hearth, unimaginative, without a trace of poetry in his composition; a good man, a lovable fellow, but—dense. Second, Candida, the wife, a womanly woman, full of deep affection, utterly unselfish, warm-hearted, sensible, practical, without any ideal but that of making the best of life in a good common-sense way. Third, Marchbanks, young, frail, shy, a poet, full of dreams, in fact living in dreamland, yet with that curious keen poetic insight into the hearts of men and women, but with no ability to help any one, more particularly himself, with his knowledge. When three such persons are thrown together, some such drama as that shown us by Mr. Bernard Shaw must work itself out; fate decrees it.

THE poet loves the wife, the wife loves the husband, whose blind eyes are gradually opened to the wealth of love and happiness that is his; the poet goes out into the dark, happy in that the husband is happy in the happi-

ness of the woman both men love. And there an end. One other character really counts, Mr. Burgess, a commonplace cad, who looks on all idealists as madmen. The dialogue is strong and true, often witty, often



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL

[Photo. Booker & Sullivan, Chancery Lane]

poignant, sometimes truly poetic; the action of the plot is simple and natural; what more can be demanded? Yes, "Candida" is a great play.

Of the acting nothing but praise can be spoken. Miss Kate Rorke shows both humour and tenderness as Candida, Mr. Norman McKinnel thoroughly realises Morell, and Mr. Granville Barker (undismayed by the senseless giggles of the groundlings) gives a wonderful performance of Marchbanks. It is a very difficult part to play and can only be acted aright by an artist of sensitive temperament. Of such artists there are few; Mr. Barker is one of them. Mr. Poulton and Miss Fairbrother are capital in comic parts. All concerned, dramatist, actors and manager, are to be thanked for a playhouse treat.

Musical Notes

EVERY one admires Dr. Joachim and is delighted to see him whenever he comes among us. There is, however, one aspect of these Joachim Quartet concerts which is rather irritating, and this is the element of humbug and insincerity with which they have become associated. With a certain section of the London musical public it has become the correct thing to flock to these particular performances as though they constituted nothing less than a musical revelation, and this year, as heretofore, the same phenomenon has been repeated. No one would take any exception to this if the same folk who profess themselves such enthusiasts in this connection gave proof of their sincerity by bestowing their patronage in like measure upon other undertakings equally deserving. Unfortunately this is just what they do not do—as

was instanced, for example, by the wretched attendance at the recent performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solennis" at Queen's Hall.

HERE at least one might have thought was a concert which would appeal with peculiar force to the Joachim worshippers who find their chiefest delight in the same great master's posthumous quartets. Yet one saw at the latter concert hardly any of those who crowd to those of Dr. Joachim and his colleagues. And what makes the thing even more absurd is that when Dr. Joachim used to come here in his prime his appearances occasioned nothing like the same amount of excitement, and the concerts at which he was accustomed to play regularly, namely, the "Pops," were so poorly attended in the end that he eventually gave up coming. However, apart from these considerations, which reflect, not upon Dr. Joachim, but upon his sham admirers, it is delightful to have the great player with us once again even though it is the idlest kind of affectation and the poorest sort of compliment to pretend that his playing still retains the qualities by which it was distinguished in his prime.

THE injunction "Watch this Space" is one with which we are all familiar. A correspondent of the "New York Musical Courier" adopts a somewhat similar formula with regard to a composer at present unknown. Max Reger by name, who is destined, however, he tells us, speedily to attain fame. And no wonder if all he says of him be true:

"He is in one sense the modern Bach. He is a master fugue writer, and his fantasy on the letters B-A-C-H is one of the greatest things of the kind ever attempted. Reger has written glorious works for organ, and his 'Chaconne' for violin alone is a masterpiece of polyphonic writing."

From the character of his compositions Herr Reger would seem at least to shrink from no comparisons. If I am not mistaken Bach himself tried some sort of a composition—was it a triple fugue which he did not live to complete?—on the initials of his own name, and I seem to have a recollection, too, of Schumann having tried his hand at a composition, if not more than one, of the same nature. But this is no reason certainly why Herr Reger should not do the like and better—if he can.

Discussing the poor audiences at the recent Kruse Festival "E.A.B." in the "Daily News" finds an explanation in part in the character of the programmes, which contained, he suggests, too many violin concertos and too few works by modern composers; wherefore he expresses the hope that Mr. Kruse, if he fulfils his intention of giving another Festival next year, will order matters otherwise in these respects. Personally, however, I doubt if any Festival of this kind could ever hope to achieve success in London. The truth of the matter is that London's musical amateurs are habitually offered more concerts than they require, and to suppose that in any circumstances a large number of serious concerts given right off the reel in this way would be well attended is in my humble judgment a sheer delusion. The experiment has been tried again and again by one person and another, but never with success. Is it not about time to recognise the fact?

THE offer of £100 by Messrs. Chappell for the best comic opera libretto written by one who has not previously produced any work of this kind calls attention to one of the many difficulties, and that not the least one,

which attend the attempt to advance the cause of native opera in this country. There are, Messrs. Chappell assure us, any number of brilliant young composers ready to supply operatic music, but they can never get decent libretti. Who would have thought this? It is a popular notion that any one can write a libretto. And so any one can no doubt. But of what quality? The explanation is no doubt that in a general way the reward held out by work of this kind is not of a sort to tempt the services of the best men. Messrs. Chappell's offer, however, should set many clever pens going. The outcome of the competition, further particulars concerning which may be obtained from the firm in question, will be awaited with interest.

THE opera season has got itself started, and so far as one may judge from the performances already given seems likely to prove sufficiently attractive. There would indeed appear some danger of its chief interest being exhausted during the first month on the completion of the special performances under Richter, all of which are to fall within that period. But this was hardly to be avoided in view of the fact that Dr. Richter's presence will later be required at Bayreuth. In one respect at least there has been an improvement on recent seasons. It was an excellent idea beginning for once in a way with "Don Giovanni" and following this up with "Tristan und Isolde" rather than with the usual "Faust" or "Roméo et Juliette." Of the season's new singers heard so far Fräulein Destinn and Miss Alice Nielsen have both made favourable impressions.

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Art Notes

The Royal Academy—I

ONE realises, at the Royal Academy this year, something of the thrill which a good Reynolds year, or a good Gainsborough year, must have brought to the bewigged and dandified art-lover of the later seventeen-hundreds. The pleasure produced by the first sight of a masterpiece by Gainsborough or Reynolds or Romney, fresh from the easel, must have been somewhat akin to the glow of the eye's delight at the splendour of John Sargent's superb portrait of "The Duchess of Sutherland," or the very great masterpiece which holds the figure of "Mrs. Wertheimer"—surely one of the finest things in all modern portraiture. It is indeed a Sargent year. And it speaks volumes for the high achievement of the latest recruit to the ranks of the Royal Academy, Mr. Charles Furse, that, set beside such a master, he holds our admiration with his breezy and masterly portrait of the lady who moves across his wind-filled sky and wind-swept landscape with two greyhounds in leash—the very name he gives to his portrait is atune to its pulsing vitality, "Diana of the Uplands." Mr. Furse scores another and one of the chief triumphs of the year with his portrait in purple harmonies entitled "The Lilac Gown," in which a handsome woman, in gown of mauves and silver, stands enwrapped in the shadow from her lilac parasol under a glittering sun. Mr. Furse's character-drawing is his glory—just as he gets the characters of these two ladies by help of his colour and the suggestion of the very air that envelops them, so, in his portrait of a whimsical humorous man, he wins success with his "Sir Francis Mowatt, G.C.B."—it makes one want to know the man. The third sensation of the year is the triumph of the veteran genius, G. F. Watts, who dominates the quadrangle with his mighty statue of a horse and its rider, which he calls "Physical Energy"—a name about as poetic as though he had called it "Jones' Fruit Salt." But surely only some academic humorist could have placed this magnificent and majestic masterpiece so that it faces into Piccadilly, and thus comes upon the onlooker with its least dignified and least dramatic aspect. He must have been a lineal descendant of that wag who decreed gilt frames as a necessity for water-colours! Water-colours that nine out of ten times are simply destroyed, body and soul, by coming near gold! And whilst I am on the subject of the tom-follies of the Royal Academy, why cannot some of the finer pieces of sculpture be set down the centre of the great third gallery, where they would look less like the trophies from a disused burial-ground than, as now, huddled together into a small room? And, above all, why this ridiculous and merely drivelling law about full-length portraits being skied? Surely the very fact of its height in itself raises the head sufficiently out of view!

I THINK it will be admitted by all fair-minded critics that the average technical accomplishment of the Academy of 1904 is wonderfully high. Every year this technical standard rises. But the great pictures, or even really fine pictures, remain rare. Mr. Clausen's landscape and field subjects show their wonted charm, brilliant qualities, and strength—he is this year as masterly and as fresh of vision as of old. Mr. Dollman, who is generally an amusing if rather commonplace artist, this year sends a picture of strong emotional power, which will very likely not receive the praise that

is its due—and that chiefly owing to Mr. Dollman's own too oft-repeated lack of seriousness—yet I have known this artist to paint some remarkably fine things in the realm of tragedy. This year's "Famine," with its stalking figure of death in the cold moonlight of the frozen landscape, followed by vast troops of hungry wolves, whose stealthy battalions seem to extend to the edge of the silent stricken world, must raise Mr. Dollman's reputation enormously; and his success is a well-deserved one. Of the figure subjects, Mr. Tuke sends one of the finest pictures he has painted, "In the Morning Sun": the nude youth is most brilliantly set down; Mr. Frank C. Cowper sends a painting of "St. Francis of Assisi and the Heavenly Melody," which is like an array of exquisite gems in its beauty of colour; Mr. John Swan shows one of the most beautiful colour-pieces in the whole range of the exhibition, "The Young Bathers"; Mr. Brangwyn a handsome decorative painting which, though not nearly as fine a piece of work as we expect from his genius, stands out from its fellows, disgracefully skied as it is; Mr. Millet gives us one of his inimitable Dutch-like pieces in "The Black Sheep," a pretty girl being lectured by her Puritan father; and Mr. Macbeth and Mr. Young Hunter are, with others, well represented. Mr. La Thangue maintains his position. Mr. Edwin Abbey does not reach the heights of his best achievement, but charming he always is. Mr. Orchardson gives us a beautiful and exquisite "The Lyric"—a girl of the Empire period at an Empire piano in an Empire room. In landscape, Mr. Napier Hemy contributes the best work I have ever seen from his hands—"London River"—a work which will greatly enhance his reputation amongst artists. Mr. Wetherbee is at his best this year; and Mr. Alfred East sends a number of landscapes that it would be a pleasure to possess. Adrian Stokes has a very beautiful scheme in lemon-yellow entitled "The Blue Pool"; and Mark Fisher a charming "Mill Stream," vibrant with sunlight. David Murray is interesting in Constable's country. Of the animal pictures, Mr. Wardle sends the only remarkable canvases. It is, in fact, a great portrait year; and Mr. Herkomer's strident "Joseph Chamberlain," Mr. Bacon's powerful "T. P. O'Connor," Mr. George Henry's "Blue Veil," Mr. Orchardson's portrait head, Mr. William Orpen's "Charles Wertheimer," Miss Sophie Pemberton's "Verlaine's Friend," Mr. Stanhope Forbes' "The Earl of Mount-Edgumbe," Signor Mancini's "En Voyage," and Mr. Furse's grimly humorous "Sir Francis Mowatt" are all brilliant works that must greatly add to the fame of their painters.

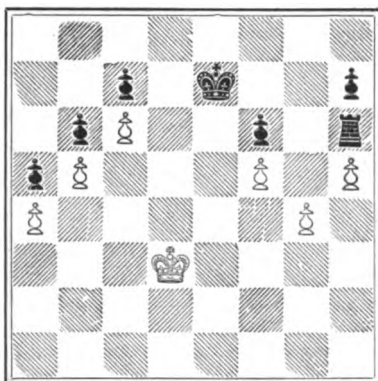
SOME of the Academicians are quite funny—"Moses Viewing the Promised Land" is quite the most humorous design in the show—though it makes one sigh for the glories of Leighton's splendid black-and-white in the Dalziel Bible. And—one word before I proceed to pass the rooms in review next week—surely it is time that some of the older members of the Academy, for their own repute, sent in their resignations! I do not intend to sneer at all the mediocre effort on these walls; it is too pathetic; but surely Mr. Val Prinsep, Mr. Henry Woods, Mr. Storey and others should realise that they only render themselves open to unseemly abuse and unpleasant attacks by remaining in the Academy—their immortality is over. They can gain nothing by such contributions as they send this year. It is hateful to write these things of men who have grown grey in their profession. Have they no friends to warn them—to persuade them?

Chess

[All communications, marked clearly "Chess" on cover, to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Academy and Literature," 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.4.]

No. 6.

BLACK.



WHITE.

BLACK TO PLAY AND WIN.

SOLUTION to No. 4. 1. R—K 7, B—Kt 8 (if K—B 5, R×B); 2. R—K 5 ch., K—Q 3; 3. K—B 2, B—K 5; 4. K—Kt 3, B—Kt 8; 5. K—R 4, B—K 5; 6. K—Kt 5, B—Kt 8; 7. R×B P and wins.

The following is an interesting but little-known attack in the Guiooco Piano.

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. P—K 4 | 1. P—K 4 |
| 2. Kt—K B 3 | 2. Kt—Q B 3 |
| 3. B—B 4 | 3. B—B 4 |
| 4. P—B 3 | 4. Kt—B 3 |
| 5. P—Q 4 | 5. P×P |
| 6. P×P | |

P—K 5 is considered the correct move here.

- | | |
|-----------|---------------|
| 7. Kt—B 3 | 6. B—Kt 5 ch. |
| 8. O-O | 7. Kt×P. |
| 9. P—Q 5 | 8. B×Kt |

As a novelty this attack is very embarrassing, but if correctly met Black should gain the advantage.

9. Kt—R 4

Better than B—B 3 or O-O.

- | | |
|------------|----------|
| 10. P×B | 10. Kt×B |
| 11. Q—Q 4. | |

Black cannot retain his piece any longer. The attempt to do so would only result in disaster. The best move is P—K B 4, and White must either play Q×Q Kt, regaining the piece but remaining a Pawn down, or Q×Kt P, giving up everything for the attack. In either case Black should maintain a decided superiority.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

We award a prize of a guinea every quarter for the best game played at any club either in matches, tournaments, or in the course of ordinary play, with this restriction—that the club membership shall not exceed 200. We hope by this restriction to excite interest in the competition among clubs all over the country. The prize will be awarded to the player sending in the best game—that is, competitors may send in several games and the prize will go to the player who has sent in the best during the quarter. Competitors can therefore send in many or few games, as they see fit, and at any time. The prize will not be a cash payment, but will take the form of books to be selected by the prize-winner.

The name and club of each of the players must in all cases be given with the score of the game.

The prize will be awarded by the Editor of this column, his decision will be final, and no discussion or correspondence on his decision will be permitted.

Games may be sent in at any time by competitors, but not more than one game each week.

Correspondence

"Vulgar Errors"

SIR,—“Antiquarian,” which “Africanus,” in your issue of March 26, quotes as used by Dickens, is described in the “Century Dictionary” as a rare word, and is illustrated there only by a quotation from Milton, who employs it in a depreciatory sense. After reading “Africanus’” letter I happened to take from my bookshelf Boswell’s “Tour to the Hebrides,” 1813 edition, and by a curious coincidence on the first page I opened I lit on this very word in a letter from George Dempster to Boswell, in which, speaking of Dr. Johnson, he says “The author neither says he is a geographer nor an antiquarian, nor very learned in the history of Scotland, nor a naturalist nor a fossilist.”—Yours, &c.

A. H. V.

Teaching English Literature

SIR,—“H. P. H.’s” letter moves me to make a protest which I have long contemplated making, against the way in which some of your correspondents speak of the teaching of English literature and grammar in schools. I have some experience in teaching these subjects for the Cambridge Local Examinations, and I believe that the usual methods, though doubtless far from perfect, do give good results. It must be remembered that the majority of children in the majority of schools do not come from homes where good reading is encouraged and where literature is discussed. Most children have a very small vocabulary and a very limited power of arranging words, therefore they have great difficulty in thinking connectedly, in expressing their thoughts or in understanding what they read. If they mix with cultivated and intellectual people their minds are easily and naturally trained by conversation and reading, but if they come from homes where newspapers and poor novels are the only literature and gossip the only conversation, it is left to the schoolmaster or mistress to do what can be done in the few hours a week devoted to literary subjects. I have thought and watched and tested, and I know that analysing good sentences and parsing words gives children an insight into the possibilities of composition and the meaning of words which it would be difficult indeed to give them in any other way. Paraphrasing a fine passage forces the pupils to think out the meaning for themselves, and intelligent comprehension gives pleasure if they are not unduly fatigued. The study of literary masterpieces introduces boys and girls to the wonders of philology, to matters of history on which their history lessons do not touch, and to a whole world of thought which in their home life is never approached. It is not my experience that such study causes dislike of the authors studied; I know that to get up a play for the “Junior Cambridge” may be the foundation of a life-long love of Shakespeare. I admit of course that much depends on the examiners; the Indian Education Department, for instance, makes good teaching impossible; but given good teachers and good examiners, I maintain that our methods are not to be despised, and that grammar is a necessity. I am convinced that neither mathematics nor elementary natural science give the kind of training which will fit children’s minds to learn and comprehend easily, whereas wide and at the same time methodical reading is not possible in school work, even if it were advisable.—Yours, &c.

CATHERINE C. CHANNER.

Darjiling, India.

"Radical Moral Evil"

SIR,—Our thanks are due to “A Student of Literature” for his most interesting quotations. It seems to me that the difference between us is not really so great. No one denies the tendency to *what we call evil* in human nature. Science does not “loftily assure him that this ought not to be and cannot be”; certainly I never did. Modern ethics merely impugns the positive nature of evil, and declares it to be the negation of good. What would be evil in man, e.g., murder, would be the non-moral law of its nature in an animal. Believing in the continuity and consistency of man

with nature, science sees that to declare man *essentially* or originally evil is to declare the Cosmos essentially evil. From that blasphemy it refrains.

May I suggest that "A Student of Literature" would do me a great service if he would use his wide knowledge to inform me as to the history of the idea—which we find in such diverse places as Shintoism and Browning's Abt Vogler—that evil is no more than the *negation of good*. Of course it ought to be possible for me, when seeking such a history, to turn to my library and consult an "Historical Dictionary of Ideas." Future centuries will wonder how we got along without such a work; and "Student of Literature" would make an immortal name for himself if he would write one. Need I say that I am perfectly serious in this suggestion?—Yours, &c.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Blundell's

SIR,—Your Reviewer suggests that if Mr. F. J. Snell's book on Archbishop Temple be reprinted it might be renamed "Blundell's and its Worthies." Fortunate, indeed, may that writer count himself who has hit upon a title approved of already by expert opinion; and it so happens that a volume of memoirs of eminent Blundellians, bearing that name, is now almost through the press. "Blundell's Worthies"—or, does not diplomacy suggest that it should be entitled "Blundell's and its Worthies"?—has been written in honour of the tercentenary of the school, next June. May I add that in my pleasant task I have been loyally helped with contributions (literary, I mean) by various "O.B.'s," amongst their number Mr. F. J. Snell?—Yours, &c.,

M. L. BANKS.

The Teutonic Prefix "Ge"

SIR,—This superfluous syllable does not seem explicable in German; professors call it *meaningless*, and say "pass on," but it is an important intensive, however neglected or superseded.

It is apparently a survival from the classical tongues, as in the imperatives *or age*, in both forms; Sanskrit "aj," so "ago" whence agent, agitate, &c.; and more pointedly the carman's "gee-hup," the initial "a" being lost or dormant.

Now this Germanic "ge" was "ga" in Gothic, both forms being equal in Greek; the language called Gothic was grammaticised by the missionary Ulphilas, a Bishop of the Greek Church, and the Gothic alphabet was founded on runes, traced to uncial Greek; so, wherever a doubt exists, it seems safe to recognise a classical precedent.—Yours, &c.

A. HALL.

"An Infinite Capacity for Taking Pains"

SIR,—The above line is corrected into "the transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all" (from Carlyle) in one of your "Questions" of April 23, but does not the line as it stands occur in one of Pater's writings? It is quite familiar to me, and I had thought to be able to find it in the "Renaissance" or "Appreciations," but have not been able to light upon it. Perhaps some of your readers could come to my assistance, for I am assured the line is Pater's, as distinct from Carlyle's version of the same idea.—Yours, &c.

MAX JUDGE.

Spencer's Musical Criticism

SIR,—As a reader of Spencer's memorable "Autobiography" I have been much interested in his opinion of Wagner. Your musical critic says that his failure to appreciate this great master is "easily explained," but he does not hint at the explanation. Perhaps next week he might do so for us. For myself I am quite puzzled, unless it be that the explanation is the Spencerian one of adaptation between the organism and its environment; Spencer's auditory centre had been developed under a non-Wagnerian environment, and was therefore not adapted to appreciate the new music? This is the rule with nearly all of us in other matters besides music, is it not?—Yours, &c.

AMATEUR.

Mr. Morley's "Gladstone"

SIR,—In Mr. Morley's "Life of Mr. Gladstone" there is a list given of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet colleagues. Seventy Ministers are mentioned, but there are three Ministers omitted, viz. Lord Dalhousie and Lord St. Germans, who entered Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet in 1846, when Mr. Gladstone returned to it; and Lord Canning, who was a member of Lord Palmerston's Cabinet with Mr. Gladstone when it was originally constituted in 1855.—Yours, &c.,

H. B. FOYSTER.

The Late Sir Leslie Stephen

SIR,—We believe that the friends of the late Sir Leslie Stephen would wish to give some outward expression of their affection and regard for him.

It has been suggested that in the first instance an engraving should be made of the portrait by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and that copies should be presented to the London Library, to the Athenæum Club, to Harvard University, to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and to other institutions with which Sir Leslie Stephen was closely associated. Mr. Sidney Colvin has kindly undertaken to superintend the execution of the work.

It would be convenient if subscriptions and communications be forwarded to Mr. Sidney Lee, 108 Lexham Gardens, Kensington, London, W.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

JAMES BRYCE.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

HENRY JAMES.

A. C. LYALL.

JOHN MORLEY.

May 3.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and *brevity* in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-.

Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

NOTICE.

In future one of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Contributors to these columns are once more earnestly requested to observe the very simple rules printed at the head hereof. Every week several are disqualified because they put their name and address on their enclosing letter only, and not on each separate question or answer.

NOTE.

"Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seeken straunge strondes."

Prologue, "Canterbury Tales."

It seems worth while to quote from Dante's "Vita Nuova" the passage which gives the old distinction between "pilgrim" and "palmer." I have not seen it referred to in any annotated edition of the "Prologue" that I am acquainted with. I give the passage in Rossetti's translation.

"And I wrote this sonnet, which beginneth: 'Ye pilgrim folk,' I made use of the word *pilgrim* for its general signification; for '*pilgrim*' may be understood in two senses, one general, and one special. General, so far as any man may be called a pilgrim who leaveth the place of his birth; whereas, more narrowly speaking, he only is a pilgrim who goeth towards or frowards the House of St. James. For there are three separate denominations proper unto those who undertake journeys to the glory of God. They are called *Palmer*s who go beyond the seas eastward, whence often they bring palm-branches. And *Pilgrims*, as I have said, are they who journey unto the holy House of Gallicia; seeing that no other apostle was buried so far from his birthplace as was the blessed Saint James. And there is a third sort who are called *Romers*; in that they go whither those whom I have called pilgrims went: which is to say unto Rome."

The Wyf of Bathe, then, we may say had earned a right to all these titles: palmer, by her three journeys to Jerusalem; pilgrim, by her journey to Gallicia; and Romer likewise, for "at Rome she hadde ben."

Emily Hickey.

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

ORIGIN OF SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS.—Who were the authors of "Promos and Cassandra," "The Troublesome Reign of King John," and the translator of the "Menaechmi," on which, according to some authorities, Shakespeare founded certain of his plays?—*H.B.H. (Sidmouth).*

AUTHOR WANTED.—Where can I find the author of the following reference to Shakespeare?

Yet these are they who durst expose the age
Of the great wonder of our English stage;
Whom Nature seemed to form for your delight,
And bid him speak as she bid Shakespeare write.
W.M.H. (Edinburgh).

SHAKESPEAREAN BIBLIOGRAPHY.—What is the fullest Shakespearean bibliography in all languages?—*J. B. Herries-Smith.*

INDEFINITE PRONOUNS.—In "Macbeth" the hero and his lady dispute, with this conclusion, "Thou canst not say 'I' did it." That means Macbeth could not charge his wife with the murder—but "I," does it apply to man or wife, grammatically? Again in the song:

Call me Laura, call me Chloë,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Call me, only call me "thine."

The author means "mine," for if the respondent said "thine" it would be to throw her away to any one else. This may be called captious criticism, but "poetic licence" is very exacting.—*A.H.*

LITERATURE.

***AUTHOR WANTED.**—Can any of your readers give me information as to the origin of this quotation and where I may find the remaining verses?

Oh! merry sang the monks of Ely
When Knut the King he rowed thereby.
"Row near the land, men," cried the King,
"And let us hear these good monks sing."—*M. F. Burgess.*

AUTHOR WANTED.—Where can I find these lines?

Dearest, I have no hero's face
To plead my passion's cause;
No knightly, no persuasive grace
To win a world's applause.
What should I do? What should I be?
Sweetheart, to be beloved of thee?—*Tristram.*

OYSTERS.—Who is the author of "The Oyster: When, How, and Where to Find, Breed, Cook, and Eat It" (London: Trübner & Co., 1861)? The cover and illustrations are by Geo. Cruikshank; and it is a very thorough sort of little work.—*Ernest Messum.*

"THE NEW REPUBLIC."—Is there any key extant as to the originals of the characters in Mr. W. H. Mallock's book, "The New Republic"? I have heard that there are portraits of Ruskin, Herbert Spencer, and others. Is this so?—*John Gale.*

GENERAL.

***"QUEEN EDITH."**—When I was staying at Le Puy I went to see the beautiful old church La Chaise Dieu. The sacristan said to me: "Ah, madame ought to be interested in our cathedral, for we have an English queen buried here, la Reine Edith." Can you tell me what queen this was, and how she came to be buried there?—*Mrs.*

GUIDE-BOOKS TO WALES.—As an assistance towards the compilation of a bibliography of Welsh guide-books, I should be glad to know of any early works of this nature, prior to 1750, dealing especially with the counties of Glamorgan and Merionethshire.—*Aphomas.*

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

SONNETS.—The theory that Shakespeare's sonnets were addressed to a young actor who played the female parts in his plays was advanced, half fantastically, by the late Mr. Oscar Wilde in his essay on "Mr. W. H.," which appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" about fifteen years ago. The name of the young actor (evolved from various lines and allusions in the sonnets) is given as "Will Hughes," or "Hews." The essay, revised and partially re-written, was announced in 1894 in the "Bodley Head" catalogue under the title of "The Incomparable and Ingenious History of Mr. W. H., being the True Secret of Shakespeare's Sonnets herein for the first time set forth," but it never appeared. The original "Blackwood's Magazine" text has been re-issued in an edition published by Mr. Mosher, of Portland, Maine, U.S.A. I have seen a letter from Dr. Richard Garnett giving an opinion on the MS., in which he says that quite apart from its great literary merit, the essay, or rather story, is an admirable and valuable piece of Shakespearean criticism. In reply to the latter part of W.H.P.'s question, I can refer him to the exceedingly beautiful sonnets of Barnfield, practically unknown except to scholars of the beautiful; and to Michelangelo's sonnets. Barnfield is only known to the general public by his ode to the nightingale, for a long while attributed to Shakespeare:

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May, &c.

quite the least good thing he wrote!—*Wykehamist.*

"LIKE A CHURCH."—"The church goes slow" or some such phrase is of common use. The simile is obvious—in the quotation.—*W.A.T.*

[A similar answer received from W. E. Wilson (Hawick).]

LITERATURE.

***STEVENSON'S EPITAPH.**—Surely this suggestion of the meaning of the word "will" in the epitaph was made in fun. The untrammelled Stevenson would have been the last man to decline on a business matter in the middle of such a perfect poem. At this rate, we might as well wonder what claims he had to seamanship and sporting instincts, when, a few lines later, he refers to himself as "the sailor" and "the huntsman." Any sympathetic reader of R.L.S. can only see in the line that Stevenson was as ready to die when his time came as he was to live. He was the greatest example of enthusiasm for experience. He did not even feel

inclined to quarrel with fate. He lived as eagerly and fully as was possible considering his health. He meant to die willingly, with no backward glance. He helped himself to life with both hands. He would give no grudging obedience to the sound of Death's drum. Whatsoever his hand found to do he did with the might of two ordinary men.—*M.R.C. (Kenley).*

STEVENSON'S EPITAPH.—In Burns' song, "The Rigs o' Barley," there occurs:

I set her down wi' right good will
Among the rigs o' barley.

I take the meaning of the word "will" in the two quotations to be identical.—*A. M. Ross.*

STEVENSON'S EPITAPH.—Unless the epitaph were written in a facetious vein, one may safely conclude the meaning intended to be conveyed of "with a will" would be the ordinary one of "with all one's heart." His delicate state of health for some years before his death would lead one to conclude this to be the interpretation.—*W.A.T.*

STEVENSON'S EPITAPH.—In reference to Mr. King Coyle's interesting theory that the will with which R. L. Stevenson, in his "Epitaph," lays him down was his last will and testament, may I be permitted to offer an alternative gloss on this puzzling passage? Might not the word "will" be an allusion to some person—a Samoan servant, for instance—named Will, to whom Stevenson was attached, and by whose side it was his desire to be interred? I cannot help thinking that a controversy on this point, properly aired, would speedily put the "Will" of Shakespeare's sonnets completely in the shade.—*Excited.*

***"TUSHERY."**—I always understood that Robert Louis Stevenson invented this word himself, to express the "Wardour Street" English usually considered appropriate for historical romances. The exclamation "Tush," so popular in the writings of would-be medievalists, gives a foundation for the contemptuous collective "tushery," as Robert Louis Stevenson used it, in humorous scorn of his own efforts in that direction.—*M. I. Ebbutt (Lampeter).*

"TUSHERY."—I suggest that Stevenson coined this word to signify romances written in an archaic style, in which the expression "Tush!" might be used.—*S.D.A.W.*

"TUSHERY."—From "Tush," expressing contempt. So far as my recollection serves me, the egotism of the principal character in the work mentioned was wearisome, to use a mild term.—*W.A.T.*

"EYE OF THE SOUL."—The reference is, I think, to Plato's "Republic," 518, of which the following is a paraphrase by the late R. L. Nettleship in his masterly essay in "Hellenica," page 65: "The 'eye of the soul' is not, as some 'professors of education' seem to think, a blind eye into which knowledge can be put; its power of vision can neither be originally produced by education, nor entirely destroyed by the want of it; it can only be 'turned to the light' for which it has an intrinsic capacity."—*W.S.*

COINCIDENCES.—The names are generally literal, but the Hebrew of verses 2, 3, has "nesi rosh," read variously as "chief prince" or "Prince of Rosh," with a glance at Russia! In verse 5, the original has Paras or Peres, Cush, Phut; supposed to be intended for Persia, Ethiopia, Libya; so in the mysterious writing on the wall of "Mene, mene, tekel, u-pharsin," Persia is "read in." The Greek of Ezekiel xxviii. reads Gog, Magog, archonta rōs "chief head," Mesoch, Thobel. In verse 5, Gomer, Thorgama, eschatou Borra for "north quarters." And Persai, Aithiopes, Libues, as in the "R.V.," the Greek version of the Septuagint is older than any Hebrew MS. now known.—*A. Hall.*

FEMALE PSEUDONYMS.—The late Grant Allen published two novels, "The Typewriter Girl" and "Rosalba," under the pseudonym "Olive Pratt Rayner."—*S.D.A.W.*

COLERIDGE.—The lines beginning "Here on this market cross aloud I cry" are from a composition entitled, "The Categorical Imperative, or the Annunciation of the new Teutonic God, ETQENKAIHAN: a dithyrambic Ode, by Querkopf Von Klubstick, Grammarian, and Subrector in Gymnasio." Coleridge introduces it with this note: "The following burlesque on the Fichtean Egoismus may, perhaps, be amusing to the few who have studied the system, and to those who are unacquainted with it may convey as tolerable a likeness of Fichte's idealism as can be expected from an avowed caricature."—*M.A.C.*

"THINK LONG."—This phrase is current in the North of Ireland in the sense of to wish for, or to weary for. It also occurs in the old Scottish ballad, "Logie o' Buchan":

He said, Think na lang, lassie, though I go awa',
For I'll come and see ye in spite o' them a'.

Longfellow, in "My Lost Youth," quotes as from a Lapland song, "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and the whole poem interprets it as meaning the "song and silence . . . that in part are prophecies and in part are longings wild and vain." The phrase probably has to do with longing, "to think longingly," or may be merely a reference to the fact that we think long about that which we wish for.—*H. Pearl Humphry.*

"DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS."—The incident related in George Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways," in which Diana Warwick sells a Cabinet secret, was founded on the report that Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Norton, who was popularly supposed to be portrayed in the novel by the heroine, Diana Warwick, had communicated the secret of Peel's conversion to Free Trade in 1845 to John Thadeus Delane, editor of "The Times" 1841-1877, who is in the novel represented by Mr. Tonans. As a matter of fact, the impending change was told to Delane by Lord Aberdeen, and evidence was forthcoming from Lord Dufferin and other influential persons to show that the story of Mrs. Norton was groundless.—*W. Gribble (Oxford).*

EARLIEST SONNETS.—It is generally stated by writers on English literary history that Sir Thomas Wyatt wrote the first English sonnet. He was contemporary with the Earl of Surrey, but fourteen or fifteen years his senior. Surrey refers to him as his "master"; and Professor Hales considers that "it is time he should generally have some credit for having introduced the sonnet into our literature." The sonnets of both Wyatt and Surrey were published first in Tottel's "Miscellany." It is found on comparison that the sonnets of Wyatt are more faithful than those of Surrey to the Italian model, both in structure and rhyme scheme.—*S.C.*

EARLIEST SONNETS.—Mr. William Sharp, in his introduction to "Sonnets of this Century" (Canterbury Poets), says: "The first English sonnets were composed by Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542) and Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (c. 1517-1547); and the first appearance of any in book form was in the rare publication briefly known as Tottel's 'Miscellany.'"—*S.D.A.W.*

EARLIEST SONNETS.—In the reign of Queen Mary and in the year 1557 was published Tottel's "Miscellany—Songs and Sonnettes." It is the first book containing English sonnets, and most of them were written in the reign of

Henry VIII. The earliest are by Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542), and are twenty in number, followed by those of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1518-1546), of which there are sixteen. The best of Wyatt's is the one entitled "The lover compareth his state to a ship in perilous storm tossed on the sea." For further information see "Life of Shakespeare," by Sidney Lee, and T. Watts-Dunton, Enc. Brit., Art. "Sonnet."—R. J. White.

"DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS."—The incident in "Diana of the Crossways" to which C. J. Pollard refers bears a striking resemblance to an ancient story which was current in 1843-6. When "The Times" surprised the world by announcing that Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet was preparing to repeal the Corn Laws, it was rumoured (very probably without the least foundation) that a lady who had wormed the secret out of a young member of the Cabinet had sold it to the Editor for a considerable sum. I do not believe the story, as both the statesman and the editor were men of high character.—H.B.F. (Hastings).

GENERAL.

"HOPE AGAINST HOPE."—The "Twentieth-century Dictionary" gives the definition as "to continue to hope when there is no sufficient reason." "Against" in the sense used above doubtless means "in opposition to"—to wit, Romans iv. 18, "who against hope believed in hope."—W.A.T.

"AN OLD EPIGRAPH."—It is new to me, but surely simple enough to read. The middle line is used in both lines, thus:

Quos anguis tristi diro cum vulnere stravit.
Hos sanguis Christi mirum tum munere lavit.

An ingenious sort of anagram.

Those whom the serpent smote with sad, fell wound
The blood of Christ hath laved with wondrous boon.—A.W.

[Similar solutions received from: W. T. Greenstreet (Stroud); J. H. Stafford (Catherham); George White; M.F. (Kenmore Lodge); M. I. Ebbutt (Lampeter); Asmodeus (Newcastle); Harmatopogon; A.B. (Withington); G.E.J. (Bray); C. S. Jerram; A.G.S. (Forest Gate); W. E. Garrett Fisher; Sidney Darrell; Volunteer (Hull); Edward Palmer; Illiterate (Liphook); W.M. (Aberdeen); B. M. Gwyn-Lewis; H.W.M. (Manchester); H.C.P. (Cullompton); W.A.T. (Disley); F. L. Bickley; Rev. Dr. Cobb; J. Ford; L. F. Maxwell; J.E.A. (Paris); H. Pearl Humphry; W. P. Cook; Cormac (Truro); R. Steuart (Jersey); Moonraker (Paris); the Rev. Austin Lourey; L.G.M. (Hove); S. E. Eland; Harold Lewis; M.D. (Fermoy); S. (Aberdeen); G.A.J.C.; H.A.R. (Fareham); R. M. Henry (Belfast); R.J.M. (Montrose); F.E.G. (Dublin); Trebla (Tonbridge), and Christopher Watson.]

"A LONG SPOON."—Heywood gives in his "Proverbs," "Hee must have a long spoon, shall eat with the devil"; and Chaucer, giving an earlier form, writes:

Therefore behoveth him a ful long spon
That shal eat with a fend.

The allusion is probably to the morality plays so common in the Middle Ages, in which the Devil, in his own person, was one of the principal characters, and the Vice played all sorts of tricks and practical jokes on him. The Vice carried a wooden sword (now the harlequin's wand, or the clown's poker) with which to belabour the Devil, and that may have developed from an earlier "long spoon," useful for eating or fighting.—M. I. Ebbutt (Lampeter).

OPERA PLOTS.—In answer to W.I., I have in my possession a little volume called "The New Opera Glass," containing the plots of the popular operas, and a short biography of the composers by John E. Barker (Leipzig: Karl Fr. Pfau. 1887. 2nd edition). Plots are given of 67 operas.—S.D.A.W.

"TICKHILL! GOD HELP 'EM!"—This reminds me of a phrase current in Worcestershire at the time. "Pershere! God help us!" At Pershere large quantities of plums are grown, and in years of plenty the saying runs, "Pershere, where do you think, the land of plums." In years of scarceness this is altered to "Pershere! God help us!"—A. L. King.

"PHILOMOT."—Reply received from M. White (Whyteleafe).

"GOOD-BYE."—"God be with you."—W. J. Greenstreet (Stroud).

"GOOD-BYE."—Is a contraction of "God be with you"; Spanish equiv.: Vaya con Dios—lit.: "Go with God." The name of the Deity is variously found as Good, Good, and God.—W.A.T.

"REVENONS À NOS MOUTONS."—This phrase is usually—and correctly—described as occurring in "L'Avocat Patelin," a play written by de Brueys in 1760, and produced in 1766. But the author himself informs us in a preface to the play (in a later edition) that it was taken from a much older piece—"Les Tromperies Finesses et Subtilités de M. Pierre Patelin, Avocat à Paris, imprimée à Rouen chez Jacques Caillonne en 1656, sur la Copie de l'an 1560." From a criticism by Pasquier of this old farce (dating originally from the fifteenth century), quoted by de Brueys, we find that it contained the well-worn phrase, which he describes as being even then "a proverb." It is worthy of note, however, that the original quotation is "Revenons à vos moutons," and not "nos moutons," as it is usually quoted nowadays. Has the phrase ever really been quoted by any English writer, previous to, say, 1706?—J.N.

"GENIUS."—In the first volume of "Frederick the Great" (Book iv. chapter iii.) Carlyle speaks of Genius as a "transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all," but it is scarcely fair to take this definition apart from Carlyle's philosophy of Genius, and term it "inadequate." Rather should we weigh it in the balance with the author's wider reflections on this same subtle quality. "Patience . . . know that Genius everywhere in Nature, means this first of all; that without this it means nothing, generally even less," he writes in another volume of "Frederick the Great." Again in "Past and Present": "Genius, Poet! do we know what these words mean? An inspired Soul once more vouchsafed us, direct from Nature's own Great Fire-heart, to see the Truth, and speak it, and do it"; and again in the same volume: "Man of Genius—hast thou any notion what a Man of Genius is? Genius is the 'inspired gift of God.' Possibly the best definition of Genius is to be found in Hazlitt, who draws a very fine distinction between this quality and Talent. 'Talent,' he says in his 'Essay on the Indian Jugglers,' 'is the capacity of doing anything that depends on application and industry. . . . Talent differs from Genius, as voluntary differs from involuntary power. Ingenuity is Genius in trifles, greatness is Genius in undertakings of much pith and moment. A clever or ingenious man is one who can do anything well whether it is worth doing or not.'—E. A. Browne.

"FAYNETS."—I have never heard this word. The children in America, as far as I know, say "Kings Ex," or "American," in playing "Touch" or similar games.—M.G. (Charleston, U.S.A.).

"FAYNETS."—I would suggest that this expression, otherwise written "feign its," is a hybrid French and German exclamation evolved from the juvenile brain, viz., "Fais Nichts," a notice to "do nothing" more to

the speaker as a player at the game. The confusion with the English word "feign" is natural, and has many precedents, ex. gr. "lanthorn" for "lantern," "Bully Ruman" for "Bellerophon," "causeway" for "causey" (chaussée), &c.—Robert B. Boswell (Lingfield).

"MOTHER-IN-LAW."—Originally this meant only: "mother according to the law," as opposed to mother according to nature, hence it stood differently for "stepmother," and what is now usually meant by "mother-in-law." The New English Dictionary, s.v. "mother-in-law," gives quotations for its meaning "stepfather" from the sixteenth century down to the nineteenth (a.o. from Dickens and George Eliot), and adds that the meaning stepfather is now commonly regarded as a misuse.—E.A. (Holland).

COUNTING-OUT VERSE.—Having been much interested in the "Counting-out Verses" recently published in THE ACADEMY Questions and Answers. I thought your English readers might like to know what rhymes were used on this side of the water, so I send two. I know another, but it is more like some already published:

(1.)
Ones all, twos all, zigs all sam,
Bou-tail, bob-tail, tickle 'em tam,
Harum scarum, mergam marum,
France.
You are out.

(2.)
Eeny, meny, miny mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe,
If he nollers, let him go,
Eeny, meny, miny mo.

—M.G. (Charleston, U.S.A.).

"TAKING A SIGHT."—It may imply incredulity, but it certainly is an impudent gesture, not to say an offensive one. Tom Hood represents a sneaky urquin taking a sight at a soldier, and he calls the drawing: "Simp sauce to a lobster." Rabelais (1493-1553) was the first to describe this dunsbrow, and with him it expressed scepticism. "Pauvre soudain leus en laer la main dextre, puyz oyeeit neit le poulce dedans la marine dy celluy couste, tenant les quatre doigts extendus et serres par leur ordre en ligne parallele a la pince du nez" (Pantagruel, livre II., chapter xix.). The expression would originate amongst sailors. Navigators use a sextant, and putting it to their nose to obtain the height of the sun at noon-day sailors call this taking sights.—Copernicus (Paris).

THE NEWDIGATE.—A complete list of winners, with the subjects of their poems, from Sir Roger's founding of the prize in 1806 down to 1900 inclusive, will be found in the Oxford Historical Register—120-1900—pp. 164-7, published by Clarendon Press. A few earlier names are given; as—for instance—that of Bishop Heber, who in 1803 won a prize with his poem "Palestine." Later names are chronicled in the four last University Calendars. On the cover of my copy of Oscar Wilde's "Ravenna," 1898, I find that from that date back to 1840 the Newdigates were obtainable from Messrs. Thomas Barlinton & son, 25 Broad Street, Oxford. I think Mr. B. H. Blackwell, 30 Broad Street, has generally published them of recent years. He would, no doubt, give "Horace" a great deal of information on the subject.—A.K.B.

[Answer also received from W. Hunt (Oxford).]

VIOLATS.—Cf. Omar Khayyam, FitzGerald tr., 4th ed. Stanza xix.

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled,
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head."

FitzGerald notes: "I am reminded of an old English superstition, that our *Adonis Pulsatilla*, or purple Pasque Flower (which grows plentifully about the stream Dyke, near Cambridge), grows only where Danish blood has been spilt." This poetical creation has no particular reference to violets. Cf. Oscar Wilde's "Pantasia."

"This hot hard flame with which our bodies burn
Will make some meadow blaze with daffodil.
Ay! and those argent breasts of thine will turn
To water-lilies," &c.

—W.F.F. (Dublin).

VIOLATS.—The key to the passages quoted by "Medicus" lies in the occult significance of these flowers. Flowers correspond to or represent various mental qualities or traits of character. The poets are, of course, our leading authorities on this science. Bryant refers to "the violet's modest bell." Modesty seems, indeed, to be universally associated with the violet. Peter of Capua refers to the violet as representing humility, and as such being emblematic of Christ. The distinguishing characteristic of a soul so permeated and informs the body that, after the latter has been cast off at death and buried, there is supposed to spring up through the sod from its ashes such flowers as represent the quality and beauty of the departed spirit. What more beautiful characteristics can we associate with a pure and lovely maiden than those of modesty and humility? Hence the continual references to violets on the graves of such. The science is based on the ideas of structural form, functional activity, shape, size, colour, perfume, &c., and has been developed in modern times to a remarkable extent by some students of the "Science of Correspondence" as celebrated in the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg.—William Smith.

"BAWSES."—The derivation of this word given by "T. H. M." is interesting, but not altogether satisfactory, and there may be merely a curious coincidence in it. The original spelling appears to have been *babee* or *babie*. In an Act James VI., 1584, to improve the smaller coinage, "twelf-pennie peices, *babes*, and auld plakis" are mentioned. These were coins of value from a penny sterling downwards. Sir James Balfour (born towards the close of the sixteenth century—antiquary, herald, annalist and numismatist) names the coin, but says nothing of its origin. *Bawbes* seems to be a phonetic rendering of the popular pronunciation, the accent being on the last syllable when used substantively, and "Sillebawby" would certainly not have been so accented. I see no reason for relinquishing Pinkerton's derivation as set forth in our larger dictionaries.—The billon coin, worth six pennies Scottish, and called *bas peice* from the questionable shape in which it first appeared, being of what the French call *bas billon*, or the worst kind of billon, was now (reign of James VI.) struck in copper, and termed by the Scottish pronunciation *baubees*. See Jamieson's Dictionary, &c.—H.R. (Lanark).

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the booksellers whose names follow:

Mr. A. Gilliam, 15 High Street, South Norwood.
Mr. S. B. Spaul, 6 The Mall, Ealing.
Mr. John Bartlett, 63 North End, Croydon.
Mr. E. Edwards, 13 Great Darkgate Street, Aberystwyth.

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EDITED BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

No. 1671. Established 1869.

London: 14 May 1904.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.]

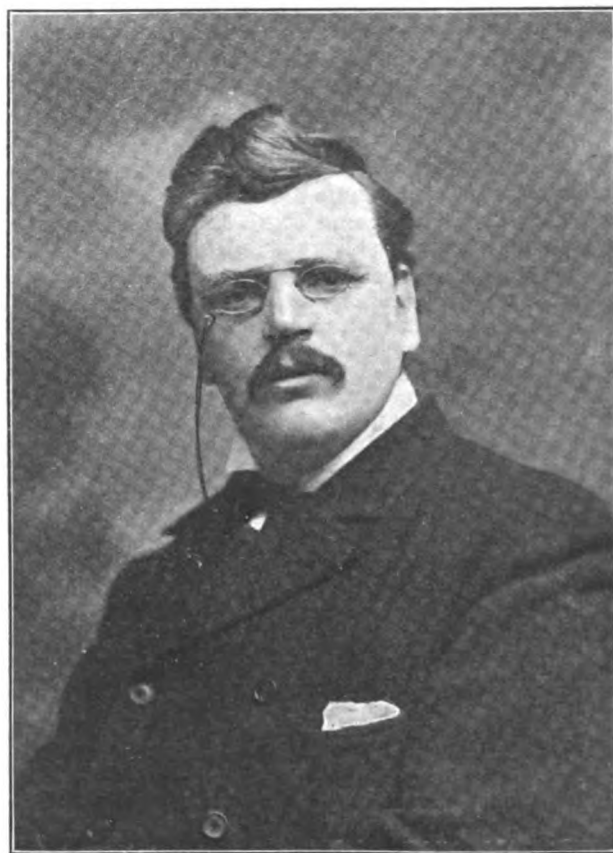
Literary Notes

THE death on Sunday night last of Professor York Powell at the age of 54 is a sad loss to Oxford. He was educated at Rugby and Oxford, and after holding various distinguished positions was appointed Professor of Modern History at Oxford in 1894 in succession to Froude. He was a fine Scandinavian scholar and deeply learned in mediæval history. His interests were multifarious—boxing, fencing, art, philology, Dante, education, literature of every kind claiming a share of his attention. He possessed an admirable gift of conveying his knowledge to students and to all who went to him—and they were many—for guidance and help. His publications include "Early England to the Norman Conquest," "Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror," "Old Stories from British History," and he was joint editor with Vigfússon of "Corpus Poeticum Boreale," and of an Icelandic Reader.

JUDGING by the exhibits in the Royal Academy very few of our artists seek inspiration for their pictures in literature or the drama; portraits of literary men are also conspicuous by their absence. Here are the names of most of the "literary" and dramatic pictures: "Don Quixote and Maritornes at the Inn," Rowland Wheelwright; "Mr. Martin Harvey as Sydney Carton," J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.; "Knowledge putting the Garment of sorrow on to Everyman," I. L. Cloag; "Isabella and the Pot of Basil—Keats," Arthur T. Norvell; "Mrs. Kendal, Miss Ellen Terry, and Mr. Tree in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,'" Hon. John Collier; "Shelley at Marlow," Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.; "Tristan and Isolde," Andrew W. Turnbull; "Edwin Waugh," Maria Eaton; "Dante" (*statuette*), Arthur G. Walker, and "The Lady of Shalott" (*bust*), Frank Ransom.

THERE are some admirable illustrations to Mr. Wilfred Sheridan's article in "The Ancestor" on "Some Account of the Sheridan Family," of which the most striking, perhaps, are "Richard Brinsley Sheridan as a Young Man, in Fancy Dress," "Mrs. Sheridan (Miss Linley) and her Brother" from a pastel by Gainsborough, and "Thomas Sheridan," after Gainsborough. Antiquaries and heralds should indeed be grateful to Mr. Oswald Barron and Messrs. Constable for this excellent and scholarly quarterly. Beside the article mentioned the present issue contains "Notes on the Tiles at Tewkesbury Abbey" (*illustrated*), "The Cocks of the North," "Fifteenth-Century Costume" (*illustrated*), and a mass of other good matter.

THE death was announced last week of the famous Hungarian novelist Maurus Jokai, who was born in the year 1825. He was educated for the law but early in



MR. G. K. CHESTERTON

[Photo. Elliott and Fry]

life devoted himself to journalism and fiction, supporting the national cause under Kossuth in 1849 with pen and sword. He entered Parliament in 1867, playing a big part in political affairs. Of his numerous romances mention may be made of "Working Days," "The Turks in Hungary," "A Man of Gold," "Timar's Two Worlds," and "Eyes like the Sea."

IN the "Monthly Review" Mr. Litton Falkiner writes very soundly upon "Literature and History," *apropos* of Professor Bury's inaugural lecture at Cambridge upon "The Science of History." Dr. Bury's doctrine is that "History is a science, no less and no more." That it has become a science most of us are prepared to admit and to rejoice in the admission, but equally we are ready to agree with Mr. Falkiner that it is more than a science, there being no reason why history should not be both literature and science. Mr. Falkiner neatly sums up the whole situation when he says "History which cannot be made readable had better not be written."

THE historian has, or should have, two aims in view, to record facts and to vitalise these facts by his powers of narration. Of course there is much historical work which is merely science and not literature, such as the editing of the treasures at—for example—the Record Office; but this is not history. History must be made living; Macaulay's value for us, as that of Gibbon and Tacitus, lies in the fact that he was a great master of style, so great a master that we forgive his lapses from detailed accuracy on account of the light that he has shed upon the past by the vivid, living pictures he has drawn for us. Facts alone shed no light upon the past; facts lightened and expanded for us by an historian of literary power and of insight into the human heart become history. History must not be reduced from literature to the level of a blue-book.

IN the same Review there are some just remarks upon the neglect of good reading to-day, in an article on Fontenelle by the Reverend F. St. John Thackeray. A few lines may be profitably quoted:

"*Habent sua fata libelli.*" Why is it that so many really good books, far better worth reading than most of what issues daily from the press, are so neglected, and answer to the caustic definition of a standard work—one that stands upon the shelf? It is not merely that there are tides in literature, that tastes alter, and the fashion of one age is not the fashion of another; nor is it only because the essence of former productions has passed into later knowledge, has become a part of modern thought, and supersedes the necessity for the study of originals. In historical and scientific studies such a plea may be valid. Few authors, indeed, are sufficiently monumental to escape that process. Is it not rather owing to the deliberate preference for what is new simply because it is new, apart from any other merit? We need not go so far as to say with Samuel Rogers, 'Whenever a new book comes out I read an old one.' The flooding of the book market in one particular direction has aggravated this tendency. It is to be feared there is some truth in the remark that has been made that, to very many people in London, literature is now synonymous with fiction—a class of writing the annual circulation of which, if regard be had only to the most popular volumes, must be reckoned by millions, while the gross total is far larger. This devotion to novel-reading to the exclusion of everything else must have a debilitating influence. One solid or more serious author and one piece of light reading we should always have on hand. The late Master of Balliol, the last person in the world to confine the range of study to one or two subjects, used to declare that 'there is time enough to read all the books worth reading, if you can only get the *mind* for it.'"

IN connection with the Irish Exhibition Company of the St. Louis Exhibition Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue is editing an interesting volume, "Irish Voices," which will be published in a few weeks, and will contain poems,

plays, essays, and other literary work by nearly all living Irish writers of importance. The book is intended to give the reading public a general view of the tendencies of contemporary Irish writing, and it is to be noted that each contribution will be complete in itself, and will be unpublished matter. The list of writers contains four or five names that seem to belong to a generation that is passing away; then we have the group of poets and dreamers, of whom W. B. Yeats and "A. E." are chief, and finally one or two names of young men, such as James Joyce and P. MacCormac Colm, who show new impulses, yet so far are hardly known even to themselves. Many will find it of interest to trace the changes of note and style which can be felt through these three generations, and critics who profess to read the present accurately enough to find in it the promise of the future will be able to speculate on the new directions of Irish writing. The value of the book will be increased by a number of portraits of the writers, reproduced from photographs, and the whole will perhaps form the germ of some future history of the present Irish literary movement.

THE members of the School of Irish Learning, recently founded in Dublin, are preparing the first number of their journal, "Erin," which is to be devoted to the more scholarly aspects of Irish Philology, Literature and History. It will be edited by Professor Kuno Meyer, Ph.D., and Professor Strachan, LL.D., both names of authority, and the list of its promised contents shows many contributions of great literary and philological interest. Among them there are several Old Irish poems edited and translated by Professor Kuno Meyer, "Cuchullin and Conleach," edited and translated by O'Keeffe, a "Book of Chronicles and Battles of the Reign of Brian," edited by R. I. Best. This periodical will appear twice in the year, and will probably be the first attempt to produce a journal in Dublin so exclusively Irish and yet so scholarly in aim. The School of Irish Learning itself is preparing for a busy summer term, when classes will be held by Professor Kuno Meyer and Professor Strachan on various branches of Irish philology, and students are expected from Norway and England to join the Irish students, who were fairly numerous last year.

IN the "New York Critic" for May there are some ribald verses on "The Keltic Kraze," from which I quote:

"There is aye the cold old mother-sea, the ocean dread and vast;
There's the faery this and the faery that, and the wind
that blows from the Past;
There is aye A Voice [in brackets] speaks,
And a green-clad child slim—
Ah, Norah!
Go bragh Yeats!
And the Kelt is in the swim."

A REVIVED musical activity, of perhaps a rather limited nature, has attended the general reawakening that is so marked in Dublin, and on Monday (the 16th) the Feis Ceoil—a sort of musical festival—will be opened there. Throughout the following week numerous concerts and competitions will take place, special attention being given to the various forms of Irish national music and local choir singing. The competition for the performance of unpublished Irish airs always attracts considerable interest, as in it the players are wandering pipers, brought together from all parts of Ireland, who

play entirely from memory and have no knowledge of written music. Modern music, on the other hand, is not neglected, and a prize cantata is promised for one of the concerts.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—The Annual Meeting of the Members of the Royal Institution was held on Monday afternoon, May 2, Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., Treasurer and Vice-President, in the Chair. The Annual Report of the Committee of Visitors for the year 1903, testifying to the continued prosperity and efficient management of the Institution, was read and adopted, and the Report on the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory of the Royal Institution, which accompanied it, was also read. Seventy new members were elected in 1903. Sixty-two Lectures and twenty Evening Discourses were delivered in 1903. The books and pamphlets presented in 1903 amounted to about 229 volumes, making with 694 volumes (including periodicals bound) purchased by the managers, a total of 923 volumes added to the library in the year. Thanks were voted to the President, Treasurer, and the Honorary Secretary, to the Committees of Managers and Visitors, and to the Professors, for their valuable services to the Institution during the past year. The following gentlemen were unanimously elected as officers for the ensuing year: President, the Duke of Northumberland; Treasurer, Sir James Crichton-Browne; Secretary, Sir William Crookes; Managers, Dr. Henry E. Armstrong, Sir William Abney, Mr. Shelford Bidwell, Sir Alexander Binnie, Mr. J. H. Balfour Browne, K.C., the Hon. Sir Henry Burton Buckley, Sir Thomas A. De la Rue, Bart., Dr. J. A. Fleming, Sir Victor Horsley, Lord Kelvin, Dr. Ludwig Mond, Sir Owen Roberts, Sir Thomas Henry Sanderson, Sir Felix Semon, and Mr. W. H. Spottiswoode; Visitors, Dr. J. Mitchell Bruce, Mr. J. B. Bröun-Morison, Dr. F. Clowes, Dr. Mackenzie Davidson, Mr. W. B. Gibbs, Mr. Francis Fox, Mr. C. E. Melchers, Mr. R. Mond, Mr. J. Callander Ross, the Hon. Walter Rothschild, Mr. Maures Horner, Mr. A. A. Campbell Swinton, Mr. J. J. Vezey, Dr. G. Johnstone Stoney, and Mr. G. P. Willoughby.

Bibliographical

OF whom will Mr. Swinburne give us parodies in his enlarged reproduction of "The Heptalogia"? In the original work, which came out in 1880, his subjects were Tennyson ("The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell"), Browning ("John Jones"), Coventry Patmore ("The Person of the House") and Rossetti ("Sonnet for a Picture"), certainly—Mrs. Browning and Lord Lytton, apparently—and himself certainly (in "Nephelidia"). Of his own rhythmic methods he gave a delicious caricature. His most characteristic measures are, of course, easily burlesqued, and dozens have tried their hands upon them. One of the most successful was Mortimer Collins, in his "Salad," for example:

"O cool in the summer is salad,
And warm in the winter is love," &c.

Less widely known is Mr. E. B. Iwan-Müller's "Procuratores" (in "The Shotover Papers"), beginning:

"O vestment of velvet and virtue,
O venomous victors of vice,
Who hurt men who never have hurt you,
O calm, cruel, colder than ice," &c.

There is also an anonymous effort which appeared years ago in "Once a Week"—a supposed address to a negro valet:

"Amid bright intellectual flambeaux,
I shall find no light clearer than thee,
O sable and sensual Sambo,
The servant of me," &c.

One of the latest of the Swinburne travesties is also one of the best—that which opens Mr. Owen Seaman's "Battle of the Bays." Herein the poet is portrayed as recalling his early performances:

"Then I sang of the rose that is ruddy,
Of 'pleasure that winces and stings,'
Of white women, and wine that is bloody,
And similar things."

In reply to one of my correspondents who asked for details of criticism on Mr. Swinburne's work, the Rev. J. McMillan, of Manchester, very kindly refers him to articles in the following periodicals: "Edinburgh Review," July, 1865; "Westminster Review," April, 1867; "London Review," January, 1869; "Modern Thought," August, 1880; "Harper's Magazine," May, 1882; "Scottish Review," September, 1883, and April, 1884; "Primitive Methodist Quarterly," July, 1894; "The Pen" (a defunct publication, pages 3 and 99). Stedman's "Victorian Poets" can be studied with advantage. The very latest of Mr. Swinburne's critics is Bishop Arthur Lyttelton in his "Modern Poets of Faith, Doubt and Paganism," 1904.

The death of Maurus Jokai should be widely mourned in England, for, to judge from the number of his books issued here in translations, he was very popular among us. During the past twenty years, the following works from his pen have been circulated in this country: "Life in a Cave" (1884), "A Modern Midas" (1885), "Timar's Two Worlds" (1888, new edition 1894), "There is No Devil" (1891), "Dr. Dumany's Wife" (1891 and 1898), "Pretty Michal" (1892 and 1897), "Eyes like the Sea" (1893), "In Love with the Czarina, etc." (1894), "'Midst the Wild Carpathians" (1894 and 1897), "Black Diamonds" (1896), "The Green Book" (1897), "The Lion of Janina" (1897), "An Hungarian Nabob" (1898), "The Nameless Castle" (1898), "The Poor Plutocrats" (1899), "The Tower of Dago" (1899), "A Day of Wrath" (1900), "Debts of Honour" (1900), "The Baron's Sons" (1900), "Halil the Pedlar" (1901), "Manasseh" (1901), "Slaves of the Padisha" (1902), "Told by the Death's Head" (1902). Mr. Nisbet Bain has been the most active of Jokai's translators; some nine or ten volumes are to his credit. Linda Villari, Frances Gerard, and Mrs. H. Kennard have also interpreted Jokai to the English public.

Behind the bastard title of the new edition of Dean Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Canterbury" (John Murray) will be found an interesting bibliographical note, from which it appears that the successive editions of the work appeared in 1854 (the first), 1855, 1857, 1864, 1867, 1874, 1875, 1880 and 1884 (the ninth). This last was reprinted in 1887, 1891, 1895 and 1900. These facts and figures testify loudly to the persistent popularity of the book.

With respect to Miss Fielding's "David Simple," to which I referred the other day, a Gateshead correspondent tells me that an edition of that story was published in 1822 by G. Virtue, of Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row, under the title of "Adventures of a Real Friend through the Cities of London and Westminster." This, on the title-page, was attributed to Henry, not to Sarah, Fielding, and a life of Henry Fielding was prefixed to it.

Lovers of literature should dip into Mr. Chris Healy's "Confessions of a Journalist" (Chatto and Windus), if only because the author gives us fresh glimpses of William Morris and Oscar Wilde (his latter days in Paris), besides chapters on Zola, Anatole France, and Joris Karl Huysmans.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

Romantics

MAIN CURRENTS IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE.

By George Brandes. Vol. V., The Romantic School in France. (Heinemann. 12s. net.)

THE remarkable literary epoch to which the new volume of Dr. Brandes' invaluable "Main Currents of Nineteenth-Century Literature" is devoted is admirably characterised by the motto he has chosen from Théodore de Banville, "Époque fulgurante." It was indeed an age of giants. When we look back not merely to the stupendous productiveness of Hugo and Dumas, Balzac and George Sand, but to the colossal schemes the conception of which came naturally to them, and which they in part executed, we feel how great is the decline in our own age, both as regards vigour of conception and affluence of production. This is no reproach to our period; literary activity could not be perpetually maintained at so high a pressure, and, moreover, in France and Southern Europe at least, this feverish energy was the expression of a crisis which can but rarely occur in the history of nations. This may be defined as the renovation of the Latin race by the infusion of Northern ideas. The literature of the First Empire, with a few brilliant exceptions, was frigid, inane and barren. The exceptions were the productions of rebels against literary conventions, with gaze significantly bent in the two directions whence deliverance was to come, Chateaubriand towards the Middle Age, Madame de Staël towards Germany. The Romantic movement among the Latin nations, if partly a national upheaval, was partly a foreign invasion. Italy, indeed, had her Dante to fall back upon, Portugal her Camoens, Spain her Cervantes. But France, by far the most important among them, devoid of any such commanding figure in the past, had to accept her inspiration from Goethe, Scott, and Byron, bringing the still mightier Shakespeare in their train. Without England, France could no more have had her Hugo and her Dumas than she could have had her Voltaire.

The large extent to which the Romantic School was exotic among the Latin peoples suggests the speculation how far its influence is destined to permanence. It is little in harmony with the national ideal of France. Neatness and clarity are not its characteristics, and "tout ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas français." We cannot then expect it to endure as a dominant influence, but the part assigned to it may well be analogous to that of the Norman infusion among ourselves, a new element and abiding factor in the development of the race, but not profoundly modifying the race's original character. One of its principal precursors, André Chénier, to whom Dr. Brandes devotes some admirable pages, was unaffected by English or German influences, and his writings possibly foreshadow the school which will flourish should a synthesis of the romantic and the classic ever be effected; and should there ever again be such an incalculable outburst of genius as flamed forth about 1830; "enamoured," as Dr. Brandes expresses it, "of passion," but not "of scarlet."

Dr. Brandes has a signal advantage in his cosmopolitanism. He does not write as a Dane or as a Frenchman, but as a citizen of Europe. As a critic he is

almost infallible, as a narrator fascinating. His story carries the reader on delightfully, while his literary portraits in their charm and finish are worthy of Sainte-Beuve, whose own is one of the best. The plan of his work, according to which writers are treated not so much in the ratio of their achievement as of their moral and literary influence, demands, perhaps justifies, what seems at first sight the excessive space devoted to Beyle and Mérimée, and the almost total exclusion of a greater name. Alexandre Dumas is criticised merely as the author of "Antony." It is true that Dumas had no tendencies, and had nothing to teach but the trade of story-telling, yet it seems strange to see the great romancer barred out of the Romantic School. "Sir," remonstrated Mr. Trillo, when the Rev. Dr. Folliott demanded a knowledge of Greek as an indispensable passport to the performance of a revived classical play, "you will shut me out of my own theatre!" Perhaps Dr. Brandes is unconsciously too much under the influence of the unreasonable reaction against Dumas after his death. It is a highly interesting circumstance that the great Alexander's rehabilitation has come from this country, and is associated with the names of such distinguished British writers as Rossetti, Andrew Lang and Stevenson.

R. GARNETT.

"Dry Light"

LECTURES ON EUROPEAN HISTORY. By William Stubbs, D.D., formerly Bishop of Oxford and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Edited by Arthur Hassall, M.A. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

DR. STUBBS' is, and will always be, a great name in the constitutional and ecclesiastical history of England. He was not, indeed, infallible, and many of his theories concerning early land tenure, local government and even the infancy of parliamentary representation, have been shrewdly shaken by the later schools of economic and legal historians. But his work remains of first-class importance, for his wide learning, cautious inference and scrupulous fairness.

His lectures on general European history from 1519 to 1648 were more illuminating when delivered between 1860 and 1870 than they are now. Many works have been written since then, much has been found out. Stubbs wrote these lectures when nearly all good histories of his period were German, and nearly all German histories were written from a partisan point of view, Prussian or Austrian, Protestant or Roman Catholic. As an historical English High Churchman, Professor Stubbs could be fairly impartial, but he could not always be sure of the facts he gleaned from such suspected sources.

The three courses of lectures in this volume form a sort of commentary on what might be called the Trilogy of the Reformation. The first course deals with the rise and progress of the Reformation in the reign of Charles V. The second tells of the religious wars and the reflux of the Counter-Reformation. The third deals with the Thirty Years' War, which began as a struggle for power between Protestant and Catholic in Bohemia and ended as a fight between Hapsburg and Bourbon for supremacy in Europe.

While at the time when these lectures were delivered they were almost the only sound, fair and modern narrative of the period in English within reach of Oxford students, they were not, and did not pretend to be, the result of original research. Hence they have lost some of their value. The style is not stimulating or particularly interesting, except when the Professor is passing judgment on the character of rulers. Then his analysis of moral and mental qualities is very acute and generally fair; but it is not exactly what a student of history needs. The estimate of a man's character that we need in reading history is rather dramatic than casuistic. We want to find out his motives and probable processes of thought rather than his degree of virtue or crime. Here the lecturer fails us. He is fairer to Philip II. of Spain than is the democratic and Protestant Motley, but Stubbs' Philip remains a bundle of attributes. We want, indeed, one of Carlyle's vivid presentments of form and character without Carlyle's almost invariable inaccuracy.

And while for the comprehension of the great men of the time we need a dramatic conception of their character and the development of their views, we also need generalisations, the statement of the great laws and tendencies whose influence can be traced through the tangle of confused facts or conjectures that make up the history of the time. Of that power of wide generalisation, with which Sir John Seeley could illuminate the international confusion of the centuries, there is hardly a trace in Stubbs. It was not his gift, any more than narrative was Seeley's.

"So far as I can read history at all, I can see that the balance of right and wrong, of virtue and vice, is not uniformly the same at every stage or in any person of a dynasty," says the lecturer. This involves a conception of history that is surely obsolete. What we want to find out and record by historical research is what persons and nations did, and how and why they did it, with what aims, in accordance with what tendencies, and with what results. The Professor was quite right in reprobating the writers of the Prussian school who conceived German history as a battle against the wicked Hapsburg, finally won by the good Hohenzollern. Nevertheless, he might have explained much of his clear but dry narrative by laying stress on the tendency of Austria to become chiefly a non-German power by including Magyar and Slav races, and the counter-tendencies of South Germany to crystallise round Bavaria and North Germany round some strong North German state, Saxony or, eventually, Brandenburg. We see these laws working now in some casual event chronicled by a Berlin or Vienna correspondent. But the notion of tendency, which German historians often abuse, Stubbs did not care to use; and though his collected lectures form a very useful short history of the period, yet the breath of life is absent from the bones of the skeleton; and in places they are very dry. Perhaps it is a fact, deplorable rather than unintelligible, that the Regius Professor was apt to exhaust his audience before he had exhausted his subject.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

Things Moroccan

THINGS SEEN IN MOROCCO. By A. J. Dawson. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

HAD this volume appeared just now in France, it would doubtless have met with a hearty reception, for the French appreciate what they have gained by the recent agreement with England; but interest here is so slight, outside circles in touch with Morocco, that it will have to stand on its merits. These are not few, but the valuable portion is the final third, consisting of able articles reprinted from reviews, covering the political events of Morocco during the past four years. Some



Illustration from "Things Seen in Morocco." (Methuen.)

repetition might have been avoided with advantage by a little editing, and more gained by a re-arrangement of the volume, which at first sight appears another series of the author's "African Nights' Entertainments," interspersed with short newspaper articles on Moorish administration. It is true Mr. Dawson calls it what it is. "a book of jottings," so excusing "its inconsequent character," but by making it so he does himself an injustice, and will disappoint both those who seek information and those who seek amusement.

The "Fortnightly" and subsequent articles—the first purporting to be from the pen of a Moor—contain as good an account as is to be found anywhere of the recent uprising in Eastern Morocco—misnamed in the newspapers "rebellion," as its leader was misnamed "pretender." Of special value is the letter from that

interesting individual calling on the tribes near Tetuan to follow him and "purge" the Islám of his country, a document which will prove of historic interest. The story of the "Rogui's" buried witness to the delights of "Firdáôs," by the way, has been "done before" by a predecessor of his. Written, however, while negotiations between France and England were still in progress, these chapters now lack application where they deal with possibilities, but they are fairly accurate. Only one error (twice repeated) calls for correction, and that is the familiar suggestion that in nominating the lad Abd el Aziz to succeed him, Mulai El Hassan did his elder sons, born of lawful wives, an injustice. This was not the case, as no law of primogeniture is recognised in the matter, and Mohammedans are far ahead of us in granting equal rights to every son, whoever his mother. In Morocco the custom has always prevailed of the sultans nominating which son they would to succeed, ensuring his success as a rule by placing him in command of the army, or a metropolitan city.

When we turn to the main section of the volume, there is much to disappoint as well as fascinate. No one questions the author's possession of what he styles the "much-besmirched artistic temperament," which, as he truly remarks, is "an essential qualification for the right presentation of pictures, in prose or poetry, music or painting," which no other qualifications will replace; but does this excuse inaccuracy, or an untruthful presentation? One could not forgive the most artistic painter an impossible contour of a human limb, the most artistic poet for muddling the seasons, or the most artistic composer for jarring notes: why should not the prose-artist give us equal accuracy? If Mr. Dawson had the marvellous gift of Mr. Cunningham Graham, more could be overlooked, but he defends what others might think carelessness. Not to mention linguistic errors in Arabic, which do not affect the general reader (such impossibilities, for instance, as the name "Ben Ibn"—"Son-of-Son"—or "the jagged peaks of the Ain Sfroo"—"a'in" meaning "well"), one may quote the misspelling of the name of the local English newspaper, "Spillbury" for "Spilsbury," "Keatings" for "Keatinge," "Gutierrez" for "Gutierrez," and "Fernandos" for "Fernando." Needless to say the author's favourite expressions recur in this book, linking it on to the others, e.g., "by token" (five times), "lush" (twice), "natheless," "parlous," &c., with "Bismillah" interjected at every turn, often inappropriately, where a Moor would have employed another reference to the Deity. Mr. Dawson's familiar "beachcombers," half-breeds, English renegades, and other rare birds in Morocco also make their reappearance.

In the opening chapter it is instructive to see Mr. Dawson painfully flogging his text-books, as though to ease his conscience, but surely a general acknowledgment would serve better, and preclude all criticism. One of his recent volumes, "Hidden Manna," for instance, contains moulded excerpts from one of those extensive text-books, but, doubtless, this was the "Manna" of the title. In that case the novel procedure was adopted of writing the preface in the third person, and of attributing to the author's experience the intimate knowledge so borrowed, which he now affects to despise. One cannot but feel, too, that a due acknowledgment of the authorship of the illustrations would have been an advantage; for example, how much is missed by not being told that those facing page 195 are "By Hell of Tangier!" The disguise in which the author appears at page 350 would do for a fancy ball, but hardly for Morocco, where such

mustachios as there appended are never worn—if anywhere in real life—and where men do not wear the tassels of their caps over their eyes, or their daggers outside their cloaks. However, for all the reviewer knows, the disguise may be as perfect as in the portrait of himself in a blanket which he found in a "work" on Morocco sent for review in these columns some years ago, labelled "A Tetuan Woman"!

Perhaps the most unfortunate thing about the book, however, is its title, for not only are the scenes of some of the stories laid in England, but none of the other incidents—save two excellent chapters of personal experience—were ever seen in Morocco while awake, and most of them could not have happened there under any conceivable circumstances. But this is where Mr. Dawson's forte shows itself, for he certainly can most weirdly present impossible stories, surrounding them with local colour and detail, and the indescribable atmosphere that never was which Westerners have imbibed from the "Arabian Nights." After all, it is effect, not accuracy, that he seeks, but too much inaccurate effect is apt to create a false impression, nullifying the advantages of his more sober pages. These clever tales will be enjoyed by those to whom Morocco is but a name, but woe betide them if they fall into the hands of any with a better knowledge of the country than may be derived from the "round trip" of the ports.

BUDGETT MEAKIN.

Eastward Ho!

FAR EASTERN IMPRESSIONS. By Ernest F. G. Hatch, M.P. Japan—Korea—China. (Hutchinson. 6s. net.)

FROM out the ruck of books on the Far East, some of them written to order, others the veriest re-hash of journalistic jottings, but all designed to meet the popular inquiry anent things at the seat of war, this book of Ernest Hatch stands out pre-eminently. Three years ago he made a tour of Japan, Korea, and China, and at the time was at pains to collect and note down many facts and opinions bearing upon the varying phases of the Far Eastern problem, and particularly upon its commercial aspects. The outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war suggested to him that "these impressions of a man of business might have an interest at the present juncture." They have. There is nothing showy, slipshod, or slap-dash about the book. It is a serious, non-journalistic, but eminently readable *résumé* of things as they were and are, and, considering that the author can only have spent a relatively short time in each of the three countries which he describes, his powers of absorption of material facts, and of giving these forth again in succinct form, are quite abnormal and exceptional. Appropriately enough it is the commercial aspect of affairs which attracts him most, and he has much of interest and even of novelty to say thereon. He has strong and well-founded opinions; he says, for instance: "A Russianised China would mean a China with a great tariff wall built around it, which would be an effectual barrier to the trade of every other nation." And who shall say him nay? Incidentally a passage on Japanese Earthquakes seems to have the true note of local colour: "While I was lunching with Mr. Bardens at Kobe we had three earthquakes. At the first, all the windows rattled vigorously, but not sufficiently to alarm me. Indeed, if Mrs. Bardens had not got up in terror, exclaiming 'Earthquake!' I should have thought little of it. They say that, unlike most things, you do not get used to earthquakes, but you become more afraid of them after each shock." This sounds very real. Korea

impressed Mr. Hatch mainly by its backwardness, its inertia, and its developable resources. Japan charmed and delighted him; China impressed him, but made him sad. This is exactly as it should be, and to a man of sense and sensibility no other impressions could be possible. On the whole, therefore, this is a particularly readable book, full of information simply set forth, well provided with good maps, and peppered with quite excellent photographs of men and things typical, curious and interesting.

JAPANESE ART. By Sadakichi. Hartmann. (Putnam. 6s. net.)

THIS is quite the best brief survey of Japanese art that we remember to have seen, clear, concise and accurate. The writing of a text-book of any art is no easy undertaking, and the author of this volume may be complimented on having acquitted himself of an excellent piece of work.

This book is not intended for the expert, who has already been sufficiently catered for, but aims at presenting the general public with a popular history of Japanese art. The leading schools and their foremost exponents are clearly dealt with, and incidentally Mr. Hartmann gives us many a thoughtful criticism and much technical information of an interesting and instructive character. As an example of the author's good works, we may take his treatment of that difficult subject, the difference between Japanese principles of composition and those of the Occident. One of the first points that strike the close observer who compares Eastern—particularly Japanese—art with Western is that the former ignores frames and the latter lays only too much stress upon them. In our pictorial art frames act as acute boundaries up to which the painter works, leaving the spectator to believe that the picture is continued, so to speak, beyond these bounds; the Japanese artist does not isolate his picture in this manner, but "tries to make his picture merely a note of superior interest in perfect harmony with the rest of the kakemono, which, again, is in perfect harmony with the wall in which it is placed." All this and much more that our author lays before us is no new news, but it is all very clearly put, and to the casual lover of things Japanese will not only come somewhat in the light of a revelation, but will greatly assist him to appreciate the idiosyncrasies of Japanese art. Conciseness of expression is another characteristic of Japanese work—both in literature and the other arts—to which Mr. Hartmann rightly calls the student's notice; a conciseness which is rarely aimed at and still more rarely attained by the artists and writers of the West, though in recent years the influence of Japanese art upon our own may be traced in many quarters. The chapter in this volume on "The Influence of Japanese Art on Western Civilization" seems to us rather out of place in a text-book, more especially as it deals with highly controversial matters in a highly provocative manner. For examples, take this statement, that "nearly two-thirds of all painters who have become prominent during the last twenty years have learnt, in one instance or another, from the Japanese," a sentence that is not only clumsy in expression but surely exaggerated in statement, and this, that the Pre-Raphaelites "borrowed their method of perspective" from Japan! The author is aware that many will "shake their heads" at this last: we certainly do, and smile, and pass on.

There are good chapters on Architecture and Sculpture, the Ornamental Arts, and Modern Japanese Art. On the whole, as we have said, a good book; a better it would have been if the author had remembered

that theories are out of place in a text-book. The illustrations are numerous, but scarcely well chosen examples; of the colour prints we cannot speak highly.

W. T. S.

WILLIAM ADAMS: AN OLD ENGLISH POTTER. Edited by William Turner, F.S.S. (Chapman & Hall. 30s. net.)

THE fact that there were no less than four noteworthy potters of the name of William Adams living at the same



Illustration from "Far Eastern Impressions." (Hutchinson.)

time, has, as was inevitable, caused a great deal of confusion and many mistakes in the identification of their work. A careful study of the finely illustrated volume just issued under the able editorship of Mr. William Turner, F.S.S., author of a useful book on the Ceramics of Swansea and Nantgarw, will, however, finally remove the difficulties of the connoisseur and collector, who will no doubt be able fully to appreciate the vast amount of arduous toil represented in the careful lists of examples of the ware produced at the Greengates, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent and Greenfield factories.

In a brief unsigned Preface it is explained that the MS. of the work now completed was begun several years ago by a member of the Adams family, whose name is not given, for private circulation only; but in view of the rapid accumulation of interesting material it was finally decided to issue the book to the general public. The

services were wisely secured of the well-known expert Mr. C. F. Cox, of Whalley Range, Lancashire, who sifted the information supplied from many different sources, arranged the specimens selected for illustration, and conjointly with Mr. Percy Adams drew up the lists of blue printed ware, jasper and fine stone ware, &c., superintending also the collection of the even more valuable facsimile reproductions of distinctive marks.

The four potters who are here passed in able review and "whose grit and talent," to quote the words of their critic, "placed their mark in the midst of their work," were William, founder of the famous Greengates factory, the most noteworthy personality of a noteworthy group, whose dates are given as 1745 to 1805; his cousins and namesakes of Burslem and Stoke-on-Trent, who lived, one from 1748 to 1831, and the other from 1772 to 1829, and the son of the latter who was born in 1798 and died in 1865.

The account of William Adams of Greengates is of course the most interesting of the four. He was, it is said, the favourite pupil of Josiah Wedgwood, and his death was a great blow to his old master, who, in writing to his partner Bentley, "wondered whether any of his young men would have perseverance sufficient to carry forward the work he had begun in the jasper." Some of the examples given of his productions in that medium, notably the Medallion Bracelet, with its classic subjects in cameo, belonging to Miss Napier, the ewer-shaped Vase owned by Mr. Maurice Spero, and the vase-shaped Coffee Pot from Hartsholme Hall, are indeed almost equal to the productions of a similar kind of Wedgwood himself, though no such high praise can be given to the stoneware that is as a rule less finely executed.

Though they are not so well known as their namesake of Greengates, and their successes were never so dramatic as his, the other three potters of the gifted family were earnest and thoughtful designers, skilful craftsmen, and straightforward men of business. The notes quoted from the diary of William Adams of Burslem give many charming glimpses of contemporary society and manners. There are many pathetic touches in the lives of his cousins of Stoke-on-Trent and Greenfield, and some significant data are included in the chapter on the "Earlier Family and their Relatives." The one drawback to what will probably eventually take rank among the standard works on Ceramics is the somewhat awkward arrangement of the text. The personal details, for instance, that are so effective as a leaven of dry technical descriptions, are gathered together at the end of the volume, instead of being woven as they might well have been into a consecutive narrative, and the various appendices are scarcely of importance enough to warrant their separate printing. They, too, should have been embodied in earlier chapters, as will be seen by the concluding sentence of the last: "In considering the many improvements effected by those old eighteenth-century potters, it is impossible to withhold from them a meed of praise for their zeal, energy, and inventions."

NANCY BELL.

Poetry

SWEET HOURS. By Carmen Sylva. (Everett. 2s. 6d.)

AN ELEGY. By Vivian Locke Ellis. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE ANGEL OF MISFORTUNE: A FAIRY TALE. By Nagesh Wishwanath Pai. (Bombay: Mulgaokar. Rs. 2½.)

Two only of these books have a certain basis of merit. First of these we would put the "Sweet Hours," which bears the name of Carmen Sylva. But we are met

at the outset by a problem which puzzles us no little. "Carmen Sylva" is the well-known pen-name of the Queen of Roumania. Now, Her Majesty of Roumania is by birth a German, by residence a naturalised Roumanian. Her literary tongue, in either capacity, is certainly not English. Her previous books, to the best of our knowledge, have appeared in this country as translations; and, of course, with the translator's name. But this book not only is without any translator's name, but without the slightest notification or indication that it is a translation. Has the Queen ventured on the hazardous experiment of poetising in a foreign tongue—and that tongue a tongue so peculiarly difficult as English? Or is this a translation, to which the translator's modesty has shrunk from putting his name? In the latter case, however commendable the modesty, we should at least have been informed that it *was* a translation. Left in this dubiety, we can but assume the probability that a translation it is; and remark that, in such case, it is a very poor translation. The English is idiomatic enough, but the poems show a complete lack of elementary dexterity in the handling of verse. It is prose in metrical lengths, not poetry. So far as we can discern through the veil of what we take to be an unskilful rendering, Carmen Sylva's work shows often a genuine strength of feeling, and a certain grace of fancy. We can well conceive the original to have been poetry of a very fair quality, often with a true personal note. But beyond this it is not possible to go, on the evidence merely of this English representation.

Mr. Locke Ellis' "Elegy" is a series of poems which are very much like truncated sonnets, consisting of ten instead of fourteen lines. They exhibit a certain degree of thought, a certain degree of imagination. But the involution of metaphor and imagery in general is so extraordinary, that the general trend and meaning of the series is still a mystery to us. They are obscure to a degree; and the diction tends very much to wilful inflation. Not without merit, we cannot assign to them any high rank as poetry. For the rest, the Hindu gentleman's poem is verse in the manner of the late eighteenth century.

Fiction

DOROTHEA. By Maarten Maartens. (Constable, 6s.) Mr. Maartens' reputation, already large, will be added to by this "story of the pure in heart." The book, a long one, abounds in good things; and the characters, which are many, are individualised and lifelike, a notable gallery of portraits. Dorothea, the heroine, is perhaps the least interesting; partly, no doubt, because the blank purity of a white sheet of paper, exquisite though it may be, is not so interesting as the same document covered with characters, the characters which Fate writes upon it. Dorothea's early years, lived in the seclusion and simple peace of Brodryck with two maiden aunts who have kept themselves "unspotted from the world," prepares her but ill for a gay life in Paris and Monte Carlo with her ease-loving, gambling father. The finest, and perhaps the best realised, character in the book is that of Egon, Dorothea's husband, a manly, lovable and human figure. We must confess that he interested us more than Dorothea, although "man at his best, in his virtues and his failings, is very like a fine-tempered dog; and woman, at her best, is first cousin to an angel." This is the keynote to a remarkable and attractive book. It is full of humour and charm, touched with a strong dramatic instinct and replete with life. "Dorothea" is a book to be read; those who neglect to do so will miss much enjoyment. Life seen through the glasses of Mr. "Maartens" is an absorbingly interesting and delightful thing.

THE WAY OF THE SEA. By Norman Duncan. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.) There are, it is said, more ways of killing a cat than choking it with cream. So are there more ways than one of writing of the sea and of the men who get their living out of it. The word *truth* is frequently used in this connection. Such an one, we are told, writes with truth of this matter. What is truth? said jesting Pilate. No wonder he paused not for an answer. Whatever the stuff, it was doubtless true to the writer when he penned it; and that it wears another aspect to you or me merely goes to prove that we are differently constituted from the said writer. The question, if it is settled at all, is settled by the vote of the majority. Yet Dr. Johnson said somewhere that the element of truth is the chief attraction in a book. It may have been so in that great man's generation; to-day, one would rather suppose that sentiment is the alluring ingredient. If so, Mr. Duncan should enjoy extensive royalties; and, indeed, one sincerely hopes he will. Whether he writes with truth or not of the savage Northern coasts wherein his scene is laid, may remain a question. He has been there, and he ought to know; and the gods forbid that any reviewer should follow Mr. Whistler's memorable suggestion to a British jury—to take a boat and count the blossoms on the bank, to see if the picture were true. But that Mr. Norman colours his work with sentiment is merely obvious. His subject excites him; and it is a pity that, in inverse proportion, the reader is apt to be depressed. Such little accidents happen when the writer has not learned to use his material. Nevertheless, the chapters called "In the Fear of the Lord," "A Beat 't' Harbour," and "The Fruits of Toil," do actually bring off a certain effect. They are episodes, complete in themselves, curious, not unattractive, one-sidedly powerful.

THE ORANGERY. By Mabel Dearmer. (Smith, Elder, 6s.) Mrs. Dearmer's name on the cover seems to promise good things to those of us who have read and enjoyed "The Noisy Years." But the expectation with which we attack chapter one is doomed to fade away into disappointment and utter lack of interest. How comes it that an author who can do so much better, who can write with charm and feeling, who can introduce a note of individuality into her work, should spend her time in writing such an undistinguished novel? "The Orangery" is laid in Hertfordshire and London of rather more than a hundred years ago; the chief character is one Deborah Carey, a young girl with her head full of romantic ideas mostly culled from the pages of "The Ladies' Monthly Museum or Polite Repository of Amusement and Instruction." Her capriciousness and shilly-shallying provide the excuse for the story. In the third chapter she merrily starts the ball rolling by refusing, in no very polite terms, the man she loves. When she has recovered from her fit of pique and has fittingly moistened her pillow with her tears, she essays to recapture her lover. The capture is complete in the last chapter, and we leave Deborah and her gallant sitting in the orangery, where "the doves cooed in the limes, the peacocks strutted on the steps, the goldfish twisted in the marble basin." "There is nothing more serious than a comedy," says Miles; "all life is a comedy." We could wish, then, that Mrs. Dearmer had given us something more amusing than her "Comedy of Tears."

THE MASQUERADERS. By "Rita." (Hutchinson, 6s.) A curiously disconnected book, with a slight thread of plot woven into a crowd of odd incidents and varying characters, which read like a true story of life as it is. There is no neat finishing off of tangled threads, no final triumph of poetic justice, no "living happy ever after," but just the incompleteness, the want of finish that mark real life histories, as a rule. The book might be just what it pretends to be—a series of incidents collected during an artistic career and loosely strung together. It throws many a side-light on the humorous and pathetic possibilities of an artiste's life, and abounds in clever character sketches. Of course there are the usual attacks on the morals and manners of the "smart set," without which none of "Rita's" works seem complete since she started tilting at Society wind-

mills. The onslaught in this case is not as violent as some she has indulged in, and for that very reason carries more weight.

Reprints and New Editions

My eyes are drawn to one of the dullest and most unappetising book covers that I have seen for a long time, and I am more than ever shocked when I find it bears a familiar and honoured name, the name of Ireland's greatest novelist—William Carleton. The particular reprint in question is **WILLY REILLY**. (Half-Forgotten Series, Routledge, 2s.) Why is it included in this series of half-forgotten books? Certainly in Ireland it is not at all forgotten, and in England it cannot be forgotten, for it was practically never known. Why will people read the cheap Irishisms of Lever and Lover, which are a libel on the Irish, and neglect Carleton, whose charming fancy, delicate wit and deep pathos place him in the first rank of novelists? If this reprint can persuade some readers to make his acquaintance we will forgive the publishers the truly dreadful cover. What a pity—if only from the publisher's point of view—to clothe such reprints in such garments, especially a series that has the very praiseworthy aim of rescuing old and once-famous books from the intruding tide of modern fiction that threatens to engulf them. In Nash's 1s. edition of Popular Novels (Tauchnitz format) is just issued G. B. Burgin's **SHUTTERS OF SILENCE**, an excellent addition to those already published. No doubt this, perhaps the most popular novel of Mr. Burgin, will find a ready sale. This edition should be particularly popular in the summer, when travellers can buy a volume and put it in their bag without suffering the much increased weight which an ordinary bound novel would entail. Nathaniel Hawthorne has his full meed of appreciation and popularity in England—**NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S TALES**. (National Library, Cassell, 6d.) Mr. F. Mathew, who contributes the introduction, says: "He was a master of the lost art of rhythmic prose, he had a wonderful insight, a convincing imagination, and a skill that has never been surpassed." The selection includes four stories from "Mosses from an Old Manse," and seven of the "Twice-Told Tales." Another volume in the Mermaid Series—**THE BEST PLAYS OF SIR JOHN VANBRUGH**. (Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.) Edited with an introduction and notes by A. E. H. Swain. Mr. Swain gives us a very detailed and copious bibliography of Vanbrugh's writings and also a genealogical table by which we can trace the dramatist's descent. We are reminded on opening these plays of Swift's great dislike for Vanbrugh, induced probably by the dramatist's witticisms at the expense of the cloth, and of his sneering remark when he heard of Vanbrugh's presentation to the tabard of Clarencieux king of arms that he might now, indeed pretend to "build houses." It is a volume of plays that I am glad to have in so delightful a form. **THE SHORTER WORKS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR** (Newnes, 3s. cloth, 3s. 6d. lambskin, net.) includes among other things "Pericles and Aspasia," "William Shakespeare," and "The Pentameron." At the end of the volume are some selected poems. I particularly like this edition, its size is so handy, its frontispiece so admirable, its end papers so pretty and its covers so artistic. It is an ornament to my bookshelves. A cheap popular edition of Dean Stanley's **HISTORICAL MEMORIALS OF CANTERBURY** has just come to me from Murray (2s. 6d. net). Of such a book nothing need be said save to remark that the "get-up" leaves nothing to be desired. The illustrations are exceptionally well printed. Would that all reprints were so seemly. **THE ETHICS OF THE DUST** (Allen, leather 3s. 6d. net, cloth 2s. 6d. net) prettily dedicated by Ruskin to "The Real Little Housewives," can now be placed on our shelves beside "The Lectures on Art" and the other goodly volumes of the Ruskin Pocket Edition. **POEMS BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS** (Routledge, cloth 1s. net, leather 2s.) have been reprinted under the author's supervision from the fourteenth edition. The reprint is handy and pleasant to handle. Two more volumes in The Little Quarto Shakespeare (Methuen)—**KING HENRY IV.** Part I. and II.—are to hand. Altogether the reprints are more interesting than usual this week.

F. T. S.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

Volumes V. to VIII. of Mrs. Paget Toynbee's edition of "The Letters of Horace Walpole" are to be published this month. These volumes include 819 letters, written between November, 1760, and May, 1774, and sixteen illustrations in photogravure, four being portraits of Horace Walpole himself.—The Delegates of the Clarendon Press have taken over the series of geographical memoirs known as "The Regions of the World," which is under the general editorship of Mr. H. J. Mackinder, and in future this series will be published by Mr. Henry Frowde. Two new volumes will be issued this year: "North America," by Prof. Israel Russell, of the University of Michigan, at the end of this month, and "India," by Sir Thomas Holdich, K.C.I.E., in the early autumn. It is hoped that "The Far East," by Mr. Archibald Little, will soon be in the press. The three volumes which have already appeared are "Britain and the British Seas," by Mr. Mackinder; "Central Europe," by Prof. J. Partsch; and "The Nearer East," by Mr. D. G. Hogarth.—Mr. H. R. Allenson is just about to issue a new edition of Bishop Boyd Carpenter's suggestive "Thoughts on Prayer." The volume will be neatly bound in art linen.—Mr. Wm. Heinemann will publish on May 18 a new story by Mrs. E. L. Voynich, entitled "Olive Latham."—Messrs. Frederick W. Wilson & Co., of Glasgow, will publish shortly "The Official Guide to the Islands of Staffa and Iona," with notes on the botany, zoology and ornithology of these islands. The same firm will also issue new editions of "The Strongholds of the Hills," and their "Pocket Guide from Glasgow to Belfast," published in connection with Messrs. G. & J. Burns' Royal Mail service.—Miss May Hezlet, who has twice been the Ladies' Open Champion Golfer, is the author of a volume entitled "Ladies' Golf," which will be published immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.—Messrs. Methuen announce that they will publish Miss Marie Corelli's new novel during the summer.—Mr. John Lane will publish on May 18 an important book of travel, "Africa from South to North through Marotseland," by Major A. St. H. Gibbons, F.R.G.S. Mr. Lane also announces for the same date a book of poems by Mr. A. E. J. Legges, entitled "Land and Sea Pieces."

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Clark (The Rev. Henry W.), The Christ from Without and Within (Melrose) net 3/6
Caldecott (Alfred), and Mackintosh (The Rev. H. R.), edited by, Selections from the Literature of Theism.....(T. & T. Clark) net 7/6
Kennard, D.D. (The Rev. J. Spencer), Psychic Power in Preaching (Hodder & Stoughton) 5/0
Tasker (The Rev. Prof. J. G.), Does Haeckel Solve the Riddles? (Kelly) 0/1

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Anderson (J. Redwood), The Music of Death.....(Clifton: Baker) net 2/0
Nott (Vernon), The Journey's End, and Other Verses.....(Greening) 2/6
Bennett (Alfred), Ballads of the Briny, and Other Verses (Gay & Bird) net 2/6
Brandes (George), Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature. Vol. V. The Romantic School of France.....(Heinemann) net 12/0
Belloc (H.), Avril, being Essays on the Poetry of the French Renaissance (Duckworth) net 5/0
Murray (Gilbert), translated by, The Hippolytus of Euripides (Allen) net 1/0
Haney, Ph.D. (John Louis), edited by, Early Reviews of English Poets.....(Philadelphia: The Egerton Press) 1/0
Risk (R. K.), Songs of the Links.....(Morton) net 1/0

History and Biography

- Turner, F. S. S. (Wm.), edited by, William Adams, an Old English Potter.....(Chapman & Hall) net 30/0
Johnston (R. M.), Napoleon, a Short Biography.....(Macmillan) 6/0
Gleig, M.A. (the late George Robert), edited by his daughter, Mary E. Gleig, Personal Reminiscences of the First Duke of Wellington (Blackwood) net 15/0

Travel and Topography

- Clinch (George), The Isle of Wight.....(Methuen) 3/0
Tayler (Constance J. D.), Koreans at Home.....(Cassell) 3/6

Art

- Hartmann (Sadakichi), Japanese Art.....(Putnam) net 6/0
Turner (J. M. W.), Liber Studiorum.....(Newnes) net 10/6
Dircks (Rudolf), Auguste Rodin.....(Siegle) net 1/6 and 2/6
Emanuel (Frank L.), The Illustrators of Montmartre (Siegle) net 1/6 and 2/6
Wilberforce (Wilfrid), and Gilbert (A. R.), Velasquez.....(Methuen) net 2/6
Annual Report of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass. (Cambridge Press)

Educational

- Mead (Prof. W. E.), edited by, The Squyr of Lowe Degree.....(Ginn) 5/0
McMillan (Margaret), Education through the Imagination (Sonnenschein) 3/6

- Kirkman, B.A. (F. B.), Premières Lectures.....(Black) 1/0
Lyde, M.A. (Lionel W.), An Elementary Geography of the World (Black) 1/4
Brown, B.A. (Hubert), French Composition by Imitation.....(Blackie) 2/0
A Survey of the British Empire.....(Blackie) 2/0
Heath, L.C.P. (Carl), German Strong Verbs and Irregular Weak Verbs.....(Blackie) 1/0
Baker, M.A. (A. T.), edited by, Lamartine, Graciosa, three chapters (Blackie) 0/4
Decimals and the Metric System.....(Blackie) 0/2
Rappoport, Ph.D. (A. S.), A Primer of Philosophy.....(Murray) net 1/0

Miscellaneous

- Boutmy (Emile), translated by E. English, with Introduction by J. E. C. Bodley, The English People.....(Unwin) 16/0
Hatch, M.P. (Ernest F. G.), Far Eastern Impressions: Japan—Korea—China (Hutchinson) net 6/0
The Ancestor, No. 9.....(Constable) net 5/0
Linne (Ellen, or G.), The Virgin and the Fool.....(Greening) 2/0
Edgar (Wm. C.), The Story of a Grain of Wheat.....(Newnes) 1/0
Horsfall (T. C.), compiled by, The Improvement of the Dwellings and Surroundings of the People: The Example of Germany (Manchester University Press) 1/0
Marr (T. R.), Housing Conditions in Manchester and Salford (Manchester University Press) 1/0
Markham (Violet B.), The New Era in South Africa (Smith, Elder) net 3/6
Schofield, M.D. (Alfred T.), Unconscious Therapeutics, or, The Personality of the Physician.....(Churchill) net 5/0
Jordan (Wm. Leighton), Astronomical and Historical Chronology (Longmans) net 2/0
Hime (Lieut.-Colonel H. W. L.), Gunpowder and Ammunition: Their Origin and Progress.....(Longmans) net 9/0
Leith (E. S.), The Book of the Country Cottage.....(Treherne) net 1/0
St. Bride's Institute Library Catalogue, supplement (St. Bride Foundation)
Cooke (C. Kinloch), Chinese Labour.....(Macmillan) C/3
Lads' Drill Association Annual Report.....(The Association)
Humphreys, M.A. (The Rev. Canon), Fair Play.....(Skeffington) 0/6
Huberich, D.C.L. (C. H.), The Trans-Isthmian Canal.....(Texas: Austin)
The State Remedy for Poverty, by a Doctor of Medicine.....(Standing) 0/1

Fiction

- "Bianca's Caprice," by Morley Roberts (White), 6/0; "The King of Diamonds," by Louis Tracy (White), 6/0; "England's Elizabeth," by His Honour Judge E. A. Parry (Smith, Elder), 6/0; "Around a Distant Star," by Jean Delaire (Long), 6/0; "For Faith and Navarre," by May Wynne (Long), 6/0; "Wall Street Stories," by E. Lefèvre (Putnam), 3/6; "Wolves," by R. H. Sherard (Greening), 6/0; "Nature's Comedian," by W. E. Norris (Longmans), 6/0; "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnston (Constable), 6/0; "Court Cards," by Austin Clare (Unwin), 6/0; "The Faith of Men and Other Stories," by Jack London (Heinemann), 6/0; "Deep Sea Vagabonds," by Albert Sonnichsen, Able Seaman (Methuen), 6/0; "The Kiss of the Enemy," by Headon Hill (Cassell), 6/0; "Lord and Lady Aston," by E. H. Cooper (Nash), 6/0; "The Manor House," by S. E. Hall (Jarrold), 3/6; "Jones's Baby," by L. H. de Visme Shaw (Everett), 6/0; "In the Wrong Box," by Fox Russell (Everett), 3/6; "The Antipodeans," by Mayne Lindsay (Arnold), 6/0; "Mr. Montgomerie, Fool," by Garrett Mill (Blackwood), 6/0; "The Red Keggars," by Eugene Thwing (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0; "El Dorado," by Robert Cromie (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "Peaceable Fruit," by Cranston Metcalfe (Melrose), 6/0; "The Corner Stone," by David Lyall (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0; "Helen in Morocco," by Mary Muckart (Sands), 6/0; "The Lost Blue Diamond of the Stuarts," by Lewis Ramsden (Henderson), 0/3.

Reprints and New Editions

- Moring: "The Gull's Hornbook," by Thomas Dekker, edited by R. B. McKerrow, net 7/6; "The Defence of Guenevere," by Wm. Morris, edited by R. Steele, net 2/6; "Chaucer's Man of Law's Tale," &c., done into modern English by the Rev. Prof. W. W. Skeat, net 1/0; "The History of Fulk Fitz-Warine," Englished by Alice Kemp-Welch, net 1/6.
Newnes: "The Shorter Works of Walter Savage Landor," net 3/6.
Chatto & Windus: "Harry Fludyer at Cambridge, and Conversational Hints for Young Shooters," by R. C. Lehmann, 1/0 and 1/6.
Allen: "The Ethics of the Dust," by John Ruskin (Pocket Edition), net 2/6.
Routledge: "Poems," by Sir Lewis Morris (authorised selection); "The Art of Speaking," by E. Pertwee; "Willy Reilly," by W. Carleton.
Cassell: "Nathaniel Hawthorne's Tales," a selection, net 0/6.
Treherne: "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Macbeth" (Waistcoat Pocket Series), each net 1/0.
Nash: "The Shutters of Silence," by G. B. Burgin, net 1/0.
Unwin: "Sir John Vanbrugh," edited by A. E. H. Swain, net 2/6.
Putnam: "The Book Lover," by James Baldwin, net 2/6; "Mr. Roosevelt and the Presidency," by a Spectator.
Methuen: "The First and Second Parts of King Henry IV.," edited by W. J. Craig, (2 vols.)
MacLehose: "Hakluyt's Voyages," Vols. V. and VI.
Ward, Lock: "The Red Eric," by R. M. Ballantine, 1/6; "Guide to Brighton," 1/0.
Allenson: "Great Souls at Prayer," selected by Mrs. Mary W. Tileston, net 2/6.
Richards: "The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer," from the Text of Professor Skeat, Vol. II., net 1/0; "The Spirit of the Age," by Wm. Hazlitt, net 1/0.

Sixpenny Reprints

- Unwin: "How to be Happy though Married."
Newnes: "A Man of the Moors," by Halliwell Sutcliffe.
Ward, Lock: "Uncle John," by G. J. Whyte-Melville; "The History of a Crime," by Victor Hugo; "Japhet in Search of a Father," by Captain Marryat; "The Diamond Coterie," by Lawrence L. Lynch; "The Survivor," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "Out of a Labyrinth," by Lawrence L. Lynch; "The Detective's Dilemma," by Emile Gaboriau; "The Conflict of Evidence," by R. Ottolengui; "Lady Barbarity," by J. C. Snaith.
Long: "The Golden Wang-Ho," by Fergus Hume.

Periodicals

- "Westminster Review," "Geographical Journal," "Bookman" (American), "Golden Sunbeams," "Bibelot," "Jewish Quarterly Review," "The Author," "The Lamp," "The Critic," "The Isis," "The Free O'Clock," "Bible Society Monthly Reporter," "Gleanings," "The Johns Hopkins University Circular," and "The Reader's Index."

Egomet

IT has often struck me as curious that literature has had so little to say of the greatest fact of life—death. By literature here I do not mean of course theological or scientific writings, but poetry and fiction. To the poet death is something grand or something lovely, something abstract rather than concrete. In the writers of fiction I find—to my thinking—death dealt with from an impersonal point of view. I do not know whether I am making myself clear. It is the scenic effect of death, or its tragedy, or its mere sorrow, or its horror for the spectator that novelists treat; but what of the dying man or woman, what does death mean to him or her?

PERHAPS literature cannot rise to such a height; perhaps you will answer me that not knowing what death is or means no man can write of it. To me that answer is not satisfying, for men have written nobly of many things that no man has ever known, and it is one of the parts of imagination to enable a great writer to set that down for us which only his mental eye has seen. So, is it not strange that—as far as my knowledge runs—no writer has tried to imagine for us mortal men what are the sensations accompanying death? Is death a sinking into unconsciousness, a ceasing of the pain of living? Perchance I ask too much of the human intellect; can I expect any mind to grasp the innermost meaning of a fact of the existence of which men are for the most part of their lives forgetful, a fact the reality of which few of us—if any—can grasp?

I OFTEN ask myself if other men are as I am, do they feel, think, see, hear in precisely the same way as I do? When you and I look upon a fair landscape, when each of us says "How beautiful," what do we mean? Is the beauty that I see the beauty that is visible to you? Am I the only man in the world? Are all the rest of you mere figments of my brain, shadows born to prevent my being lonely? And in this matter of dying do you—if you exist—think as I do? Think as seldom of it as I do? Realise it as little as I do? For I do not—cannot bring myself to realise that one day I shall be no more; that one day I shall close my eyes never more to open them, that my limbs will sink into a repose that

never more shall be broken, that my brain shall frame no more thoughts and receive no more impressions, and that my heart that has beaten from the hour I drew breath down to this present moment shall stand still for everlasting; that the world will go on, but that I shall be in my place no more.

RUSKIN, in a beautiful passage, dealing with the first impressions made upon the mind by the view of a snow-clad alp, writes of "an apprehension of its eternity, a pathetic sense of its perpetualness, and your own transience . . . a sense of strange companionship with past generations . . . they have ceased to look upon it; you will soon cease to look also, and the granite wall will be for others." I do realise much of this, but not all. I do apprehend the solemn sense of eternity, I have that sense of companionship with the generations that are dead, I do know that for myriads of years to come this granite wall will be for others, I do understand that you—the comrade beside me—will soon cease to look, but I cannot realise that I also shall do so. No, I do not know whether others are in this matter as I am, but I have never yet realised that I shall die. Did I do so I verily believe it would kill me with terror, or rather with horror.

As far as my reading goes no poet and no writer of fiction has dealt with this frame of mind, in which after all I cannot be unique. Zola has touched upon it, but the weakling he paints is merely afraid of the physical pain which may but which probably does not accompany death. What I recoil from is the being torn away from this life, this life which I know and love, with its companionships, its enjoyments, its very pains. Or rather from that I should recoil if I realised that such a tearing away has to come one day; but I do not realise it, and judging from the writings of those who have striven to paint for us the workings of the human heart, no man or woman does realise it. "To be or not to be" quoth the discursive Hamlet, but he did not for an instant realise what is meant by "not to be." Nor do I. Do you?

E. G. O.

Alembroth

I
 "Do you believe in God?"
 "That is a bold question."
 "But this is the land of free speech."
 "It is also the land of free silence."

II
 "Do you believe in God?"
 "Again!"
 "It is the one question this time of ours puts to the soul."
 "It is the one question each man must answer for himself and to himself."
 "Soon—very soon—the world will demand importunately an answer to this question from all men of any eminence."
 "I should decline to answer. Thought, also, is free."
 "Thought is not free. You must think 'yes' or 'no.'"

III
 "Do you believe in God?"
 "You have courage!"
 "Do you believe in God?"

"This is my answer: I believe in the world; I know it; I see it; I am in it. Whether I am of it or not is my business. I know, further, that the world has no God worthy of the name; that it does not deserve God. I believe the best thing the world could do would be to put away the idea of God for a hundred years, and definitely set about the study of itself. When it understands itself, has taken itself thoroughly to task, and made itself worthy of a God, then it may again begin to think of God."

IV
 "Do you believe in God?"

V
 If there is one thing I am certain of it is that literature is not intended to be written about, or lectured on, or abused for any critical, hortatory, or educational purpose whatever. I speak feelingly; not having had the courage to die of starvation, I reviewed several books every week for a dozen years.

VI
 A man may have his last fight with the supernatural when the woman he loves dies. Must he not go mad or believe that

he will see her again? But men now begin to conquer both the madness and the desire to believe a lie. Women will always believe in the supernatural—that is, women who are women; lovers and mothers to wit. Will women always believe in the supernatural?

VII

I suppose the poet must always use the current literature and philosophy; they are a very considerable part of his material. If he concerns himself only with life he cannot be a representative writer, which I take to be the ambition of all poets worthy of the name. It is only the writer of his own time who is for all time.

VIII

No human being ever understood another. Anyone can test this; all have tested it. The moment we begin to explain we say something different from our meaning, and are believed to have said something our words do not convey—as you and I are doing now.

IX

Those who suffer, say "injustice;" those who inflict, say "justice." But it is neither; it is a function of matter whereby men injure and kill each other, producing change. There is no justice or injustice in an avalanche or a landslide or a typhoon; neither is there justice or injustice in the extermination of the black rat by the grey or the red man by the white. These are affairs of matter, into which intelligence does not enter. As soon as two people unite to do anything intelligence vanishes; an automatic force takes its place which obeys material laws blindly, and sometimes blindly struggles against them. The Peace Congress was the overture to a hundred years of war that began with our "fight to a finish" in South Africa, and proceeds now in Cipango and Cathay.

X

"Would you sooner be wrong with yourself than right with the rest of the world?"

"The fact that the world thinks me wrong is a sure sign that I am what I wish to be."

"What is that?"

"Myself."

XI

Whatever has to be taught is a lie—some liturgy, catechism, or dead language. French is a lie in an English classroom; it is the truth in Paris. Men need no teaching. Fact is known to all, and only requires to be stated to be recognised. To educate a party? Yes; it was a Jew did that; and it was a Scotchman, Hebraic to the marrow, who wrote the "Latter-day Pamphlets." The highest intelligences are always compelled to do the most unintelligent things. Matter wins all along the line.

XII

I rate Darwin higher than any other man who wrote in the last century; but in the meantime I do not believe that Natural Selection accounts for the origin of species; it only accompanied the origin of species. No beast was evolved out of another beast. Matter tried again and again, and at last produced man. The various races of men are not connected. The white man, the black man, the red man, and the yellow man had not a common origin any more than a common language. Matter always recalled in its unconscious memory what it had done, and improved on past attempts. Why has it stopped; or is that of "Beyond-man" a new effort begun, or only a madman's dream? I pronounce against it. "Beyond-man" could only come about by unnatural selection, like prize cattle: hateful.

XIII

Affirmation, as I employ it, is the strongest form of interrogation. Every conception of man must be placed in the mortar, comminuted, dissolved, tested with every reagent we have at command, and analysed qualitatively and quantitatively for a hundred years to come. And here poetry will come into something of its own. The functions of poetry are manifold; many of them, perhaps, undiscovered. One is chemical; as a divulsive, poetry has yet to perform.

XIV

I am not to be forgiven. But why should I be forgiven? Why should any one be forgiven? Or, rather, let me put it as I mean it: Can any one be forgiven? Is forgiveness possible? I think not; the things that are forgiven do not require forgiveness. If it were possible to forgive it would be possible to forget, which is absurd.

XV

There should be no respect for the dead, their characters, opinions, or reputations. For the living, respect—that is, if the world is to go on. Few natures are powerful enough to relish disrespect, or even to be indifferent to opinion; and the powerful ones who have the greatest contempt for opinion are very often those who for economic reasons have to consider it most. There should be no respect for the dead—dead men, dead opinions, dead gods.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

Science

The Individual versus the Race

IT is safe to assume, I am sure, that no reader of my article of last week finished it without the feeling that it was very far from being at all an adequate statement of the problems it raised. Estimating the practical importance of these problems as highly as I do, I offer no other apology for returning to them. But before raising an aspect of the question hitherto unmentioned, I wish to say one more word about monogamy.

It is, of course, apparent that for the effecting of monogamy Nature should produce an approximately equal number of persons of both sexes, and if she does so, we find an excellent argument for monogamy close to our hand. Now the remarkable facts are these. All the world over, as far as we know, nature produces a very slight preponderance of male children. It is therefore very evident that polygamy, at any rate, is alien to her laws. Every living creature is assuredly meant to reproduce itself; the voluntary extinction of so many in our time being an *obviously morbid* phenomenon. And Nature never varies in the proportion she observes between the sexes. Fortunately, as one is bound to think, science is utterly unable to provide us with the means for interfering with this proportion—numerous attempts to do so having completely failed. I sincerely hope that such knowledge may not arrive until mankind has become truly religious enough not to abuse it. Meanwhile, at any rate, this is nature's arrangement. It is true, of course, that in this, as in other countries, there are a number of "superfluous women"—approximately about one million. This is due to the fact that the death-rate amongst male infants and adolescents is higher—for reasons which certainly cannot be considered here—than among female infants. Hence, at the age of five or thereabouts the numbers of the sexes become equalised, and thereafter woman leads. But this is as morbid a state of affairs as the great excess of women in early military societies, where the men are decimated by war. In such societies polygamy obviously becomes almost inevitable. But nature has not destined man for either the military or the present industrial stage of society—though not one person in a million has ever contemplated anything better. For an admirable consideration of this great question of the balance between the sexes the reader should refer to his Buckle.

But I want to raise another question. In a certain type of book which a wise father places in the hands of his boys when they reach an awkward age, it is laid down as a cardinal fact in physiology that there is an

antagonism between *reproduction* and *individuation*. Beyond a certain point the individual will suffer. This is the veritable cosmic root of the objection to vice. Whatever your objections to sensuality, and whatever their source, you will find that you can resolve them into this natural antagonism between *individuation* and *reproduction*. Now let us look at the earlier stages of life.

The protozoa, as every one knows, are, properly speaking, immortal. They divide and re-divide without end. In their case the individual hardly exists at all, for the individual is itself the reproductive cell. That is to say, in them, there is only reproduction; no individuation being yet seen.

But with the many-celled animals (and not with sin) "came death into the world." In them—from the lowest to the highest—certain cells are set apart for reproduction; and these, being really the race, are immortal. The individual, indeed, is to be regarded as little more than a temporary host for them and, having duly handed them on—having thus fulfilled its destiny—the individual disappears.

But the higher we go, the more important the individual becomes, whilst the reproductive function is subordinated. The reader can easily fill in the details for himself, and will arrive at the logical conclusion that, in the highest individuals, reproduction will be an extremely different affair from the prodigal fecundity of the bacillus, or the fish, so that we reach the stage of "one at a birth"—at which stage humanity, in about eighty-seven cases out of eighty-eight—has already arrived. Furthermore the number of births will tend to fall, on this theory: and so it does. *In part*, therefore, the fall in the birth-rate amongst the higher races is to be regarded as a normal phenomenon, in consonance with this great law. And we can imagine a further stage. Starting with the race which is all race and not individual at all, we may end with the individual which is all individual—the race thus coming to an end. This disastrous sequel is what we already see in many quarters, where individuals are deliberately, in their own persons, putting an end to the process—millions of years in duration—which has produced them.

As usual, I have only time merely to sketch a subject. I have done my best to keep King Charles' head out of this article, which followed naturally as a corollary to the last, but I am bound to refer the reader to the place wherein this fundamental principle of the antagonism between individuation and genesis is first set forth. Biologists had existed for more than two thousand years, with the facts before them, but none of them had seen it. The first and final statement of this law, including certain predictions now fulfilled, is to be found at the conclusion of the "Principles of Biology." Its discovery would alone have sufficed to give its incomparable revealer a permanent place in the history of knowledge.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

THE land of topsy-turveydom has ever been dear to the heart of Mr. W. S. Gilbert from the early days of Bab-Balladom to the latest and, alas, the last of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and true to his old love he now gives us "Harlequin and the Fairy's Dilemma," a veritable revel of upside-downness. It would be an almost impossible task to give a coherent description of the plot of

this two-act "original domestic pantomime," impossible and unfair. As I came away from the Garrick Theatre, out into the fresh air and realities, I rubbed my eyes, awaking as it were from a wild fantastic dream, a mad, merry dream, where I had heard old tunes of yester-year, where I had met again the friends of childhood, the good fairy and the wicked demon, clowns, pantaloons, harlequins and so forth, all inextricably mixed up with personages of everyday life, a colonel in the Guards, a mild parson, an irritable lord justice, and two very modern maidens; a dream of a parson-house where the walls and the floors were honeycombed with trap-doors, of demon caves and of transformation scenes. And, oh, how we all had laughed, jokes verbal and jokes physical piling one upon the other until the end of the piece seemed almost flat, for we had laughed too much to laugh any longer.

THE actors had so much fun provided for them that they had little else to do save to be serious, by their seriousness adding to the fun of the colossal joke. Mr. Bouchier as the colonel and the clown, Mr. O. B. Clarence as the parson and the harlequin, Mr. Sydney Valentine as the justice and the pantaloons, Miss Violet Vanbrugh as the daughter of an earl and the columbine, Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw as the demon Alcohol, and Miss Jessie Bateman as the fairy Rosebud, all entered thoroughly into the spirit of the jest, tempted as they must have been to stop every now and again to join the audience in laughing at their whimsicalities. Mr. Gilbert has once again added to the gaiety of nations.

THE Stage Society will present a new and original play in four acts entitled "Ina," by R. O. Prowse, at the Court Theatre on the afternoons of May 16 and 17. The cast is as follows: Knighton, Mr. Norman McKinnel; Egerton, Mr. Loring Fernie; Lady Myon, Miss Granville; Sir James Myon, Mr. Nigel Playfair; Aglionby, Mr. Dawson Milward; Old Mr. Egerton, Mr. Arthur Chesney; Stevens, Mr. Dudley Meredith; Maidervant, Miss Georgette Serville; Ina, Miss Margaret Halstan. The production will be under the direction of Mr. A. E. George.

"NOT BAD" is the only verdict that can be passed on "The Bride and Bridegroom" by Mr. Arthur Law, produced last week at the New Theatre; it is small beer, which is not a heady beverage, and the pity is that it could have been made good sound ale if a little more care had been taken in the development of a pretty idea. As it is much of it amuses and the characters would prove highly entertaining were they drawn with a firmer hand and more precision. Thomas Bruce, minor poet and philanderer, and his matter of fact wife, who looks on his poetic philanderings as an excellent safety valve, the bluff Admiral who, unknown to himself, is ruled by his diplomatic wife, all these are quite pleasant company; in the pages of a novel, say, by Miss Fowler they would be capital fun, but the glare of the footlights is too strong for them. On the other hand the pig-loving Lord Beecroft is sheer caricature, a figure of farce, not of comedy. No call is made upon the talents of the performers, but Miss Mary Moore is as finished and fascinating as ever and Mr. Eille Norwood is natural as a young man; how few natural young men we have on the stage at present!

Musical Notes

ONE of the chief musical events next week, not to say of the season, will be the Joachim Diamond Jubilee celebration on Monday evening at Queen's Hall, which seems likely to prove, as indeed it should, a very notable affair indeed. Long ago Mr. G. F. Watts painted a memorable portrait of



DR. JOACHIM

[Photo. Elliott and Fry]

the greatest of latter-day violinists, with which all his admirers are doubtless familiar—if not in its original form, at least in one or other of its multitudinous reproductions. Now a younger and later, but perhaps not less gifted, master of the art of portraiture has tried his hand on the same illustrious "subject," and if the accounts of those who have seen it may be believed, Mr. Sargent's portrait of Dr. Joachim will rank among the most felicitous achievements which have proceeded from even his skilful brush. Given further, as promised, the presence of the Prime Minister to make the presentation, and who shall say that an occasion of unique interest will not have been celebrated in a worthy fashion?

In the programme of music to be performed with the aid of the Queen's Hall Orchestra some of Dr. Joachim's own compositions will naturally find a place. Though it is as that of the inspired interpreter of the great masters of the past that Dr. Joachim's name will live longest in the history of the art, his achievements as a composer of the highest aims and most serious purpose are by no means to be overlooked. One composition from his pen at least—to wit, the Hungarian Concerto—is likely long to find a place in the répertoires of all violinists who are capable of appreciating its beauties and of complying with its technical requirements. In none other of his

works perhaps has Dr. Joachim appealed so directly and persuasively to the tastes of the general hearer than in this most delightful and effective work, and perhaps it would have been an even happier choice as a representative production of his pen to be heard on Monday next than that which has been announced.

How shall one measure the value of Dr. Joachim's services to the art which he adorns? And in particular how shall one assess the extent of our indebtedness on this side of the Channel to his genius? Of Dr. Joachim the statement has truly been made that he has been a great moral as well as a great musical influence. From his earliest days he has consistently upheld the claims of all that is noblest and purest in the art of which he is to-day one of the most venerable contemporary figures. Nought that savours of triviality, mere-triciousness, or baseness has ever had chance to flourish where Joachim's influence has extended, and though, like others, he has not been free from personal likes and dislikes, amounting sometimes perhaps as regards the latter to what might be classed as prejudices, it would not be easy to over-estimate the value of this consistent championship of the best in all branches of the art whereby his career has been so finely distinguished. It is hard to recall the fact that in Joachim's younger days such a work as the violin concerto of Beethoven was, if not precisely a sealed book, at all events a musical possession whose worth was vastly underrated. How much Dr. Joachim has done by his inspired interpretation of that and other sublime compositions for the violin, among them notably the immortal Chaconne of Bach, to extend the general understanding and appreciation of their beauties, needs no telling.

Nor has it been only the ancient masters who have benefited by his interpretative powers. To Joachim, more than to any other, must be ascribed the widespread understanding and appreciation in this country of one of the greatest of modern composers. I refer of course to Brahms. In the depth, sincerity, and underlying nobility of that great master's music Joachim found from the first that which appealed with peculiar force to his own temperament and nature, so that here again the composer was fortunate in having found an interpreter ideally fitted to do justice to his creations. In every respect, alike as violinist, as composer, and as a man, Dr. Joachim is deserving of all the honour which can be paid him.

ANOTHER interesting concert next week should be that of the Philharmonic Society at which Dr. Elgar's new overture "In the South" is to be given among other things. This is the work, of course, which received its first performance recently at Covent Garden. There, however, it was heard so indifferently that a far better notion of it should be obtained in Queen's Hall. Other works to be presented on this occasion for the first time at these concerts are Mr. Herbert Bedford's "Romeo and Juliet" Love Duo—originally produced at the last Norwich Festival, and Glazounow's sixth symphony.

The latter is a composition which has, of course, been heard before in London, and its cleverness is beyond dispute. In fact as an example of musical scholasticism and erudition such an authority as Mr. C. A. Barry has pronounced it to be almost without a rival. Whether even so it is really a great work is more open to question. According to some it is Glazounow's extraordinary tech-

nical facility which must be reckoned his chief danger. He wrote his first symphony, quite a remarkable work, before he was eighteen, and since then he has composed an enormous number of works in many forms, but all displaying a strong individuality, immense learning, vigorous independence, ideas, feeling, colour, &c. Yet somehow not one of his compositions which have so far been heard in this country can be said to have produced any very abiding impression. Since, however, Glazounow is still in the thirties, he may do much yet before he lays down his pen. He is one of the few Russian composers possessed of ample private means and not compelled therefore to combine the practice of his art with the pursuit of some more prosaic calling.

YET another attractive feature of the same programme should be Kreisler's playing in the Beethoven violin concerto. It is a tribute to the unapproachable position occupied by Beethoven's one and only essay in this form that no violinist can ever be regarded as having passed the ultimate test until he has been heard in the interpretation of this glorious work. That particular test Mr. Kreisler has long since withstood successfully in London. But many will certainly look forward to hearing him again, one of the greatest living interpreters of the classics that he is, in a work which stands supreme among the imperishable creations of the art.

INTEREST of a different sort entirely will attach to another of next week's concerts—to wit, that announced for Friday evening by the Royal College of Music in connection with the Ernest Palmer Fund for the encouragement of young British musicians. The facts of this munificent endowment will be generally recalled. This will be the first orchestral concert given in accordance with its provisions. A round dozen of young British musicians will be represented in all by song, symphonic poem, overture, scena, concertstück, rhapsody, variations, suite, and what not, and the outcome will be watched with no little curiosity. Is it not a little significant by the way that not a single symphony proper figures in the list? Your latter-day composer cannot pen a bar, it seems, without the inspiration of a "programme" of some kind or other. Yet, as an acute observer has remarked, in the days of Beethoven and Mozart the feel of the keyboard was "poetic basis" enough for the noblest musical imaginings.

DR. WALFORD DAVIES announces some attractive works for the first orchestral concert on Wednesday next, of the newly organised Bach Choir. Such compositions as the "Academic Festival" overture and the "Schicksalslied" need no commending to good Brahmites; while Schumann's "Requiem for Mignon," Schubert's "92nd Psalm" and Parry's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" all possess the merits, not always found conjoined, of intrinsic worth and comparative novelty. What a small proportion indeed of the really noble and worthy creations of the greater masters figure in the relatively restricted list of works upon which year in and year out with sad lack of enterprise and imagination the average concert-givers rely! There needs a society which shall perform no works save those which for a decade previously, say, have not been heard in public.

NEXT week I hope to deal with some of the excellent performances at the Royal Opera, "Lohengrin," "Tristan und Isolde," "Romeo et Juliette," etc.

Art Notes

The Royal Academy—II

SINCE I wrote my first general survey of the Academy, the public have surged into the galleries; and I need scarcely say that it is before Mr. Sigismund Goetze's large sensational canvas "Despised and Rejected of Men" that the crowd hangs heaviest. It is a curious fact, and one which critics try to pass with shrug of shoulder, that the two sensational pictures of the year are neither of them conspicuous for the splendour of their technical achievement; for, telling as are this huge canvas and the smaller "Famine," by Mr. Dollman, the mastery of craftsmanship displayed in them does not by any means rise high. In Mr. Goetze's Christ, who with bowed head stands bound to the altar "to the unknown God," whilst the passing crowd moves along indifferent to Him, it is abundantly clear that the telling composition and the fine idea would have been enormously enhanced by being painted in the grand manner, with great deep resounding background and strong vigorous black and white, instead of its thin bluish-white treatment. Yet in both these things is a certain musical sense that no shrugging of shoulders may set aside. There is in them both the sensed thing—emotion. It may be crude emotion; but emotion and truth are there; and there are pictures in this exhibition which, whilst they rise far above these in beauty of craftsmanship, are uninteresting and unemotional and dull—in fact, are not creative art.

HOWEVER, to get back to a more orderly survey; and your worthy Britisher loves to do the thing from the beginning right through. I think that we may attribute to the President of the Academy the effort to bring the antiquated old coach into line with modern art; and if the new engines do somewhat strain and shake in their uneasy bed at the vitals of the old machine, it may be that much of the old fabric will soon be broken up, and the Academy come out fresh and strong, so as to bear the strain of its new works. The appointment of Mr. George Clausen to lecture on painting is only the outward sign of much steady reform; and the election of the new members showed the new spirit that is being infused by Sir Edward Poynter since his elevation. The men of particular mark this year are all members. The average of artistic technique is high. The new regulations as to outsiders sending in only three contributions seem to have made no difference—except to the comfort of the selecting committee, which does not matter. Therefore let us to the Artistic Thing.

IN the first room the eye is caught by a good landscape by Leader—sand-dunes show his work at its best. Mr. Arthur Cope sends two good portraits to this room, "The Lord Chief Justice of England" and "The Archbishop of Canterbury." Mr. Briton Riviere's "Youth" shows so many weaknesses, from bad rancid and muddy colour to bad proportion and miserable drawing, that I am fain to hope this picture is a sad pot-boiler, and I sincerely hope it may not boil. Mr. Riviere must not join the old dullards like this—it will never do. It is a relief to go to the fresh painting and bright colour of Mr. Tuke's "In the Morning Sun," with its nude youth standing in the sunlight against the greens of the wood. Mr. George Clausen sends a fine piece of impressionism in his "Willow Trees at Sunset," but his finest effort is

in another room. And Mr. Alfred East gives us a charming canvas of "Cairo" in the warm yellow key which he has so much played upon this year. Lovers of Mr. Peter Graham's sea-scapes will find a typical piece of sea and rocks and gulls, a work full of the sea air. Mr. Wetherbee does well this year. And Mr. Orchardson sends a portrait of a lady which shows the inherent weakness of his technique when applied to life-size subjects—a technique which is so exquisitely beautiful in his picture of "The Lyric" in the next room, where a girl in Empire dress sits at the piano.

THE second room is also graced with a charming romantic landscape by Mr. Wetherbee. Mr. Clausen sends a scene "In the Beanfield." Poor Joan of Arc comes very badly out of the imaginations of Academicians this year. Mr. Bridgman is represented by a very characteristic, which is to say delightful, "On the Housetops, Algiers." Mr. Shannon's muddy portrait of "Martin Harvey" will perhaps come out better in reproduction as a gravure; but Mr. Harvey's head has not yielded to this facile painter's brush the fine lines to which we are accustomed in the photographs. Mr. David Murray is charmingly represented by a landscape in Constable's country, which provides most of his subjects this year. Mr. Edwin Abbey's young woman who dances a "Measure" is so dull and uninteresting a figure, and does the thing so sadly, that we do not linger before his canvas as of old—indeed it is the empty performance of a very fine artist. This *will* happen on occasion. Mr. Cadogan Cowper shows this year a beautiful and gemlike piece of painting that loses no tittle of breadth from its exquisite workmanship, in his "St. Francis of Assisi and the Heavenly Melody." Mr. Seymour Lucas sends a masterly piece, "Finis," of a musician who has just ceased to make music. And the President contributes one of the best pictures of the nude he has painted for many a long day in his "Nymph" bathing, though the beauty of drawing is not equalled by the colouring. But the picture of this room is a little masterpiece, a feast of splendid colour, by Mr. John Swan, the animal painter, of boys bathing—not only the gem of this room, but one of the pictures of the year. The great central room must stand over for a week. I would only add that Mr. Frank Craig has troubled the intellects of many innocent people with his dainty "Widow's Garden"; and I am bound to say that I could not enlighten a frenzied female who thought I should be able to explain to her why the widow's taste ran to wildness and poppies. With the wildness I sympathised—but the poppies "bowled me out." Nevertheless, charming is the widow and her love-lorn swain, who says through melancholy eyes, "Oh, what a pain is love!"

MESSRS. METHUEN continue their excellent series of "Little Books on Art" with a volume on "Bookplates" by E. Almack—a half-crownsworth of really useful information—yet, surely, to write on bookplates and to leave out the masterwork of Gordon Craig, Anning Bell and the modern men is akin to acting the play of "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark.

MR. GEORGE CLAUSEN'S "Six Lectures on Painting" are now to be had in book form, charmingly produced with illustrations (Elliot Stock). I criticised these brilliant essays as they were delivered, and I would only now add that no student should be without them, and some of the elder members of the Royal Academy could do worse than try to understand them.

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Correspondence

The Sadness of the R.A.

SIR,—A young Frenchman of my acquaintance, a man of parts, of culture and of taste, is over here just now on his first visit to England. I have known him in Paris for some years as a keen connoisseur of painting and sculpture, and a discriminating buyer and collector of works of art. One of his first questions on his arrival in London was as to the whereabouts of our Salon, our exhibition of the best contemporary art. Naturally (if cruelly) he was directed to Burlington House. He spent two days there, and on the night of his second visit he dined with me. Quite innocently and in the politest possible manner he asked me whether really and seriously the Academy was to be taken as an epitome of the British school of painting of the day. What could I reply? Both yes and no. Firstly, we have no British school of painting. There are a dozen different schools rampaging on Piccadilly walls, but not one that is typical, representative, characteristic and *our own*. Secondly, there are dozens of talented painters (if not more than talented) who decline to submit their work to the haphazard methods of the Hanging Committee. Thirdly, the average standard of painting, whether as regards spirit, colour, method, technical skill, imagination or sentiment, as shown at Burlington House, is generally admitted to be below, rather than above, that of British art throughout the United Kingdom. These, and many other things, I tried to explain to my French friend, and I think he grasped my drift; though he could not understand why, when so many British painters are, individually, so gifted, the aggregation of them, as seen in the Academy, should be so appallingly bad. The pre-eminence of Sargent (whose work each year in the Salon, of course, he knew) seemed to him a very simple matter, for was he not an American born in Florence and educated in France? Obviously he was bound to be a genius. But it was a mystery to him (and to us all, I am sure) that the half-dozen or so of educated gentlemen who form the Hanging Committee, men who have been (presumably) brought up on paints, palettes and pictures, could so stultify and degrade British art by crowding the walls with so many artistic atrocities. Not being a painter myself (a buyer on a small scale is my *métier*), I tried to explain our national sentiments towards painting. We adore gilt frames; we want plenty of bright paint; we are not an imaginative race; we like to subscribe for a portrait of our M.F.H.; we are amused by apoplectic babies and over-humanised fox-terriers; above all, we must have a story, and if it be trite, silly and bald, so much the better—it requires the less explanation. Thus I reasoned with my friend, who has returned to Paris a sadder and a wiser man. He has not bought any pictures at the Academy. All this is a true little story, and as such it may interest your readers.—Yours, &c. A. T.

"Shakespeare at Oxford"

SIR,—In your last issue "E. G. O." draws a charming picture of "Shakespeare at Oxford," which must have given pleasure to every fellow-lover of the poet who saw it. But why—oh, why did he hang it on such a rusty—no; rust may be honourable—on such a crooked and untrustworthy nail as the scene he mentions? Shakespeare no doubt committed many sins during his chequered and eventful career, but if there is one disgraceful act of which he has not been guilty

it is the fourth act of the "Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth." Disgraceful, not perhaps judged on its own demerits, but because the poor prosy stuff parades under the banner of the bard, where it is an eyesore and an insult to all lovers of his work.

If we must put up with having Fletcher's (or some other poetaster's) work printed and published under the name of "The God of our Idolatry," let those at least who can discriminate between dross and gold be careful not to countenance the mystification of the usurper.—Yours, &c. K. B. Amsterdam.

Decreasing Birth Rates

SIR,—The sanctity of marriage received a severe shock from the introduction of registration offices, which had a previous source under the Protectorate; for Samuel Pepys, the Diarist, was "married by Richard Sherwyn, Esquire, one of the Justices of the Peace for the Cittie and Libertyes of Westm^r"; but after two publications of banns. It is doubtful if our great diarist was ever duly married. True he was under bond, but no actual record is known; indeed, being under age, and his cohabitation being so short, it might be deemed superfluous. The "Lives of the Poets" show a general disregard for mere forms, and the vast increase of bigamy in the present generation points in the same direction; but the point, as treated by Mr. C. W. Saleeby, has a different bearing, for it is traceable to poverty, and *why*? The feeding of 60,000 "starved schoolchildren" can only be compared to the cry in old Rome of "panem et circenses," for the increase of luxury throws the aspect of poverty into higher relief. A few, so-called millionaires, whether in francs, marks, or dollars, set a fashion for expense; while the multiplication of places of entertainment increases a habit of pleasurable indulgence comparable to the Roman *circus*; and the poor children suffer. Marriage, duly regarded, is the crowning act of life, after which a new generation, it may be hoped, will arise to inherit fresh responsibilities, and enjoy greater facilities from new discoveries and inventions; perhaps *applications* were more exact; but the extinction of religious teaching is a factor of retrocession not yet fully developed. But still our population will increase, varying in extent according as times are hard or easy. Quite lately an Essex mother produced sixteen children, including eleven at five confinements. In 1885 a happy father died with forty-five in the first generation, eighty-six grandchildren, ninety-seven great-grandchildren, twenty-three in the fourth generation, so leaving 251 to start the new century.—Yours, &c. NIL DESPERANDUM.

Scientific Literary Criticism

SIR,—As you state in your "Literary Notes" columns, literary criticism is far too much a mere matter of personal liking or disliking. Hence the diverse judgments passed on the same book by different reviewers.

Surely, as Matthew Arnold taught us, the secret of true criticism is comparison. The critic who reviews a novel or a volume of verse should not be guided by his private tastes, but should compare the work under consideration with fiction or poetry of acknowledged excellence.—Yours, &c.

H. P. WRIGHT.

"Morality Touched by Emotion"

SIR,—In THE ACADEMY of April 30 "The Bookworm" has a reference to Matthew Arnold's phrase "Morality touched by emotion." Has it been noticed that Amiel, under date of December 4, 1863, has an entry in his Diary which contains the words "*Reason touched with emotion*"? I have only Mrs. Humphry Ward's translation, and it may be the original bears another interpretation.—Yours, &c.

J. PERROTT.

[Many other letters are held over for want of space.—Ed.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and *brevity* in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

NOTICE.

In future one of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer. Contributors to these columns are once more earnestly requested to observe the very simple rules printed at the head hereof. Every week several are disqualified because they put their name and address on their enclosing letter only, and not on each separate question or answer.

SHAKESPEAREANA

"The Tempest," III. i. 15. No "emendation" is needed: "busie lest" = busiest or busiliest; "it" is occasionally used in Elizabethan writers as the pronoun for a word in the plural, and here stands for "labours." So the sentence means: "But these sweet thoughts [of Miranda] do even refresh my labours when I do them most busily."—F. J. Furnivall.

"The Tempest," III. i. 14, 15.—About two years ago I showed, in another place, that the text is here perfectly correct. The simple cause of the countless maulings it has had to suffer is the full stop after "it." The fact obviously is that Ferdinand is interrupted by the sudden apparition of Miranda, and does not complete what he intended to say, which would have made a whole clause governed by *lest*. The pointing should therefore have been "Most busy lest, when I do it,—" (Such breaks of continuity abound in some of the plays, e.g. "Cymbeline.") F.'s complete period would in substance have run thus: "The sweet thoughts of Miranda's love and sympathy keep up my spirits under this base drudgery, and are most lively while I am performing it, lest [I should give way to disgust, and refuse to drudge any longer]. And be it noted that Miranda not only completes the verse, but actually takes up and treats F.'s thought from her own point of view. Possibly also we are to suppose that M.'s sudden appearance deranged the grammar of his last syllable *it* ("work, labour"), he having used the plural just before.—T. Le Marchant Douse.

"Most versus LEAST."—

"I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours.
Most busy lest when I do it."—The Tempest, III. i.

We have here an anomalous use of the double superlative, opposite terms being brought into contrast as correlatives. So, while most busy physically, it seems less because his mind is otherwise engaged. We need not stop to discuss the spelling of *lest*, for "least," nor to criticise the logic; it is put for effect as supra: "The mistress . . . makes my labours, pleasures."—A. Hall.

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

HAMLET'S GRAVE.—In a recent ACADEMY I read an article on the supposititious grave of Hamlet at Elsinore. I have heard that the old Danish word for "fool" or "simpleton" is *Amloth*. Has the connection between Hamlet and Amloth ever been inquired into? Could Shakespeare have been aware of this?—*Jaques*.

SHAKESPEARE IN OPERA.—I know of the following perversions of Shakespeare's texts set to music: "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "Much Ado about Nothing," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Taming of the Shrew." Are there any others?—*Guildenstern*

SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS.—What are the oldest published settings to the numerous songs scattered through Shakespeare's plays? I do not refer to Locke's music to "Macbeth," &c., but contemporary settings, if possible.—*R.Q.S. (Barnstable)*.

LITERATURE.

SPRATT.—In Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" the following passage occurs: "What literary man has not regretted the prudery of Spratt in refusing to let his friend Cowley appear in his slippers and dressing-gown!" Who was Spratt, and what was the incident referred to?—*Ernest R. Walsh*.

SABBATICAL YEAR.—Professor William James' "Sabbatical Year." In a letter to THE ACADEMY of March 26th on "The Living Mantle of God," Mr. Walter Kendall Smith refers to the "Sabbatical Year" of Professor William James. Is this the title of one of his books? I cannot find it in any list of his works.—*M.A.C.*

FEINAGLE.—

"For her Feinagle's were a useless art,
And he himself obliged to shut up shop—the
Could never make a memory so fine as
That which adorn'd the brain of Donna Inez."
"Don Juan," Canto I. xi.

Who was Feinagle?—W.J.G. (Stroud).

*A GOOSE-QUILL AND THE ANGEL GABRIEL.—What are the meaning and the origin of the saying "People often begin with a goose-quill, and end with the Angel Gabriel"? It occurs in "Reason Triumphant over Fancy; exemplified in the Singular Adventures of Don Sylvio de Rosalva;" translated from Mr. C. M. Wieland. Lond. 1773. There is an equally mysterious footnote to the effect that the expression refers to a sort of diversion similar to the English "Royal Game of Goose": what is the English "Royal Game of Goose"?—*Outis* (Liscard).

INGENIOUS RHYMES.—Can anyone give me a list of six of the most ingenious English rhymes? Cf. Byron's

"But—oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all."
—W.J.G. (Stroud).

GENERAL.

"BULLO COAL."—Can anyone tell me what "Bullo" coal is? The word occurs in Bagehot's essay on Edward Gibbon (1856) thus: "Such as the English with their snug dining-room and after-dinner nap, domestic happiness and Bullo coal." ("Bagehot's Literary Studies," Vol. I. p. 221. Longmans, 1902 edition).—M.A.C.

"HEAVEN SAVE THE MARK."—What is the origin of this expression?—S. (Aberdeen).

ST. MIRREN.—Who was St. Mirren, after whom a street in Paisley is named?—A.W.

"IT IS ENOUGH TO MAKE A CAT LAUGH."—Who is the author of this phrase?—S. (Aberdeen).

BARON TAYLOR.—Is any information available about Baron Taylor, referred to by Borrow in "The Bible in Spain"? (See last few paragraphs of Ch. xv.)—A.W.

*"GOD SAVE THE KING."—I have come across an old Scandinavian melody, "En gång in brædd med mig," which answers exactly to our National Anthem, save that it is in the relative minor key. Can anyone tell me the origin of the air, and whether it is older than "God Save the King," which I have always understood to be by Dr. John Bull?—*Norseman*.

RIO GRANDE.—Where can I find any information with regard to the "Republic of Rio Grande," which in 1840, or thereabouts, was at war (apparently) not only with Brazil, but with Argentina and Uruguay? When was it re-annexed to Brazil? The "Memorie" of Garibaldi, who seems to have fought both for Rio Grande and Uruguay, do not make clear the relations between the three States.—A.W.

"THE CASE IS ALTERED."—Several inns round about this neighbourhood (Harrow) bear this curious sign. Many derivations have from time to time been suggested, but none of them seems to be adequate. Recently it has been suggested to me that it is derived from "The Cross and Altar." Is there any authority for this?—K.T. (Wealdstone).

"SO LONG!"—An expression frequently heard amongst schoolboys, when taking leave of one another, is "So long." What is the precise signification and origin of this phrase?—H.G.R. (Aberdeen). See THE ACADEMY, LXV. 426, 480, 522.

EXERCISING FLOWERS.—What is the service referred to in the following quotation? Is it one recognised by the Church of England? "He [Charles Tennyson] objected to the exercising service over flowers, which one of his curates wished to insist on." The passage occurs in an article by Mr. T. P. O'Connor dealing with Miss Weld's monograph on Tennyson.—A.W.

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

"LIKE A CHURCH" ("II. Hen. IV." II. iv. 214).—I venture to suggest that this simile was applied to Falstaff because he was heavy and large and firmly fixed to the ground, and that Doll meant to imply that Falstaff stood rooted to the ground, and did not follow at all.—M.A.C.

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE.—In 1768, at a convivial gathering in Stratford-on-Avon, George Stevens, a London auctioneer, proposed that his friend David Garrick should be invited to initiate a Shakespeare Jubilee. Garrick accepted, and in September, 1769, came down to Stratford, held a Jubilee, and founded the Shakespeare Club. This club was the means of inaugurating the first real birthday memorial celebration, which took place in 1827.—R.H.F.

*ORIGIN OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.—The author of "Promos and Cassandra" (1578) was George Whetstone. The Troublesome Raigne of King John, in two parts (1591), is attributed to Lodge, in conjunction with Greene, Peele, and Marlowe. The translation of Plautus' "Menæchmi" by "W. W." i.e. William Warner (author of "Albion's England"), was published in 1595. It is to be remembered that the following propositions relating to "The Comedy of Errors" may be found in current works of authority: (1) that although not printed until 1623, internal evidence shows that it was written between 1589 and 1591; (2) that external evidence shows that it was produced in its original form in 1596; (3) that it was founded upon an earlier English play. If any of these propositions be true, it follows that there is no connection between the publication of Warner's translation of the "Menæchmi" and the production of "The Comedy of Errors."—George Newall.

ORIGIN OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.—"Promos and Cassandra" was written about 1578 by the dramatist George Whetstone, who translated it from the "Hecatomithi" of the Italian poet Giraldo Cinthio. In the preface to the Clarendon Press Edition of "King John," Mr. Wright states that the old play "The Troublesome Raigne of King John" is an anonymous one. This is also stated by Hazlitt in a footnote in his "Shakespeare's Characters." The play was first published in 1591, and in some later editions was actually ascribed to Shakespeare, then a common device to ensure a play's success. According to Saintsbury's "Elizabethan Literature" Plautus' "Menæchmi" was probably translated by William Warner.—P. Selver.

AUTHOR FOUND.—The lines about Shakespeare beginning

"Yet these are they who durst expose the age
Of the great wonder of our English stage"

are from "Love in the Dark: or the Man of Business," a comedy by Sir F. Fane, 1675. They occur in the epilogue.—*Franciscan*.

RUNAWAY'S EYES ("Romeo and Juliet" III. ii. 6).—This is mere poetical imagery, and we find its clue in "The Merchant of Venice" (II. vi. 48), where Lorenzo says "close night doth play the runaway"; so, as above, Juliet hopes that "Runaways' eyes may wink"; stars, then, being the "eyes" of night, are assumed observers of mundane action.—A. Hall.

COINCIDENCES IN NAMES.—Fluelen, personal name in "Henry V.," singularly there is a place called Fluelen in Switzerland; *Fiore* in Italian from the Latin "flora." But Shakespeare's Welsh hero is modified from Llewellyn; here the prefix "double l" is of equivocal sound, perhaps *thwellyn*=*fl*. Some say from Latin *leo*, Welsh *lleu*, others say from Latin *luz*, Welsh *lleu*=light.—A. Hall.

LITERATURE.

"OH! MERRY SANG THE MONKS OF ELY, &c."—This is evidently a modernised version of

"Merrie sungen the muneches binnen Ely
Tha Cnut ching reuther by,
Hotheth cniets noer the laud
And here ye theas muneches saeng,"

which is recorded by Thomas of Ely in his "Historia Ecclesie Eliensis" (1166), Chap. xv., as having been composed by Canute the Dane on hearing the monks of Ely singing their psalms as he was going by boat to keep the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin at Ely. The chronicler, however, quotes no further, but continues, "with other words which follow; still publicly sung and remembered in proverbs, and I am unaware that the rest of the poem is still extant."—*Robt. C. Winter* (Durdee, N.B.).

"THE NEW REPUBLIC."—Perhaps the following list is as complete a "key" as will be found concerning the characters in Mr. Mallock's book. It is taken from a review in "London," inserted in "a new edition" of 1878: "Storks=Professor Huxley; Stockton=Professor Tyndall; Herbert=Professor Ruskin; Donald Gordon=Thomas Carlyle; Jenkinson=Professor Jowett; Mr. Luke=Mr. Matthew Arnold; Saunders=Professor Kingdon Clifford; Rose=Mr. Walter H. Pater; Leslie=Mr. Hardinge; Seydon=Dr. Pusey; Lady Grace=Mrs. Mark Pattison; Mrs. Sinclair=V. Singleton ('Violet Fane')."—M.J.

"THE NEW REPUBLIC."—There is a key to this satire in Baker's "Guide to the Best Fiction" (Sonnenchein). The persons represented are as follows: "Storks," Huxley; "Stockton," Tyndall; "Herbert," Ruskin; "Donald Gordon," Carlyle; "Jenkinson," Jowett; "Mr. Luke," Matthew Arnold; "Saunders," Professor Clifford; "Rose," Walter Pater; "Leslie," Mr. Hardinge; "Seydon," Dr. Pusey; "Lady Grace," Lady Dilke; "Mrs. Sinclair," Mrs. Singleton ('Violet Fane').—*Outis* (Liscard).

AN OLD EPITAPH.—Solutions have been received from R. K. Davis (Balliol Coll., Oxford); G.S. (Edinburgh); J.C.W. (Bristol); J.F.P.; Rev. R. G. Wood (Richmond, Yorks); Rho (Walsall); Student (Dumfries); A.C. (Chelmsford); T. Neulands (Otterburn); H. W. Stratham (Edinburgh).

GENIUS.—The quotation on page 532 of THE ACADEMY of May 7, "The transcendent capacity of taking trouble first of all," is, I think, from Goethe.—G. Fowler (Liverpool).

STEVENSON'S EPITAPH.—It is extremely unlikely that Stevenson, in writing "I lay me down with a will," referred to his testament. So mundane and commonplace a sentiment would not be admitted by him into so exquisite a poem; and the words would hardly make sense. Two other lines, "Glad did I live and gladly die," and "Here he lies where he longed to be," point to the use of the word in the very usual sense of doing a thing whole-heartedly, gladly, "with a will."—H. Pearl Humphry.

GENERAL.

"GOOD-BYE."—In Professor Skeat's "Principles of English Etymology" the following explanation is given: "Good-bye, for *God be with you*, as in 'Othello,' I. iii. 189; other spellings are *God B' w' y* (Suckling), *God be w' ye* (Allan Ramsay), *God buy yee* (Marston), *Godbuy* (J. Davies), *God by'e* (Evelyn), *God buy you*, 'Twelfth Night,' IV., ii. 108; see Palmer, Folk-Etymology. It is tolerably clear that *God be with you* was cut down to *God buy* or *God buy*; after which, the sense being obscured, the word *ye, yee*, or *you* was again appended, so that the modern Eng. *good-bye* really stands for Evelyn's *God by'e*—i.e. for *God be with you ye*, or *God be with you you*. This is the true solution of the mystery, and is not at all 'impossible.'—M.A.C.

"HOPE AGAINST HOPE."—This is a Biblical expression from the passage about Abraham's faith in the Epistle to the Romans iv. 18: "Who against hope believed in hope." The Greek words *παρ' ἔλπίδα* (against hope) are thus explained by Dean Vaughan in his "Lectures on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans": "Beyond hope, beside the mark, or beyond the bounds of what might seem a reasonable expectation."—M.A.C. (Cambridge).

FEMALE PSEUDONYMS.—The late Francis Adams published his novel "Lady Lovan" under the pseudonym of "Agnes Farrell." I believe there are one or two other cases which escape me at the moment. I suppose Shelley's issue of some early verse as by "Margaret Nicholson" is scarcely a case in point.—A.W. (Tonbridge).

"TUSH."—I should imagine that Robert Louis Stevenson coined this word from the exclamation "tush," expressive of impatience, contempt, and the like, and that he meant by it trumpery, trash, rubbish.—M.A.C.

"A LONG SPOON."—"Therefore behoveth him a ful long sponne That shall ete with a fend," Chaucer, "Squire's Tale."—E. L. Hendy (W. Didsbury).

"A LONG SPOON."—In Trench's "Proverbs and their Lessons," the proverb: "He had need of a long spoon that eats with the Devil" is thus explained: "Men fancy they can cheat the arch-cheater, can advance in partnership with him up to a certain point, and then, whenever the connection becomes too dangerous, break it off at their will; being sure in this to be miserably deceived, for, to quote another in the same tone, 'He who has shipped the Devil must carry him over the water.'"—M.A.C. (Cambridge).

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London: 21 May 1904.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.]

Literary Notes

MR. MARRIOTT-WATSON wishes to know the why and the wherefore of the success of certain books and the failure of others. Many another would like to find an adequate answer to this question, but it is unfortunately one which is "wrop in mystery." Literature, at any rate in this connection, appears to Mr. Marriott-Watson to mean poetry and fiction. This modern view of literature is surely unfortunate and unreal; all written matter may be literature—philosophy, history, theology, the drama, art, criticism, all are literature, and it is sad to see the public so readily taking to the view that it is practically only fiction that counts. When one man in the street asks another "What new books are out?" he refers to novels and to novels only. It is not a healthy sign of the times.

As to this question of success—of "a boom"—there are more kinds of success than one; there are the "popular" and the "literary" success, to go no farther, though it is well to bear in mind that some books "boom" which are both literary and popular—such a work, for example, as "John Inglesant." "Booms"—it is a hideous but expressive word—are practically confined to fiction, and I fancy at the bottom of the question there lies this fact—that all of us are children in our love of a rattling good story; it need not be true to life or deal with any of the problems of human nature, or at any rate deal with them in serious fashion. Books with the many always, and with the few and fit at times, are simply a means to while away a leisure hour, they take the place of the amusing conversation of friends—therefore the story that carries us out of ourselves for the time being, and carries us along with its swing, is the story that will "boom." Dumas was not a great writer, but he was a great story-teller, and his works exactly fulfil the conditions above laid down.

BUT Mr. Marriott-Watson has raised deeper questions than that of the success or the failure of a novel. He asks why there was no "boom" in "Paradise Lost." A stronger point is this, Why in the same age was Cowley accounted a great poet? We of to-day remember Cowley only because of his delightful prose, of which he wrote only too small a quantity. Milton is now—and for ever?—a classic; every man knows his poems by name, and some few of us read them. In his case, his prose affected his public, because of the controversial matters with which it dealt—more deeply than did

his poetry. Now-a-days his prose is too little talked of and far too little read, yet there are some of us who count him a greater master of prose than of verse.



MRS. CLEMENT SHORTER
(Dora Sigerson)

[Photo. J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street]

BUT surely there is no answer to Mr. Marriott-Watson's question; and it is well to bear this in mind, especially when we read glowing accounts day by day of the rise of new men of genius—that we are not able to pass a final judgment upon our contemporaries, not only writers but artists of every kind, statesmen, politicians and monarchs. With reputation time is the only true test, and the gods of to-day may be the neglected men and women of to-morrow, and we recognise

not the angels-unawares, who are in our midst. All this is trite enough, but, as I have said before, it is wonderfully easy to be oblivious to the obvious. All that we can do with the literature of to-day is to try it by the highest comparative tests, and to interpret, as fairly as we may be able, the meaning of the writer.

MR. GEORGE P. BRETT, of the Macmillan Company, has been discussing the conditions which make or mar a book, as far as commercial success is concerned; and I am glad to find him saying that books of merit eventually find their market, "whether advertised or not." By advertised apparently is meant the fulsome and extravagant advertisements with which too many columns of the American press are filled. "Robert Elsmere," we are told, must have sold in the United States upward of a million copies in editions pirated and other. Mr. Brett sums up with the statement that fiction which is to achieve a lasting success must deal with matters of "perennial human interest." Quite so; if you want to succeed and gain a good name, write a good book! If you are not immediately successful do not repine; your great-great-grandchildren will make a fortune by publishing your letters and writing your memoirs! All this is very hopeful, may be, but scarcely helpful.

MISS DORA SIGERSON (Mrs. Clement Shorter) will probably publish shortly a new volume of short stories, which like her last volume "The Father Confessor" will possess a connecting link, and each tale will be an attempt to elucidate some problem of life.

"THE Independent" (N.Y.) publishes some hitherto unprinted letters of Herbert Spencer, unfortunately not of a very interesting character. In the same issue are some informative "Reminiscences of Edgar A. Poe" by Mrs. Susan Archer Weiss, the writer of a paper in "Scribner's Magazine" of 1878 on the "Last Days of Edgar Allan Poe." I quote two passages:

"Another mistake into which these biographers (none of whom knew Poe personally) have fallen is that of representing him as of a gloomy, morose and melancholy disposition, appropriate to the author of 'The Raven' and 'Lenore.' From all that I have heard of him from those who knew him from his babyhood the reverse was the truth. As a child, unusually bright, merry and joyous, he was the delight of all who saw him; while I have been told by Mr. John Mackenzie, Poe's most intimate friend, as also by Mr. Robert Sully and others, that in every kind of schoolboy frolic and mischief, including 'playing ghost' and robbing apple orchards, Edgar was the leader and the one who most thoroughly enjoyed the fun. Even in after years and under the most adverse circumstances he was not easily depressed; and Mrs. Clemm is my authority for the statement that when at home, in even the dark season at Fordham, he was invariably cheerful and good-natured. Mrs. Osgood gives a pleasant instance of this in her account of a visit to his wife. But it pleases the public to imagine the poet of a character in sympathy with his writings, a mystical and melancholy recluse and haunter of graveyards and lonely tarns and

'The ghoul-haunted regions of Weir,'

while for ever mourning some lost Lenore or Eulalie or Annabel Lee. That this latter poem was in memory of his wife seems a fixed belief in the minds of the public, whereas, by Mr. Poe's own admission to me, it was written some years before her death, and, like most of his poems, lay on his desk for years unfinished and subject to frequent revisions before being published."

"Mr. Poe seems to have been incapable of writing poetry with any sustained effort. Impulsive, erratic, he would soon weary of the task and lay aside the sketchy outlines of his poem, to be filled up, touched and re-touched, until it had reached the state of perfection which his fastidious taste demanded. I was told by Colonel Du Solle—whom I knew about 1869 as assistant-editor of the 'New York (Noah's) Sunday Times'—that at one time he had known Poe well in Philadelphia, where the latter had often come to his (Du Solle's) room in the evenings and consulted him and others present about the composition of 'The Raven,' which he was at that time engaged in 'revising' with a view to speedy publication. He would read certain stanzas with which he was dissatisfied, explain his difficulties, and ask their opinion and suggestions as to more suitable words or harmonious rhythm, and he had more than once remarked that he had never found so much difficulty with a poem, and felt inclined to give up the whole thing and throw away the manuscript. 'It was not until years after this,' said Colonel Du Solle, 'that "The Raven" appeared in print.'"

It is to be hoped that sufficient money will be quickly contributed to the fund being raised for a Hawker memorial window in Morwenstow Church. The Restoration Fund also calls for urgent support. The bells have been rehung and a new one—the leading bell—has already been placed to Hawker's memory, with the words inscribed on it from his ballad, "The Silent Tower of Bottreaux":

"Come to thy God in time,
Come to thy God at last."

and now it is greatly desired that the window at least may be possible too. Subscriptions should be sent to the Reverend John Tagert, the Vicarage, Morwenstow, Bude, North Cornwall.

A LITTLE volume of "Early Reviews of English Poets," admirably edited by Dr. J. L. Haney, raises again the old questions as to the value of contemporary literary criticisms and the possibility of any definite literary standard. It is easy for us to laugh now at our ancestors and to upbraid them for being blind to the merits of the great writers of the day; it would be well for us to remember that our grandchildren may find subject for mirth in some of the literary judgments of to-day. There are of course, more especially in poetry, certain matters of technique which must be and are observed by good craftsmen; corrupt rhymes are taboo and a sonnet may not consist of seven lines and so forth. But outside these technical matters who shall judge? At any rate, few will differ from Dr. Haney that literary criticism cannot be reduced to an exact science; nor can literature itself; an art cannot be weighed in scientific scales.

BUT Dr. Haney goes too far when he says that criticism can only guide and suggest, but cannot create; therefore allotting to criticism a lowly place. Is literature therefore only high when it creates? What, then, of history? History does not create; it recreates, and yet some of the greatest literary productions are the works of historians. Dr. Haney does not estimate at its true value the literary worth of fine criticism. Again, not seldom the criticism is of far higher literary value than the work criticised.

THE June issue of "Harper's Magazine" will contain a poem by Mr. Swinburne, of considerable length; the title is "The Altar of Righteousness."

THE concert in aid of the rebuilding fund of Lower Brixham church was a great success; 500 guinea seats were sold, which, with the subscriptions received since February 1, reduces the sum necessary for the completion of the church to 800/. Subscriptions should be sent to the Reverend Stewart Sim, Lower Brixham, Devonshire. On behalf of the promoters of the fund I beg leave to thank the many subscribers to this Journal who have so generously responded to the appeal.

THE German Shakespeare Gesellschaft is offering a prize of 30/ for the best account of the arrangements of the stage of the Shakespearean theatre, as shown in the dramas of that time. It is unfortunate that the essays must be written in German. Competitors must send in their work not later than March 15, 1905. Why does not the London Shakespeare League offer a prize for some such essay? Say, "On the Social Customs and Manners of Londoners," as described in Shakespeare's plays?

MR. ALEYN NYALL READE, of Park Corner, Blundellsands, Liverpool, is privately printing a work on "The Reades of Blackwood Hill," which contains some details concerning Dr. Johnson's connections the Hickmans, the Congleton, Ford and Anderson families, some facts anent Sir James Outram's early days, etc.

MR. W. L. COURTNEY'S forthcoming volume, "The Development of Maeterlinck," is a collection of literary essays, dealing mainly with foreign writers. Five or six sections will treat of the development of Maeterlinck from his earliest work to "Joyzelle," and other essays will be on Gorki, Huysmans, Merejkowski, D'Annunzio and other kindred spirits. The point of unity in the volume is that all these writers have much the same outlook upon life, more or less pessimistic, more or less neurotic.

A NEW novel, by Mr. A. St. John Adcock, entitled "In Fear of Man," is to be published by Messrs. Everett & Co. almost immediately. The story moves through something of the squalor of low life and on the fringes of higher society, its hero being a clergyman of aristocratic connections, who, in the days when he is a Socialist curate, loves and marries the daughter of a small shopkeeper. A book of "London Etchings"—a collection of one-scene stories and descriptive sketches, by the same author—will be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews in the autumn.

HERE is the recipe for a lethal chamber for our enemy the bookworm, provided by the winner of the prize offered by the International Congress of Librarians for an essay on that unpopular worm: "Enclose books infested with injurious insects in a wooden box, hermetically sealed, containing a small quantity of sulphide of carbon placed in the top of the box. The books should be so kept for thirty-six hours, a time sufficient to destroy all insects. This substance, unlike chlorine, does not decompose organic substances, and is absolutely harmless to paper and bindings, only the poisonous and inflammable vapours must be handled with care. Among the irritating and poisonous substances the most active are benzene and naphtha, but the effect of these is of short duration because they so quickly evaporate if pure." Which will prove comforting to one and uncomfortable to another sort of bookworm.

AN American writer has perpetrated the following delightful judgment: "Wordsworth, like the President, was a writer!"



CAPTAIN MAHAN
[Photo. Elliott and Fry]

A NEW book of verses by Mr. Owen Seaman will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Constable, and should meet with a warm welcome from the many admirers of this writer's brilliant work.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON has chosen an interesting subject for his next novel, "The Escape of Napoleon from Elba." Splendid figure of romance as was the great Emperor, it is strange that no dramatist or novelist has ever quite succeeded in making him an effective and impressive character, though the late Robert Buchanan came close to doing so in one of the best of his works of fiction.

MISS MONTGOMERY, the author of "The Cardinal's Pawn," will issue through Mr. Fisher Unwin a new romance dealing with Edinburgh and Royalist and Presbyterian intrigues; Major Weir, of the West Bow, will figure largely in the story.

THE paragraphs which have appeared concerning Mr. Bernard Shaw's play for the Irish National Theatre Society have been somewhat inaccurate. Mr. Shaw hopes to put into his piece all that he has to say on the Irish question—in how many acts will it be, twenty or thirty?—and the central figure will be found to be an Englishman in Ireland not, as stated, an Irishman in England. I hope to see the play in London, when the Society next pays us a visit, and if it is only as goodly a piece of work as "Candida" how welcome it will be. It will probably, from what I hear of it, raise controversy.

Bibliographical

THE republication of Hazlitt's "Spirit of the Age" in "The World's Classics" will necessarily have turned the thoughts of many in the direction of the "New Spirit of the Age" which was fathered by R. H. Horne. This, which first saw the light in 1844, has a special interest for a large number because of the familiar fact that Mrs. Browning had something more than a hand in it. What may be called the official statement on this subject is to be found in "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning" (1897), where Mr. F. G. Kenyon writes: "The volumes appeared under Horne's name alone, and he took the whole responsibility; but he invited assistance from others, and in particular used the collaboration of Miss Barrett [as she then was] to no small extent. She did not, indeed, contribute any complete essay to his work, but she expressed her opinion, when invited, on several writers in a series of elaborate letters which were subsequently worked up by Horne into his own criticisms. The secret of her co-operation was carefully kept, and she does not appear to have suffered any of the evil consequences of his indiscretions, real or imagined."

To these consequences Miss Barrett refers in a letter addressed to Robert Browning in May, 1845. She there says of Horne: "Yes—he has been infamously used on the point of the 'New Spirit'—only he should have been prepared for the infamy—it was leaping into a gulph, . . . it was not merely putting one's foot into a hornets' nest, but taking off a shoe and stocking to do it. And to think of Dickens being dissatisfied. To think of Tennyson's friends grumbling!—he himself did not, I hope and trust . . . Mr. Horne is quite above the narrow, vicious, hateful jealousy of contemporaries, which we hear reproached, too justly sometimes, on men of letters." Mr. Kenyon says that Miss Barrett did more than contribute to the notices of contemporaries. She suggested "mottoes appropriate to each writer noticed at length; and in this work she had an unknown collaborator in the person of Robert Browning." Altogether one wonders whether Mr. Richards might not advantageously follow up his revival of the "Spirit" of Hazlitt with a revival of the "New Spirit" of Horne and Mrs. Browning.

Mr. Churton Collins' paper on the poetry of Gerald Massey will do good if it does but induce some people to turn to the pages of the poet's "My Lyrical Life" (2 vols., 1839). Mr. Collins writes enthusiastically, but too much as if he had only now, for the first time, made acquaintance with the products of Mr. Massey's Muse. Had the subject been familiar to him he would, I think, have been happier in his quotations, which only occasionally show the poet at his best. The same thing may be said, unfortunately, of the quotations given by Mr. A. H. Miles in his tribute to Mr. Massey in the "Charles Kingsley to James Thomson" volume of "The Poets and the Poetry of the Century." If Mr. Massey's verse is little known to the "younger generation knocking at the door," the fault is partly his own, for from 1870, when he published "A Tale of Eternity and other Poems," to 1889, when he included some new poems in "My Lyrical Life," his Muse was silent. Moreover, he devoted himself to the production of such publications as "Concerning Spiritualism" (1871), "A Book of the Beginnings" (1881), "The Natural Genesis" (1883), and a number of other such things privately printed.

Mr. Massey, by the way, will live in the literature of Shakespearean criticism as one of the many men who have a theory of their own about the Sonnets. "Shake-

speare's Sonnets Never Before Interpreted" was the modest title of his first book on this topic. Then came "The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets" (1872 and 1890).

It is a pity that the editor of "The Poets and the Poetry of the Century" did not make that work more easy of consultation. One has to remember, to begin with, that the index of authors is at the end of the "Sacred, Moral, and Religious Verse." Then, when one has ascertained the number of the volume in which any particular writer figures, one has to note the subject or scope of the volume as indicated on the binding, for the volumes are not numbered externally (or internally, for that matter). Further, no volume in this series of ten bears the date of its publication—an unpardonable thing. The issue of the series began, I believe, in 1891, and was continued into 1894. The idea of the work was so good that it is a pity it was not more satisfactorily carried out.

Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year," which Messrs. Newnes are about to add to one of their series, has received a good deal of attention within the last two decades. Henry Morley edited it in 1883, Messrs. Routledge brought out two editions of it in 1886, and Messrs. Bell did the same thing in 1888. Then in 1892 came another issue by Messrs. Routledge, and in 1895 a reprint by Messrs. Dent; followed in 1898 and 1900, respectively, by further editions by those firms.

The latest reproduction of Turner's "Liber Studiorum" has the merit, with others, of being considerably smaller in price than its two immediate predecessors. It may be remembered that Messrs. Blackie's "Selections" from the "Liber," prefaced by Mr. Wedmore, cost 52s. 6d., while Messrs. Sotheran's facsimile reproduction by the autotype process, with letterpress by Mr. Stopford Brooke, cost 126s. net and 147s. net.

I see that Judge Parry has brought out a story called "England's Elizabeth." This was the title of a play by him and Mr. Louis Calvert which was performed at Manchester just three years ago. Is the story from the play, or was the play from the story? It is getting quite the fashion for authors to base novels on their plays, as well as *vice versa*.

Mr. R. O. Prowse, the author of the new play ("Ina") produced by the Stage Society this week, is already known in the literary world as the author of three works—"The Poison of Asps" (1892), "A Fatal Reservation" (1895), and "Voysey" (1901).

THE BOOKWORM.

Booksellers' Catalogues

THE following booksellers' catalogues have been received, copies of which can be obtained post free on application to the several booksellers:—Mr. Charles Higham, Farringdon Street (*Theological*); Mr. H. H. Peach, Greyfriars, Leicester (*Rare: also MSS.*); Mr. Albert Sutton, Manchester (*Ancient and Modern*); Mr. James Wilson, Birmingham (*General*); Messrs. Henry Sotheran & Co., Strand (*General*); Messrs. Luzac & Co., Great Russell Street (*Persia*); Mr. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford (*Folk Lore and Legends, &c.*); Messrs. Macniven & Wallace, Edinburgh (*Theological*); Mr. Francis Edwards, High Street, Marylebone (*General*); Messrs. A. Maurice & Co., Bedford Street, W.C. (*Miscellaneous*); Messrs. Derry & Sons, Ltd., Nottingham (*Library Bulletin*); Mr. J. Jacob, Edgware Road (*Choice and Rare*).

Forthcoming Books, etc.

Messrs. Methuen issue a new edition of a delightful old book, known briefly as "Paradisi in Sole Paradisus Terrestris; or a Garden of all sorts of Pleasant Flowers," by John Parkinson, who holds the highest place among the herbalists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. All the original illustrations have been carefully reproduced by photography, and the text has been set up page for page and word for word from the edition of 1629. Another reprint will appear on the same date, viz., "The Visions of Dom Francisco de Quevedo Villegas," which has been printed from the edition made for H. Herrington in 1668.—Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. announce that Mr. Ralph Thomas' book on "Swimming: biography, history, bibliography," which has been printing during the last two years, is now in the press, and will be ready in June. The book has 126 illustrations.—The Countess of Cromartie is the author of a volume of Celtic tales which Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. will publish immediately. The story with which the book opens is long and important, and its title, "The End of the Song," is given to the volume.—An important work on Indian sport, by Mr. F. G. Aflalo, will be published immediately by Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son, under the title of "The Sportsman's Book of India."—Messrs. Black are publishing an edition of "The Lady of the Lake," with a series of illustrations in colour and black and white.—We are requested to state that the "National Review," beginning with the June number, will be published by the proprietor (Mr. L. J. Maxse) at his own office, viz., No. 23, Ryder Street, St. James' Street, London, S.W., where henceforward all communications should be addressed.—The new volume, to be issued by Mr. Elliot Stock, of the "Gentleman's Magazine Library," which will be published immediately, will contain the first instalment of the section on London, and will comprise the matter on the City proper. Two more volumes on "London" will be issued shortly, which will complete the topographical section and also the entire series.—The extra volume of "A Dictionary of the Bible," edited by Dr. James Hastings and Dr. John Selbie, will be published next month by Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh. It will include indices to the whole of the five volumes, extending to over 190 pages. The maps of this extra volume are a special feature. They have been prepared under the direct supervision of Professor W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., and Professor Buhl.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Stanyon, M.A. (J. Sandys), *The Eternal Will*.....(Allenson) net 2/6
 Lévi (Israel), edited by, *The Hebrew Text of the Book of Ecclesiasticus*
 (Leiden: Brill) 1/6
 Walker (T. H.), *Clerical Cameos*.....(Inglis Ker) 1/6
 Amos (A.) and Hough (W. W.), edited by, *The Cambridge Mission to South London*.....(Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes) net 2/6
 Peoples, M.A. (The Rev. W.), *Roman Claims in the Light of History*
 (Walker) net 1/0
 Jefferson (Pastor C. E.), *Things Fundamental*.....(Brown, Langham) 6/0

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Dunlop (Geoffrey A.), *In Lonely Dreaming*.....(Gay & Bird) net 2/0
 Thring (Edward), translated into English verse by, *The Agamemnon of Æschylus*.....(Constable) net 10/6
 Watts (Frank), *Verses*.....(Bristol: F. Watts) 0/6
 Tourgueniev (Ivan), translated by T. W. Rolleston, *Don Quixote and Hamlet: a Critical Essay*.....(Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker) 0/6
 The Parma Rosebud and Other Poems.....(Skeffington) net 1/6
 Anspacher (Louis K.), *Tristan and Isolde: A Tragedy*
 (New York: Brentano) 3/6
 Legge (Arthur E. J.), *Land and Sea Pieces: Poems*.....(Lane) net 3/6
 Poets' Corner: *A Book of Verses for Children*.....(Arnold) 1/0

History and Biography

- Grant (Mrs. Colquhoun), translated by, *The French Noblesse of the XVIII. Century, from Les Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy, 1834*.....(Murray) net 12/0
 Deeske (Prof. W.), translated by H. A. Nesbitt, M.A., Italy: *A Popular Account of the Country, its People, and its Institutions*
 (Sonnenchein) 15/0
 Hanna (Col. H. B.), *The Second Afghan War, 1878-79-80*.....(Constable) net 15/0
 Doughty (A. G.) and Dionne (N. E.), *Quebec Under Two Flags*
 (Quebec News Company) net \$2.50
 Duncan (Wm.), *Life of Joseph Cowen (M.P. for Newcastle, 1874-86)*
 (Walter Scott) 3/6

Science and Philosophy.

- Truman, A.M., Ph.D. (Nathan E.), *Maine de Biran's Philosophy of Will*
 (Macmillan)

Art

- Ricketts (G. S.), *The Prado and its Masterpieces*.....(Constable) net 105/0
 Royal Academy Pictures, Part 2.....(Cassell) net 1/0
 Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon.....(Chatto & Windus) 3/0
 Pinnington (Edw.), *Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.*.....(Walter Scott) 3/6
 Great Masters, Part XV.....(Heinemann) net 5/0

Travel and Topography

- Gibbons, F.R.G.S. (Major A. St. H.), *Africa from South to North through Marotsclaud, in 2 vols.*.....(Lane) net 32/0

Educational

- Foster, M.A. (V. Le Neve), *Examples in Geometrical Drawing*
 (Eton: College Press)
 Housaye (H.), edited by G. H. Clarke, M.A., *La Bataille de Waterloo*.....(Black) 0/8
 Frazer (Mrs. J. G.), with notes by F. B. Kirkman, B.A., *Petites Comedies*.....(Black) 0/9
 Smith, M.A. (The Rev. J. Gregory), *The Study of Greek*
 (Oxford: Parker) 0/6

Miscellaneous

- Smart (Wm.), *The Return to Protection*.....(Macmillan) net 5/0
 Brotherton (H. P.), *The Book of the Carnation*.....(Lane) net 2/6
 Holland (A. W.), edited by, *The Oxford and Cambridge Yearbook, Part I, Oxford*.....(Sonnenchein) net 3/6
 Step, F.L.S. (Edward), *Wayside and Woodland Trees*.....(Warne) 6/0
 Smith (A. Mervyn), *Sport and Adventure in the Indian Jungle*
 (Hurst & Blackett) net 7/6
 Peel (Mrs. C. S.), *The Single-Handed Cook: More Recipes* (Constable) 3/6
 Simpson, F.Z.S. (A. Nicol), *Keeping a Dog*.....(Dawbarn & Ward) net 0/6
 Thompson (Ellis), *Botany Rambles, Part II., In the Summer*
 (Horace Marshall) 1/0
 Gasquet, O.S.B., D.D. (Abb. t.), *English Monastic Life*.....(Methuen) net 7/6
 Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology
 (Washington: Government Printing Office)
 United States Geological Survey, *Irrigation Paper Nos. 80-87, and Professional Paper Nos. 9-10, 13-15*
 (Washington: Government Printing Office)
 Reich (Dr. Emil), *Success among Nations*.....(Chapman & Hall) net 10/6
 Tayler, M.R.C.S. (J. Lionel), *Aspects of Social Evolution: Temperaments*.....(Smith, Elder) 7/6
 Mackell (H. P.), *Recollections of Emanuel School*
 (Endowed Schools Office) 1/6
 Picton (Nina), *The Panorama of Sleep*
 (New York: Philosophic Company) cloth \$1.00, leather \$2.00
 Handbook of the Horniman Museum.....(County Council) 0/1

S.P.C.K. Publications

- St. Cyprian on the Lord's Prayer, an English translation by the Rev. T. Herbert Bindley, D.D. 1/6
 The Country Parson's Sister: Notes on Parish Work 1/6
 Marvels in World of Light, by the Very Rev. Dean Ovenden, D.D. 2/6
 Recent Attacks on the Faith, by the Rev. John Wakeford, B.D. 0/3
 The Eighteenth Canon: An Address, by the Rev. H. Houseman, B.D. 0/1
 Pictorial Life of Our Lord 0/2
 Pictorial Parables of Our Lord 0/2
 Pictorial Miracles of Our Lord 0/2

Fiction

- "Glencair Castle," by Horace G. Hutchinson (Smith, Elder), 6/0;
 "Isabel Broderick," by Alice Jones (Lane), 6/0; "Brothers: the True History of a Fight against Odds," by Horace Annesley Vachell (Murray), 6/0; "Nyria," by Mrs. Campbell Praed (Unwin), 6/0;
 "Olive Latham," by E. L. Voynich (Heinemann), 6/0; "The Letters Which Never Reached Him (Nash), 6/0; "Cap'n Eri," by Joseph O. Lincoln (Appleton), 6/0; "I: In which a Woman tells the Truth about Himself" (Appleton), 6/0; "The Lady in Sables," by G. W. Appleton (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; "Naughty Nan," by John Luther Long (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "The Peradventures of Private Pagett," by Major W. P. Drury (Chapman & Hall), 3/6; "Veronica," by Martha W. Austin (Liseter), 6/0; "Daughters of Nijo," by Onoto Watanna (Macmillan), 6/0; "The Veil of the Temple," by W. H. Mallock (Murray), 6/0;
 "The Romance of a Lonely Woman," by C. E. Playne (Unwin), 6/0; "A Woman of Business," by Major Arthur Griffiths (Long), 6/0; "The Lonely Church," by Fergus Hume (Long), 6/0; "Malincourt Keep," by Adeline Sergeant (Long), 6/0; "The Red Window," by Fergus Hume (Digby, Long), 6/0; "Provenzano the Proud," by Evelyn Clifford (Smith, Elder), 6/0; "Unawares!" by Clifford Moray (Gardner), 3/6; "Garmiscuth," by J. Storer Clouston (Blackwood), 6/0; "A Great Man," by Arnold Bennett (Chatto & Windus), 6/0.

Reprints and New Editions

- Macmillan: "Poems of Thomas Campbell," selected by Lewis Campbell, net 2/6; "The English Humourists," by W. M. Thackeray, 3/6.
 Lane: "Omoo," by Herman Melville, net, cloth 1/6, leather 2/0.
 Constable: "Cardigan," by Robt. W. Chambers, net 2/6.
 Methuen: "Tom Brown's Schooldays," by Thomas Hughes, net 2/6.
 Brown, Langham: "Mosses from an Old Manse," in 2 vols., by Nathaniel Hawthorne, each net 1/6.
 Astolat Press: "Quaker Grey: Some Account of the Forepart of the Life of Elizabeth Ashbridge," net 2/6.
 Allenson: "Thoughts on Prayer," by Dr. W. Boyd Carpenter, Lord Bishop of Ripon, net 1/0.
 Simpkin, Marshall: "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám," translated by Edward FitzGerald, 0/1.
 Bell: "Beaumont and Fletcher," variorum edition, Vol. I., net 10/6.
 Dent: "Pecksniff's Proposal: a Sketch," and "The Villain of the Piece: a Comedietta," adapted by I. M. Pagan, each net 0/9.

Sixpenny Reprints

- Seeley: "Winchester Meads," by Emma Marshall.
 Unwin: "Lisa of Lambeth," by W. Somerset Maugham.

Periodicals

- "Library World," "Animals' Friend," "University Extension Journal," "Printseller and Collector," "Cassell's History of the Russo-Japanese War, Part IV.," "University Studies," "Indian Antiquary," "Cosmopolitan," "Yorkshire Notes and Queries," "Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal" (8 parts and 5 numbers), "Imperial Review," "North American Review," "University Record" (Chicago), "Art."

Foreign

Periodicals

- "L'Occident," "Dr. A. Petermanns Mittheilungen" (50 Band), "La Vérité sur le Congo."

Reviews

The Masterpieces of the Prado

THE PRADO AND ITS MASTERPIECES. By C. S. Ricketts.
With 54 Photogravures. (Constable. 105s. net.)

IT is strange that the picture gallery which by common consent is "the finest in the world" should have received but little attention at the hands of English book-writers upon art. Essays innumerable there are, no doubt, scattered among guide-books, picturesque tours, and volumes of criticism; and one or two publications, sumptuous and expensive, have appealed to the man of means—the man of the huge bookcase. But the ordinary reader is still thrown back on Viardot's "Musées d'Espagne" of half a century ago, on the very untrustworthy "Revue des Musées d'Espagne" by Lavice—a book already forty years old—and on a few other volumes of that nature. Not that, from one point of view, remoteness of publication would be of much account—save for the advance in criticism—for the gallery is not a growing one like the other great collections of Europe, but has maintained its position in virtue of the unsurpassable masterpieces it has contained for generations past; and not through any attempt at that completeness in the representation of the achievements and history of painting which it is the object of modern national galleries to effect. Time does not exist for Madrid, apparently, in the matter of art; such, at least, I judge to be the case, in spite of the energetic *Madrazo régime*, for when, not long ago, I sent to Spain for the latest catalogue of the collection, I received the "Fifth Edition," dated 1885.

The appearance, then, of a volume by Mr. Charles S. Ricketts, superbly illustrated and nobly printed, is an event of real importance. Mr. Ricketts has a rare combination of gifts for this or any other artistic task. An admirable draughtsman, a wood-engraver who has steeped himself in the spirit of the early Italians, a printer who has made his "Vale Press" famed and honoured throughout the world, a painter of great dignity of conception in design, with a fine eye for rich yet subtle and restrained colouring; he is a man of originality and intellectuality, and of that wide catholicity of taste which can appreciate the good in everything, and can praise Velasquez and Holbein without sneering at Rubens, and worship Titian while hailing the genius of Goya. As we read we are struck by the fearlessness of the writer, as well as by the acumen of his insight, and we recognise in this splendid volume a really valuable addition to the literature of art; for, although he supports his views by the tests of technique, he occupies higher ground in dealing with the art and the humanity of the great painters in the Prado.

Thus, although Mr. Ricketts omits all details of the growth of the collection, and although he confines himself to those artists and those pictures which mainly interest him, the importance of this critical monograph is not to be mistaken. We may overlook certain obscurities of expression such as this: "One of the curious facts about the Spanish School is that to a close outlook upon Nature it added a quality of gravity, not to say austerity, that it saw Nature more sadly than it saw it whole—therein lies the strength of Ribera and Zurbaran" (page 12); or this: "It is perhaps truer symbolically than actually that Mr. Ruskin destroyed a copy of the 'Caprichos.'" As a rule, how-

ever, Mr. Ricketts writes with lucidity and charm, and with the knowledge and sincerity that convince and delight the reader. Moreover, he has an epigrammatic power of definition which can touch off a career or a character in a sentence. For example, we are told that Manet "approached art and nature as if the eye was without memory"; that Watteau was "the last of the inventive artists in the great Venetian tradition of holiday time"; that David, "as an artist, had the mind of a policeman"; and that Tiepolo was "less a poet than the stage-manager of poetic effects." Each of these statements shows acceptable acuteness, and we are satisfied to follow the writer, and to ignore with him the great mass of the pretentious pictures which he declines to discuss, as being "the 'important' work of unimportant persons."

Although the book is not without cohesion, it gives the impression of consisting, in part at least, of isolated essays on the art of Spain, Italy, and Flanders. Indeed, we find the same sentences repeated in different chapters. For example, on page 14, and again on page 61, we find Goya spoken of as being at "the most conservative of courts, and in the shadow of the Inquisition itself"; and on page 14 and again on page 60 we are told that he shares with Constable the credit of being first to revolt against the conventionalism that oppressed the art of their day. Yet the illuminating criticisms of Mr. Ricketts are irresistible as he pursues the development of his ideas throughout the volume. He deals generally with the contents of the Prado, and with the Spanish School from its birth down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, giving special attention to the art of Velasquez, Murillo and Goya. He proceeds with the Italian schools, devoting an enthusiastic chapter to Titian, whose art is so superbly represented in the Prado, and to the Flemish School, and the culminating masterpieces of Rubens and Van Dyck.

In chapters such as these it would be strange if so original and independent a critic as Mr. Ricketts were to raise no points of controversy, no statements of fact immune from challenge; it is proof of the suggestiveness of his writing. But into these I have no space to enter. He is certainly correct in maintaining against Sir Walter Armstrong that the portrait of Dürer by himself in the Prado is the original, and that the other in the Uffizi is the copy. He is probably right in identifying in "Saviour, Virgin and St. John," hitherto attributed to Hubert van Eyck, an adaptation by Mabuse. And he is happy in the suggestion that Petrus Christus is "the link" between Jan van Eyck and Antonello da Messina. But he is wrong in calling Rubens' study from Titian's "Adam and Eve" a "copy." It is no more a copy than Rubens' variant on Mantegna's "Triumph of Julius Cæsar" in the National Gallery, and Van Dyck's variant on Rubens' "Emperor Theodosius," also in Trafalgar Square, are copies. The fact is that in making his exercise from Titian's exquisite canvas, Rubens altered so greatly that his "improvements" have changed the balance of the composition, and have brought to the suavity of line and form of Titian a puffiness of flesh and lumpiness of limb which are wholly and inalienably Rubens'. And again, Mr. Ricketts is mistaken when he says, in respect of Antonio Moro's portrait of "Queen Mary," that the lady holds a rose. It is not the rose of England that Queen Mary holds, but a pink—the expressive symbol so popular in those days, mainly with

Flemish and German painters, that we can see in Dürer's "Madonna" at Augsburg, and in half a hundred other famous pictures which could easily be mentioned. Mr. Ricketts sets Velasquez above Reynolds and Gainsborough as a painter of children, on the main ground that the Spaniard represents better the natural gravity of the wondering child. There is doubtless some truth in the contention; but the writer seems to make no allowance for racial characteristics: for gravity is inborn in the Spanish child, and sprightliness and playfulness mark the sitters of the northern painters.

The numerous plates, large and small, are admirably selected, and are, for the greater part, well reproduced. One or two, however, are far too black to represent fairly the tonality of the originals. But most of the lesser known masterpieces are happily well done—including Rubens' "Rondo" and Van Dyck's "Betrayal of Christ"—and that is matter for real satisfaction. It is unfortunate that no attempt has been made to draw up a list of the finest works in the gallery—there was no need to include the whole 2,200 items in the catalogue—and it is more than a pity that no indexes rounds off the volume, which ends with curious abruptness.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

For the Coming Time

THE RELIGION OF THE UNIVERSE. By J. Allanson Picton, M.A. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

THIS volume is "reverently inscribed" by the author "to the memory of Herbert Spencer, the first true reconciler of religion and science." We cannot imagine a treatise on the Higher Pantheism more admirably done. The author is a scholar and intimate with modern philosophy and science. During his long and valuable career he has gained great ripeness of thought, which has enabled him to turn his profound knowledge of the great in literature to the very best account. There is nothing of the amateur about this book. The only subject which the author does not seem to know at first hand is the Pāli tongue—and this we gather only because he is careful to tell us so. The book is most seriously to be recommended to anyone who desires a dignified and impressive statement of what is most obviously the religion of the coming time. Yet Mr. Picton will not give up the name of Christian, and advances good reasons for retaining it, whilst renouncing equally the belief in the supernatural and the doctrine of materialism: against each of which the wisdom of our time is moving with what can hardly prove to be less than an overwhelming force.

Herbert Spencer's doctrine of the Unknowable provided him with a reconciliation between religion and science. He asserted, indeed, that there never can be any antagonism between religion and science, but only between superstition and science. True science and true religion must meet, he said, in the recognition of that Infinite Power of which mind and matter are the manifestations to us. There he left the matter, save for one sublime thought—the greatest ever conceived by that great mind. The choice is not, he said, between a personal God and something lower, but between a personal God and *something higher*. The Eternal may be "a mode of being as much transcending Intelligence and Will as these transcend mechanical motion." This, verily, is the "Higher Pantheism." Mr. Picton, building on this foundation, has given us a really ennobling and magnificent conception of this supreme creed. No one but the child now believes in the Artificer-God who is outside the Universe. The theologians have often taught us to

conceive of a God immanent in the Universe—only unfortunately they cannot consistently keep up to the level of this conception. The believer in a personal God has very rarely, if ever, inquired into the meaning of personality. If he did, he might find that the attribution of personality to the Eternal is hardly less gross a piece of anthropomorphism than a thousand others of the past. Yet the time will come—and the reading of Mr. Picton's book, with its deep religious feeling and fine temper, leads us to believe that the day may be at hand—when men come to see that the Eternal of whom our little personalities are manifestations, cannot assuredly be less than personal, whilst to say that he is not more is to ascribe to him our own limitations. The objector may say that he cannot form a "clear and distinct idea"—to use the Cartesian phrase—of the Supra-personal. Perhaps the answer that the Eternal is Unknowable may not satisfy such an objector: yet doubtless he would accept it in other words, when those words are St. Paul's: "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out." There is no such great difference between "unsearchable" and "unknowable."

Mr. Picton appears to us to have spent unnecessary attention upon commentators such as Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bradley and Mr. Mallock; but doubtless he felt that, if it was worth while to notice them at all, it was worth doing well; and assuredly he has done it well. As to the extraordinary caricature of the doctrine of the Unknowable which Mr. Bradley has perpetrated in "Appearance and Reality," that brilliant word-juggler will surely find cause to regret it. And not only to him, but to all others who think that to call the Unknowable "(x)" to solve the mystery of the Cosmos, or throw light upon any hidden matter, we may recommend Mr. Picton's footnote: "Reverence and susceptibility to pain at desecration of what we revere is not in these times confined to orthodox Christians." It would be a dire prospect for the world if it were. But we will desist—that we may re-read Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey." It is good to know bed-rock when you see it; and having seen it to stay there.

C. W. SALEEBY.

The Duke Again

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE FIRST DUKE OF WELLINGTON, WITH SKETCHES OF SOME OF HIS GUESTS AND CONTEMPORARIES. By the late George Robert Gleig, M.A., Chaplain-general to Her Majesty's Forces. Edited by his daughter, Mary E. Gleig. (Blackwood. 15s. net.)

THESE reminiscences, written by the well-known author of "The Subaltern," and dedicated to the present Duke, are bound to be interesting. The Rev. Mr. Gleig was for a number of years an intimate friend of the Duke's, though apparently estranged from him towards the close of his life. He had many opportunities of seeing the great man's strength and weakness, and was by no means a blind hero-worshipper. His records, though put together in a gossiping, unsystematic way, harmonise with the picture drawn in Lord Ellesmere's reminiscences. In view of recent controversy about Sir John Moore, it is interesting to note Wellington's comment on that general: "his defect was, that he did not know what his men could do." This probably refers to Moore's forced night marches in the retreat to Corunna, and seems to support Mr. Oman's view, that such haste was unnecessary. Equally characteristic is the Duke's criticism on Jomini's views as to tactics. "His preference of columns of attack to lines is a great error. Columns cannot fight."

The volume is mostly taken up with particulars of the Duke's life at home, and his political views, which to the later world are of less permanent interest than his military career. It is curious to note Mr. Gleig's view that so rigid a conservative, in many ways, as Wellington was an opportunist in politics, and though he had a strong sense of loyalty to persons, cared little for traditional principles or party creeds.

Many of the guests at Apsley House, Strathfieldsaye, and Walmer Castle are described, and all with a kindly touch. Mr. Gleig seems to have been overflowing with kindness to all men, and his views of well-known persons are taken persistently from the most favourable point of view. Croker is vindicated from some of the strictures passed upon him; but the general impression given of him is hardly pleasant. In the account of Sir Robert Wilson, it is said that "he did not shine as an independent leader of men." Surely the reverse is true; Wilson only did well when independent, as he always contrived to quarrel with his superior officers and carry out his views rather than theirs.

Of the Duke's private life there are a few details, not especially new, but interesting. His sense of duty, exacting as regards himself and intolerant as regards others, is the characteristic that stands out in nearly all the stories of him. His wife forfeited his confidence by concealing an engagement to another man, which she broke off to accept him, and completely alienated him by running into debt without his knowledge. Equally characteristic is his intolerance of opposition, which was as marked, though not as violent, as Napoleon's. Generally in the right in Portugal and Spain, frequently in the wrong in England, he invariably offended his opponents in controversy by revealing his contempt for them.

A most interesting memorandum by the Duke on the Russian War of 1812 is appended to Mr. Gleig's book. Wellington's view as to the cause of Napoleon's failure is that it was the same as in Spain; the French tried to invade a country poor, thinly populated and actively hostile, on the plan that had been successful with rich, populous and passive districts. It is curious that in discussing the battle of Borodino, the Duke censures Napoleon for not adopting Davout's proposed flank attack, but omits entirely to discuss the Emperor's refusal to put in the Guard.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

A Partial View

DOLLARS AND DEMOCRACY. By Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart. (Appleton. 5s. net.)

THE Englishman writing his experiences of America cannot quite free his mind from a certain inherited and patronising criticism of transatlantic commercialism. England blames the trading instincts of her sons. And this is the more remarkable because just now England with uplifted voice is proclaiming that her rights as a nation of shopkeepers are seriously threatened. Wherefore this snobbery: this standing behind the counter all day and posing as Lord Broadacres at night? Sir Philip Burne-Jones sees much to comment upon during his year's sojourn in the United States; but he writes of America at Play; not, as Mr. Fraser, of America at Work. Let the book tell its own story.

The famous elevated railroad:

"Imagine a long unlovely street of the type of Edgware Road, with a screeching, reeking train on lofty iron stilts running every few seconds overhead on a level with the first-floor windows."

Of skyscrapers:

"Towering far above the steeples, these houses of business reduce to insignificance the houses of worship. Can it be that they are silent comment by the modern American man of affairs on the relative importance which he attaches to the worship of God and mammon?"

The yellow press, objectionable because

"of the form in which it presents its wares, ingeniously seasoned to suit the vitiated palates of its patrons . . . (filled with) false news and lies of every possible description . . . on Sundays they take a fresh and terrible lease of life . . . their bulk is suddenly quadrupled, and the homes of New York are devastated with tons of trash."

Theatres:

"I never felt inclined to go alone, and my small experience of the serious drama in America was not encouraging . . . the public are so easily pleased, it is really touching."

Smart set:

"In England a duke may have an income of no more than 1,000*l.* a year, but 'a duke's a duke for a' that.' It is reserved for New York to boast a society (which might well be spelled with a big \$) the component elements of which depend for their position solely upon their banking account. . . . It is instructive to watch the eagerness with which members of this mushroom 'society,' who have already 'arrived' and who are experiencing for the first time in their lives the sweets of the power to snub, try to exclude other aspirants. . . . It is all so like a burlesque of our own London society."

Hustling:

"And how they talk of money! . . . They seem to have no time left . . . to enjoy the money when it is made. . . . One hears of men in the prime of life . . . dying prematurely as a direct result of this frantic application to business. . . . The women find no difficulty in spending the money their fathers and husbands have spoiled their lives in acquiring. . . . America is a land for women, they are queens of the situation."

And of women:

"There seems to be no serious basis of life for them at all, and amusement and pleasure are the sole aims of existence . . . among our own leisured classes they have politics at least to fall back upon."

Which reminds one of the story of the man who asked an American if there were no "leisured classes" in America. "Oh yes," was the reply; "but we call them tramps."

In conclusion, an interesting if not very impartial addition to the bibliography of the land of Dollars.

Friend of all the World

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI ACCORDING TO BROTHER THOMAS OF CELANO. His descriptions of the Seraphi Father A.D. 1229-1257. With a Critical Introduction containing a description of every extant Version by the Rev. H. G. Rosedale, D.D. (Dent. 12s. 6d. net.)

PERHAPS it is only a symptom of the universal rhythm of life that an age of hitherto unexampled material prosperity and a society that worships comfort should turn its eye with a sentiment compounded of sympathy and compassion upon the devoted spouse of Poverty. The complexity of modern life implies a perpetual threat of disturbance; so that the sense of the possibility of a frank return to nature seems for the moment to uplift

a burden of the ever-threatening danger, to furnish armour against a menace.

And to the people of England the saint appeals on another and more amiable side. Probably the one thing that everybody knows about St. Francis is that he preached to the birds. It is the radiant glee of the saint who called the birds "my sisters" that appeals to readers of Wordsworth and the owners of the miniature cemetery beside the Bayswater Road, and the men who weep with rapture over the grace and prowess of a racehorse. Who can withstand the charm of the man who pleaded for mildness to the fiercest of the elements, called in by the barbarous surgery of the time to heal his eyes?—"Brother Fire, the Most High hath made thee supreme among His glorious works, hath endowed thee with use and beauty. Be thou kindly to me in this hour; bring healing; for ever have I loved thee in the Lord. I beseech the great Lord, who made thee, now to assuage thy heat that I may be able to bear thy gentle burning."

This handsomely furnished volume comprises three several works of which in his introduction Mr. Rosedale gives a critical account. The first, "*Legenda Gregorii*," is the official history of the saint written by command of Pope Gregory IX. and forwarded to him in 1229. Of the nine copies which are generally accessible, the purest, according to Mr. Rosedale's judgment, is that which is preserved in the British Museum (Harl. 47); and of this the present editor ventures even to throw out for the consideration of experts the question, "May not this MS. have been the original writing of Thomas of Celano?" The "*Legenda Antiqua*," the second member of the trilogy, is an appendix written at the command of the Minister-General of the Order. Until of late years it was supposed to be the only work of Thomas besides the document previously mentioned. But the allusions of various authors to a "*Vita Secunda*" were not always satisfactorily accounted for by a reference to the "*Legenda Antiqua*," and in 1898 M. Paul Sabatier noticed in the library at Assisi, in a certain MS., a page which bore no relation to the other sheets. This after careful study he divined to be a fragment of the true "*Tractatus Secundus*" written in 1257 by Thomas of Celano; and a few years later his conjecture was confirmed by the discovery, in the library of the late Prince B. Boncompagni, of a fourteenth-century MS. which proved to be the missing work.

The first thirty-nine folios are found not to be, as at first sight they seem, a repetition of the "*Legenda Antiqua*": whole chapters are omitted, together with the little moralities with which, in writing for his brethren, Thomas had adorned his narrative; and whole chapters are inserted. The chief value of the work lies in the thirty-five pages following, which comprise a complete tractate on the Miracles for which requisition was made by John of Parma, Minister-General from 1247 to 1257.

In Mr. Rosedale's book for the first time these three works are brought together between the same boards. Thomas was one who had had personal experience of the healing power of this friend of all the world, he enjoyed the confidence of the saint, and, by his own account, was present with him during his last sickness. The question how far he is to be relied upon as a historian is, of course, a subject of rather warm controversy; but when the little peculiarities of his Latin are mastered, he is, at any rate, a charming narrator. The students of Franciscan sources throughout the world are laid under a debt of gratitude to Mr. Rosedale for his excellent and scholarly work.

The Study of Comparative Literature

HISTOIRE DES LITTÉRATURES COMPARÉES. DES ORIGINES AU XX^e SIÈCLE. Par Frédéric Loliée. (Dela-grave.)

To this book, which belongs to a series entitled "*L'évolution historique des littératures*," M. Octave Gréard of the French Academy, who died suddenly recently, contributes a preface in which he aptly describes Loliée's work as an intellectual and moral history of humanity.

The study of comparative literature which has become almost a craze in France, America, England and Germany—in that order have the nations taken it up—has its ethical as well as its critical uses. It helps to inculcate modesty in nations, for it seeks to prove that civilisation is not a work belonging to any special time, or of necessity to any special nation, since all, even the least important, contribute something, even conquered nations influencing in a certain degree their conquerors, so that there has always been a constant interchange of ideas. The study also helps to propagate ideas of tolerance, peace and moral harmony.

Perhaps the most interesting and instructive part of Loliée's book is the conclusion. After noting in the earlier chapters all the literary movements that have occurred in the world, beginning with Egypt and coming down to our own time, he ably sums up the lasting results of the work of each, and dwells on the unity of the physiognomy of literary epochs. He declares, moreover, that all nations are being gradually brought into the same circle of life: therein lies the great sign of the times, and the advance of cosmopolitanism and internationalism will change the spirit of literature. The prophecy fills us with alarm. The loss of originality and individualism involved in such a change would be a dire disaster for art. But we are inclined to take a hopeful view, for racial characteristics and the peculiar genius of language have a way of persisting through the most adverse circumstances. Loliée himself feels this, for after quoting Charles V.'s saying that we should speak Spanish with God, French with our friends, German with our enemies, and Italian with women, he proceeds to comment on the different languages. English, with its grammatical simplicity, with its brevity, has produced the best political eloquence of the modern world; it is the vehicle of good sense, strength in thought, and energy in expression. German, with its infinite profusion of terms, its extraordinary facility in creating words, helps the passion of the people for translating and assimilating everything, and has made Germany the classical ground of history of all kinds, and the territory *par excellence* of philosophic abstraction. Italian, with its melodious softness, suits the brilliant but superficial genius of the country; whereas Spanish, with its warm tints and sonorous harmony, is the right means of expression of the nation's profound originality. French, so supple and so lucid, is the natural medium for conversation, for the clear and prompt communion of ideas, and combined with the nation's love for beautiful language has produced the long array of fine prose-writers who have so deeply influenced the whole of European literature.

Such generalisations are very attractive but they need careful examination, and should not too hastily be permitted to become a creed. The study of comparative literature is in some measure a fresh departure in criticism, and can be pursued in several ways. Foreign literatures may be compared with our own literature in a general fashion, or individual authors or groups of authors may be compared or contrasted, or as in Texte's

"Rousseau et le Cosmopolitisme Littéraire" the influence of one author on all the nations may be demonstrated. But whichever method is adopted, the critic must have read extensively, and possess wide sympathies and psychological insight. It is not so easy as it looks to write a critical essay (in the sense of a contribution to the study of comparative literature) on Heine and Musset. Even Professor Betz, of Zürich, whose premature death at the age of forty-two last January we all deplore, did not quite succeed there. It behoves those who are taking up the subject to walk warily and without undue haste. To them Loliée's assistance must be invaluable.

Fiction

THE BINDWEED. By Nellie K. Blissett. (Constable, 6s.) It is not so very long since the civilised world was horrified by news of the atrocious murder of the King and Queen of Servia, and now, under the thin veil of a change of names, their tragic history is served up in the form of a novel. No doubt the authoress is perfectly justified in seizing on this "over true tale" for her plot, since it is part of the world's history, and therefore the world's property. She has moreover handled her material with considerable skill, but still, one has an uneasy feeling in perusing these pages that the blood staining those palace walls has scarcely had time enough to dry; that those two mangled corpses have scarcely been laid in their graves sufficiently long, for their story to make comfortable reading in novel form. We can weep over imaginary griefs, smile at fictitious joys, shudder pleasantly at invented horrors, but when we know the griefs and joys are real, the horrors not figments of imagination, but actual tragedies, which filled our newspaper columns not many months past, and made Europe realise, with unpleasant suddenness, that her veneer of civilisation was so thin in places that passions and brutalities worthy of the darkest of the dark ages could break through and stain their twentieth-century record, well, then—one feels that perhaps the sad and blood-stained story of the last of the unhappy Obrénovics dynasty might have been left a little longer untouched by the hand of the professional story-teller. Still, that is a matter of individual taste, and Miss Blissett's book is well written and interesting.

ENGLAND'S ELIZABETH. By His Honour Judge E. A. Parry. (Smith, Elder, 6s.) The title of Judge Parry's novel, although it sounds a trifle ambitious, will give book-sellers a true impression of "what the book is about." For "England's Elizabeth" is less an attempted historical novel than a partly-fictional biography of Elizabeth and Dudley down to the date of Amy Robsart's death. A certain Matthew Bedale is supposed to relate all that he saw and knew of the lives of Elizabeth and Dudley from the days when the narrator was clerk to "my Lord Cromwell" to the time when he served the Queen and mixed with Sir William Cecil and Sussex. Devoid of conspicuous literary merit as "England's Elizabeth" may be considered, it yet strikes a critic as possibly a useful book for several "publics." There must be dozens of colourless but not inaccurate descriptive passages in the volume that may convey some serviceable idea of English life in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to persons who have never read even so full an account of Her Majesty as that given by the late Professor Ransome in his one-volume "Advanced History of England." Judge Parry's portraiture of Ket, the insurgent, for instance, might be really instructive to an adult who could not be induced to read about the man in a "serious" book. The fault from which "England's Elizabeth" appears to be quite free is that of glossing over the fact that the great Queen reigned at a period in which much that now stands forth as specially dull and uninteresting in English life not only existed, but was already significant of the defects of the English character.

Judge Parry's book shows the extremely matter-of-fact manner in which most Englishmen viewed the romantic events and persons of which "England's Elizabeth" is a very matter-of-fact tale.

THE YEOMAN. By Charles Kennett Burrow. (Lane, 6s.) There is a fleeting desire on the part of the author to indulge in Somersetshire dialect, but he suppresses it wisely. The story opens unusually well with the trials of a yeoman family. The Winstones for many generations own land, were born on the land and live by the land. Up to five and twenty years before the time the story begins not one of them had left it; and this lack of enterprise is accounted in them a virtue. And then one of their number, David, sold his farm, went to Australia, and made his fortune in sheep-farming. But even he could not resist the call of home, and he returned and bought the largest estate in the countryside; not for vainglory, but because he could afford it. Richard Winstone, on the other hand, the stay-at-home, pursues the way of generations of yeoman farmers before him. He does not envy his cousin's success; he ignores it. And in the dreariness of his simple homestead he sees in David's newfangled ideas of farming a threat to his own position. He half suspects that these imported methods will necessitate improved cottages for the farm hands; and the fact that the methods are good fundamentally and undeniably only accentuates the natural antagonism of his class. There ensues a bitter feud, and the prospects of a rattling story are good. But then the author shifts the burden of the story from the shoulders of the headstrong and rival farmers to their respective offspring, who are dear good things, whose prattle is always cheerful, but who nevertheless fail to fill the reader with enthusiastic interest. And the end is happy; although two offensive persons have to be removed: the one by drowning, the other by heart failure. A goodly book.

YARBOROUGH THE PREMIER. By A. R. Weekes. (Harpers, 6s.) The author has reprehensibly produced a novel almost without feminine interest. His theme is political; he lays bare the workings of a futile and unscrupulous intellect in the person of Christian Yarborough, destined to be the premier of England. He tells a good story, with characterisation extremely careful, but at times he almost wantonly lets go his reserve and abandons himself to fustian in describing what he believes to be the statecraft of his hero, but which in reality is charlatanism. Yarborough is secretary to a noble lord when opportunity presents itself of contesting a vacant seat. He seizes the opportunity. He is no hero, it is true; his methods are questionable; but he understands how to sway the mob and get them at his back. Flags and triumphal arches appeal to him; the plaudits and shouting of electioneering make him forget his ideals in his desire to make "his great human record." He is duly elected. He hastens to lay his laurels at the feet of his love. Then comes one chapter containing his proposals. Yarborough's proposal is interrogatory: "If he came to you all sin-stained, and worn with the world's work, and offered you the love that's like fire to purify and hallow his life and your own; the indestructible kind . . . the kind that's eaten its way into the very foundations of his nature; if he came and said take me and make me into what you like; make me into a plaster saint, if you like; govern me, and Europe through me. . . ." But she will have none of him, though for a moment undeniably under the spell of his theatrical clap-trap. Yarborough fulfils his destiny, and perhaps in the end, when spurned by the crowd, he is nearer to the realisation of his better self than in those earlier days of eavesdropping and of stealing political secrets. Altogether rather an odd book.

SIR MORTIMER. By Mary Johnston. (Constable, 6s.) Miss Johnston's romances so outrank most of the work of the time that the critic can do no less than apply to them the severest tests of criticism. Tried by these tests, "Sir Mortimer," despite its extraordinary force and brilliancy, cannot be pronounced an unqualified success. We are not concerned with the occasional recundancies or with the split

infinitives which jar on a sensitive ear; in so entrancing a narrative such flaws might be ignored. The fault of "Sir Mortimer" lies deeper; consists in a failure of dramatic construction and spiritual unity. The opening chapter depicts the enmity between Mortimer Ferne and Robert Baldry in so marked a manner as to suggest that the hatred between these two is the central theme; in reality, it plays but a subsidiary part. The actual motive, one altogether original and striking, is later introduced in the fiendish device by which Luiz de Guardiola, Spanish Governor of Nueva Cordoba, causes Ferne, his captive, to believe that under torture and in half-delirium he has betrayed his leader, comrades and Baldry, his private foe, to destruction. The scene in which Ferne returns to surrender himself to death at his Admiral's hands, his endurance of the harsher penance of life, the renunciation and heroism by which he seeks atonement—in all this Miss Johnston rises to sustained tragic passion. Ferne's encounter with his old companions in the fever-stricken town of Cartagena when, atonement and vengeance frustrated, the man's soul is tempered to a fineness unknown to the conquering venturer, passes beyond passion to a singular and beautiful mysticism. Unhappily, the actual acquittal, brought about by the confession of a drunken babbler, fails to maintain the dignity of the foregoing scenes. Had Baldry returned from the Inquisition to clear Ferne's honour and claim his life according to their old challenge, we might, perhaps, have had a more consistent consummation. As it is, we drop from an austere spiritual tragedy to a "happy ending" of love in a rose garden.

Short Notices

LIBER STUDIORUM. By J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (Newnes, 10s. 6d. net.) In the early eighteen hundreds, Claude Lorrain stood astride the world of landscape art like a Colossus, when, at thirty-two, an Englishman, the eccentric son of a little barber, who had already pitted his young strength against more than one of the great masters, decided to try that strength against the great Frenchman. The self-confidence of the man met with jeers and shrugs from his fellows and the laughter of the small world in which he moved—indeed, Turner was a very braggart in his art. So, whilst France and Europe were rent with the Napoleonic wars, and England fought for life on land and sea; whilst Nelson bled at Trafalgar and Wellington won fame out of Spain and the Low Countries, this strange, big-headed little man, J. Mallord Turner, was grimly bending all his faculties to the producing of a series of studies from nature in the brown monotone print of the mezzotint and the etched plate that should surpass the art of the celebrated "Liber Veritatis" of the mighty Claude. Begun when he was little known to the large public, the splendid venture dragged its slow instalments through the years; and when the last plates of the uncompleted and wrecked enterprise were given to the world Turner was risen from the unknown to be the most illustrious illustrator in England. For the failure in popular esteem of this superb series of compositions the change in public taste had much to do. The large manner—the grand manner—was giving way to detail and "realism." It was so in poetry and the arts and politics. And Turner was shrewd enough to see that steel-engraving could give the glitter and detail that mezzotint could not give. But, fortunately for us, much of the work was done before Turner wearied of his scheme. The plates are now beyond the reach of any but the rich—though Turner broke his word of honour as to the limit of his editions, as his hoarded copies proved at his death. The publishers of this handsome book, by issuing reproductions of these glorious compositions in a process which gives a really remarkably good copy of the engravings at half a guinea, place every student and lover of art under an obligation. For what student can afford to be without such priceless lessons? The marvellous renderings of the emotions of nature, whether peace or storm, warmth or cold, stillness or windiness, the whispering foliage of trees or the

lapping gossip of the waters—these things are immortally set down in Turner's little brown masterpieces. And the publishers of this charming volume have rarely failed in giving most of the beauty and the values of the originals, except where a nasty blackness has now and again made mud of the warm browns. A delightful gift-book as well as a series of invaluable lessons in art.

THE CHRIST FROM WITHOUT AND WITHIN: A STUDY OF THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN. By the Rev. Henry W. Clark. (Melrose, 3s. 6d. net.) "Play cricket," said Cardinal Manning to a distinguished Oxford man now dead, "and read the Gospel of St. John." Mr. Clark is not a Roman Catholic, but he has read the Gospel of St. John with an open heart; and however his interpretation of the Fourth Gospel may fall short of the orthodoxy of œcumenical definitions, his meditative commentary contains much that will stir the sympathy of every kind of Christians. When we speak of his falling short we have in mind particularly his interpretation of the familiar Prologue, which can hardly be stretched into unison with the historical *Logos* doctrine. "Christ," he simply explains, "is the direct, immediate method by which God utters Himself. God puts Himself into Christ as we put ourselves into speech. What is in Christ springs straight out of what is in God, as the speaker's word springs straight out of what the speaker is." On the other hand, we recognise as a view that has found favour with eminent theologians, and a noble one, that according to which Christ in any wise would have been the consummation of the human race. "Though man has sinned, man's purposed redemption into fulness of life must nevertheless be consummated, even if its consummation necessitates the giving of the Son to death as well as to life." Mr. Clark writes as well as he thinks; it is therefore the more distressing to find his every page disfigured with such a solecism as "relationship." By the time one is half-way through his book it has worn, so to speak, quite a sore place.

THE SLAVE IN HISTORY. By William Stevens. (R.T.S., 6s.) "The Slave in History" is a large name for a small book, for an adequate study of the slave would include the history of tribes, kingdoms, empires and republics, and be in truth a record of the progress of mankind from the earliest feuds of savage chiefs to the discussion in Parliament on the importation of coolies into the mines of the Rand. But the author has succeeded in giving a wide survey of the subject in narrow space, and while writing with sympathy of the enslaved of all ages, has taken climate, circumstance and heredity into consideration in his judgment of the system. The introductory chapters give briefly the salient features of slavery in Greece and Rome, with a clear statement of the social and political complications which arose from the possession of slaves through purchase, through military conquest, and through the sale of freemen for debt. The first voice raised against enslavement for debt was that of Solon, 600 B.C. Both Plato and Aristotle bore testimony against slavery as an ever-present peril to the State. The most memorable protest against this injustice in the history of Rome was the slave insurrection led by Spartacus, the Thracian shepherd. The Hebrew legislation for the slave was most merciful, as befitted a people which had itself eaten the bitter bread of servitude. With Christianity came the dawning of liberty, and of the dead who sleep in the Catacombs none is named slave. Yet the record is a dark one of slave-buying, slave-hunting, slave-ships and slave-pens among Christian nations, and Christian Churches have themselves been slave-holders. The first authoritative word of the Church in favour of enfranchisement was that of Gregory the Great, on the ground of "the common equality of mankind." Slavery followed all voyaging ventures, whether for discovery or commerce, and England, Venice, Portugal, and all the great maritime powers counted the cargoes of their slave-ships as among their greatest gains from the East. Slavery sighted the New World with Columbus, and a civil war of four years was the price of that emancipation which Virginia had desired and been denied in Colonial days by

that royal blunderer George III. The emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies and in the United States and the enfranchisement of the serfs in Russia are matters of almost contemporary history.

ST. PAUL'S CONCEPTIONS OF THE LAST THINGS. By the Rev. H. A. A. Kennedy. (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net.) In these Cunningham Lectures for 1904 Dr. Kennedy has undertaken an examination into the eschatology of the Apostle of the Gentiles apart from theological prepossessions, moved thereto, as he tells us in his preface, by the extraordinarily conflicting appeals which, by divers writers, have been made to his authority. To Matthew Arnold, for instance, St. Paul's idea of the Resurrection is but "the rising within the sphere of our visible earthly existence from death (which is obedience to sin) to life (which is obedience to righteousness)." Any such nineteenth-century reading is impossible to a pupil of the late Dr. A. B. Davidson. He reads him while holding fast to the great religious conceptions of the Old Testament in their original setting; and who that desires to penetrate the mind of the mind of "a Hebrew of the Hebrews"? His new Christian man can doubt that that is essentially the way to read the experience had in no way obliterated the training of the school of Gamaliel, but had quickened in him a finer sensibility to the deeper elements in the earlier revelation. Another feature of St. Paul's attitude which Dr. Kennedy has brought forcibly out is the decisiveness with which St. Paul has laid the foundation of the Christian hope of eternal life in the relation of the individual soul to the risen Lord. Life in Christ, he shows, is for the apostle existence raised to its highest power—the supreme unsurpassable reality. It is to be noted that with regard to the fate of the unjustified the lecturer discerns in the writings of St. Paul no trace of that "eternal hope" of which the late Dean of Canterbury was the popular prophet. And in this connection his scholarly examination of *αἰώνιος* on pages 316 seq. is of importance. The lectures are a very valuable contribution to the intimate criticism of the New Testament.

THE GULL'S HORNBOOK. By Thomas Dekker. Edited by R. B. McKerrow. (The King's Library, Moring, 7s. 6d. net.) Dekker's "Gull's Hornbook" is one of those valuable trifles which in their own day were of little price but which to us are full of information and of interest. In essence it is a crude satire, but it should be remembered that a satire often throws more light upon manners and morals than does a learned history or disquisition. So it is with this little piece of Dekker's, which brings us into close touch with London life in the days of Shakespeare, with the Ordinary, the playhouse and the tavern. The present edition is admirable in many ways, in type, paper, binding, in its editing, and, indeed, the only fault we have to find with it is Mr. McKerrow's decision to modernise the spelling and punctuation, a plan which we trust will not be adopted in future issues in this excellent series. The glossary is slightly elementary and presumes something almost of ignorance in the reader.

THE PROSE WRITINGS OF JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN. Edited by D. J. O'Donoghue. (Dublin: O'Donoghue & Co., and M. H. Gill & Son; London: A. H. Bullen, 3s. 6d.) Little service will be rendered to Mangan's fame by the republication of these prose trifles, which are mostly laboured efforts of a skilful writer working in an unsuitable medium. The fact of the matter is that Mangan had nothing to say, and the whimsicalities of his style cannot hide the baldness of his matter. The best things in this volume are "The Thirty Flasks" and "The Man in the Cloak," two Germanesque tales of diablerie. For the rest there is more effort than effect. A few of the thoughts in "A Sixty-Drop Dose of Laudanum" are striking, as "I have noticed that those men who give bad characters of women have usually worse characters themselves"; but others are trite and sometimes disfigured by appalling puns. A well-meant but not successful effort to prove that Mangan's prose was worthy of standing beside his poetry.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT. By George Clinch. (Methuen, cloth, 3s. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net.) A new volume of The Little Guides is always welcome; guides little in size but big in achievement. The geologist, the botanist, the antiquary, the student of history and biography, as well as the mere idle rambler, all are catered for in this dainty volume and have reason to be grateful to its author. Mr. F. D. Bedford's illustrations are admirable; he has a peculiar and charming gift of conveying the effect of sunshine in black and white, and his cloud-scapes are delightful. Most noteworthy are the pictures of Carisbrooke Village, Quarr Abbey, Godshill Church, and The Needles.

Reprints and New Editions

"Oblivion is the nemesis of over-praise," says Mr. Lewis Campbell in his introduction to **POEMS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL** (Golden Treasury Series, Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net), so I must be careful what eulogy I pay to this volume of selections. Of course we all know the "Exile of Erin," "Ye Mariners of England," "Hohenlinden," and a few others, but Campbell deserves better of our memories than this, and the present excellent selection is welcome. As Mr. Lewis Campbell points out in his introduction, Campbell's genius was "essentially lyric," and I fear "The Pleasures of Hope" will never catch the town again. From Mr. Moring, in the dainty and charming King's Classics, I receive Chaucer's **THE MAN OF LAW'S TALE**, **THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE**, and the **SQUIRE'S TALE** (1s. net), discreetly done into modern English by Professor Skeat, who, as was to be expected, does as little in the way of alteration as he can, and therefore has done his work well. In the same series comes **THE HISTORY OF FULK FITZ-WARINE** (1s. 6d. net), "Englished" by Alice Kemp-Welch, with an introduction by Dr. L. Brandin. "In the time of April and May, when once again the meadows and the pastures become green, and all living things renew their virtue and beauty and strength, and the hills and the valleys resound with the sweet warble of the birds and, by reason of the beauty of the weather and of the season, all hearts are uplifted and made glad, then is it meet that we should call to remembrance the adventures and the brave deeds of our ancestors"—which Mr. Moring has by this delightful reprint made it possible for all of us to do. In the King's Poets (Moring, 2s. 6d. net) I have **THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE AND OTHER POEMS**, by William Morris, edited by Robert Steele, who in his introduction traces the history of the romantic revival, using, it seems to me, the word romantic in a somewhat unusual and too limited sense, tracing it through Ossian, Bishop Percy, Chatterton and Scott to Tennyson, Carlyle and eventually Morris! All these books of Mr. Moring have a pleasant air of distinction, characteristic of his press. From Romance to romance. **OMOO**, by Herman Melville, edited by W. Clark Russell, appears in The New Pocket Library (Lane, leather 2s. 6d. net, cloth 1s. 6d. net), the editor's preface rather over-praising this tale of the South Seas—and—Mr. Lewis Campbell has told us what is the nemesis of over-praise. And—oh, how it carries one back to schoolroom days and delights!—an old and faithful friend, **TOM BROWN** (Methuen, 2s. 6d. net), with an introduction by Mr. Vernon Rendall—an introduction which will be read by all lovers of "Tom Brown," more particularly by old Rugbeians. But the paper of the little volume is not pleasing in colour and the type irritates the eyes—at any rate it irritates mine. It is quaint to think of notes to such a book as "Tom Brown," but here they are, and full of interest in their way. I turn away, reluctantly, to another very different volume—**GREAT SOULS AT PRAYER**, selected and arranged by Mrs. Mary W. Tileston (Allenson, 2s. 6d. net), a third edition of a very pleasing book. "Fourteen Centuries of Prayer, Praise and Aspiration, from St. Augustine to Christina Rossetti and Robert Louis Stevenson," as the title-page runs, explains the aim of this little volume, and Mrs. Tileston has done her work with great discretion. It is nicely printed and got up.

TRAINS OF THOUGHT. V.—The Poor Public

IT is commonly called the great public, but I am rather sorry for it and would show my sympathy. It is so often attacked, poor thing, and I feel that it cannot defend itself. I see it in imagination as a poor, dumb, scolded animal looking at me, a possible champion, with beautiful expressive eyes. "Poor public," I say gently, "what a shame!" But "brute!" shout the other writers, "many-headed beast! stupid, pig-headed, coarse, vulgar, imperceptive dolt! Get out!" Dear, dear . . . my acquaintance is happily miscellaneous, if I may affirm it without boasting for the sake of the argument, and I converse in my time with lawyers, doctors, sailors, soldiers, shopkeepers, porters, men of fashion, statesmen and shampooers at the Turkish bath. I might lengthen the list and add several sorts of ladies. Now, all these people, for I have excluded artists—in the ordinary sense of writers and painters and actors—make up, I suppose, the public. But my general impression of their conversation is anything but one of pig-headedness, vulgarity and the rest of it. How comes it, then, that the public has exposed itself to these unfortunate imputations?

But a difficulty in the way of clear thinking on the matter must be dealt with first. Are these people the public? Not a single man Jack of them regards himself as belonging to the public. Every one of them, of course, directly opposes to himself the public which is outside of his own calling, and in that sense is pretty sure, he also, to speak of the public with contempt. But, beyond that, speak to any one of them about the public in connection with a book or a play: his withers are unwrung. It never occurs to him that you may include himself. I remember, contrariwise, hearing a popular actress in some one-act play pronounce a long eulogy on the public, how dear and generous and sympathetic it was. The author, cunning rogue, no doubt had said to himself that the poor public was always being attacked, that he on the other hand would eulogise it: that it would be touched and charmed. But not a bit of it. The speech fell flat. No one in the theatre thought that he or she was intended, or took the least pleasure in hearing the public praised, and if any superior people were there they no doubt were disgusted. And we dislike to think, indeed, that any agreeable, responsive person with whom we talk belongs to the guilty body.

Still, there it is: we cannot suppose it to be a subjective hallucination, vanishing whenever we test it in the flesh. There is an amorphous, shifting, changing body, the public, which influences so sadly our books and painting and plays, our art. But what does the influence really mean? Given the public at the worst of the accusation, how much does it signify? If a man has it in him greatly to express himself in a book or a picture, it needs little of a public to get the one printed, the other furnished with canvas and paint. If his first aim is a fortune he will turn aside—but then he is not your artist. We are reduced to the theatre, about which there has been such a coil of late. A play cannot get itself produced without an anticipated public of many thousands, true. I fancy managers are apt to put the public's standard on too low a level: plays with ideas in them have succeeded even in our day, and some which merely repeated an empty formula have failed. I would even say a word for the public which makes successes of "musical comedies." My experience of contemporary examples is not large. I confess that one or two I have seen appeared to me to fall below any conceivable

level of civilised entertainment. But in three consecutive years I have been at Brighton when a company touring the provinces with the Gilbert and Sullivan operas has been there. Now, surely no one will dispute that when the English art of the nineteenth century in its latter half is soundly estimated these Gilbert and Sullivan operas will show very high in its achievements. Pass the greatest artists of the period—Tennyson, Meredith, Swinburne, Whistler—and you will not have a long roll to read before you come to them. They are almost perfect in their way, and their way is not a common one; the wit, musical and verbal, is a true wit, delightful to the intelligence. For myself, I admit that my interest is as sentimental as critical. I was brought up on them, I know them by heart, they are full of associations for me. Well, they came to Brighton, not an intellectual place, so to speak, with no such centre of culture in it as you find in Manchester or Birmingham. They were extremely well done, I must add in gratitude, by players who had learned to sing and relished the jokes: I forgave one or two of them—even I with my memories—for not being Mr. Grossmith or Miss Jessie Bond. Very well, they came to Brighton. Empty seats? A bored audience? A longing for this or that contemporary nullity? No, *Sir*. Packed houses, continuous laughter, hushed attention to the songs, vociferous applause—the last night of the visit a regular ovation. I maintain that even in comic musical pieces there is a public for better things.

But to resume—I take advantage of your patience. I think managers of theatres rate public intelligence too low. But I grant that as a whole the theatre public is not an intelligent, an artistic public. Whatever our race has been or will be it now has little sense of art. I am inclined to think that its sense of beauty is keener—a little keener—than it was, but not its intelligence. The idea, the genuine working of thought, is not what will attract it in a play. A Review published a monthly list of imposing signatures of people—eminent people—all of them—who deplore and protest against the state of the theatre in England and want this and that done to remedy it. I should have thought that they could have afforded a theatre between them if they wished for one: if I were a millionaire I should engage my favourite players, regardless of expense, to play me Congreve's comedies. The hope of getting anything done in a public way merely to make the theatre more intelligent and thoughtful I believe to be vain. Intelligence *laudatur et alget* in England to-day. Then what did I mean by suggesting that even in the playhouse the public might not be quite such a criminal as the poor thing is accused of being? Why, this. I believe that a great play, a play great in terms of its own art, will find a public here or anywhere. Not merely a clever play, an ideaed play, or a play with beautiful thoughts and moments in it. That may miss its chance, or sometimes lack a chance altogether. But a play which is a great play, with passionate drama and dramatic passion in it—that will not lack a chance.

So it appears that this poor public you are reviling does not prevent the greatest art, but merely discourages the second order. It is a pity. But if art does not exist for the public, neither does the public exist for art. There are other virtues than a sense of beauty and a joy in intelligence. You have scolded it enough. Here—poor public—here is a biscuit.

G. S. STREET.

Egomet

I HAVE a bad habit of lending my books; a good habit as far as kindness is concerned, but evil in its results upon my bookshelves, where there are not a few vacant places waiting to be filled once again by the books which I have entrusted to forgetful friends. When I borrow a volume, as I occasionally do, it weighs upon my conscience until I have returned it to its owner, but, alas, all bookmen are not so scrupulous as I am in this matter. If a man borrows money of me, he does seem to feel that he is more or less under an obligation to repay the loan, but as regards a borrowed book men and women alike leave conscience out of the transaction. Could I bring myself to be angry I would say that to steal a book from me is no less heinous than to filch my money off me. Then, being unmethodical, I make no note of to whom my book has been lent, and being forgetful I cannot always recall to whose care I have trusted my treasure, for each one of my volumes is to me a treasure.

YET there is a pleasure in lending and in borrowing books which I cannot forego. A fellow bookman will come in on me of an evening, and seated on either side the hearth we will discourse of our tastes in authors or discuss some literary topic of common interest. I find, perchance, that I have in my possession a book which my friend knows not, save perhaps by name, a book which I love and would have him also to love. What then can I do but take my treasure down from its shelf and beg of my friend to do me the pleasure of borrowing it, which, truth to tell, he is seldom loth to do? I rejoice at the prospect of the opportunity vouchsafed to me of giving pleasure to a lover of books and count not the possible cost to myself. When I visit a friend, I hover near his bookcases as a young man will flutter around a pretty damsel; with tenderness and reverence I pick out

this volume and that, tasting of the delights within, and, oh, the joy that fills my heart when my friend cries, "Come, borrow!" Yet when I reach home, treasure safely tucked under my arm, I almost repent me; I set aside any book I may be reading in order to peruse and then return betimes the work I have borrowed. Borrowing to me is a painful pleasure; so is lending.

I HAVE also a habit of marking in my volumes passages that take my fancy, which causes one of my friends acute distress. He borrowed once a book of me and sadly returned it the morrow morning, expostulating, saying that my marks had irritated him beyond measure; he could not read a book so disfigured, more especially as in most instances he could not for the life of him conceive why I had selected such and such lines for distinction. Sometimes when re-reading a book I myself wonder why certain passages were marked when, maybe years ago, I first read the work. This most frequently occurs with me in the case of novels, and I can only account for it by the change that is wrought in a man by the progress of time and also by the varying moods which affect the taste from hour to hour. Most superior persons will sneer no doubt at my fancying that there are any passages in mere works of fiction which can deserve the honour of being marked. But I am not a superior person, I hope—at least I believe I am not so, I pray I am not so. There is much wisdom and a deal of knowledge of human hearts in the novels of our great writers, and the world would be poorer indeed, not only in pleasures but in profits, without the masterpieces of Defoe, Goldsmith, Fielding, Miss Austen, Marryat, Thackeray, Trollope, Dickens, Meredith—all gods before whom I bow down and worship. I thank them humbly for many an hour of profitable entertainment. May their editions never grow less.

E. G. O.

Science

Space

WE all conceive of space as having three dimensions. The mathematician, it is true, can postulate a fourth dimension, and perform many very remarkable feats with it; but neither he nor anyone else can really frame a conception of this fourth dimension. He agrees with ordinary people that a fourth dimension is unthinkable.

Now it is certainly not worth while to attempt any *proof* of the tri-dimensional character of space. But we may attempt to adduce what is, so far as I am aware, an argument more or less new in favour of the view taken by realism that our conception of the tri-dimensional character of space does truly correspond with objective reality. A correspondent recently asked whether science had proved space to have four dimensions. I want to show, if possible, that we can adduce something like scientific proof of the assertion that space veritably has three dimensions.

It is dangerous work to attribute any belief to the idealists, for, with the exception of Berkeley, they are all interpreted differently by each of their followers. But we may take it that a typical idealist would deny the existence of anything in the outer world which veritably corresponds to our conception of space as having length,

breadth, and depth. To such an idealist, who declares space to be *no more* than one of the forms in which, owing to the possession of an innate idea concerning it, we think—I want to point out certain anatomical and physiological facts which seem to me to disprove his assertion.

At the base of the skull of each of us there is, on either side, a bone which is known as the *petrous* bone, owing to the fact that it is the hardest or "rockiest" in the body. It contains the inner ear or essential organ of hearing, and its hardness is doubtless an adaptation to this function, since the harder it is the better it will conduct those vibrations which our sense of hearing indescribably converts into sound. The inner ear is supplied, on each side, by the eighth cranial nerve, which is therefore known as the auditory nerve. But it has been discovered that the auditory nerve really consists of two divisions which have totally different functions and totally different courses inside and outside the brain. One of these divisions has nothing to do with hearing, but with the preservation of our equilibrium or balance. It is the nerve of equilibration and runs to the peripheral organ of that sense. Unlike other peripheral organs, however, such as the eye or ear or nose,

this organ is not literally peripheral at all, and we shall see that there is no need for it to be so. It lies beside the inner ear in the heart of the petrous bone on each side. Its function is to tell us the position of our head *in space*; and when it is disordered we suffer from incurable vertigo, reeling like a drunken man, simply because we do not know where we are.

Now of what does the organ of equilibration consist? It is composed of *three* tiny canals, each of them shaped like half a circle. Each of the three semicircular canals contains a fluid, in which lie the numberless terminations of the nerve of equilibration. Every movement of the head, however slight, will cause a tendency to movement in the fluid and therefore a pressure upon the nerve-endings. The brain is informed of this pressure, and so we know how our head has been moved. This theory, which is now generally accepted, was originated by Professor Crum Brown, of Edinburgh, who is, curiously enough, not a physiologist but a chemist. Now space being, as we believe, tri-dimensional, it is possible for the head to be moved in three directions or in compounds of them. We may nod our head, shake our head, or depress or raise it vertically. How, then, are the three semicircular canals arranged on each side of the head? *They are arranged in correspondence with the three dimensions of a cube*, two being vertical but at right angles to one another, and one being horizontal. The arrangement on the two sides is symmetrical, so that every possible movement of the head exercises a corresponding influence on some pair or pairs of the six canals: nothing can escape them.

Now if we go down to the lowest vertebrate animal we do not find these canals at all. The fish simply has an organ named the utricle, which is its ear and perhaps serves partly to equilibrate the fish as well. As we ascend the vertebrate scale, we find the gradual evolution of these three canals, and pathology tells us that the vertigo which ensues from disorder of them corresponds to the direction of the particular canal or canals which may be affected. For instance, if the horizontal canals be affected, it is the movement of "shaking the head," or movement in the horizontal plane, which upsets the equilibrium of the patient. These observations have been absolutely verified by the experiments of Flourens on the pigeon.

Now as to the relation of these facts to the nature of space. If I simply argue, in controversy with the idealist, that the number and arrangement of the canals prove the tri-dimensional character of space, I can imagine a just reply. "Not at all," he would say, "all you have shown is that we believe space to be tri-dimensional because we have a tri-dimensional arrangement for appreciating it. You are arguing in a circle." But it seems to me that there is an answer to that argument. What I want to know is this: If space be not tri-dimensional in verity, *why* should there have been evolved within our heads a tri-dimensional arrangement for appreciating our position in it?

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

IN the ordinary course of things an unsuccessful play is not worth an analysis, but Mr. R. O. Prowse in "Ina," produced by The Stage Society this week, has deserved if not success at any rate serious consideration. Mr. Prowse has been hampered partly by stage conventions from which he has failed to shake himself free, partly

by ignoring the fact that a play is not a novel. The theme of the piece is good and strong. A young, pure but not prudish girl of sensitive nature is married to a blackguard, who is afflicted with a mysterious disease. There are certain drops prescribed by the doctor, which should be administered to the husband by the wife immediately symptoms of an attack show themselves. The husband grossly abuses the wife, Ina, an attack develops itself, Ina hesitates for a moment—a few moments—then, overcoming her repulsion to the man, rushes to his rescue with the drops—but too late; he is dead. So far a good situation, but, oh! how crude is the workmanship. Dr. Knighton talks vaguely of disease, why not give it a name? He flourishes those drops about, until we say, "Drops! Oh, yes, we know those drops, they won't be given." In fact this first act smacks of melodrama; simply, quietly written it might have been tragedy.

Now there is a young optimist poet, Bertie Egerton, who loves Ina, so obviously does so that the husband has been bitterly jealous. The pretty widow is afflicted with a very natural remorse, but after the lapse of eighteen months of weeds accepts the poet as her second husband. Dr. Knighton, who has guessed Ina's secret, tells her that she should tell the facts to Bertie, which she does, and Bertie fails her. They part, and eventually the strong man, the Doctor, wins Ina's love. All this is good in outline, but Mr. Prowse has failed in the details, failed to handle his materials to the best advantage, failed to show any gift for writing drama. Whether he has such gift remains to be proved. The characters in the play talk explanatory matter, they are made to show their natures and emotions by describing them in talk, which is wrong, they should betray them by their actions, by their deeds they should be known. Then they repeat catchwords—such as Ina's "The loneliness of it"—which irritate and do not convince. Further still with the exception of Ina the characters are not fully conceived, they are types rather than individuals. One more grumble, why does Mr. Prowse introduce that absurd and unnecessary figure of an uncle, with his ridiculous aches and pains, a figure of fun as old as farce itself but utterly out of place in a drama? Mr. Prowse has shown earnest endeavour, a knowledge of human hearts but not of the traffic of the stage. The whole thing was interesting but not convincing.

THE acting as a whole was excellent with one fatal exception. Mr. Norman McKinnel was quiet and effective as the Doctor, Miss Margaret Halstan the same as Ina, though a thought too lachrymose, showing little of that pagan joy of life of which she talks so much, but Mr. Loring Fernie failed to give anything approaching a faithful portrait of the optimistic young poet. Mr. Granville Barker would have played the part to perfection and greatly added to the play's effectiveness. As a good-natured and jovial friend of Ina, Miss Granville was very good—playing the part in the fine spirit of comedy, natural and unforced.

A PRETTY American girl marries the son of a London merchant, and knowing nothing of the value of money spends it with both hands, with results that would be disastrous in real life, but which in comedy lead only to pleasant episodes which all end happily—such is Mr. H. H. Davies' "Cynthia" now being played at Wyndham's Theatre. A gentle, entertaining piece of fun such as we now expect from this dramatist, full of sunshine, with mere April showers and no storms,

laughter moving, bright, stirring no deep emotions. Cynthia gets into debt, Cynthia borrows money from a money-lender, plays with fire, but, of course, does



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE

not burn her fingers. Cynthia pouts, frets, makes love, is tender, at one moment is almost, if not quite, pathetic. Who is Cynthia? This is she. A very charming figure she is made for us by Miss Ethel Barrymore; others who do well are Mr. Max Freeman, Mr. Wheelock, junr., Mr. Du Maurier and Miss Louise Douste.

BUT to be fairly appraised "Cynthia" must be seen. As with Mr. Davies' other comedies the theme is slight, it is the clever little touches of character, turns of dialogue, snatches of tenderness that count, and the question suggests itself can Mr. Davies do more than this? Is it merely the dancing music of a shallow stream or are there depths yet unsounded? I hope so. So far this clever writer has only skimmed over the surface, even of the comedy side of life: let us hope soon to see him trying a deeper depth with success. Sweets are welcome and wholesome, but one cannot live on them; so are trifles on the stage, but a fine dramatist is not content with trifling.

MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON's critical comment on "Hamlet" in "Harper's" for this month is disputatious. He delivers himself of a terrific onslaught on German Shakespearean criticism, delivering himself also of this interesting view of inspiration:

"All imaginative writers, whether in verse or in prose, are divisible into two great tribes: first, those poets who do not work their imaginations, but whose imaginations work them, such as Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Rabelais; Marlowe, Webster, Walter Scott, and, indeed, all those who may for convenience be designated 'the tribe of Nature's children'; second, those who belong to 'the tribe of Ben'—to use an affectionate phrase of Ben Jonson's followers; a tribe which, taking its origin long before

Ben Jonson was born—taking its origin, indeed, in a very early stage of literature—has produced many important members, though two of them tower above all the others: the author of 'The Fox' and the author of the 'Comédie Humaine.' As to these two, indeed, so great are they in their own line that in importance they may be ranked with all but the very greatest members of the other and older tribe. Yet with the members of that other tribe, whom I have ventured, for comparison's sake, to call the tribe of Nature's children, the writers 'sealed of the tribe of Ben' must not ever be confounded. Brilliantly and subtly as they depict human life, their 'specimens' of humanity are excogitated; they are characters born of induction, whereas the other tribe—the tribe of Nature's children—know nothing of any characters of induction, know nothing of any characters save those of their own imagination's spontaneous projection. The characters constructed by the tribe of Ben say this and do that because by induction the dramatist, working on the best principles of German criticism, considers what they ought to say and do, and makes them speak and act accordingly."

With all of which it is not difficult to agree.

BUT when Mr. Watts-Dunton goes on to say that when he painted Hamlet's portrait Shakespeare painted his own, I must cry "Halt"! "The perfection of the dramatist's work betrays him," continues Mr. Watts-Dunton; at that rate we must conclude that we have also portraits of Shakespeare in Falstaff, Rosalind and Caliban! Such reasoning as this will, I hope, some day be seen to be grotesque.

MRS. CRAIGIE's successful comedy "The Flute of Pan" will be produced in London during the next few weeks or in the early autumn.

Musical Notes

PERFORMANCES at Covent Garden continue to maintain a high standard of merit. If the season so far has produced little of epoch-making significance, the general average maintained has been remarkably good, while at least a few performances have been characterised by quite exceptional excellence. An impersonation of unforgettable beauty and impressiveness has been the Isolda of Ternina, for example. This was always one of her greatest parts, but it would seem to have gained even in its subtlety, pathos, and general distinction since the artist's last visit to London, and it is quite impossible to imagine a nobler or more touching presentation of what is perhaps the most appealing and most finely drawn of all the Wagnerian heroines than that which this incomparably great actress-singer provides.

No doubt to a thick-and-thin adherent of the *bel canto* school of vocalism Ternina's singing would seem to a considerable degree wanting—and this even though, by comparison with that which too often goes by the name of Wagnerian vocalism when purely Teutonic singers are concerned, Ternina's singing is positively Italian. For Ternina, though almost exclusively identified with Wagnerian rôles in this country—she has some fifty or sixty other parts in her repertoire in which she has never been heard in London—is not, of course, a German by birth, and possesses, therefore, none of the worst qualities commonly associated with the German method of voice-production. At the same time her voice and vocal method, taken as such, cannot be regarded as the strongest detail of her artistic outfit.

CERTAINLY it is a splendidly powerful organ which she possesses, and no less certainly she uses it after her own manner with incomparable skill and effect. The variety of tone-colouring which she obtains is in particular quite marvellous, so that almost by the quality of her utterance in this regard alone the nature of the particular emotion which she is expressing might be inferred. In this respect only Calvé is perhaps her equal among contemporary operatic singers; and no-one would gainsay that this particular quality is as valuable as it is rarely acquired. At the same time, regarding her singing merely as singing in the older sense of the term—that is as a succession of mellifluous sounds—it could and would be criticised by many. Not so, they would say, did Malibran, Grisi, Jenny Lind, Titiens, Nilsson, and others charm their hearers in earlier days. And in a sense no doubt they would be right.

TERNINA does not possess that beauty of voice, natural or acquired, with which such great singers as those named, and many of their predecessors, achieved their triumphs. But *en revanche* she does that with her voice which the singers of an earlier day for the most part never dreamed of attempting. For the most part, it must be said, because we know that there were some, such as Titiens, who did combine in an eminent degree the art of expression with that of beauty of tone. But, in a general way, this was not thought needful, and hence we get that from a Ternina or a Calvé which, if in a restricted sense inferior to the singing of bygone times, in another is something infinitely greater.

NOR is it needful to go back into the past to make the necessary contrast. One only has to compare the singing of Madame Melba with that of her great Wagnerian rival to realise the essential difference between the two schools of vocal art. Madame Melba, you may say, is perfect in her way. Hear her as Juliette, or Gilda, or Marguerite, or what you will, and you cannot fail to be charmed. It is all so easy and natural and elegant and bird-like that the least impressionable must admire. With Andrea del Sarto in the poem Madame Melba may say—

"I do what many dream of, all their lives.
—Dream? strive to do, and agonise to do,
And fail in doing."

But, from the dramatic point of view, how little does it all amount to? You listen and you enjoy, but how faintly are you stirred!

Art Notes

The Royal Academy—III

THE great central gallery of the Royal Academy contains pictures this summer which will not be forgotten for many a long year—it contains as well some strangely mediocre work. What a whimsical creature must be that dame of Chance who whispers to the Selecting Committee "Take this," "Honour that," "Reject t'other"! Mr. John Sargent's—(how odd the Mister sounds before the name of one who has become a master!)—Mr. John Sargent's splendid masterpiece in green harmonies, "The Duchess of Sutherland," dominates all the artistic effort of this place; and its gloriously breezy pendant, Mr. Furse's "Diana of the Uplands," runs it close for the place of honour; but I have already written of these things, so

will take the lesser canvases about the room. Mr. Rex Vicat Cole shows a steady advance with "An English Landscape." Mr. Arnesby Brown justifies his election with his fine picture of cattle crossing "The Bridge." Mr. John Sargent's large portrait of "The Countess of Lathom" is, I fancy, more popular than the splendid canvas of "The Duchess of Sutherland;" but it leaves me unmoved in spite of much fine work. The veteran Mr. G. F. Watts sends a charming portrait, which he calls "Lilian"—a picture which contains an almost exaggerated announcement of the range of his technical craftsmanship and seems to sum up his manner. At least, so it seems to me—a sort of colour movement that ranges the whole gamut of his palette. Mr. Robert Brough again establishes his right to be considered one of our most brilliant portrait-painters. Mr. Frank Dicksee sends his best canvas in the form of a graceful portrait of a very handsome woman. I think Mr. Wollen will find some difficulty in proving his idea that Wellington rode up to the French muskets before giving his order for the English line to advance at Waterloo. Mr. Herkomer gives us one of his best and strongest portraits this year in his "Joseph Chamberlain, M.P."—a fine subject, strongly painted. It is the contemplation of work such as this that makes one wonder why such an artist as Herkomer has just missed the heights. Of Mr. Brangwyn's large decorative historical panel we have already spoken praise; but Mr. Herbert Draper shows in his "Golden Fleece" such a falling away from his best work as could only have been excused by election to the Academy. I liked much, in its detailed, Meissonieresque manner, Mr. Bacon's "A Voice"—the lady in Empire dress who sings on a lawn to a brilliant company. Mr. Gow's "Farewell to Nelson" will make a popular engraving—indeed there is much charm in the picture. To Mr. Napier Hemy's fine "London River" I have already called attention; but Mr. John Sargent's portrait head of "Major-General Leonard Wood, U.S.A." will scarcely receive from the public the attention that its strong handling and great qualities claim. Mr. Orchardson's portrait of "Sir Samuel Montagu, Bart." is an exquisite effort largely lost on forms that are too big for his delicate brush, though the life-size head is remarkably effective in spite of the straining of this fine artist's dainty manner.

In the Fourth Room is Mr. George Clausen's sunlit, powerfully rendered "Gleaners Coming Home"—a vigorously realised piece of impressionism, that will haunt the memory of those whose eyes have dwelt upon such scenes. Mr. Hathewell has managed the large groups in "The City Fathers' Welcome to King Edward the Seventh" as well as it is possible to do these things perhaps. The general key of colour is at least well rendered. But one finds oneself unable to weigh any other pictures in the balance of criticism in this room, for Mr. John Sargent's masterpiece of "Mrs. Wertheimer," one of the most powerfully painted portraits of our time, holds the admiration and demands the whole attention and homage of such as have artistic insight.

In the Fifth Room is a charming portrait of a child, "Lord Ashley," by Mr. Harrington Mann, though here, again, we find a portrait by Mr. John Sargent gripping the attention and putting all else to rout. It is the figure of "Mr. Devitt, the President of the Shipping Federation," and a masterly affair it is. A delightful landscape by Mr. Alfred East is one of the best things in this room—"Morning at Montreuil, Pas-de-Calais"

—a fresh poetic romantic work. Mr. La Thangue is well represented this summer, and his well-known technique draws one to all he does. Mr. David Murray sends two more of his interesting landscapes of Constable's country to this room. Mr. Edwin Abbey again misses his highest achievement in his central panel for a reredos for the church of the Holy Trinity in Paris—the Christ is a wholly uninspired commonplace-looking man, and the most perfect technique in the world will not save the painting of a commonplace head from failure in the conception of God's supreme creation. The thing is impossible. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" would have been a mighty masterpiece had he but made the head as fine as Guido Reni's "Ecce Homo." It is a strange, a fantastic fact, that the greatest painters have utterly failed where Guido Reni has alone succeeded.

IN the Sixth Room Mr. George Henry makes a hit with his portrait in red of "The Marchioness of Tullibardine;" and here also hangs Mr. John Sargent's least interesting but largest canvas of "The Marquess of Londonderry carrying the great Sword of State at the Coronation." The poor man looks rather ridiculous at the comical situation; and his "train-bearer," the youngster, Mr. Beaumont, frankly shows that he feels ridiculous at the dandified business. Mr. Orpen sends an excellent portrait of "Charles Wertheimer, Esq.;" and Signor Mancini shows a very fine work entitled "En Voyage"—one really wonders what sane fellow was on the Selecting Committee this year. Mr. Young Hunter has painted a little portrait of "Mr. Filson Young" that is admirable; and Mr. Byam Shaw gives a hint that he is not quite asleep—or "gone to Dowdeswell" as I heard a wag call the wholly getting into the commission of the dealers.

THE Seventh Gallery holds three excellent portraits—the one is the droll presentment of a delightfully humorous face, the "Sir Francis Mowatt, G.C.B." of Mr. Charles Furse; the other is the strongly painted and finely achieved "T. P. O'Connor, Esq., M.P." of Mr. Bacon. This portrait of Mr. Bacon's will be a surprise even to his admirers—it is one of the best things in the Royal Academy. The third is another work by Mr. Furse, the fishing portrait of "Mr. and Mrs. Oliver"—a good workmanlike picture, but somehow or other, as always, the sporting element has marred the success. Sport seems to kill art—the most whimsical of paradoxes in the seeming, but a pitiful truth.

"THE CONNOISSEUR" for May keeps up to its high standard. The fascinating subject of Lowestoft china is continued by E. T. Sachs. Dr. Williamson commences his series of articles upon the Hermitage Collection at St. Petersburg; and Silver Lustre Ware also has a good first paper devoted to it.

"THE BURLINGTON MAGAZINE" for May, which is strong in reproductions of drawings by J. F. Millet, the great Frenchman, contains an excellent paper on the Oxford Exhibition of Historical Portraits by the Rev. H. E. D. Blakiston; and has a most sane editorial comment upon the Royal Academy and its administration of the Chantrey Bequest.

"THE ARTWORKER'S QUARTERLY" continues on its sound practical way, and is enriched by a block of the glorious mantelpiece by Alfred Stevens.

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,
Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings,

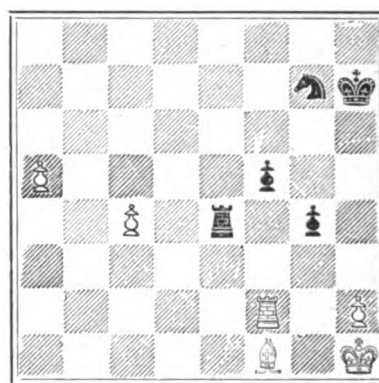
Also Pictures from the Uffizzi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from FREDK. HOLLYER, 8 Pembroke Square, London, W.
Illustrated Catalogue 12 penny stamps. Foreign stamps accepted from abroad.

Chess

[All communications, marked clearly "Chess" on cover, to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Academy and Literature," 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.1]

No. 7.

BLACK.



WHITE.

BLACK TO PLAY AND DRAW.

SOLUTION to No. 5. 1. R—Q 6; 2. B—R 6, R—Q 7 ch.; 3. K—Kt 3, P—K R 5 ch.; 4. K—Kt 4, R—K Kt 7 ch.; 5. K—R 5, K—B 4; 6. B—Kt 7, R—K Kt 6; 7. B—R 6, P—Kt 5 and wins. If 3. K—Kt 1, K—B 5; 4. P—R 4, K—Kt 6; 5. K—B 1, R—B 7 ch.; 6. K moves, P—Kt 5 and wins.

This position requires careful handling, and is not nearly so simple as it appears to be. 1. P—R 5 would probably only draw. Partially correct solutions to Nos. 4 and 5 were received from A. S. In neither case was the shortest method adopted, but the lines of play given would probably have proved successful.

The following fine example of the Evans Gambit was played many years ago at a leading provincial club, and is now published for the first time.

White.

Black.

1. P—K 4
2. Kt—K B 3
3. B—B 4
4. P—Q Kt 4
5. P—B 3

1. P—K 4
2. Kt—Q B 3
3. B—B 4
4. B×P
5. B—B 4

B—R 4 is more generally played now, as giving more scope to the defence.

6. O—O
7. P—Q 4
8. P×P

6. P—Q 3
7. P×P
8. B—Q Kt 3

The normal position.

9. P—Q 5

Probably the best continuation for White, and leading to a more durable attack than Morphy's move of Kt—Q B 3.

10. B—Kt 2

9. Kt—Q R 4
10. Kt—K B 3

Up to this point Black has played correctly, but this move subjects him to a fierce attack, from which he never escapes. Kt—K 2 is the correct move.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 11. P—K 5 | 11. P × P |
| 12. B—Q R 3 | 12. B—K Kt 5 |
| 13. R—K 1 | 13. B × Kt |
| 14. B—Kt 5 ch. | |

Very prettily played.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------|
| 15. R × P ch. | 14. P—Q B 3 |
| 16. P × P dble. ch. | 15. K—Q 2 |
| 17. Q × B | 16. K—B 2 |
| | 17. P × P |

If Q—Q 5, 18. R—K 7 ch., K—Kt; 19. P × P, Q × R; 20. P queens and mates.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------|
| 18. R—K 7 ch. | 18. Kt—Q 2 |
| 19. B—R 6 | 19. P—Q B 4 |
| 20. Q—K B 4 ch. | 20. K—Q B 3 |
| 21. Q—R 4 ch. | 21. K—Q B 2 |
| 22. Kt—Q B 3 | 22. K—Q 3 |
| 23. R × Kt ch. and wins. | |

PRIZE COMPETITION.

We award a prize of a guinea every quarter for the best game played at any club either in matches, tournaments, or in the course of ordinary play, with this restriction—that the club membership shall not exceed 200. We hope by this restriction to excite interest in the competition among clubs all over the country. The prize will be awarded to the player sending in the best game—that is, competitors may send in several games and the prize will go to the player who has sent in the best during the quarter. Competitors can therefore send in many or few games, as they see fit, and at any time. The prize will not be a cash payment, but will take the form of books to be selected by the prize-winner.

The name and club of each of the players must in all cases be given with the score of the game.

The prize will be awarded by the Editor of this column, his decision will be final, and no discussion or correspondence on his decision will be permitted.

Games may be sent in at any time by competitors, but not more than one game each week.

[COMPETITION COUPON (N PAGE III.)]

Correspondence

Literature and Science

SIR,—Your contributor's letter has brought out so clearly the irreconcilable difference between literature and science on the subject of moral evil that I trust you will forgive me for troubling you again. "Science," I am told, "regards moral evil as the negation of good." But, as the passages which I have quoted prove, if they prove anything, literature recognises that moral evil is much more than this, that it is a positive power in human nature and human life, of universal range and ceaseless energy, piercing to the roots of the moral nature, that no holiness and purity can blot it out of the consciousness of man, and that the most stringent laws, the whole force of public opinion, and all the restraining power of religion cannot effectually keep it in check. If moral evil is nothing more than the negation of good, why should Paul of Tarsus exclaim "Wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" or Hamlet, "Conscience does make cowards of us all"; or Othello, at the sight of Iago, "I look towards his feet, but that's a fable; if that thou beest a devil, I cannot kill thee"; or Saint-Simon, of the Prince of Condé, "Fils dénaturé, cruel père, mari terrible, maître détestable, pernicieux voisin, sans amitié, sans amis, incapable d'en avoir, uniquement propre à être son bourreau et le fléau des autres"?

The truth is, and here lies the secret of the difference, that in judging of moral evil literature takes man as the starting-point of its teaching, and science takes the Cosmos. It is no wonder, therefore, if the moral depth and the moral earnestness of literature are alien to science, which makes ethics dependent on cosmogony, and regards evil as a vanishing point in an immeasurable universe. With the arch-priests of literature the highest object of man's study and contemplation is the moral nature of man; with the arch-priests of science it is the eternal energy of the Cosmos. Between these antagonistic views there must be war "without truce and without herald."

The end of my friend's letter involuntarily reminded me of Sydney Smith's famous witticism: "My dear friend, that

fellow is capable of anything; I have actually heard him speak disrespectfully of the Equator!" I have no wish to speak disrespectfully of science, but I am forced to make one confession. As long as science is so ignorant of the Cosmos that it cannot even tell me how much of it is visible, or whether a single one of the countless orbs which surround me is the abode of living beings, I unreservedly accept Butler's famous dictum that the universe is "so incomprehensible that a man must, really in the literal sense, know nothing at all who is not sensible of his ignorance in it." I positively decline, therefore, to accept any argument about the good or evil of man's nature which is based upon it; and I unhesitatingly turn from speculations which deal with the unknown and unknowable to the great masters of literature, who have profoundly studied the facts of human life and human nature in their thousand varied aspects, and who "know what is in man."

Pardon the inordinate length of this letter; I can only plead, like the illustrious Frenchman, "Je n'ai fait celle-ci plus longue que parce que je n'ai pas eu le loisir de la faire plus courte."—Yours, &c. A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

"Grammar"

SIR,—In a valuable letter in your May 7 issue (page 531) the writer remarks that "grammar is a necessity," and proceeds to illustrate this fact by putting a verb in the plural after a noun in the singular preceded by *nor*. A communication (page 532) signed by six celebrities affords in its last sentence an instance of incorrect sequence of tenses, in the use of *be* for *were*. Are such solecisms attributable to the common habit nowadays of writing in haste or to the inherent difficulties of the English language?—Yours, &c.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

"An Infinite Capacity for Taking Pains"

SIR,—The above quotation, which has puzzled your correspondent "Max Judge," is simply an English rendering of Buffon's "Le génie n'est autre chose qu'une grande aptitude à la patience."

In regard to the definition, the above is far from satisfying; few definitions of genius are.

Genius, I take it, is born, and not made; you can therefore no more produce a genius by education than you can convert pebbles into diamonds by patient polishing.

Owen Meredith comes nearer the truth in his "Last Words," published in "Cornhill," vol. II., page 516, where he says:

"Talk not of genius baffled. Genius is master of man.

Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can."

—Yours, &c.

STANLEY HUTTON.

English Classes

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Street's clever article on page 525 of the May 7 issue, I personally think that the question can easily be settled.

The average man considers that it is all a matter of income. People who have about £1,000 per annum may be placed among the upper classes; people with about £500 among the "middle class"; and people with about £200 among the "lower middle classes." The others are unclassified.

Why trouble about subtleties when the business is so simple?—Yours, &c.

P. BEAUFOY.

"What Makes Her"

SIR,—The simplest interpretation of this is surely the very ordinary use of the phrase "What makes her so late?" "What makes you, him, them, so late?" The case is one of ellipse, the sense being "What (cause) makes her (be) so late?" It is an everyday phrase, but the insertion of "in the wood" gives it a strange and rather clumsy aspect.—Yours, &c.,

H. PEARL HUMPHRY.

[Other letters held over for want of space.—Ed.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

NOTICE.

In future one of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Contributors to these columns are once more earnestly requested to observe the very simple rules printed at the head hereof. Every week several are disqualified because they put their name and address on their enclosing letter only, and not on each separate question or answer.

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

"WHEN WE HAVE SHUFFLED OFF THIS MORTAL COIL" ("Hamlet" III. i. 67).—The ordinary interpretation of the above is, of course, obvious, and refers to the laying aside of man's mortal body. But there is another explanation, which states that "coil" is nowhere else used in this sense by Shakespeare, but that it is several times employed to signify "scene of strife"; therefore, since the word "shuffling" may very well be taken to describe the ambling movements of an Elizabethan actor, the true meaning of the line is not the laying aside of any mortal garments, but rather the disappearance from the play of life. Is this latter explanation reasonable? Are there any other passages in Shakespeare which deal with a similar idea, and, if so, is the word "coil" to be taken as akin to the French "querelle"?—*E.L.M.*

"THREE CORNERS."—In "King John" (V. vii. 116) the following lines are found:

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Why three corners and not four, as in Milton's "four hinges of the world" ("Paradise Regained" IV. 415)?—*A.T.*

LITERATURE.

AN "HISTORICAL DICTIONARY OF IDEAS."—Mr. Saleeby, in THE ACADEMY of May 7, refers to that most necessary yet unwritten work, an "Historical Dictionary of Ideas." Will some student of philosophical literature say what English book approaches nearest to the great unwritten book referred to?—*W.S. (Glasgow).*

AUTHORS WANTED.—Who were (a) "Clericus," author of "Facts and Fancies of Salmon Fishing" (1874); (b) "Agrestis," author of "Population and the Means of Comfortable Subsistence" (1863); (c) "Imperialist," joint author with L. S. Jameson, of "Biography of Cecil Rhodes" (1897); (d) "A Graduate of Cambridge," author of "Light of the West" (1869); (e) "T.E.C., an English Combatant," author of "Battlefields of the South" (1865); (f) "F.J.," author of "Recreations of a Recluse" (1870)? Who were the authors of "Proverbial Folk-lore" (no date), "How to Write Fiction" (1896), "Manners and Rules of Good Society" (1901), "Our American Cousins" (1867), "Tales and Traditions of Tenby" (1858), "Impudent Impostors and Celebrated Claimants" (no date), "Frank's Rancho" (1886), "Anecdotes of Luther" (1883), "Englishwoman's Love-letters" (1901), and "Elizabeth and her German Garden" (1898).—*W.J.J. (Bristol).*

THE "BLACKSMITH TARTAR."—Who was the "Blacksmith Tartar," referred to in the first chapter of George Borrow's "Lavengro" as a man of fighting renown? His name appears to be classed with the names of Wellington and Napoleon.—*G. Verney.*

THE OAK-TREE.—In a recent periodical I came across the following: "Chance of colour in the leaves of the oak forebodes evil. Evelyn, the great diarist, speaks of it as 'a fatal premonition of coming misfortune during the Civil war.'" Where in Evelyn's writings does this phrase occur? And is there any other testimony to the same superstition?—*A.L.G. (Leek).*

MAJOR DUVENT AND ISRAEL LYON.—Heine (Works, Leland's trans. ii. 286) says that "when Major Duvent challenged the great Israel Lyon to fight with pistols and said to him, 'If you do not meet me, Mr. Lyon, you are a dog,' the latter replied, 'I would rather be a live dog than a dead lion,' and was right." Who were these persons?—*Harmatopegos.*

HENRY III.—In the "Eikon Basilike" is written: "I had rather live, as my predecessor Henry the Third sometime did, on the Church's alms." &c. To what period in the life of Henry III. does this refer? And in what history may the account be found?—*A.L.G. (Leek).*

"PLUS JE CONNAIS LES HOMMES, PLUS J'AIME LES CHIENS."—In the March issue of the "Contemporary Review," the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco says Madame de Staël is the author of the saying, "The more she knows of men the better she liked dogs." I should like Madame de Staël the better if she did say it, but I cannot find it. Where is it?—*K.M.*

"VEILED QUEEN."—Could any reader tell me who is the publisher of Philip Aylwin's "Veiled Queen," or give me any information which would help me to procure a copy in case it is not now printed?—*Coblynau.*

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.—Could any one give me the real names of the author who writes under the name of "Gabriele d'Annunzio"?—*H. Ince Anderson (York Hotel, Albemarle Street, W.).*

"DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS."—Recent editions have the following fore-words: "A lady of high distinction for wit and beauty, the daughter of an illustrious Irish house, came under the shadow of a calumny. It has latterly been examined and exposed as baseless. The story of 'Diana of the Crossways' is to be read as fiction." Is this prefatory note to be found in the early editions of this novel?—*C. J. Pollard (Chingford).*

"MARBLE AIR."—From Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book iii.:

Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars. . . .
and in Book xi., speaking of Enoch:

Him old and young

Exploded, and had seized with violent hands. . . .

What are the meanings here of "marble" and "exploded"?—*L. M. Durward (Johannesburg).*

GENERAL.

CELEBRATED PRESSES.—Has any one done for Robert Etienne the same as Renouard did for Aldus and E. Goldsmid for Elsevier (with others too)? And was not Etienne's name generally spelt "Estienne" in his publications? It certainly is in a folio "Dictionnaire François-Latin" of the year 1539 I have in my library.—*K.M.*

* "HUNTING THE WREN."—What is the origin of the Irish custom of "hunting the wren" on St. Stephen's day (December 26)?—*D.O.M. (Southampton).*

ALLEGED CANONISATION OF BOETHIUS.—Boethius has been publicly honoured as San Severino at Pavia on October 23 from very early times, but I am not aware that he was ever canonised. Dr. Sandys, however, states ("Hist. Classical Scholarship," p. 238) that he was, and that in 1884. Is this true?—*Harmatopegos.*

"SHRED PIE."—The following is quoted from Thos. Tusser:

Beef, mutton, and pork,
Shred pies of the best.

What was a "shred pie," and is there a modern equivalent?—*W. D. Newton.*

HOLMAN HUNT.—In Bell's "Miniature Series of Painters" Mr. G. O. Williamson states among several of this artist's paintings missing the "King of Hearts" is to be counted. He adds it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1863 and "sold in 1872." The year of exhibition is stated correctly, but it was sold long before 1872, because I remember it in my mother's drawing-room long before 1870; but I cannot find out what became of it in subsequent years. Can any of your readers throw any light on it? It was really given to me in 1868 and again in 1873.—*K.M.*

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S BAND.—What sort of music was played by Nebuchadnezzar's band? I mean, of course, its character and composition. I recently asked this question of one of our foremost professors of music, who replied that he did not know.—*Asyria (South Shields).*

* "GREEN GRAVEL."—I have often heard this rhyme sung by children in Dublin, but have never been able to find any origin or meaning. Is it sung anywhere else?—

Green Gravel, Green Gravel,

The grass is so green:

A beautiful lady

As ever was seen.

Green Gravel, Green Gravel,

Your true love is dead;

And he sends you a message

To turn round your head.—*B. (Dublin).*

"PRETTY FANNY'S WAY."—From whom is this quoted? (Lord Rosebery's use of it is something of a *tu quoque*, since Mr. Chamberlain applied it to "C.B." a few months before.)—*J. A. Watson (Edinburgh).*

[See THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE for December 12, 1903.]

"DEUCE."—Lecky, in his "Rationalism in Europe," says in a footnote to p. 26 (Vol. I., 1865 edition): "The Dusi, whose exploits Saint Augustine mentions, were Celtic spirits, and are the origin of our 'Deuce.'" This note, where no doubt whatever is expressed as to the correctness of the derivation, suggested that it would be interesting to know the theory of present-day philological science concerning the matter. Does it agree with Skeat, who gets the word from M.E. *Deus*, and sneers at "lexicographers who tell us about the Dusi"; or with Murray and his contention that it is probably from L.G. *Duus*; or Wedgwood, with his "*Thurs*, the name of a Scandinavian demon"? Was Lecky's confidence in the "Dusi" theory well placed?—*T. E. Turnbull (Henton).*

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

INDEFINITE PRONOUNS.—Neither in the Clarendon Press edition (Clark and Wright) nor in the text of Johnson, Steevens and Reed does the personal pronoun have inverted commas. These, besides being meaningless, would make perfect nonsense grammatically. The passage, therefore, properly reads, "Thou canst not say I did it," to which no objection can be taken, since it is grammatically correct. A.H. is mistaken in saying Macbeth and his wife are disputing about the murder; and, even if they were, the meaning would be exactly the opposite of what A.H. says it is; for it is quite plain that Macbeth is protesting that he cannot be charged with the murder of Banquo—he was only art and part. Macbeth's declaration is called forth by the accusing attitude of Banquo's ghost sitting in Macbeth's seat and shaking its "gory locks." As regards the other passage, A.H. is mistaken in saying the author means "mine." "Call me thine" is strictly correct. A.H. is confounding the two personalities, and is not allowing for the difference between the first and second personal pronouns. The first is used in direct, the second in indirect, speech.—*A.L.C. (Edinburgh).*

* "A GOOSE-PEN AND THE ANGEL GABRIEL."—In "Twelfth Night," III. i. 52, the following lines occur: "Let there be gall enough in thy ink: though thou writest with a goose-pen, no matter." See also "The Deserted Village":

The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose.

The twelve good rules were ascribed to King Charles I., of which the following would apply to support Shakespeare: (5) Pick no quarrels; (6) Make no comparisons; (7) Maintain no ill opinions; (11) Repeat no grievances. The character attributed in the Bible to the angel Gabriel is sufficient index to the origin of the phrase.—*Wm. Ashton Tonge (Disley).*

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE.—Garrick was occupied in the summer of 1769 with the arrangements for a jubilee to the memory of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. "A design which he had long meditated and had much at heart." A rotunda was erected on the banks of the Avon, and on September 7, 1769, the proceedings opened with the celebration of public worship, which was followed by a banquet in the rotunda, after which songs written by Garrick were sung, and Garrick recited his occasional ode. On September 8 a ball was held in the rotunda. A procession through the town was arranged for the following day, in which the principal characters of Shakespeare's plays were to be represented, but a storm of wind and rain rendered the procession impracticable, and, as Murphy quaintly relates, "the jubilee ended abruptly, and the company left the place with precipitation." Garrick thereupon prudently resolved to transfer the scene of the procession to the stage of Drury Lane, where the elements would be under his personal control, and sunshine or storm could be summoned or dismissed at pleasure. Having written a farcical introduction, containing the adventures of visitors to Stratford, he produced "The Jubilee" at Drury Lane in October, 1769, with such success that it was repeated many times during the season. The expression "Garrick's Jubilee" may, according to its context, refer either to the proceedings at Stratford or to the entertainment at Drury Lane.—*George Nevill*.

ORIGIN OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.—"Promos and Cassandra" was written by Geo. Whetstone (1578). Hallam says that Shakespeare "found in it not only the main story of 'Measure for Measure' . . . but several of the minor circumstances." "The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England" appeared in 1591, and Shakespeare's "King John" in 1596. The author of the earlier play is unknown, but it was issued more than once as the production of Shakespeare. The "Menæchmi" of Plautus was translated in 1595 "by W. W." Professor Dowden identifies these initials as those of W. Warner. Besides the English version, "The Historie of Error," there was also a ruder form of the story "Jack Juggler." Authorities carefully point out the many characters and incidents in "The Comedy of Errors" which are not found in the "Menæchmi."—*S.C. (Hove)*.

ORIGIN OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.—George Whetstone's "Promos and Cassandra," from which Shakespeare took the story of "Measure for Measure," was printed in 1578, the plot being derived from a story which its author, Giraldi Cinthio, treated both in a novel and in a play. The author of "The Troublesome Raigne of King John," which appeared in 1591, is, I believe, unknown, but he was obviously of the school of Marlowe. William Warner's translation of the "Menæchmi" did not appear until 1595. Mr. Churton Collins considers it quite certain that "The Comedy of Errors" was written before the end of 1594, and that Shakespeare probably took his plot from Plautus direct without the aid of a translation. The first scene of his third act is from the same classical author's "Amphitruo," but the introduction of the two Dromios and all the pathos of the play are Shakespeare's own.—*A.R.B. (Malvern)*.

LITERATURE.

"THE NEW REPUBLIC."—My copy of "The New Republic" (new edition, 1878) has bound up with it some "Opinions of the Press," and among them a cutting from the "London Magazine," containing a key to the originals of the characters in Mr. W. H. Mallock's book as follows: "Everybody knows 'The New Republic' for a very clever and sufficiently reckless bit of literary caricature; but everybody does not know, I take it, the originals of the famous set of poets, philosophers, critics, and dilettanti that are posed therein for the delectation of all the world and his wife. Here is a list that should enable the veriest Philistine to feel at home in such goodly and æsthetic company: Storke, Professor Huxley; Stockton, Professor Tyndall; Herbert, Professor Ruskin; Donald Gordon, Thomas Carlyle; Jenkinson, Professor Jowett; Mr. Luke, Mr. Matthew Arnold; Saunders, Professor Kingdon Clifford; Rose, Mr. Walter H. Pater; Leslie, Mr. Hardinge; Seydon, Dr. Pusey; Lady Grace, Mrs. Mark Pattison; Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Singleton (Violet Fane)."—*M.A.C.*

[Answer also received from *J.D.H.O.*]

"MONKS OF ELY."—The story of Canute and the monks of Ely, as told in Gale's "Historia Britannica," is that the king, with his queen Emma and several nobles, was rowing past the minster, and hearing the monks chanting in choir, ordered the rowers to pause awhile that he might listen to the music. The chronicler continues: "Ceteros qui aderant in navibus ad se advenire et secum canere exhortabatur; ipse ore proprio cantilenam his versibus Anglice composuit:

Merie sungen the munecher binnen Ely,
The Canut cing rowden by.
Roweth, ender, ner the land,
And here we thes munecher sang.

Quod Latine sonat Dulce cantaverunt monachi in Ely, dum Canutus rex navigaret prope ibi. . . . Nunc, milites, navigate propius ad terram, et simul audiamus monachorum harmoniam; et cetera que sequuntur, que usque hodie in choris publice cantantur." It would seem, therefore, that there were originally other verses besides those quoted above, but if so they do not appear to have been recorded. The author of the "Historia Ecclesie Eliensis," whence Gale got this story, wrote about 1070, little more than a century after Canute's death.—*C. S. Jerram (Oxford)*.

[Answers also received from *M.A.C.* (Cambridge); *C. C. Stopes*; and *K.M.*]

"THE CHRISTIAN YEAR" AND "WATERLOO."—Is not your querist confusing matters? The "Christian Year" was written twelve years after Waterloo. I think "Malta" must be thinking of General Wolfe's remark to his men when rowing up the St. Lawrence and reading Gray's "Elegy," "that he would sooner have written that poem than take Quebec."—*K.M.*

EARLIEST SONNET WRITER.—From "Ellis" it would appear Sir Thomas Wyatt was an earlier writer of sonnets than Lord Surrey, though only by a year or two. I suppose B. only alludes to English poets; otherwise he is out of it by more than a century.—*K.M.*

"TUSH."—This word appears in the Prayer Book version of Psalm x., verses 6 and 12. There is no such word in the Hebrew—e.g., "He hath said in his heart, Tush, God hath forgotten," is, in the original, quite simply *אמר קדונו אל*. How, then, did "Tush" get into this translation?—*T.H. (Ely)*.

GENERAL.

"THE CASE IS ALTERED" is the name of what is probably Ben Jonson's second play of 1598: 4to, 1609; folio, 1692. The date is fixed within narrow limits by allusions in it to Meres' eulogy of Munday (here "Antonio Balladino") as the "best plotter" ("Palladis Tamia," 1598), and allusions to it in Nashe's "Lenten Stuff," 1599, as "that witty play of 'The C. is A.'" The plot is a combination of motives from Plautus' "Aulularia" and "Captivi": a young lord's love for a supposed beggar's daughter (in reality of good lineage) and the recovery, in a supposed

substitute for a prisoner of war, of a long-lost son. Popular in its own day, may not the inn-signs be a record of Ben Jonson's play? The dramatist, no doubt, knew the neighbourhood of Harrow, and in his more famous play, "Bartholomew Fair," two of the characters are Bartholomew Cokes, a foolish young "Esquire of Harrow," and Humphrey Wasse, his man.—*A.R.B. (Malvern)*.

"THE CASE IS ALTERED."—The phrase "Circumstances alter cases" is attributed to Haliburton (1796-1865), author of "The Old Judge," &c., although it may be of earlier origin. Can any connection be traced?—*Wm. Asheton Tonge (Disley)*.

BARON TAYLOR.—Baron Isidore Justin Séverin Taylor was born in 1789 at Brussels, and died at Paris 1879. He was an artist and author of repute. He is, perhaps, best known by his "Voyages Pittoresques et Romantiques de l'Ancienne France," 1820-1863.—*W.J.G. (Stroud)*.

"GOD SAVE THE KING."—The following paragraph appeared in the "Irish Musical Monthly" of January, 1903: "There is ample evidence to sustain the opinion that 'God Save the King' was originally an Irish air. Quite a library has been furnished with the literature on the authorship of the 'National Anthem,' Dr. W. H. Cummings inclining to its having been written by Dr. John Bull, who died at Antwerp in 1628. The present version was first sung in 1740, as adapted by Henry Carey, and is, certainly, a very slight variant of an old Irish air, which has the typical burden of *Ochone, Ochone*. The Irish original was printed by D'Urfey in 1707, but previously it had appeared in 'Apollo's Banquet' in 1669, under the name of 'Ohone.'"—*D.O'M. (Southampton)*.

FEINAGLE.—Professor Feinagle of Baden, who in 1812, under the special patronage of the "Blues," delivered a course of lectures at the Royal Institution on Mnemonics.—*Wm. Asheton Tonge (Disley)*.

*INGENIOUS RHYMES.

Mephistopheles
Flung in his face a whole cup of hot coffee-les.
"Ingoldby Legends."

Mr. Owen Seaman has rhymed "prologue" with "whole hog." Mr. Lehmann's "Laus Remigii" in "Punch" two years ago contained this stanza:

The wrangler hasn't got an use for tangent or hypotenuse:
He doesn't deem it rotten news to hear about the rows;
And gentlemen whose bliss a row of sentences from Cicero
Is found in, wouldn't miss a row for reams of Latin prose.

Mr. Gilbert in the "Pirates" rhymes "strategy" with "sat a gee," Calverley rhymes "turmoil" with "sperm-oil." "Tin-tacks," "syntax," and "flat-axe" would make a fine trio. Mr. Gilbert, in the "Mikado," rhymes "executioner," "ablutioner," "diminutioner," and "you shun her." Mr. R. C. Lehmann's "To the Master of Trinity" and Mr. A. A. Sykes' "The Tour that never was," in Mr. Theodore Cook's "Anthology of Humorous Verse," are both full of most ingenious triyllabic rhymes.—*J. A. Watson (Edinburgh)*.

"BULLO COAL."—Can a derivation be substantiated from the Spanish—bullir, "to boil," and bullon, "dye bubbling up in a boiler"? signifying the pleasant and companionable crackling of a fire.—*Wm. Asheton Tonge (Disley)*.

"THE OYSTER."—The author of "The Oyster: Where, How, and When" to Find, Brood, Cook, and Eat it" is, I believe, Major H. Bynghall. A second edition was published in 1863, with a new chapter, "The Oyster-seeker in London," an autograph copy of which the present writer has in her possession.—*M.M.M. (Richmond)*.

"SO LONG!"—Lit.: "Thus; for the length of time" (until I see you again), the Spanish and French equivalents being respectively *Hasta la vista* and *Au revoir*.—*Wm. Asheton Tonge (Disley)*.

"FAYNETS."—I take this word (used by children in their games) to represent "fen" hits, that is, I fend or forbid hitting (French *défendre*, to forbid). "Fen" keeps, "fen" knucklin's, and similar expressions I have heard used by London boys in playing marbles.—*A. Carlyle Tait*.

COUNTING OUT VERSE.—The Hampshire way of "counting out verses" runs thus:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to heaven:
A penny on the water, twopence on the sea,
One, two, three, out goes she.

In what sense the third line is to be taken I do not know, considering water and sea are much the same thing.—*Nellie Godwin*.

STEVENSON'S EPITAPH.—I am afraid there is something to be said against your correspondent's extremely brilliant and ingenious interpretation of Stevenson's "I lay me down with a will." Had Stevenson been as skilled in law as your correspondent seems to imagine, he would have certainly given his will its legal appellation of "Trust, Disposition, and Settlement." He could have completed his stanza somewhat as follows:

And I lay me down with a Trust
Disposition and Settlement
..... rent
..... spent
..... dust.

"The task of filling up the blanks" would, of course, present no difficulty to a real poet. But Stevenson frequently averred that all the law he ever knew was that stillicide was not a crime nor emphysema a disease. So perhaps the lines should be interpreted in the usual way.—*Jure Peritus*.

STEVENSON'S EPITAPH.—A sufficient answer to the query raised is, I think, supplied by the context:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig my grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die...

The sublime pathos of the epitaph repudiates any such suggestion as that implied by your correspondent, while if any further evidence is needed, the remembrance of the tragedy of Stevenson's life should be convincing.—*Alfred White*.

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London: 28 May 1904.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.]

Literary Notes

THE "Letters of John Ruskin," by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, commence in the May issue of "The Atlantic Monthly," and promise to provide extremely interesting reading. Professor Norton first met Ruskin in the year 1855 at Denmark Hill, and he gives a striking description of the appearance of the writer of "Modern Painters," the third and fourth volumes of which work were then being written. "His abundant light-brown hair, his blue eyes, and his fresh complexion gave him a young look for his age; he was little above middle height, his figure was slight, his movements were quick and alert, and his whole air and manner had a definite and attractive individuality. There was nothing in him of the common English reserve and stiffness, and no self-consciousness or sign of consideration of himself as a man of distinction, but rather, on the contrary, a seeming self-forgetfulness and an almost feminine sensitiveness and readiness of sympathy. His features were irregular, but the lack of beauty in his countenance was made up for by the kindness of his look, and the expressiveness of his full and mobile lips."

THERE are life-like pictures of Ruskin's father and mother and incidental lights upon the changes that have come over London and London life. Professor Norton was invited to dine at half-past four and he describes the "pleasant vista toward the east," which could be seen from the windows of the Ruskins' house at Denmark Hill, then a rural village; now——! Then there is that sherry which appeared one evening when the cloth had been drawn after dinner, from the cask "which had been on board the 'Victory' for Nelson's use in the last month of his life. Mr. Ruskin was always proud of his sherry, but this wine, of supreme excellence in itself, not only pleased his fine palate, but touched his romantic fancy. It had been ripened on a fateful voyage, it had rocked to the thunder of the guns of Trafalgar, a glass of it might have moistened Nelson's dying lips."

IN one of the letters Ruskin writes of Rome: "These appear to me incontrovertible and accurate conclusions—that the streets are damp and mouldy, where they are not burning; that the modern architecture is fit only to put on a Twelfth cake in sugar (*e.g.*, the churches at Quattro Fontane); that the old architecture consists chiefly of heaps of tufo and bricks; that the Tiber is muddy; that the Fountains are Fantastic; that the

Castle of St. Angelo is too round; that the Capitol is too square; that St. Peter's is too big; that all the other churches are too little; that the Jews' quarter



CAPTAIN M. H. GRANT
("Linesman")

[Photo. Elliott and Fry]

is uncomfortable; that the English quarter is unpicturesque; that Michael Angelo's Moses is a monster; that his Last Judgment is a mistake; that Raphael's Transfiguration is a failure; that the Apollo Belvidere is a public nuisance; that the bills are high; the malaria strong; the dissipation shameful; the bad company numerous; the Sirocco depressing; the Tramontana chilling; the Levante parching; the

Ponente pelting; the ground unsafe; the politics perilous, and the religion pernicious. I do think that in all candour and reflective charity, I may assert this much."

THE whole question of plagiarism is raised by a letter in last week's "Spectator" on "Disraeli's Borrowings," though the letter itself deals only with *bons mots* and epigrams. Is it fair to accuse a man of wit of plagiarism because his words and his wit are closely similar on similar occasions to those of other men of wit? Because Burke described Pitt as "the sublime of mediocrity," must Disraeli necessarily have had Burke's words in his mind when he spoke of Peel as "sublime mediocrity"? The words may have been merely coincidental or the likeness unconscious. When we remember how much such a man as Disraeli had read, would it not be remarkable if upon occasion his words were not similar to those of others? The same remark applies to other examples given in the letter referred to. Again there is the case of conscious copying which is surely akin to quotation, for the likeness could not by any chance be overlooked, such as Disraeli's "There is no love but at first sight."

BUT what is to be said of such a case as this—I quote from the letter—in "Vivian Grey"? "Essper George addresses the sea: 'O thou indifferent ape of earth, what art thou, O bully ocean, but the stable of horse-fishes, the stall of cow-fishes, the sty of hog-fishes, and the kennel of dog-fishes.' The idea of this passage was forestalled by Fuller in his character of the good sea-captain in 'The Holy State.' 'Who first taught the water,' says Fuller, 'to imitate the creatures on land, so that the sea is the stable of horse-fishes, the sty of hog-fishes, the kennel of dog-fishes, and in all things the sea is the ape of the land?'" There is such exact similarity of thought and word in these two passages that it cannot be a case of mere coincidence, and Disraeli had not the excuse that he found a golden thought ill-expressed and polished it to perfection.

DUMAS, as the writer of the letter reminds us, declared that it is a prerogative of genius not to "steal" but to "conquer." This is a nice point, which can be argued *ad infinitum*, and which each writer can determine according to his individual preference and practice. But the point which I desire to raise is this, that it is very easy to make out cases of plagiarism against almost any, if not every, modern writer. So much has been said and written that it must perforce occur that a writer of to-day will occasionally say again and in very similar words what has oft been said before. Further than this, those who have read much must unconsciously call to mind phrases they have read which are apt to the facts they themselves desire to describe. Too often, however, writers are accused of deliberate theft, an accusation easy to bring and easy to refute, for the mere word of denial from any man or woman of letters should suffice. But is it right so to accuse those whom we have no right whatever to suspect of dishonesty? And—the dead cannot answer for themselves.

BUT such a subject can only be touched upon in this place; it would not be by any means a useless work if some competent critic were to give us a volume upon the "History and Ethics of Plagiarism." To carry out such a project adequately would require a vast acquaintance with literature, ancient and modern, and a highly judicial mind. It would make good reading and be not without critical value.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS announce that the first volume of what should prove to be a very interesting and useful work is in the press, namely, Volume 1. (A to G) of "A Dictionary of the Drama" by Mr. W. Davenport Adams. The aim of the undertaking is to provide a handy means of reference to playhouses, playwrights, players and plays of the United Kingdom and America from the earliest to latest days, also a dictionary of theatrical terms and stage literature generally. The task of compilation must have been arduous, clearness and accuracy are essential, and Mr. Davenport Adams is fully equipped to carry out the work to satisfaction. The second volume is expected to be ready early in the autumn.

YET another new magazine and one which may rely upon a warm welcome. The first number of "Arts and Crafts" will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson in June, the publication aiming at being a practical monthly for Art workers, students and lovers. The price will be 1s. net. Among the principal contents of the first issue will be "Modelling from Life" by Professor Lanteri, a reproduction of a crayon drawing by Professor Legros, "Enamelling for Jewelry" by Alexander Fisher and "Practical Bookbinding for Amateurs" by Miss de Rheims. Professor Walter Crane will also assist.

A VERY charming production is "The Art of John MacWhirter, R.A.," written by M. H. Spielmann, who does full justice to his subject, and published by Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl. The full-page plates are on the whole very good, though one or two are a trifle hard; "The Sleep That is Among the Lonely Hills" and "June in the Austrian Tyrol" are charming, and prove how admirably some pictures lend themselves to modern processes of reproduction.

THE exhibition of Irish painters which is to be opened next week at the Guildhall will be a surprise to many who, while acknowledging the fine work done by contemporary Ireland in literature and drama, have been unaware of the number of painters in the first rank who are of Irish birth or blood. The works of Mr. C. H. Shannon, Mr. J. J. Shannon, Mr. Lavery, Mr. Orpen, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. Furse, Mr. Brabazon, Mr. Hone, Mr. J. B. Yeats and other artists, make a fine show. There is also a good collection of the work of earlier painters such as Maclise and Mulready, whom Ruskin called the first of the pre-Raphaelites. Mr. Hugh Lane, by whose public spirit and inexhaustible energy the collection was brought together for St. Louis and secured for London, must feel rewarded by the interest which is already being taken in the project.

"THE Library" contains a useful paper, chiefly bibliographical, on Tottel's Miscellany as well as various technical articles for librarians.

Bibliographical

WE are told that Mr. W. D. Howells, who is now on a visit to this country, will not be entirely idle while here, but will continue to contribute his "Easy Chair" papers to the pages of "Harper's Magazine." Judging from the amount of literary matter which he has produced, I should say that Mr. Howells could not be idle if he

tried. I calculate that during the past two decades something like forty books by Mr. Howells have been published in this country, and in that number I do not include his printed comedies and farces. How far, nevertheless, he is known to the average English reader of to-day it would be difficult to say. To middle-aged people some of his best work is certainly familiar. "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Foregone Conclusion," "The Undiscovered Country," "The Lady of the Aroostook," "A Modern Instance," "Dr. Breen's Practice"—these were all being read over here more than twenty years ago. "The Rise of Silas Lapham" was perhaps the first of Mr. Howells' works to "fetch" the British public, which nevertheless appreciated as they deserved his "Venetian Life," "Italian Journeys," "Tuscan Cities," "Modern Italian Poets," "An Indian Summer," and so forth.

Since then, Mr. Howells has continued to be fertile, and most of his publications have found their way over here. A list of them would occupy more space than I can spare, but one may note, at any rate, "Criticism and Fiction" (1891), "A World of Chance" (1893), "My Literary Passions" (1895), "Stops of Various Quills" (1895), "Idylls in Drab" (1896), "Impressions and Experiences" (1896), "Literary Friends and Acquaintances" (1900), "Heroines of Fiction" (1901), "Literature and Life" (1902), and "Letters Home" (1903). Mr. Howells has published poems, and has made many a gallant effort to be recognised as a dramatist. Quite a number of his stage pieces have been seen in print over here, from "The Register" of 1884 downwards. We have had the opportunity of reading "The Elevator" (1885), "Garotters" (1886), "Sea Change" (this was a comic opera, 1888), "The Mousetrap and Other Farces" (1889), "The Sleeping Car, &c." (1889), "A Letter of Introduction" (1892), "Evening Dress" (1893), "Five-o'clock Tea" and "A Likely Story" (1897), "A Previous Engagement" (1897), "An Indian Giver" and "Bride Roses" (1900).

In 1900 Messrs. Macmillan added to their "Golden Treasury" series a collection of "Miscellanies by Edward FitzGerald." In this were included the memoir of Bernard Barton, and the account of his death and funeral; "Euphranor"; the preface to "Polonius"; the account of Crabbe (from the "Gentleman's Magazine"); the data for the life of Charles Lamb; the introduction to "Readings in Crabbe"; a little essay in imitation of Helps; and some occasional verses. Now there comes from Messrs. Routledge a volume of "Miscellanies of Edward FitzGerald," including the Omar quatrains, "Euphranor," the whole of "Polonius," the "Salámán and Absál," the memoir of Barton and account of his death, and the account also of Crabbe. Messrs. Routledge have done well to give the public the whole of "Polonius," for the quotations are a useful and suggestive guide to FitzGerald's thoughts and tastes. The "Euphranor" in Messrs. Macmillan's volume is, it should be observed, "printed from a corrected copy of the Dialogue as modified by FitzGerald from the second edition." The time seems to have arrived for a cheap, complete, and authoritative edition of the works of FitzGerald.

A volume of "Tales from Plutarch," of which promise is made, will no doubt have its attractions for the juvenile mind and palate; and assuredly the youngsters cannot know Plutarch too soon. Let us hope that the "Tales" will lure their readers on to the "Lives" themselves. Of recent years there have been many editions of separate or grouped "lives," with which, no doubt, many children have made acquaintance. Of the

Langhorne's version of the "Lives" there have been a good many editions during the past quarter of a century—in 1881, 1883, 1884, 1886, 1890 (in Lubbock's "Hundred Books" series), and again in 1898. That these editions were all complete I cannot confidently assert. It will be remembered that, five years ago, Messrs. Dent included Sir Thomas North's version of the "Lives" in their "Temple" series; there were ten volumes of it. Latest of all, there was the Clough-Dryden translation as re-issued last year in five volumes, at 30s. net; of this there had been no reprint since 1883.

The announcement of a new selection from the "Leaves of Grass" testifies to a continued demand for the effusions of Walt Whitman. Such a selection is already in existence in this country, having been made by Mr. Ernest Rhys, and published in 1886. Of the complete work several editions have been in circulation during the last twenty years—one in 1884, and others in 1892, 1896, 1898, 1899, and 1900, nearly all American in origin.

THE BOOKWORM.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

Another work by Dr. Emil Reich is announced for publication by Messrs. P. S. King & Son. "Select Documents Illustrating the History of the Middle Ages and Modern Times" is the title of a volume of about 750 pages, upon which Dr. Reich has been engaged for some considerable time. The "Select Documents" embody most of the original documents which form the basis of the author's "General History" (a work in two volumes to be published at the end of this year) with regard to the Middle Ages and Modern Times. Each document is preceded by a short introduction and a full bibliography, and a complete index to the volume is provided.—The fourth volume of Mr. Philip H. Hore's "History of Wexford" is just ready for publication by Mr. Elliot Stock. It will contain the history of Duncannon Fort, Fethard, Kilelogan, Houseland and the surrounding district.—A special feature of the June number of "Cassell's Magazine" will be a set of thirteen reproductions in colours of drawings of the Tower of London, by Mr. H. E. Tidmarsh. An article on the Historical Associations of the Tower, to accompany the drawings, has been written by Mr. D. H. Parry.—"The Making of a Man" is the title of a new novel by Mr. E. H. Lacon Watson, author of "The Templars." The novel, which is an intimate character study of literary life, will be published early in June, by Messrs. C. S. Brown, Langham & Co., Limited.—Many people will remember the publication some twenty years ago of a book entitled "Society in London," and how many conjectures were made as to the identity of its anonymous author. Now this mysterious person—"A Foreign Resident" he called and calls himself—has taken up the pen again and has written a volume on "Society in the New Reign." It will be published on Monday, May 30, by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.—A specially interesting article in the June "Independent Review," in view of the failure of the coalition against Mr. Watson, will be "The Labour Ministry in Australia," by the Hon. Pember Reeves. The article will be thoroughly up to date. In the same number the subject of "Trade Unions and the Law" will be discussed by Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Richard Bell. On the literary side Sir Frederick Pollock is contributing an appreciation of Sir Leslie Stephen, and Mr. Robert Trevelyan will review Mr. Sturge Moore's poems. Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson will continue his articles on "Religion and Revelation," and the Secretary of the Garden City Company will reply to the article by Mr. Seebohm which appeared in the May number. Other contributions are: "Women in Local Government," by Lady Trevelyan; "The Newer Spiritualism," by Mr. Frank Podmore; "Mountain Climbing," by Mr. Geoffrey Young, and "The Road from Colonus," by Mr. E. M. Forster.

Reviews

Empire

SUCCESS AMONG NATIONS. By Dr. Emil Reich.
(Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

AN interesting, suggestive, but in many ways depressing book. The task which Dr. Reich has set himself demands not only an immense store of learning, such as few men can possess, but also that still more rare possession, sane and unbiassed judgment. The undertaking is no less than from a bird's-eye view of past history to "sketch the probable success in the future," or the failure, of the nations of the earth, "the glory of success" which enables nations to hold "their own in the battle for historic existence." It need scarcely be pointed out that such a theme provides ample scope for brilliant work, and on the whole Dr. Reich has acquitted himself brilliantly, yet his book is disappointing in its pessimistic tone, a tone unintentional rather than designed. It is urged that material prosperity and intellectual activity seldom if ever are coincident, a conclusion which it is difficult to accept. Again Dr. Reich in weighing the various qualifications that go to make for a nation's success never mentions, at any rate gives no heed to, any qualities save intellectual and will power. In tracing the causes that have helped to build and sustain the British Empire it is strange to find no mention of what we may call moral qualities—the qualities that have gained for Englishmen among the nations they rule a character for justice, truth and upright dealing.

Dr. Reich discounts race as a factor in a nation's struggle for supremacy, laying weight chiefly upon geographical position. Thus of a country where agricultural success is easy, he says, "The desire and capacity for all occupations which do not present an immediate prospect of gain are slackened, and instead of going about his own business, which is the formation of new ideals, man simply becomes an extra wheel in the gigantic machinery of nature." Of leisured ease—"this artificial freedom from the cares and anxieties of existence is destructive of all individual initiative." According to Dr. Reich some nations are distinguished for will-power, *e.g.*, England; some for intellectual-power, *e.g.*, Greece; and "an ideal balance between the volitional and intellectual powers would be likely to procure the supreme degree of success in a nation." With which conclusion every one will and always has agreed.

To turn to more detailed matters, Dr. Reich points out very clearly, in surveying the story of Venice, that any blow dealt at the centre of a commercial empire "brings the whole colonial superstructure tumbling down like a house of cards," but fails, we think, to drive this truth home with regard to our own empire, although he does realise that our whole safety depends upon our supremacy upon the seas. Anent this point, surely Wei-hai-Wei, as it at present stands, is far from being a strong position.

As we have already pointed out few men can be fully equipped to carry out such an undertaking as Dr. Reich's, and it is perhaps therefore to be expected that in some departments of knowledge he should be caught tripping. What can be said of such a dictum as this, "The sole aim of art is to attain the supremely beautiful, and it is accordingly freed from the trammels which hamper nature." Emotion—the expression of emotion not the production of beauty—is the end of art. On the

other hand we are glad to quote such a truth as this, "The base on which a true literary criticism will have to be founded is the psychology of nations." Then, too, his summing up of the Greek character is admirable: "The fault with him was not that he was not able to grasp the political questions with which he was confronted, but that he grasped them so well, that he was able to conceive endless solutions to them. Ways out of his difficulties he could find in numbers; but he lacked the will-power and determination to carry out any one of them with consistency. He could see not only one side of a question, but infinite sides. His misfortune was to see not only the pros of a course of action, but the cons too; and by the time the balancing of this advantage against that drawback was complete, the moment for action was gone by." What oft was thought, perhaps, but seldom so well expressed.

Of mistakes there are a few which are startling, such as the statement that Hungary has not given the world in contemporary days an even third-rate musical composer, then that in France "there is no subject of interest on which to build a romance except the illicit amour after marriage," and that in England "big trading fails to breed" social respect. But the most curious point of all in the work is the omission of any reference to Japan, whose history is so full of lessons, save a two-line statement of the fact of its rise to the position of a first-class naval and industrial power. In this fact and in the extension of American trade and commercial methods lies the most striking lesson for those who would peer into the future and see somewhat clearly.

We have read every line of this able work with interest if not with conviction and would thank Dr. Reich for having given us so scholarly and on the whole so sound and lucid a survey of history. His conclusions as to the future are discreetly vague.

W. T. S.

Forest Leaves

THE NEW FOREST. By Horace G. Hutchinson.
(Methuen. 21s. net.)

"THE feeling of the people who live in the New Forest towards it"—so declared one of them to Mr. Hutchinson—"is something more than love, it is adoration, it is worship." Mr. Hutchinson, apparently, is not an inhabitant of the lovely and interesting district about which he has written so excellent a book, but he admits, both explicitly and implicitly, that no outsider could remain within the precincts for any length of time without becoming a fervent worshipper. Certainly he himself has fallen under the spell, and his book stands out from the bulk of its class as in most ways an admirable example of the result of combined knowledge and sympathy. His style, it must be admitted, is by no means perfect, for your enthusiast goes often in carpet slippers, but he brings to his work so wide a learning in the Forest's history, and so keen a sensibility to its charms, that one readily forgives the *naïveté* of his literary method.

The history of the New Forest is more easily described than its charms, and Mr. Hutchinson's most valuable chapters are those which deal with such matters as the Forest laws, its courts, and its relations to English history, civil and ecclesiastical. It will startle the average reader to be told at the outset that the generally accepted idea of a forest as a large wood is entirely wrong.

A forest may, as in the case of the New Forest, chance to be a wooded district, but this is entirely accidental; in mediæval law, according to vol. xiii. of the Selden Society's Publications, "a forest was a definite tract of land within which a particular body of law was enforced, having for its object the preservation of certain animals *ferae naturae*." Another general idea is shown by Mr. Hutchinson to be equally erroneous—that, namely, which represents the New Forest as having been erected, so to say, on the ruins of countless villages, farms and churches laid waste by William the Conqueror, who, in the language of William Mapes, chaplain to Henry II., "took away much land from God and men, and converted it to the use of wild beasts and the sport of his dogs, for which he demolished thirty-six churches and destroyed the inhabitants." Mr. Hutchinson makes short work of this tradition, which was upheld, curiously enough, by no less an authority than Freeman, who was certainly here at no pains to verify his references. "It is perfectly plain," says Mr. Hutchinson, "to the eye least experienced in agriculture, that this region never was, and never could have been, highly cultivated within historical times." Moreover it seems clear that the tale of the Conqueror's harshness in the matter of forest law has been greatly exaggerated, and that neither he nor his son did more than insist on the observance of Canute's barbarous code. It is noteworthy that even in Canute's day the "venison," to use the old terminology, was held to be of far greater importance than the "vert"—the game than the timber, and Mr. Hutchinson points out the very distinct advance from barbarism shown in the *Charta de Foresta* of Henry III., wherein the penalties of death and mutilation were abolished, and the importance of protecting the timber was recognised.

Mr. Hutchinson is scarcely less engaging in his praise of the Forest as it stands to-day. He is an excellent guide to its beauties, and though it is obvious that no two admirers will agree in singling out the same place or aspect as most beautiful, all will assent to his assertion that for pure sylvan loveliness the New Forest is unmatched in Great Britain. Excellent accounts are given of the natural history of the Forest, and botanists and ornithologists alike will find reason to be grateful for the careful and comprehensive chapter on the fauna and flora. The author has been generously helped by his artist, Mr. Walter Tyndale, who contributes fifty full-page illustrations in colour, admirably drawn and reproduced, while Miss Kemp-Welch has added four of her charming animal-pictures. The book is altogether one which no lover of the New Forest can afford to leave unread, or even unbought; though, after all, the author speaks truly when he says that the only proper way of appreciating the beauties of the district is to go and see them.

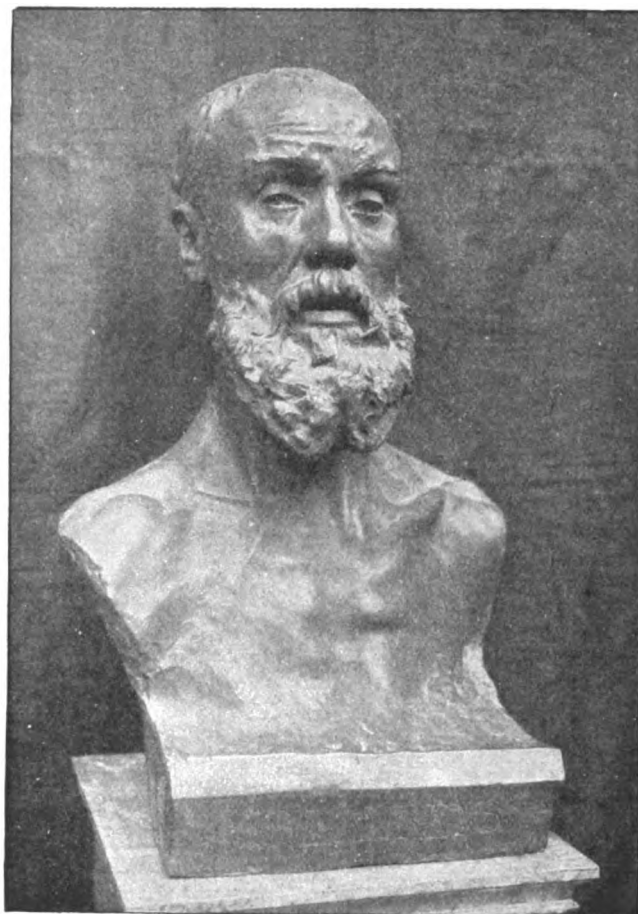
SIDNEY THOMPSON.

Dreams

DREAMS THAT WERE NOT ALL DREAMS. By J. Alfred Johnstone. (Stock. 5s.)

"THE theory of the perpetual flux was indeed an apprehension of which the full scope was only to be realised by a later age, in alliance with a larger knowledge of the natural world, a closer observation of the phenomena of mind, than was possible, even for Heraclitus, at that early day. So the seeds of almost all scientific ideas might seem to have been dimly enfolded in the mind of antiquity." So writes Walter Pater in one of his lectures, words which seem to have acquired a new significance within the last few months.

A remark of Herbert Spencer's, recently quoted in a newspaper, is to the point. Being assured by a fervent disciple that he had uttered the last word in philosophy,



BUST OF JEAN-PAUL LAURENS

[Illustration from "*Auguste Rodin*" (Siegle)]

he replied, "Shall my words alone then endure immutably?" Those who would acclaim the teaching of any man as the exposition of exact truth would seem to have, as yet, failed to apprehend truth's many-sidedness, to be willing to accept a doctrine of "perpetual flux" up to a moment of their own arbitrary fixing, only to proclaim immediately that there for ever all evolutionary processes have ceased. So it is that any book which fosters the use of the reasoning powers must needs have a value quite distinct from, and very far above, that of the work which aims only at amusement or distraction. Such a book, in its own modest fashion, is Mr. Johnstone's "Dreams that were not all Dreams." The title, beautiful in itself, and forcibly reminiscent of that of one of Poe's poems, "A Dream within a Dream," is perhaps a little too suggestive of mere allegory, a form of presentation of ideas which, requiring the most masterly treatment by a master mind for its perfect exploitation, is too frequently laid hands on by writers whose ideas are scanty in number and nebulous to the point of obscurity. Mr. Johnstone's "Faith the Poet and Reason the Philosopher" is almost immediately suggestive of the parallel developments of Newman and Huxley along the respective roads of Religion and Science, and provocative of the speculation whether the roads were really parallel or converging. His three consecutive papers entitled "The Illusion of Time," "The Illusion of Space," and "The Illusion of Cause,"

mystical though they be, have a substructure of scientific thought which makes their speculative demonstrations of the indestructibility of the personality fascinating in the extreme. Then, too, as all dreamers should be, he is a poet, with apparently an insatiable appreciation of music. Music instrumental, music vocal, the music of words, the harmonies of natural scenery. To only a poetic mind could have come that particular emotion which upon his first sight of Mount Kosciusko, after the first sensation of utter loneliness and awfulness had impressed itself upon him, called up mentally an orchestral performance of Handel's "Comfort ye my people." With the author's contention that the poet, the thinker, is not a fit subject for biography, it is not easy to be in entire accord. His argument is that the thinker has told all that can be usefully known in his own works. "The man of action relies on his deeds: to relate them is to immortalise the best of him." But are not deeds translated thoughts? On the same ground perhaps Mr. Johnstone would denounce emotional works, for emotion is a sort of half-way house between thought and action. Yet emotional works have their value, whether in the realm of biography or imagination. Indeed, the purely imaginative emotional work generally takes a biographical form.

F. CHAPMAN.

DANTE SOCIETY LECTURES. (Athenæum Press. 2s. 6d.)

MOST of the lectures collected into this volume are of an excellence which justifies the Society giving them the permanence of print; but it is regrettable that some of the essays were not more carefully edited. Miss Phillimore's competent account of Dante's journeyings during exile would not assuredly suffer if she had excised from it her travesty of Giovanni del Virgilio's beautiful lines and substituted the original words with a plain prose transcript. In the same essay we are told without a word of qualification, without the least hesitation, that the "Dux" prophecy refers to Uguccone della Faggiola, when Miss Phillimore must know that the honour of this reference is claimed by several of Uguccone's contemporaries.

Mr. Alfred Austin in his discourse on Dante's Treatment of the Ideal accompanies his quotations with verse renderings, and permits occasional infelicities to remain.

"Conosco i segni dell' antica fiamma"

("I recognise the tokens of the ancient flame") does not fit well with

"O how I know, and feel, and recognise
The indications of my youthful love."

"L'Amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle"

does not mean

"Love

That lights the Sun and makes the planets sing,"

and beautiful though Mr. Austin's thought may be when detached from Dante's, there seems no relevance in introducing it here. Signor Ricci in his address, "Fair Women in the Comedy," is very cross with the modern commentators, and yet when he tells us that "in his opinion" Alagia, the wife of Moroello Malaspina, is the lady referred to in scorn by Beatrice when chiding Dante for his unfaithfulness to her memory, he gives no reason for his inference and leaves the reader asking why the dearest friend of a dear friend should be described as a "Young damsel or other vanity." These instances may be sufficient to prove our case that as good as these papers are they needed revision.

Mrs. Craigie's paper on "Dante and Botticelli" is provoked by Botticelli's illustrations of the "Comedy" and raises the question whether these two supreme artists did not attain to "precisely the same point of view with regard to the problems raised by the Catholic faith." If the answer is Yes, then her conclusion appears to hold "that it was not the revival of learning, nor an interest in Greek, nor the study of Ovid, or any of these purely accidental things which drove one great man to write the 'Divine Comedy' and the other to illustrate it. It was the discipline of life." And yet how different their Catholicism!

The two historical sketches, "Charles Martel," by Dr. Hodgkin, and "Folquet de Marselha," by Mr. Chaytor, are both exceedingly interesting. Folco, the troubadour, as readers of the "Paradiso" know, is placed in the Heaven of Venus, although he seems to have been as cruel and as treacherous as Bishop of Toulouse as he was self-indulgent in his youth. Dante's admiration of Folco's poetry and his probable approval of his conduct as an extirpator of the heretics may have blinded him to his real faults, but it seems strange that Unbaptised Children should be excluded from Paradise and the doors thrown wide open for this intolerant fanatic. Dr. Hodgkin weaves very dexterously all that is known of Charles Martel (Dante's Martel) into the fabric of Italian history. A good collection and worth a little place on the Dante shelf.

F. KETTLE.

ROME IN IRELAND. By Michael J. F. McCarthy. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

MR. MCCARTHY is a Catholic Irishman with strong Orange sympathies. Such an acid could hardly combine in a single organism with such an alkali without explosive consequences, and the present volume represents some of the effervescence.

It comprises a series of lectures which Mr. McCarthy "consented to deliver" at various times and in divers places with a view of stirring up the spirit of his down-trodden fellow Catholics against "sacerdotal obscurantism." The lectures are not baldly reported in the manner in which they ought to have been reported by a priest-ridden Press that seems for the most part to have ignored them, but are set amid personal reminiscences and emotions. You may here learn just how nervous Mr. McCarthy was on particular occasions; and what a relief it was to his mind when, on arriving at a railway station, instead of becoming the centre of a hostile crowd, he found the people peacefully unaware of him. He records not only his words, but how they were "received with applause in some instances amounting to enthusiasm," and how he "closed amidst a prolonged ovation." The fact that in the North his lecture was reported "verbatim" in the "Belfast News-Letter" gives occasion to the modest comment: "Thus the Ulster people got an opportunity of knowing what I had to say, an advantage which the people of the other three provinces do not even yet possess."

The matter that has given rise to what we suppose we may call Mr. McCarthy's campaign is the question of a Catholic University for Ireland. To many who are neither Catholics nor Irishmen, the claim of the Irish Bishops for a State-aided University with a Catholic atmosphere—a University that shall be Catholic in some such sense as that in which Trinity College, Dublin, is Protestant—seems a temperate and reasonable claim. To Mr. McCarthy this claim is but another example of the lurid bigotry and insatiable

greed of the Irish priesthood. The spirit in which he handles the evidence given before the Royal Commission would in itself, apart from the general violence of his declamation, warn the reader against submitting to his guidance. For instance, it was explained before the Commission that of the Fellowships of the Royal University one half are allotted to the Jesuits, the rest being divided between Magee Presbyterian College and the three Queen's Colleges. Such an arrangement evidently requires an explanation; but Mr. McCarthy, barrister-at-law, leaves it to the other side to remind the public that this arrangement was arrived at by way of a partial compensation for the fact that the undenominational colleges are heavily subsidised.

One is bound, of course, to give Mr. McCarthy credit for patriotic purpose, but so far as we have been able to test his arguments we find him hopelessly one-sided, and his rhetorical denunciations of the "Vatican clique" we judge to be in the worst possible taste. We cannot enter into the mind of a man who, calling himself over and over again a Roman Catholic, permits himself not merely in a moment of exasperation to utter but deliberately to print them.

Fiction

THE FAITH OF MEN. By Jack London. (Heinemann, 6s.) Most of the stories in this volume, including the one which gives the name to the collection, are laid in Klondike, which Mr. London knows so well, so very much better than his East London. Mr. London tells a short story capitally; he has a swinging buoyant style which gives life and vigour to his narrative. His Klondike studies are full of rude strength, reflecting truly the wild country of which he writes. He makes us know Klondike almost as well as he knows it. The most striking story in the book is "Bâtard." It is written with great skill and relentless force. The history of Bâtard, the savage untameable dog, and his equally uncivilised master is a study in brutality—the savage fight of a man and a dog for supremacy. Its details are horrible and revolting. If such a story must be written, then Mr. London has written it magnificently; but is such physical horror within the boundaries of art? The story of Jees Uck describes the torments endured by a socially inclined young man who is exiled to a remote post on the Yukon River, with for sole company a morose vindictive man and the occasional trading visits of the Indians. "It is very lonely at Twenty Mile. The bleak vastness stretched away on every side to the horizon. The snow, which was really frost, flung its mantle over the land and buried everything in the silence of death. . . . Neil Bonner was a social animal. The very follies for which he was doing penance had been bred of his excessive sociability." To him comes Jees Uck, the pretty Tuyaat Indian, and makes his exile bearable. A capital book of short stories, full of entertainment.

THE LETTERS WHICH NEVER REACHED HIM. (Nash, 6s.) The title suggests vapid erotic outpourings such as have recently been flooding the market. Such is not the book. It is the record of a woman's travels in America and on the Continent and her reflections thereon. The unknown man to whom she writes is exploring in China, and by an accident the letters never reach him. But only the slightest hint of the personality and history of the writer is given in these letters. A thread of love holds the letters together, but is altogether subservient until the last few letters, which breathe a more passionate note. The writer becomes aware that the man whose constant and faithful companionship has brightened a sad life is shut up in Peking and at the mercy of the Boxers. He does not come out alive, and an epilogue added to the letters by the writer's brother tells us that she died of grief. The letters are in no wise remark-

able either in matter or style. They are pleasant, gently flowing observations on life written with dignity and feeling. After several years' residence in Peking, the writer crosses



REVOLUTION

[Illustration from "The Illustrators of Montmartre" (Siegler)]

to America with her brother and a Chinese servant. She is greatly impressed with the boundless energy and "go-ahead-ness" of New York. "What America wants is the world. Well, everybody who has the slightest chance of it wants the world, but the chances of America are amazingly good ones. The Americans' look-out is so favourable because they apply to all undertakings their great sense of the practical and their inborn gift of organisation." The impressions of a cultured widely travelled writer always possess a certain amount of interest.

THE KINGDOM OF TWILIGHT. By Forrest Reid. (Unwin, 6s.) The keynote of work of this character is that it is concerned, not with ideas, not with actions—although as a rule action has a very prominent place in the narrative—but with the emotions resulting in the minds of their subjects from the actions that are thrust upon them, from the thoughts that they cannot escape. In such books the personality presented does not merely become responsible for certain deeds, record the growth of his mind in certain directions in consequence of the inevitability of certain trains of thought, but probe and diagnose his own emotions as they are from time to time evolved between thought and action. But it is impossible to become sympathetic (except pityingly) with his hero, for he is one of those people who seem to be backboneless. He is misunderstood in childhood, as folk of this fibre mostly are, because they seem utterly powerless to see things from any but their own point of view. His boy friend Nick, despite his being apparently a robust, mentally and physically sane person, calculated to exercise

the most beneficial influences on all with whom he comes in contact, seems quite powerless to evoke any moral growth in Willie Trevelyan. Willie is, in fact, one of those non-moral creatures who are the despair alike of the reformer, scientific or religious. He breaks the heart of a good woman who is devoted to him even after he has taken from her all hope of earthly felicity. He perplexes his best friend to the point of rendering futile all the devotion that would at any moment be so willingly lavished on him. He falls a prey to the lures of a woman who, so far as the author shows us, had no allurements beyond that of the flesh. He fails to achieve in literature the success that he is represented as deserving. And all because he is quite unable to make up his mind on any subject submitted to it. He might, in fact, be styled "the indeterminate hero." And, in spite of all, it is impossible to deny that the book has both power and beauty, and that Willie Trevelyan is something higher than the mere sensualist.

PROVENZANO THE PROUD. By Evelyn Gifford. (Smith, Elder, 6s.) This story is full of the high lights and black shadows of mediæval Italy; its loyalties and treacheries, its divided allegiance to Holy Church and the last fair Prince of the Hohenstaufen line. The author knows her Italy, the white hill towns, the dusty roads, dim olive groves and purpling vineyards, cathedral functions, gold, purple and scarlet, and palace festivals, with gleam of wine, jewels and steel. Beneath cypress shadows of convent gardens, in astrologer's tower high among the pregnant stars, among the piled figs and melons of the market-place, beneath banners on the march or with the dead of battlefields, it is always that fair, false Italy of warring republics and usurping tyrants. Siena is Ghibelline and Corradino with his Tedeschi is the guest of Provenzano the Proud when the story begins, and Folco the jongleur rides from Colle by night to bring news of the mustering of the Guelfs at the Bridge of Valle. The book fails in construction. The narrative is confused, but the episodes are vividly given, with colour, movement and the sense of impending fate. The characterisation is strong: the dark, relentless Provenzano, the fair, futile Prince, Vigna rent asunder between love of his friend and loyalty to the Commune, and Griffolino, with his fantastic hatred of the Court of Frederic; Folco with his passion for Corradino and the lady of his song, rides out of old romance, and Nino, in his greed and gay duplicity, is of the sons and soil of Italy.

Short Notices

AUGUSTE RODIN. By Rudolf Dircks. (Siegle, cloth 1s. 6d., leather 2s. 6d., net.) Written in a simple and effective style, and containing excellent reproductions of the great French sculptor's best work, including the magnificent "Penseur" and the exquisite "Baiser," this little book is a true gem of art literature. Its definitions of Rodin's characteristics show true insight into the secret of the master's power and equally true recognition of the peculiarities of its manifestation. "Rodin," says Mr. Dircks, "is an instance of the introspective, experimental and neurotic spirit in art. Simple-minded and strenuous, he moves in a world of abstract ideas, in a world of mystery and exaltation, with a singular lack of self-consciousness." Yet, as the French critic, Camille Mauclair, has justly said, "he is himself powerfully affected by all the passions which he expresses with an almost painful grandeur." The few biographical details given in this successful study of a great personality show that Rodin's battle with circumstances was unusually prolonged, and between the ages of twenty-two and thirty-seven he seems, says his critic, to have been in the possession of a double personality. There was Rodin the workman, the strenuous craftsman earning his daily bread, and Rodin the sculptor, the visionary, the poet, seeking zealously the secret of the quality that makes for permanence

in the art of sculpture. To the last, in Mr. Dircks' opinion, this double individuality has been preserved, for in spite of his brilliant success he still remains a true craftsman as well as an ideal creator. It is greatly to be hoped that the wide circulation of this little volume may do something to dispel the apathy of the British public with regard to sculpture, for in spite of the enthusiasm aroused by the strong personality of Rodin during his recent visit to London, the Anglo-Saxon temperament would still appear to be hostile to plastic expression.

THE ILLUSTRATORS OF MONTMARTRE. By Frank L. Emanuel. (Siegle, cloth 1s. 6d., leather 2s. 6d., net.) The greater number of the artists whose idiosyncrasies are here touched off with a masterly pen and typical examples of whose work are given, are, says Mr. Emanuel, intimately connected with the breezy, turbulent suburb of Montmartre, and also with the famous little cabaret of the "Chat Noir," where meet on equal terms the most up-to-date artists, authors and actors. Here Steinlen, the wonderful interpreter of the Quartier Latin, finds his models in the peasants and working men and women, the strugglers and the destitute, even the thieves and murderers who haunt the surrounding purlieus, bringing out in every case the little touch of human nature that, says his biographer, makes the whole world kin. Here, too, Emmanuel Poiré, better known as Caran d'Ache, studies the merry-makers who inspire his facile brush; the eccentric H. de Toulouse Lautrec, doomed to an early death, spent some of his happiest hours; Paul Balluriau, whom Mr. Emanuel calls the Boucher of the modern French press, and his rival Louis Morin, of Watteau-like imagination, rubbed shoulders with each other; and for it J. L. Forain sometimes deserted the more aristocratic quarters of Paris to take snapshots of the workman playing with his children, or the landlord demanding his rent from some impecunious artist. All these, with Louis Malteste, whose studies of quaint types of human nature are unrivalled, Charles Huard, who interprets the French peasant as Steinlen does the Parisian workman, Charles Leandre, whose caricatures are the terror of Parisian bumbledom, are thoroughly understood and appreciated by this most sympathetic writer, whose critical acumen is as noteworthy as his literary skill.

OTHER MEMORIES; OLD AND NEW. By John Kerr, LL.D. (Blackwood, 3s. 6d.) Just a collection of bright quaint stories, mostly Scots, culled from a retentive memory, and the uneventful passages of a quiet life; worthy, too, in all respects to rank with the author's previous volume of "Memories; Grave and Gay." What could be better, for instance, than the anecdote of Dr. Kerr's first teacher, who was a kindly man and an enthusiastic mathematician? When paying his addresses to the worthy woman whom he subsequently made his wife, having exhausted the expressions of endearment that usually accompany courtship, he proceeded to exhibit to his sweetheart the beauty and difficulty of the 47th proposition of the first book of Euclid. Prodegeous! The author has a vast store of recollections of old customs and ceremonies, now fallen into desuetude. The Kilwinning Papingo, an archery club of great antiquity, dating as far back as 1462, was till thirty years ago in full swing. Its last anniversary, the 388th, was celebrated in 1870. The day of shooting for the Papingo was quite a gala day in the village. Papingo, by the way, is Scots for popinjay. For about 150 years the chief prize won by the captain (the best shot) was a silver arrow, to which he was bound to affix a silver or gold medal. When the Papingo competition was discontinued in 1870 it had 117 medals attached to it. There is a good story, too, of Wilson, the Scots opera-singer of many years ago. When he was being trained for the stage he sang a love song with exquisite quality of voice, but with insufficient passion and expression. His teacher told him he must put more feeling into it, and sing as if he were really in love. "Eh, mon," he replied; "hoo can I do that, and me a marriest man?" These are but samples

of the good things in the book, which is as cheery a collection of reminiscences as has appeared this many a day.

THE CHINA MARTYRS OF 1900. Compiled and edited by Robert Coventry Forsyth. (R.T.S., 7s. 6d.) To present in one volume a coherent account of the unforgettable tragedies which occurred during the Boxer rising in China four years ago has been the very laudable desire of Mr. Forsyth, for eighteen years a Baptist missionary in Shantung; for it is properly pointed out in the introduction to this weighty volume that all that has hitherto been written on the matter was inevitably sectional and denominational. The collation of these various reports was in every way desirable, and Mr. Forsyth has done his work, within certain limits, extremely well. The material at his disposal was bulky and chaotic, and we should have no right to complain that he has confined his record to the persecutions of the Protestant missionaries, but for the announcement on his title page that the book is "a complete record of the Christian heroes martyred in China in 1900." Notwithstanding his unveiled dislike of Roman Catholicism—a dislike which is expressed with no great superfluity of charity—we can hardly suppose that Mr. Forsyth refuses the name of Christian to a Roman Catholic; but there is an obvious antinomy between his title-page and his preface, which he would do well to remove.

From the many personal narratives of the survivors of the massacres, Mr. Forsyth has selected the most interesting, and to read them is to be deeply impressed by the capacity for heroism displayed so constantly by the women and children as well as by the men. Some of the tales, indeed, read like exaggerated fiction, but one knows them to be true. The marvellous escape of Mr. Saunders and his family from P'ing-yao, and the not less thrilling adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Ogren, are such as few novelists would care to invent. Of the siege of Peking Mr. Forsyth has, naturally, little that is new to tell, but his account is lucid and interesting, and, though he does not explain the Boxer movement, his examination into the internal political conditions of China prior to 1900 seems to be fair and well-informed. This is not a fitting place for a discussion of the value of missionary work, but it is only right to say that the stories of the martyred native Christians seem to supply an adequate justification for a form of religious energy which is certainly not free from some objectionable features. One can hardly read of these natives, men and women, who gladly suffered torture and death rather than renounce their creed, without an unusual emotion of sympathy; and it seems clear that Mr. Forsyth has allowed nothing to stand in his pages which was not carefully authenticated. His record, then, so far as it goes, is impressive and valuable, but it may be doubted if it will appeal to any readers outside his own denomination. To put the matter plainly, a great many people will find it difficult to read a narrative which deals so largely in texts and the stereotyped phraseology of the Nonconformist pulpit. Wherever one opens the volume, one finds the facile ejaculatory method in use. "We are as those who are alive from the dead. How solemn! How heart-searching! A more helpless little band there could not have been, so that the glory is all His own." Whose else, indeed—one is tempted to ask—could it have been?

NAPOLEON: A SHORT BIOGRAPHY. By R. M. Johnston. (Macmillan & Co., 6s.) Of making many books on Napoleon there is no end, and much Bonaparte is a weariness of the flesh. Mr. Johnston's aim is modest, "to furnish a correct outline of Napoleonic history and to point the way along which it may be profitably pursued." He has fulfilled the first part of his purpose fairly well; the second, as regards modern works, rather better. In the jungle of Napoleonic literature any attempt at giving a selection of works really worth reading is a kindness to be thankful for. The narrative itself, like most compressed histories, is unequal. Mr. Johnston too often leaves out the hooks and eyes of his story. He mentions the controversy about Napoleon's date of birth, but does not mention the one interesting theory about it—that the future Emperor's date of birth may have

been falsified to bring him under the age limit for admission to Brienne. In military matters, of which the larger part of a general history of Napoleon must consist, Mr. Johnston is not very happy. His account of the stiffness and pedantry of military methods before the French Revolution is exaggerated. The system of fighting in line by musketry at short range was the sound one, as Wellington proved against the Emperor's marshals and himself. All it needed was to screen the line by skirmishers against the swarms of French *tirailleurs*. Again, the account of the battle of Eylau occupies a page, and there is no mention of Davout's flank attack, the dramatic arrival of the Prussian corps in time to turn the tide, and Ney's appearance, that probably saved his master from defeat. One almost inconceivable slip Mr. Johnston makes, by dating the battles of Leipzig on the 17th, 19th and 20th October, 1813, both in the text and in the table of dates at the end of the chapter. It is a wonder that he has not put Waterloo on June 19, or Austerlitz on December 3. The maps and plans are not very helpful.

Reprints and New Editions

John Long's Library of Modern Classics is astonishingly good value for the money. I know of no pleasanter or more tasteful reprints even among the many that crowd my study table. The latest—**ADAM BEDE** (leather 3s. net, cloth 2s. net)—is in every way equal to the previous volumes. They make no pretension to be highly decorated pocket novels, but are substantial dignified books, which look well upon our bookshelves. George Eliot said, "All honour and reverence to the divine beauty of form. Let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women and children; in our gardens and in our houses," and she might have added—in our books. The photogravure portrait of the author is particularly charming. I am glad to have it. Congratulations to Messrs. John Long on this excellent series. Two more volumes of the handy pocket edition of Nathaniel Hawthorne's romances—**MOSES FROM AN OLD MANSE**—have reached me. (Brown, Langham, lambskin, 2s. 6d. net, cloth 1s. 6d. net.) These make volumes IX. and X. of the edition, and, as I think I have mentioned before, they are edited by Professor Katherine Lee Bates, who also contributes a critical introduction to each volume. In "Mosses from an Old Manse" little of the historical element appears. The essays are few, but one of these, "Buds and Bird Voices," is unsurpassed in radiant charm. It is the allegories of the heart that are most fully developed here. Leisure and happiness, with the measure of success attained, nerved the artist with new energy and daring. These parables are strongly and artistically bound. Two volumes from Messrs. Routledge (1s. each) have peculiar interest—**MISCELLANIES OF EDWARD FITZGERALD**, and his translation of **SIX DRAMAS OF CALDERON**. The Miscellanies include "Omar Khayyám," "Euphranor," "Polonius," "Salámán and Absál," and the brief memoir of Bernard Barton. With the addition of the letters this might be called almost a complete edition of FitzGerald. It is printed in good clear type. **THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM** for a penny (Simpkin, Marshall)! I suppose that shortly I shall see a farthing edition, which will remind us of Horne's famous epic, and that by and by I shall be awakened one morning by a thunderous knock upon the door announcing the visit of a philanthropic publisher who will beg me on bended knees to accept a free copy of Omar. Here is poetic fare for the young ones, the **POET'S CORNER: A BOOK OF VERSE FOR CHILDREN** (Arnold, 1s.). It is a nicely bound volume printed in good bold type, suited to childish eyes. The poems selected are fairly representative of the best poetry for little ones. Such authors as R. L. Stevenson, the prince of poets for children, E. Nesbit, Lowell, Ethel Clifford, are included in the volume. The Bishop of Ripon's very thoughtful and helpful little devotional book, **THOUGHTS ON PRAYER**, has now gone into a new edition (Allenson, 1s. net). It includes "Meditations and prayers for one week and suggestive outlines on confession, supplication, intercession and thanksgiving."

F. T. S.

TRAINS OF THOUGHT. VI.—Writers and Readers

I WAS looking for a title to head an observation I have in mind concerning the art, profession, calling, amusement, trade of writing as it exists at present in my native land. The observation does not concern pure art or its finest examples, and on the other hand is not confined to the market value of writing, as of tea or sugar. Writing is an art in so far as you write for the sake of writing, an amusement if you write to while away the time, a profession if it is your means of living, a trade when you bargain about your product: with many of us it is all of these. My point concerns all these aspects, except that I do not wish now to dogmatise about the best achievements of my generation. "Writers and Readers" seemed a title which covered my intention, and it occurred aptly to me as one which used to figure every week in a daily newspaper, which counted for something in some quarters in regard to these matters. If it uses the title still I know not: it will lend it me for a few minutes. The title occurred aptly, for the time in which I used to see it suggests a difference between then and now.

Ten years ago, and a little more and a little less, there was quite a boom in writers, at least in London. Essayists flourished and patted one another to a moderate popular applause. The air was dark with critics. Novelists of course—but of them hereafter. Even poets were granted a momentary hush. It was a little something, I assure you, to have made a hit with one's little book. People with large houses liked to fill them from the publishers' lists. There were many literary enterprises in the world of journalism, the periodical world, which claimed and received attention, some of them sound and virile, some merely obtrusive and excessive.

Well, in so far as this little hubbub meant a genuine interest in letters we may grieve for its passing. In so far as it was merely an artificial fashion we should be glad. For in that regard its patronage was bad for the weaker of its *protégés*, who might have been led to strut and peacock instead of working in unruffled obscurity. Social patronage, in particular, is always bad for an artist, even a minor artist, and though it affects not the self-respecting man, whose social life is based on social reasons, it is apt to find among the others a sadly extended bag.

All that is past, like many another fashion, doubtless to recur in due time. But I wonder if there has been a change in the subject-matter, so to speak, of the fashion which may account for the passing as well as the natural instability of fashions. Booms, in such matters, are mainly for the young. Now, ten years or so since, there were a number of young writers—really young, in the 'twenties—who brought off excellent effects and gave very respectable promises. Some of those promises have been kept, others have not. A. has blossomed out marvellously, B. does honest hack-work. But my concern is not with these comparative oldsters. I look for their successors, and I ask myself if they are there. I ask myself: perhaps I shall get a "damned silly answer," as someone suggested to an orator: it may be that I am a soured veteran. They are not very obvious to my spectacles. Only one name rises immediately to my consciousness; I will not mention it for fear of being invidious; it is that of a young writer who grows you paradoxes, while you sleep, all over the place; he surprises of himself, but he is only one. Who are

the others—the essayists, critics, poets in the 'twenties? Quick! You are silent. Is it that they lack a boom, or does the boom lack them? I should like to know.

Assuming for the moment that the latter alternative is true, I suggest an economical reason. Even here, you see, questions of money and material competition pursue us. Young essayists and critics have to live, and they are commonly found living on journalism. Most of them must work in journalism before they make their names and print their books; the happy minority which wisely houses itself in the Civil Service is a minority still. Now, the demand in journalism for educated men is not what it was, nor their pay either, and at the same time the demands in England on men's purses in the sumptuary way have risen. That is a pity, because the implication is not of more comfort but of more display. But the fact is so, and you cannot expect young men to resist all the influences of their time. They see that the respectably paid places in journalism are few, and in a general way the abler of them betake themselves elsewhere, and are immersed in pursuits which leave no time or taste for essays and criticism. This change in the demand had begun some years before the time of that little boom ten years ago; the "old days" of the "— Review" and the "— Gazette," for example, when the sort of educated journalism I mean was well paid, were over. But the change had not been appreciated; it was still a common thing for clever young men at the Universities to contemplate writing for bread. The more popular Press, I am told—and if I may say it without offence, I believe—is suspicious of scholars and universities. It may be wrong in this: I think it is, remembering that the one man who has made a name worth having on the popular Press in its modern form, or indeed a name at all, has been the late George Steevens, a finished scholar, and by far the most widely read man of his age I have known. Also I reflect that ignorance is not an absolute guarantee of cleverness. But with the old opportunities very greatly diminished and the new enterprises caring not for them, clever young scholars turn away from journalism, and it is from them that the material for any little boom in writers must chiefly come, if it is not to be wholly ridiculous. All this to explain the dearth, if there be a dearth, of promising young writers. Of course it does not matter.

I promised a word of the novelists. The present condition and probable evolution of that art are subjects too interesting to my mind for the fag-end of an article, and must be postponed. But from the point of view I have been taking, the poor novelists suffer very hardly from their mere numbers. I should say, off-hand, that I read as many clever efforts by new hands to-day as I read ten years ago. But who can separate their names? They must grow fairly old at their task before they stand out individually. No dearth of material here, only too much: the reason being that every kind of man and woman, and boy and girl, can take a hand at this game, whereas the others mentioned must imply some little specialised talent. There must be something very discouraging to a conceited or even a merely sensitive novelist to feel that he is joining the ranks of an unnumbered host, even as an unknown painter must surely feel it ridiculous that his picture is one of thousands at Burlington House. He has my sympathy.

G. S. STREET.

Egomet

I HAVE lived in various districts of London, but chiefly do I love Bloomsbury, of which the literary associations appeal to me very closely. I am not an athlete, but of walking I am fond, walking in an aimless, rambling way. I do not care to walk for sake of exercise, or when walking to feel bound to travel direct from the point of my departure to the place at which I hope to arrive—not that I always reach the same, for I sometimes permit my legs to carry me where they will. I stop to peer into shop windows, not only those of book-shops; curios, china, furniture, everything almost that is offered for sale which is not merely utilitarian attracts my vagabondish fancy.

BUT not seldom I walk about in a dream of great writers and where else can one so sweetly dream as in Bloomsbury? I love to peep in at the gates of the Foundling Hospital, for was it not there that Japhet spent his boyhood days? May there not be Japhets still, who will go out into the world in search of fathers? Did not Händel play there? And did not Thackeray, who lived hard by, love to attend the services in the Chapel, listening with spectacles dimmed with tears to the sweet fresh voices of the girls and boys? As you and I may listen as we will? Yes, Thackeray knew and loved Bloomsbury, in his day the home of City fathers; did not the Osbornes and the Sedleys live there? Josh, Amelia, old Osborne and the young one—and if I keep my eyes open may I not meet coming round the corner wicked, delightful Becky?

DICKENS was here too, he lived in Doughty Street, and I can picture him walking the streets of a night, not alone—accompanied by a throng of quaint personages who are now our friends, who will be the friends of generations to come. Furnival's Inn—now alas no more—is close by, where Dickens and Thackeray met for the first time; and Staple Inn, where the sparrows still play at being in the country. And Gray's Inn—dear Gray's Inn—where I delight to walk beneath the trees; where Bacon walked and talked, telling his friend how God Almighty first planted a garden. London was then a garden city, full of sweet gardens and surrounded by the green fields to which Will Shakespeare and his fellows could walk out of a summer day. I can picture Shakespeare lying at length beneath a shady tree, watching the sky, the leaves and the branches, the birds, the flowers—listening to nature's wood-notes wild—and that within a quarter of an hour's walk of Charing Cross.

AND as I walk beneath the trees in Gray's Inn Garden who is this little quaint-faced man dressed in black, who paces up and down, smiling to himself, evidently full of curious conceits? Is it not friend Charles Lamb? Friend—how many friends that man has won for himself; it is splendid to think how great has been his reward! If his shade does perambulate the streets of London, how many changes he must have witnessed! But one change will surely never come, he will never lose a friend; the more we know of him the more we love him, and of how many can that be said?

CHANGES! Yes, I see them too—there are many Bloomsburys for me—that of the days when from Gray's Inn Lane I could step into the field paths and see before me the wooded heights of Highgate and Hamp-

stead villages; the Bloomsbury where gentlemen went to wash out in blood the anger of a gaming-house, or to settle their claims for the favours of the fair and sometimes, perchance, of the frail; when of winter nights and summer, beneath the bright moon or shivering through the snow, the watchmen calling the passing hours. Passing hours! Yes, as I walk home of a night I hear the chimes marking off past time and they make me a little sad. Why has man contrived these ways of reminding us poor mortals that time speeds on its way, that hour by hour, minute by minute the end draws nearer, the time is closer at hand when I shall no more walk these streets and watch the changes in my beloved town? But there—life is too short to waste time thinking on its brevity. Let me make the best of my days in my own way—let me saunter with my friends living and dead—the dead often more alive to me than the living, let me read my old friends, dream of my old friends, chatter of my old friends, and let Time go his own gait, with his rusty scythe and brutal old hourglass. Man was not made for time, but time for man.

E. G. O.

The Work of Herbert Spencer

I.—His Conception of Philosophy

SOME of us remember learning at school that the Latin word *res* had about two hundred different connotations. In our time there can be no doubt that the word which conveys the greatest number of different meanings to different people is the word God. The recognition of this fact would render superfluous many vain controversies and would show the absurdity of such unqualified queries as "Do you believe in God?" Similarly the word philosophy has many different meanings. Originally adopted as a modest title in contradistinction to the name of sophist arrogated by a certain school of thinkers, the term has passed through many stages—nor is there any conclusion yet arrived at. Such terms as natural philosophy—for physics—and mental and moral philosophy—for psychology and ethics—still persist; whilst we still see the legend "maker of philosophical instruments" upon shop-fronts. The reader may remember the contemptuous scorn with which Hegel observed that in England a microscope was called a philosophical instrument. Science and philosophy were two totally distinct things to him.

The popular notion of a philosopher, again, appears to be that of some one who is not concerned with the pleasures or pains of life, some one divorced from all mundane interests—in short, a stoic. Illustrative of this is the story of Mr. Carnegie's surprise on hearing Herbert Spencer demand Cheshire instead of the Cheddar cheese, which he had not ordered.

The academic notion of philosophy may readily be defined. Scornful of mere science, the official philosopher regards philosophy as a term to express the study with which Aristotle concerned himself after writing his *Physics*, and which his followers therefore called metaphysics. A more modern term is *ontology*—the science of being, or the study of ultimate reality. The three words, philosophy, metaphysics and ontology, are used as synonyms by academic writers. It is highly to be desired that only *ontology* should be used to convey this meaning, for which its derivation fits it. The beautiful word philosophy may then be spared for other purposes.

It will be seen, of course, that those who take philosophy to mean a study of ultimate being or reality will deny the title of philosopher to any one who concerns himself with anything else. Newton was not a philosopher in the eyes of Hegel, who furiously and foolishly attacked his immortal discoveries of gravitation and the nature of light; nor are Comte and Spencer philosophers in the eyes of the ontologists, since they deny the possibility of ontology and confine themselves to studies of merely relative reality.

Now if the ontologists, after more than two thousand years, had any results to offer us; if they could tell us anything whatever as to the essential nature of Reality; or if they afforded us any indication, however slight, of ever being able to do so, we should rightly concede to them the exclusive use in the title of philosopher, recognising that such an achievement would give them a just claim to regard their study as the only true wisdom. But it is a matter of notoriety that the ontologists have as yet achieved nothing; that metaphysics, as Mr. Haldane has recently admitted, is to be regarded as a species of poetry—of an order how bereft of everything that makes poetry a power and a joy!—and that there is grave reason to suspect that ontology is, by the nature of the case, impossible, the attempt to explain consciousness by itself being on a par with the attempt to lift oneself by one's own collar. In recent times psychology has analysed the phenomena of mind in such a manner as forces us to the conclusion that there will ever be an insoluble mystery underlying all our knowledge or, in Spencer's words, that "the Power which the Universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable."

We may therefore regard ourselves as entitled to use the term philosophy in a sense which the ontologists do not recognise; and to call philosophers those who deal with that which may be known. Whilst recognising that the ideas generated in us by the outside world are not absolutely true, we may unreservedly surrender ourselves to them as capable of yielding us relative truth.

What, then, is the conception of philosophy entertained by the only Englishman who has yet written a System of Philosophy? And is it a conception which, after nearly half a century of unparalleled mental enlightenment, we may regard as valid? Denying the possibility of ontology, can we assign to the term philosophy any meaning deeper than that given to the term science—when this is used to include "organised knowledge" of all kinds; history and biblical criticism as well as physics and biology?

Observing that philosophy, however variously conceived, always means a knowledge which transcends ordinary knowledge, and that it does so in virtue of its breadth as having a higher degree of generality than any other, Herbert Spencer declares that "the truths of philosophy bear the same relation to the highest scientific truths that each of these bears to lower scientific truths." The generalisations of philosophy comprehend and consolidate the widest generalisations of science. Knowledge of the lowest kind is *un-unified* knowledge; science is *partially unified* knowledge; philosophy is *completely unified* knowledge. His conception of philosophy was that of a *synthetic* process; his aim being "to unify the whole knowledge of man."

It is in this conception that Spencer differs entirely from the metaphysicians, as does his great predecessor Comte, and as, in part, did his still greater predecessor Aristotle. Great as were his deductive powers, he was essentially an inductive thinker. He thoroughly realised the distinction between one mode of thought that starts with *facts*, and that which starts with *words*. As an in-

stance of his method we may take the "Descriptive Sociology," which lack of public support compelled him to abandon, but which is now to be completed. He saw that valid sociological generalisations could be based only upon a sufficiently wide collection of the *facts* about different societies: and he sank many thousands of pounds in the collection of them.

This quotation from a letter is worth reading:

"Should the day ever come when the love for the personalities of history is less and the desire for its instructive facts greater, those who occupy themselves in picking out the gold from the dross will perhaps be able to publish their results without inflicting on themselves losses too grievous to be borne—nay, may possibly receive some thanks for their pains."

Detractors have jeered at this work: but perhaps they may be interested to know that they were jeering at Aristotle. It is worth while to point out that the great Greek conceived and carried out a precisely similar plan. His *Πολιτεῖαι* contained a descriptive history of the constitutions, manners and usages of 158 states. So that the method, though original to Spencer, was not new.

Finally you may ask whether this conception of philosophy and this method of prosecuting it are sound. I will answer you in the words of the greatest thinker amongst English poets. Thus Wordsworth:

"To the solid ground of Nature
Trusts the mind which builds for aye."

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

As I have pointed out before in these columns, it is strange that with such promising material players continue to write such dull memoirs. Even biographies of actors are usually a weariness to the flesh. Why should this be? At any rate until recent years the player's life was full of storm and struggle, he rubbed shoulders with poverty and met with many a quaint adventure and curious character, yet when he comes to narrate his life he is apt to be as dull a dog as one may meet. All this *à propos* the late Mr. John Coleman's "Fifty Years of an Actor's Life" (Hutchinson, 2 vols., 24s. net), which falls betwixt and between; it is admirable in parts, dull in others, but cleverly "skipped," it may be read with much enjoyment.

AND instruction, for in these pages we are given a very clear and enlightening account of the work of the old provincial stock companies, the companies which taught actors their art then, the companies which would be so useful now, when too many of our performers have no chance of learning their art. While Coleman was the leading man at Bath, Macready went down there to play a farewell engagement; he went alone, expecting to find there, and finding, a competent stock company ready to there, and finding, a competent stock company ready to he chose included "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Othello," "Virginus," "Richelieu," and "Henry 1V"! Bath to-day is visited by touring companies playing recent London successes, the members of the company acting one part, month in, month out.

BESIDE their theatrical interest, which is great for the student of nineteenth-century drama, these volumes give us some pleasant peeps of literary men. Coleman, when a child, was taken by his father, who belonged to

the tribe of Micawber, to visit Tom Moore at his cottage in Dovedale; he describes the poet as "a little fat man with grey curly hair, bright sparkling eyes, and a celestial nose," and Bessy as a bright, vivacious little lady, to whom Moore sang "Believe me when all those Endearing Young Charms" with pathos and tenderness. At Devonshire Place Coleman worked in an office opposite Dickens' residence, "at that time a handsome young fellow, and seemed to know it." Dickens he again describes at the farewell banquet to Macready, "Charles Dickens . . . was at his best, and ranged from grave to gay with equal facility; indeed his speech was as florid as his costume, which was striking enough in all conscience. He wore a blue dress-coat, faced with silk, and aflame with gorgeous brass buttons; a vest of black satin, with a white satin collar and a wonderfully embroidered shirt. When he got up to speak, his long curly hair, his luxuriant whiskers, his handsome face, his bright eyes, his general aspect of geniality and *bonhomie* presented a delightful picture. I made some ingenuous remark upon the subject to Thackeray, who blandly rejoined, 'Yes, the beggar is as beautiful as a butterfly, especially about the shirt-front.' " The volumes are full of good stories. But—and it is a big "but"—where is the Index?

Musical Notes

THE Oxford House Musical and Dramatic Association is an admirable body which was formed in 1898 for the purpose of providing really good musical and other entertainments for the poor neighbourhood of Bethnal Green, and the amount of work which it accomplishes may be gathered from the fact that during the past winter twenty-seven performances have been given which have been attended by over 26,000 people. Naturally no thought of profit enters into the calculations of the Association, whose members are drawn exclusively from East End residents, and seeing that the prices of admission range from 2d. to 1s. it is not surprising to learn that in fact a loss is entailed.

To make good the deficiency, therefore, an attractive choral and dramatic concert is to be given at St. James's Hall next week. A capital programme has been arranged, including Schubert's "Song of Miriam" and Somervell's "Charge of the Light Brigade," together with the "Egmont" overture and some of Schubert's "Rosamunde" music, while Miss Louise Dale, Miss Muriel Foster, and Mr. Gervase Elwes will appear as soloists. The Princess of Wales (who hopes to be present), the Duchess of Portland, the Duchess of Sutherland, and many other persons of distinction are specially interested in the operations of the Society, and are giving their patronage to the concert, whoever attends which may hope not only to hear some excellent music, but at the same time to assist an admirable cause. People living in the wealthier quarters of London, many of whom perhaps get more concert tickets than they know what to do with in these times, little realise the joy and delight with which musical performances such as the Oxford House musicians provide are attended by those less privileged.

An exceptionally attractive programme has been arranged for the last symphony concert of the present season at Queen's Hall next Thursday. With Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Wagner and

Richard Strauss each represented in this most comprehensive scheme he must be a very singular musician whose tastes are not thereby appealed to. Herr Kreisler,



W. C. MACREADY

From a Miniature by Thorburn

[Illustration from "Fifty Years of an Actor's Life" (Hutchinson)]

who made such a prodigious success in the Beethoven violin concerto at the last Philharmonic, is to be heard again in that work at this concert, while Bach's third Brandenburg concerto is another item in the scheme which will have special attraction for many—if only because the opportunities for hearing this splendid work are so comparatively rare. Bach wrote six concertos in all for the Markgraf of Brandenburg, all of which are distinguished no less by their inspiration than for their buoyant and cheerful character.

THIS one, if not quite so jovial possibly as the second for trumpet, flute, oboe, and violin, which is the gayest of them all, is none the less astonishingly bright and jolly, while the number of solo instruments for which it is written—*viz.*, three violins, three violas, and three cellos—afforded Bach some opportunities of part writing of which he did not fail to take advantage. The first movement of this particular concerto, by the way, Bach employed subsequently as the prelude to one of his church cantatas, "Ich liebe den Höchsten von ganzem Gemüthe," with the remarkable difference however that in its later form he added no less than five new parts for two horns, two oboes, and *taille*—whereby his original nine real parts became sometimes fourteen. It would be interesting in the extreme if Mr. Wood could see his way to give the first movement on Thursday in this revised form. But of course it is not customary to perform it in this manner.

THE *début* of yet another prodigy—this time of British birth—is promised on Tuesday next, when Miss May Harrison, aged fourteen, eldest daughter of Colonel J. H. C. Harrison, makes her first appearance in public at St. James's Hall. Wonderful things are narrated of this young violinist. As an infant, we are told, "she showed a distinct discrimination of tune, refusing to be lulled to sleep by any but her favourite lullabies, which were that by Schumann and the one by Wagner; any other would produce a fit of screeching instead of sleep!" "At two and a half" the narrative proceeds, "she landed in England [from India] and the street organs at once attracted her attention. She would return home and pick out on the piano the tune she had heard in the exact key in which she had heard it: and it was thus that her mother first discovered she possessed the natural gift of absolute pitch." Miss Harrison's first appearance, it is further stated, was made at the mature age of three. Her violin studies have been pursued under the tuition of Señor Arbos, M. Rivarde and other masters; Dr. Gladstone has guided her steps in harmony and counterpoint; while she speaks French as well as English, and is apt at all other studies. After all this who shall say that little von Vecsey stands alone? But Miss Harrison's playing has not yet been heard.

VON VECSEY, by the way, is to give *his* fourth concert on the afternoon of the same day at the same Hall, when he is to be heard in the D major concerto of Paganini among other things. This work will remain for all time one of the most exacting compositions in violin literature, and though now quite old-fashioned, of course, as regards its actual music, is still of considerably more value from this standpoint than most virtuoso compositions. A peculiarity of the work, namely the fact that while the solo part is written in D that of the orchestra is in E flat, recalls one of the methods by which Paganini succeeded in bewildering the quidnuncs of his day—to wit, by tuning his instrument in various unsuspected ways, whereby he succeeded in executing passages which on a violin tuned in the ordinary manner would have been physically impossible. In the case of this particular concerto, for instance, the four strings of the instrument are tuned a semi-tone higher than usual, and thus the nominally different keys of solo and orchestra are reconciled. Another feature of the concerto is the frequent employment of double notes and harmonic, while various effects on the fourth string are also introduced, of which Paganini was the inventor and for a long time the sole possible executant.

PAGANINI's playing on the fourth string ranked of course among his most marvellous achievements, and the legend—one of many such which gathered about his extraordinary personality—was long current that he owed his amazing proficiency in this regard to a long imprisonment inflicted on him for the murder of a rival in love, during which he had the use of a violin with one string only. This, of course, was the absurdest fable, but it is pretty well established that he thought little of practising a single passage for ten hours running. Paganini, like nearly every other great violinist, was a prodigy, and by the age of eight had already composed a sonata for his instrument.

A FORTHCOMING concert which should obtain plentiful support on more grounds than one is that which is being given by Signorina Giulia Ravogli in aid of

St. Bartholomew's Hospital on Friday next, when she proposes to repeat her admirable concert recital of Gluck's "*Orfeo*," which she gave with such success last season. Neither "*Orfeo*" nor Signorina Ravogli has a hearing nowadays, more's the pity, at Covent Garden, so that the opportunity of hearing both at Queen's Hall in this way should appeal to many. The concert, whose special object needs no commending, is being given under the patronage of the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress.

A MATINÉE performance of Purcell's "*Masque of Love*" will be given at the Great Queen Street Theatre, kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. Penley, on June 30, at 3 o'clock, in aid of the funds of the United Kingdom Beneficent Association, which grants annuities to poor gentlefolk. This will, it is believed, be the only production of English opera this season. In addition to this several well-known artistes, including Madame Marchesi, who has consented to sing two songs, will give their services. Tickets may be obtained from the secretary of the Association, 7 Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Art Notes

The Royal Academy—IV

IN the Eighth Room is the sensational picture of the year, Mr. Goetze's "*Despised and Rejected of Men*," of which I have already treated at some length.

IN the Ninth Room, where the small cabinet pictures are always hung, there is little of particular interest when we leave out Mr. Adrian Stokes' lemon-yellow harmony which he calls "*The Blue Pool*." Mr. Macbeth sends two of his glittering graceful works, "*The Minstrel's Silent Song*" and his diploma work, "*The Lass that a Sailor Loves*"; and Mr. Waterhouse, who is this year not at his strongest, shows one of his best canvases, "*Boreas*." I rather liked Mr. Goodwin's "*Vesuvius*"—a moonlit poetic effort that is far above his more usual elaborate canvases. And Mr. Cope's head of "*Rear-Admiral Britten*" is one of the most deft pieces of work he sends to this year's show, and he sends much clever work.

IN the Tenth Room hangs one of Mr. Furse's triumphs, "*The Lilac Gown*," already given its meed of praise; near it hangs a portrait of a girl, looking at herself in a mirror, which Mr. Mouat Loudan need not fear to have compared even with Mr. Furse's fine achievement. In this room also Mr. Alfred East wins added laurels with "*The End of the Vintage—Rhône Valley*." Mr. Wardle, who sends the best animal pictures of the year, is here represented by his delightful picture of a boy who has caught a turkey and holds it up with all the clumsy awkwardness of his age—a picture which the illustrated papers would do well to secure for a Christmas supplement instead of the horrid things they sometimes send broadcast to ruin public taste. Mr. Hugh Riviere shows a good portrait of a lady, "*Lady Monk-Bretton*," and Mr. Watson another—"Mrs. James Harris." Mr. Thompson's "*Bridge at Walberswick*" completes the list of particularly good things in this room, a telling penultimate for the end room of oil-colours, which contains little

of distinction. The best canvases are Mr. Wardle's leopard with the dead guinea-fowl, entitled "Fate"—an excellent piece of work; Mr. Dollman's "Famine"; Mr. Millet's delightful picture of the puritan father scolding a pretty girl, "The Black Sheep"; Miss Dowie's quaint decorative picture of a child, "Physalis"; Mr. Copnall's child-portrait of Mr. Waring's daughter; Miss Mary Hunter's "The Wanderer"; and an excellent portrait by Mr. Stanhope Forbes of "The Earl of Mount-Edgumbe," by far the richest colour-harmony and the best painting I have ever seen from his hands, a rich and glowing piece of work.

BEFORE leaving the oil-paintings it will be interesting in these imperial days to note the artistic achievement of the colonies in the great national exhibition of the year. It is somewhat difficult to arrive at the colonial artists for two reasons, their being colonials is not always easy to discover, and much of the work of colonial artists does not come to the Royal Academy, since they, as students, like the Americans, go to Paris for their art education rather than to London; and the direct consequence is that they exhibit in, and find more sympathy from, the Parisian juries than from the Academic Selecting Committees. It is a strange fact, but there is scarcely a picture on these walls by colonials to-day that does not show the French manner of handling paint and the French point of view rather than the English. And the grimmest criticism against the Academy as regards its utter incapacity to discover genius amongst the colonials is that Conder, who alone of the colonial men (as far as I can discover who are colonial) is a man of marked genius, does not even send to the exhibition. However, let us judge the colonial effort as it appears in tangible form upon these walls. I am leaving Mr. Mackennal's sculpture out of the question. Mr. Arthur Streeton sends an interesting landscape of "Windsor," and I believe that the painter of "The Wreck," Mr. Ashton, is an Australian. Mr. Tom Roberts, of course, makes the most sensational effort for the colonials with his large state-picture, "The Opening of the First Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales"—a picture much on the lines of the municipal canvases so common at the great Parisian Salons. Mr. Roberts has handled a difficult and commonplace affair with considerable tact and artistry; but he himself would be the last person to describe it as a great work of art. I gather that Mr. Phillips Fox who sends "Wood and Nymphs" and "Reverie," and Mr. Davies are both colonials; and they see and paint broadly and simply; and Mr. Fullwood's "The Castle, Cape Town," shows a good eye for composition. Mr. Lambert's portrait of "Miss Thea Proctor" is one of the best works by a colonial—if he be a colonial, as I believe he is. Mr. Hayley Lever shows sympathy with our Anglo-French school of Newlyn in Cornwall in his "Eventide—St. Ives Harbour"; whilst Mr. Bunny, who won reputation with his mermaids and mermen long ago, stands out this year in the great central gallery with his beautiful colour-scheme but rather awkward composition, "A Summer Evening." Miss Florence Fuller sends "Summer Breezes—Australia" to swell the list of successful colonial cousins. It is perhaps rather an in-artistic thing to pick out the colonial achievement from that of the mother-country, for the same blood makes the same art. And it is perhaps as futile as it is pointless—since one of the finest artists of the colonial stock does not send to the Royal Academy at all. But when Englishmen like Mr. Douglas Robinson, who are

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honoured in Paris, do not exhibit at the Royal Academy, it is not strange that the colonial artistic brotherhood which bought his glorious moonlight scene at the last "International" but one, should hesitate to send to a national show which knows nothing of the man who has been honoured by their own artistic institutions. This colonial matter is comparatively a small affair, but it has some relation to what I intend to say next week about some very serious blemishes in the Royal Academy—blemishes which I think are far more serious than the trouble about the Chantry funds; and we must look to Sir Edward Poynter's sound lead of the past two or three years as the best hope for the correction of much that at present weakens the position of the Royal Academy. I need scarcely say that the Water-Colour Room and the Black and White Room are a positive farce. And it is bewildering to think that these rooms can only be plastered with such work when we have men like Edwin Abbey, John Sargent, Frank Brangwyn and the like, within the ranks of the Immortals.

AN Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture, by Amateurs and Art Students, will be opened at the Whitechapel Art Gallery on Thursday July 7, and remain open until Monday July 18, from 3 to 10 p.m. daily. Sending-in days, June 16, 17, and 18. It is hoped that sketching clubs, and art schools, and amateurs, and art students generally, will avail themselves of this opportunity to exhibit their work. Forms of application with particulars to be obtained from Mr. C. Campbell Ross, Secretary, Whitechapel Art Gallery.

Correspondence

The Thought of Death

SIR,—E. G. O. in his interesting and lucid article has asked "what does death mean to the dying man or woman?" and his answer to his own question is "no man doth realise it." I hardly think experience or philosophy bears out this assertion. The thought of the inevitable parting with all that endears us to life, the complete severance of what has linked us to love or affection, must come to every human creature. The transient nature of everything must remind us of the final moment. We do not want to realise this certainty, but we do so nevertheless unconsciously. But the claims of the present, the exigencies and duties which hold us in bondage, the task we delight in or hate, or the quest of excitement or pleasure—all these things, luckily, exorcise the torment of brooding on the idea of the inevitable hour. The sword is always hanging over our heads; but it is either invisible or our gaze is averted from it.

It seems to me passing strange that E. G. O. should strongly assert that the realisation would "kill me with terror." The desire to live, the clinging to our frail life, are the implanted instincts of self-preservation; but apart from the grim and dismal accessories and surroundings of silent and cold mortality, to me there is nothing terrible

either in the thoughts and aspects of death beyond the wrench and the parting with the beloved ones. In my own sad experience, I have stood by the bedside of the dying, and there has been nothing appalling in their last fleeting breath; on the contrary, an impress of beatitude and "eternal peace" has been stamped by the dreaded visitant.

J. F. Nisbet, in his thoughtful book, "The Human Machine"—a work which to my mind is not read as it ought to be—has touched upon the subject. He believes that "actual dissolution is more or less painless," and that "the mind in its last moments seems to be in a hazy, vague, dreamy, pleasurable state, from which it glides into the unconsciousness that precedes the end . . . and in the ordinary process of going to sleep all practically feel what it is to die."

Before I dismiss the subject, I hope E. G. O. will have a very long life in order to continue to give us many more charming articles, and I hope to be spared to read them.—Yours, &c.
ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

SIR,—In "Egomet" E. G. O. has surely written inadvertently when he says that "no writer has tried to imagine for us mortal men what are the sensations accompanying death." His Ruskin quotation does not help us—it is of the thoughts of health when death seems a contingency so remote, so inconsequent, so visionary that the picturing a comrade's tragedy is the climax of the thought-sequence, one's own individual doom is beyond imagining.

Yet many writers have tried to think with the brain of the death-agony. Tennyson's

*"Earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying cars, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square."*

is surely in keeping with what E. G. O. wanted to know from the great ones.

One might multiply instances. Browning in "Prospice" has surely described what is in request. The strife before the calm, the "peace out of pain" insisting throughout the poem on the terrible chill (many a piteous moan for warmth have I as a medical man heard from many a deathbed). In "Confessions," too, we have some picturing of the old nature scorning to cringe and whine even though it knows not "if the curtain is blue or green to a healthy eye." George Meredith, in "King Harold's Trance," has told us the sensations of a mind with all the voluntary mechanism in death-like abeyance; to be but briefly recovered before death comes sudden and irresistible. David Gray, the Keats of Scotland, in his sonnets "In the Shadows," all of which were written on his death-bed with the grim presence nearing every hour, from no impersonal standpoint has told us what he dreads and what he expects to face. Stevenson, in his "Ordered South" and in his "Old Mortality," has given us his ideas of death from the personal and from the impersonal positions. Need I make this list larger?

As a rule novelists have made over-much dramatic use of death-bed scenes—in real life dramatic deaths rarely take place. Most men die in a coma deeper than sleep; few are conscious till the end. I have seen the deaths of brave men and of cowards; of pure women and of earth's soiled ones; of old and of young; of believers in a hereafter of bliss and in a hereafter of torture, and in no hereafter, but one thought has ever been, that "Death, after all, is not what we have fancied it." Of those who were conscious till the end few whined or complained; few indeed said they feared the swift approaching end. Our ideas of death are too much affected by traditions and by the many indecent and blasphemous customs with which death is "honoured"—the whole funeral system is unspeakably revolting. When we think of the death of a comrade, of one of the beloved ones, our thoughts are more of the funeral memories than we care to admit. But the brave ones, the beloved ones, have gone before us; they have faced and seen through what lies sooner or later for us to fare through; why then do we fear, when they have left us by the road we needs must take to follow them?—Yours, &c.
ERIZORT.

Space

SIR,—It is only a very interesting article which can provoke criticism. May this be my excuse for making a few remarks on Dr. Saleeby's essay on "Space," which appeared in your columns last week?

Does not Dr. Saleeby somewhat over-emphasise the function of the semi-circular canals as the organ for perceiving space? One does not wish at all to minimise the undoubted connection that exists between the canals and our perception of space, but merely to urge that tactile impressions and muscular movements give a sensation of motion in three planes and, thereby, the idea of space. Also, since the body is not completely rigid, any rapid movement of the body as a whole entails subtle, yet perceptible, readjustments of the muscular stresses. It is known, too, that if the canals become gradually filled by disease no want of balance is shown and space is still perceived. This alone indicates that the canal connection, though perhaps the most important, is not the only connection we possess.

Again, with regard to Dr. Saleeby's last triumphant question—"What I want to know is this: If space be not tri-dimensional in verity, why should there have been evolved within our heads a tri-dimensional arrangement for appreciating our position in it? Since the canals have been evolved, then, at some time a creature existed without them or perhaps—at a higher stage of development—with only one of them complete. Would that creature have been justified in arguing in the first case that there were no dimensions, or in the second that there was only one? Yet if he did so he would be adopting Dr. Saleeby's argument. As is well known, a torpedo is maintained in one plane by the rapid rotation of a gyroscope placed inside it. I can imagine an intelligent Whitehead remarking to his neighbour: "What I want to know is this: If space be not uni-dimensional in verity, why should there be in my head a uni-dimensional arrangement for keeping me in one plane?" Yet, in arguing thus, the Whitehead torpedo might not be altogether correct.

It is Dr. Saleeby's argument that I question. I do not want to champion any dogma as to the possibility of a fourth dimension or of any other multiple space at all.—Yours, &c.

EVERARD DIGBY.

SIR,—Whilst reading Dr. Saleeby's interesting article on space it occurred to me that the cause of sea-sickness might be traced to the movement of the fluid in the three canals in the head to which Dr. Saleeby refers. I should be glad if Dr. Saleeby would kindly say whether he holds any opinion upon this question. A scientific explanation of sea-sickness might perhaps lead to the discovery of some preventative, which would be an inestimable boon to mankind.—Yours, &c.

C. B. ROYLANCE KENT.

"Of"

SIR,—I think Mr. J. B. Wallis mistakes the meaning of the expression "friend of mine." Surely "mine" means my friends, and a friend of mine is a friend out of the number of my friends—*amicus ex meis*. The idiom would be better illustrated by some other word. Take the line in "Othello," "But never more be officer of mine," i.e., you shall never again be an officer among my officers; somebody else's of course you may be, for all I care. Suppose I commission an auctioneer to sell some pictures belonging to me, and he tells me some time afterwards that he has sold a picture, whereupon I ask him the question "Was it one of mine?" Mr. Wallis's reasoning, if correct, would prove this to be ungrammatical; "prepositions," he says, "govern the objective, but the word 'mine' is in the possessive." The truth is it is in both.—Yours, &c.
C. H. MONRO.

[Other letters held over for want of space.—Ed.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published. Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference; this is not an information bureau.

NOTICE.

We find that many persons who are not regular purchasers of "The Academy and Literature" are availing themselves of this column, which is intended for such purchasers only. In future, therefore, all communications from those entering the "Academy" Questions and Answers Competition must be accompanied by some portion of the cover or the letterpress pages bearing the title of the paper and the date of the current issue.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

DISSELAGO.—The following passage is said to be "cryptically enfolded" in "The Epistle Dedicatory" prefixed to the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare (1623): "We auct that we arminge berger noble slim and winter with vnkle geof the pcke are the sole printers of this great booke and that in the dooing we haue bin put to manie shifts with scautie paie and little thankes onely ll coming in where we are at worke we smoking disselago the while they of their kindnesse sent vs a goodlie basket of the right tobacco leaues these be truthe which if anie doubt this can be discloed so vnkle there you are." Concerning the above I wish to inquire about the word "disselago." What was (or is) disselago? An herb, or what? Was it smoked in England before the introduction of tobacco, or after, as a cheap substitute?—*Faber*.

SHAKESPEARE AND MARLOWE.—Are there in "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Jew of Malta" sufficient parallels to prove that Shakespeare is influenced by Marlowe, as Mr. Israel Gollancz asserts? Beyond the parallel between "My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!" and "O girl! O gold! O beauty! O my bliss!" is there any ground for the assertion?—*D. W. Greenfield* (Edinburgh).

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."—In Fosbrooke's "History of the County of Gloucestershire," Vol. II. page 87, the following passage occurs: "Richard . . . Berkeley . . . wrote a book entitled 'A Discourse of the Felicity of Man, or His Summum Bonum,' printed about 1598. The story on which Shakespeare founded his 'Taming of the Shrew' is told in this book, and printed from it in 'The Gentleman's Magazine' for 1787 (page 479). Is this the authentic origin of the play?—*W. L. Harle* (Fulfield).

LITERATURE.

AMWELL HOUSE.—John Scott, the Quaker poet of "Amwell" verses fame, lived at Amwell House, Amwell End, Ware, at the back of which was his celebrated grotto, its memory still preserved by Grotto Lane. The grounds were sold by auction in 1864 and partly cut up for building purposes, but the house and grotto were left. The grotto, I understand, was visible in 1902, but the estate has since changed hands. The house, which stands on the south side of the Hertford-Ware road, is certainly not Scott's, and appears to have been erected within the last ten years. Can any one give me further information about the house, and say when the original was pulled down and replaced by that now standing on its site?—*Aries*.

SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.—Can any one tell me whether "The Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty, Bart." (Wm. Blackwood & Sons: 1849), is by Charles Lever? Some book catalogues credit it to him, but I can find no authority for the attribution.—*Terence McGrath*.

"BROOK" IN KEATS AND SCOTT.—In "The Eve of St. Agnes" xv. Keats, speaking of Porphyro's emotions on hearing from old Angela how Madeline intended to pass the night, says that

He scarce could brook
Tears at the thought of these enchantments, &c.

Here "brook" must mean "restrain," "control," but no such meaning is to be found in the dictionaries, not even in the great "New English Dictionary" edited by Dr. Murray. In the First Canto of "Marmion" the knight is greeted with the cry—

Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,

where the meaning is similar to that in the passage quoted from Keats. Can any reader supply further instances of "brook" in this sense, or trace the meaning to its source?—*C. S. Jerram* (Oxford).

***THE WIDOW IN "THE SPECTATOR."**—In the second volume of Fosbrooke's "History of Gloucestershire," page 179, the following occurs: "Catherine, wife of William Bocevey, Esq., Lord of this Manor (Flaxley), to whom she was married at the age of fifteen, and, becoming a widow at twenty-two,

continued so all the rest of her life. By this she acquired immortality, as she is said to be the widow in 'The Spectator,' who was inexorable to the addresses of Sir Roger de Coverley. . . ." Can any one tell me if this is correct?—*W. L. Harle* (Fulfield).

GENERAL.

FLINGING THE STOCKING.—Evelyn writes in his "Diary," under date the 9th October, 1671: "It was universally reported that the faire Lady — was bedded one of these nights, and the stocking flung, after the manner of a married bride." What was the ceremony of "flinging the stocking"?—*A.P.* (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

BURLING AND LEICESTER.—"Ye be burly, my Lord of Burleigh, but ye shall make less stir in our realm than my Lord of Leicester." Who was the author of this pun, and on what occasion was it uttered?—*Sazhorn*.

***MARMALADE.**—Is there any foundation for the tradition that marmalade was originally invented for the delectation of Mary Queen of Scots during some temporary illness, and was named after her "Marie Malade"? I have frequently found allusions to this, but never any definite statement.—*B.C.H.*

SECRET DRAWERS.—In Lord Lytton's "Night and Morning" there is a description of the accidental finding of a long-lost document in a secret drawer of a bureau. I am told that such things have actually occurred—that documents or valuables have really been discovered in secret drawers. I refer to receptacles hidden inside pieces of furniture, and not to hiding-places in the fabric of a house. Can any reader kindly tell me of any such true stories, or of any book which would aid me in my search for accounts of similar occurrences?—*E.S.N.*

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

"WHEN WE HAVE SHUFFLED OFF THIS MORTAL COIL."—Undoubtedly there is far more to be said for the interpretation suggested by *E.L.M.* than for the accepted one if we consider the meaning and context of both of the words "coil" and "shuffle" wherever else they appear in Shakespeare's works. "Coil" invariably means noise, strife, disturbance; "shuffle," though occurring far less frequently, signifies movement without dignity. And yet when the two words appear in this context this, the obvious rendering, is unsatisfactory, and the accepted one is quite convincing. For "shuffle" can be understood as to fidget, to writhe, and "coil" as the cast-off slough of a serpent. Then, remembering that it is the habit of at least the large and splendid varieties to avail themselves of the cleft or interstice of rock or tree in order to rid themselves of the worn-out skin, and that the object thus cast preserves a striking and repulsive resemblance to the living possessor who has discarded it, the accepted interpretation is seen to be the more suitable and impressive of the two.—*S.C. (Hove)*.

"WHEN WE HAVE SHUFFLED OFF THIS MORTAL COIL."—Mr. A. W. Verity, in his edition of "Hamlet" (Cambridge University Press, 1903), explains *mortal coil* as "turmoil of mortality, confused trouble of mortal life." Shakespeare always uses *coil*=turmoil. It was formerly common, especially in the Elizabethan phrase to *keep a coil*=to make a fuss, to make much ado." Here, however, there is probably some reference (cf. "shuffle") to a coil of rope—i.e. figuratively "a chain, bonds."—*M.A.C.*

"THREE CORNERS."—The world has four corners; England herself is the fourth. So the meaning is, "Come the whole world in arms against England" (Ulrici).—*M.A.C.*

"THREE CORNERS" ("King John," V. vii. 116).—Milton by the four corners of the world means the cardinal points, *Cardo* meaning a hinge and a cardinal point (Virgil, "En." i. 85). See Sir Egerton Brydges' "Milton." It is therefore clear that Shakespeare assumes England to be the north, and virtually says: "Come west and east and south in arms, and we shall shock them."—*H. D. Barclay*.

***SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS.**—The following is a list of the chief oldest published settings to some of Shakespeare's songs: "What shall he have that killed the Deare?" ("As You Like It," IV. ii. 10-17), by J. Hilton about 1652. "It was a Lover and his Lasse," ("As You Like It," V. ii. 14-31), by Morley, 1660. "Take, Oh, Take those Lines away," ("Measure for Measure," IV. i. 1-8), by Dr. John Wilson, 1659. "To Shallow Rivers," ("Merry Wives of Windsor," III. i. 15-19 and 21-24), by Dr. John Wilson about 1660. "Full Fathom Five thy Father Lies," ("Tempest," I. ii. 393-402), by Robert Johnson, published in Shakespeare's time. "Where the Boe sucks there suck I," ("Tempest," V. i. 1-8), by the preceding composer. "Oh, Mistress Mine, where are You Roaming?" ("Twelfth Night," II. iii. 36-41 and 44-49), anonymous, published in 1599 and 1611. "Twelfth Night," II. iii., by Robert Jones, 1601. "Passionate Pilgrim," XVII., by Thomas Weekes, 1597.—*Percy Selcer*.

INDEFINITE PRONOUNS.—What the poet and dramatist meant is clear, but the grammar is defective, owing to a change of personality not explained in the text. "Thou canst not say I;" certainly not, for if he did answer he would say, "You did it," the difference being left to puzzle translators.

Call me whatever suits the line;

Call me, only, call me thine!

But he would retort, "I call thee mine!"—*A.H.*

LITERATURE.

MILTON.—(i) "Marble air" ("Par. Lost," iii.). The three essential characteristics of marble are coldness, purity, and hardness; Shakespeare has "marble heavens" ("Oth." III. iii.), and Dryden, in his "Death of Lord Hastings," "his best monument is his spouse's marble breast." Hence the combined coldness and hardness which produce brilliancy is probably to be understood in Milton's adjective "marble." (ii) "Exploded"; *L. Ex-plaudo*, *plodo*, originally to cry down, to bring into disrepute; in the case of an actor shown by clapping the hands. Thus Enoch was cried down by his contemporaries until "God took him."—*S.C. (Hove)*.

SPRAT AND COWLEY.—The persons referred to by Coleridge are Thomas Sprat (not Spratt), Bishop of Rochester, and Abraham Cowley, the poet. Sprat wrote a Life of Cowley which was rightly spoken of by Johnson as "a funeral oration rather than a history." It has been praised for its elegance, but it is provokingly lacking in detail. Sprat had a collection of Cowley's letters, and, although stating that they were charming, he thought it wrong to publish them in the biography. It is to this foolish reticence that Coleridge evidently refers metaphorically.—*Percy Selcer*.

FEINAIGLE.—Gregory de Feinaigle was a German mnemonist born in the year 1765 and died in 1820. He obtained some success by his aids to memory, but in Paris he was an object of ridicule.—*N.G.*

FEINAIGLE.—Feinaigle was a monk (from Salem, near Constance) who began in Paris to expound a system of mnemonics, one feature of which was to represent the numerical figures by letters chosen on account of some similarity to the figure to be represented or some accidental connec-

tion with it. This alphabet was supplemented by a complicated system of localities and signs, with the aim of expressing by a more vivid and impressive symbol ideas which for want of this are apt to pass from the memory, and of establishing between ideas of the same group an intimate relation, so that the mention of one would suggest the other. Feinagle, who published a "Notice sur la Mnemonique" at Paris in 1806, came to England in 1811, and in the following year published "The New Art of Memory."—*M. McLean Dobree* (Colwich).

[Similar reply from *P. H. Harding* (Dorking).]

BARON TAYLOR.—Isidore Justin Séverin Taylor, a French artist and traveller, was born in 1789. He published "Voyages pittoresques et romantiques de l'ancienne France," "Voyage pittoresque en Espagne," "La Syrie, l'Égypte, la Palestine et la Judée." Died in 1879.—*P. H. Harding* (Dorking).

INGENIOUS RHYMES.—Some very ingenious rhymes are to be found in the "Ingelsby Legends." For example, the following:

Though the "Times" made it clear he was perfectly lost in his
Classic attempt at translating Demosthenes.

The doctor's fat errand boy, just such a dolt as is
Kept to mix draughts and spread plasters and poultices.

An offering 'tis true to Jove, Mars or Apollo cost
No trifling sum in those days if a holocaust.

If, as legends relate, and I think we may trust 'em, her
Stars had not brought her another guess customer.

But even at college, I fairly acknowledge, I
Never was very precise at chronology.

Just as Clarence in Shakespeare describes all the qualms he
Experienced while dreaming they'd drown'd him in Malmsey.

—*Percy Selver.*

INGENIOUS RHYMES.—I cannot give W.J.G. a formal list, but does he remember the following ingenious absurdities of Browning?—

That chord now—a groan or a grunt is't?
Schumann's self was no worse contrapuntist.

While treading down rose and ranunculus,
You Tommy-make-room-for-your-uncle-us!
Troop, all of you, man or homunculus,
Quick march! &c.

both from "Pachiarotto."

I could favour you with sundry touches
Of the paint-smutches with which the Duchess
Heightened the mellowness of her cheeks' yellowness
(To get on faster) until at last her
Check grew to be one master-plaster.

"Flight of the Duchess."

Or this verse, the author of which I do not know:

I wish I were a Casowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo.
I would eat a missionary,
Flesh and blood and hymn-book too.—*G. Verney.*

MARRYAT: SCOTLAND.—Both the following answers appeared in *THE ACADEMY* of April 30: "Captain Marryat tells us that 'some of the old coins of Denmark represent Thor with his thumb to his nose and his four fingers extended in the air.' " "Scotland, called Caledonia, 'coel-y-dun' or high forest land, by the Romans, was Albion to the Gael." "I don't know what language 'coel-y-dun' may be, but I was taught at school that the Romans spoke Latin, and subsequent studies have shown me that they were in the habit of using that tongue in the official inscriptions on their coins and monuments. As regards Thor, I dare say Captain Marryat is correctly quoted, but the idea of citing him as an authority on numismatics or mythology is too absurd.—*Moonraker* (Paris).

GENERAL.

* **"GREEN GRAVEL."**—Several versions of this "game-song" are given in "English County Songs" (ed.: L. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller-Maitland). It is sung by the country children in many parts of England. The Derbyshire version runs:

Around the green gravel the grass is so green;
All the pretty fair maids are plain to be seen;
Wash them in milk, and dress them in silk,
Write their names down with a gold pen and ink,
All but poor Mary, her sweetheart is dead;
She has left off her wedding to turn round her head.

The game is played by girls only, who dance round in a circle, hand in hand, singing. One, called the "mother," names the girls in any order she pleases, and as each girl is named she turns her back on the ring and covers her face. This continues until all the girls are face outwards. It appears to be a dramatic representation of mourning, "green gravel" being probably a corruption of "green grave." Possibly in the words "turn round your head" there is a reference to the old Scottish custom of the attendants on a corpse newly laid going out of the death-chamber and returning into it backwards.—*T.B.* (Cheltenham).

* **"SHRED PIE."**—Shred pie is mince pie, so called from the shredding or thin shaving of the ingredients. Southey speaks of "the luxury of a shred pie," which is a coarse North-country edition of the pie abhorred by puritans ("The Doctor," viii.).—*M.A.C.* (Cambridge).

HUNTING THE WREN ON ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.—I have heard a legend that a witch escaped in the form of a wren on St. Stephen's day. According to some accounts she appears to have been the wife of Lir, who is said to have converted her stepdaughters, three in number, into swans. The spell is said to have been broken when the first church bell was heard in Ireland. This may account for the legend being attached to her. Moore alludes to the daughter of Lir in "Silent Oh Moyle."—*Cormac* (Truro).

* **"HUNTING THE WREN."**—During the Cromwellian wars in Ireland the wren, on St. Stephen's day, by tapping on a drum, discovered an ambush, and the Irish troops were all slain. Since then these birds on that day are hunted, pricked to death with thorns, and carried on poles from house to house; if, on demand, the boys do not receive money, a wren is buried at the doorstep as an everlasting disgrace to the family.—*R. H. FitzPatrick* (Stratford-on-Avon).

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been dispatched to the several winners and to the booksellers whose names follow:

Mr. F. J. Brooke, 2 Westgate Street, Gloucester.
Messrs. R. Lamley & Co., 1, 3, and 7 Exhibition Road, S. Kensington.
Mr. Frederick L. Shepherd, 468 Fulham Road, S.W.
Mr. John J. Banks, Imperial Library, Cheltenham.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Maclean, D.D. (The Rev. A. J.), Recent Discoveries illustrating Early Christian Worship.....(S.P.C.K.) 2, 0
Sinker, D.D. (The Rev. R.), Saul and the Hebrew Monarchy.....(Dent) 0, 6
Harkness, D.D. (The Rev. J.), The Early Christian Martyrs.....(Dent) 0, 6
Warschauer, M.A. (J.), Anti-Nunquam: an Examination of "God and My Neighbour".....(Allenson) 6, 0
Workman, M.A. (H. B.), and Pope, M.A. (R. M.), edited by, The Letters of John Hus.....(Hodder & Stoughton) 6, 0

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Maeterlinck (Maurice), translated by Alex. Teixeira de Mattos, The Double Garden.....(Allen) net 5, 0
Toynbee (Mrs. Paget), The Letters of Horace Walpole, Fourth Earl of Orford, Vols. V.-VIII.....(Oxford Press) each net 6, 0
Berdoe, M.R.C.S. (Edward), A Primer of Browning.....(Routledge) 2/6
Bradby (G. F.), Broadland and Other Poems.....(Mathews) net 1, 9
Bunston (Anna), Leaves from a Woman's Manuscript.....(Priory Press) net 5, 0
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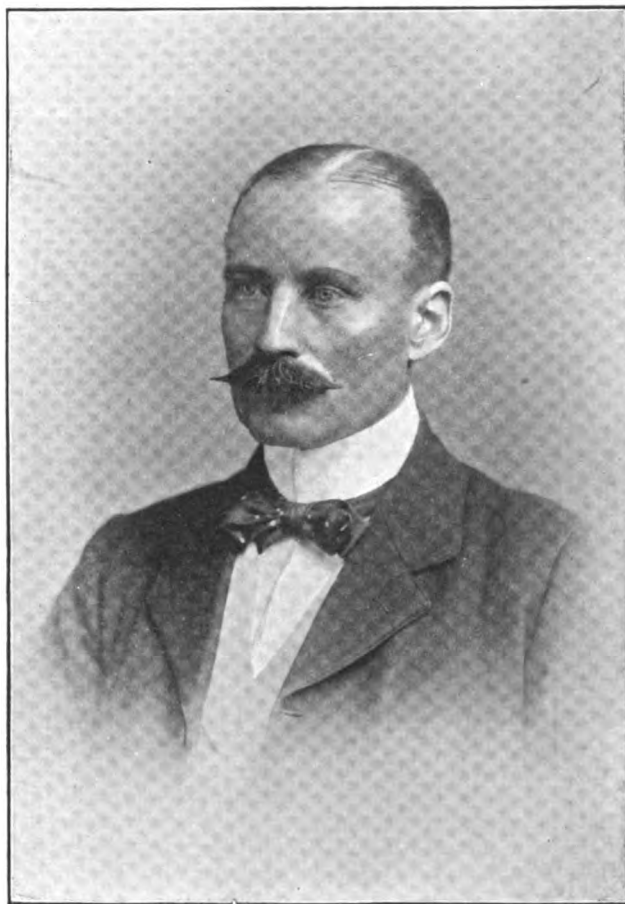
Literary Notes

MR. CLEMENT SHORTER contributed last week a very interesting article to "The Daily Chronicle" on "Present Day Literature," and it is pleasant to find so able a critic in a delightfully optimistic mood. It is so easy to praise past times at the expense of present, but for my part I think that Mr. Shorter is right in holding that we of to-day may take comfort and be proud of the men-of-letters in our midst. But is Mr. Shorter correct in saying that "Shakespeare and Milton alone among our classics are read as a whole rather than in fragments"? The first yes, but the second I believe is seldom read in anything approaching entirety by any save literary students. Dickens, we are told, will survive only in "Pickwick," "David Copperfield," and "Great Expectations"; again, I beg leave to demur, "Pickwick" is so topical and so full of local slang that in a hundred years it will be as difficult to understand except by students as, say, Dekker's "Gull's Horn Book," and will not others of Dickens' novels also survive? Mr. Shorter concludes wisely, "Truly great literature is always with us. Why do we ever wait for Death and Time to crown it?"

MR. H. G. WELLS has delivered at the Royal Institution the first of a series of lectures on "Literature and the State," and judging by the brief reports in the daily papers has delivered himself of some curious opinions. Has Mr. Wells or anyone else the right to define literature for his purposes as "any means of conveying ideas, including good speaking, good preaching, and so on"? Mr. Wells holds that "literature is more vital to the health of a State than armies and navies"; but surely that is putting the cart before the horse, a healthy state produces good literature. Then is it not a wild statement that the French Republic "was the direct outcome of a revolution directed by literary activity, and can be traced back entirely to the suggestions of literature"? Cause and effect are here hopelessly muddled.

MR. WELLS is sounder and more stimulating when speaking of the drama and fiction, "People read novels and see plays partly, perhaps, because they like stories, but very largely, consciously or unconsciously, from social curiosity. Knowing themselves to be socially adrift, they wish to learn what other people think, to study other people's social procedure and find out 'the right thing.' If these interpretations in novel or play are well done, the State will endure; if badly done, it must go to pieces; and novels and plays are a vital aspect of a most necessary process." Mr. Wells does not

overestimate the fact that numberless persons do take their views of life and manners from fiction and from plays, and therefore does not overrate the influence of



MAJOR A. ST. H. GIBBONS

(Author of "Africa: From South to North Through Marotseland")

[Photo. Lambert Weston & Son, London and Folkestone]

these two great forms of literature. But also it should not be overlooked that publishers produce that for which they find there is a public demand, and if our novels and our plays are poor, unreal stuff it is the fault of the public. The purchaser creates the demand and buyers will not for long be fobbed off with that which they do not desire.

It is quite in keeping with the modern tendency to revision of accepted historical beliefs that, just as things are getting in train for the celebration next year of the quater-centenary of the birth of John Knox, an eminent historical scholar should come forward with the assertion that Knox was born in another year than that generally believed. From McCrie downwards, modern writers, basing perhaps on Spottiswoode, have been content to believe that Knox was born in 1505, that he matriculated at Glasgow University in 1522 under John Major, the historian, who was transferred to St. Andrews University in 1523, and whither it is supposed Knox may have followed him. But, as Professor Mitchell says, "from 1522 up to 1545-46, when he appears as sword-bearer to Wishart, his life is to us almost a blank." He died in November, 1572, and would thus be sixty-seven years of age.

Now Dr. Hay Fleming, admittedly the most minutely accurate of Scottish historians, comes forward to question this chronology, and to offer reasons for believing that Knox was not born till 1515. Beza published his "Icones" in 1580, and in a letter written to him from Edinburgh by Sir Peter Young in the previous year, it is stated that Knox died in his fifty-ninth year. In the "Icones," however, Knox's age is given as fifty-seven, and Dr. Hay Fleming's suggestion is that this change was made in consequence of fuller information supplied by James Lawson, Knox's colleague and successor. The fact that Lawson was sending such information is mentioned in Sir Peter Young's letter, which was found in the Ducal Library at Gotha. Dr. Hay Fleming therefore holds that "in the light of Young's letter, Beza's testimony cannot be readily got rid of; and, if Lawson's communication to him could be found, it might set the whole matter satisfactorily at rest for ever."

THE discovery of Lawson's letter, if it should prove that Beza had accurately used the information imparted to him, would also help to simplify and consolidate the story of Knox's life. Hitherto nothing whatever has been known of the Reformer between the date of his supposed incorporation in Glasgow University in 1522 and the notice of him as a notary in 1540. But if he was born in 1515, and educated at St. Andrews, in which diocese he was born, he would be only twenty-five when he is first found as a notary, and the great blank otherwise unaccounted for would be filled up by the knowledge that he was still a young man without a history. One effect of this reconstructed chronology would be to take the edge off some of R. L. S.'s pleasantries about Knox's relations with women by making him a less venerable lover. But the immediate question is: What would be the effect upon the proposed celebration of the quater-centenary? At the time of writing neither the Church of Scotland General Assembly nor that of the United Free Church has found time to consider the celebration question.

THANKS to the initiative of a number of Genevan savants, students and friends of literature, a Société Jean-Jacques Rousseau has just been called into existence. This new and useful institution proposes to do for the philosopher of Geneva what the Shakespeare Society is doing for Shakespeare, the Goethe Gesellschaft for Goethe, &c. According to the "Appel" recently issued, its main object is to: (a) Develop and organise the studies relating to Jean-Jacques Rousseau, his work and his epoch. (b) publish a critical edition of his works. It proposes to associate persons of all countries who are

interested in that enterprise. Under the name of "Archives Jean-Jacques Rousseau" it collects manuscripts, printed matter, portraits, medallions, souvenirs and any other documents relating to that writer. It takes an interest in the preservation of monuments, buildings and picturesque sites recalling the memory of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. It publishes periodically a collection of memoirs and documents and may undertake and encourage other publications in connection with its object.

THE "Archives" above mentioned, begun last year by the originators of the Society, will be housed in a special room of the Bibliothèque Publique of Geneva, so charmingly situated amid the fine trees of the Promenade des Bastions. Geneva will thus become the centre of all Rousseau studies. The headquarters of the Society itself are in that town: Rousseau, as everybody knows, was born there, and is often alluded to as "le citoyen de Genève." But the institution is to be cosmopolitan in its character; anybody interested in Rousseau may become a member and collaborator, as is proper; for, indeed, of all the great French writers and thinkers Rousseau was the most cosmopolitan, and none other has so powerfully and lastingly influenced European thought as he did. No wonder, therefore, if among the two hundred or more persons who have already signified their adherence to the new Society, we find the names of many distinguished German, Italian, Danish, Dutch, Russian Rousseauites. The fact that neither England nor America is as yet represented on the list caused me to write this notice. Full particulars as to the regulations of the Rousseau Society and the conditions of membership may be had from Monsieur Bernard Bouvier, Professeur à l'Université, who is at the head of the enterprise, and from M. Maurice Trembley, Petit Saconnex, Genève.

IN "The Fortnightly" Mr. W. S. Lilly writes as sanely as a man can be expected to do upon Shakespeare's Protestantism by which curiously enough he means his Romanism. He sets forth with a caveat which can never be too strongly expressed or too frequently repeated; every great poet and every great playwright is a great teacher; that is to say, from his works, as from the works of nature, we may learn lessons if we have eyes to see and ears to hear with; but such men strive to write great plays and great poetry and leave the lessons—if they think of them at all—to take care of themselves.

THEN, how much sound sense there is in this passage:

"Shakespeare's genius was essentially dramatic. It was his function to 'hold up the mirror to Nature.' His whole mind and thought are merged in his creations. He does not so much speak through them. They speak through him. He surrenders himself to the inspiration of his art. Once more. It is quite certain that he regarded his plays as works to be acted, not to be read. He composed them not for posterity, but for the audiences which should come to see them. It was otherwise with his poems. But I do not believe that when writing his dramas it once crossed his mind that he was making a permanent addition to the literature of his country; still less that he was enriching it with its greatest treasures. His object was to serve the purpose of the hour, and to produce good acting plays."

MR. LILLY goes on, as I have said, as sanely as may be, to contend that Shakespeare's sympathies lay with the Church of Rome. But it should be remembered that Romanism was in the air still when Shakespeare wrote, the town was full of buildings now secular but lately religious, and as a poet he would *feel* the beauty of the

old and be repelled by the comparative coldness of the new creeds. As a matter of fact can we prove from the plays that Shakespeare had anything at all of religion? There were many players, playwrights and others who had none in those days. Alas, poor Shakespeare, had he owned a prophetic eye he would have cursed the whole tribe of commentators; or would he merely have laughed?

PART III. of Messrs. Cassell's excellent publication "Royal Academy Pictures" is to hand and the study of the pictures reproduced, and exceedingly well reproduced in most cases, serves to emphasise the fact that our painters of to-day are strikingly lacking in imagination and in appreciation of the fact that pictures of the life of to-day are of far more value than fanciful reproductions of the life of past days. Such pictures as "Asteriè," by Sir Edward Poynter, "The Peacemakers," by H. Gillard Glindoni, and "George III. Knighting Trooper Brown at Dettingen," by J. P. Beadle, are mere exercises in paint and displays of archæological expertness; how far superior such transcripts from life as "A Frosty March Morning," by George Clausen, A.R.A., and "A Rescue at Dawn" by Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A.! Of course I am not writing of the technical qualities of these pictures, which it is not my province to do, but of their mental value. That I am right is, I think, proved by the interest aroused in us by pictures and portraits of contemporary life and personages left to us by the old-time masters. Religious pictures stand by themselves, making appeal mainly through matters in which our judgment does not sway us so largely as our beliefs. Much the same line of argument applies also to fiction; historical novels, with a few masterly exceptions, do not appeal so strongly to us as pictures of life contemporary with the life of the author. For this reason it is that "Esmond" is to most of us not so great a work as "Vanity Fair." So, too, is it with the drama. Shakespeare drew the life he knew, no matter whether the scene were laid in Athens, Rome or Verona.

MR. H. J. GLAISHER, of 57 Wigmore Street, will shortly publish a new volume of poems from the pen of Mr. George Barlow, entitled "Vox Clamantis, Sonnets and Poems."

"ARTS AND CRAFTS," Messrs. Hutchinson's new magazine, has made a capital start and will prove eminently useful to art workers. The text and illustrations are alike practical and interesting.

IN "The Connoisseur" Mr. Edmund Farrer, F.S.A., suggests that a Jacobean portrait of a gentleman, which he reproduces, may be a likeness of Shakespeare. The features certainly bear some resemblance to those of the Droeshout engraving and the inscription states that the sitter was aged forty-eight in March 1613—there evidence ends. Mr. Farrer is apparently unaware of the cloud which has settled over the Stratford bust.

Bibliographical

THE publication of the second volume of Taine's letters has necessarily drawn renewed attention to that "brilliant Frenchman" who is best known in England by his "History of English Literature" (1871) and his "Notes on England" (1872). Apparently he was first represented in this country by a translation of his "Philosophy of Art" (1865), and next by versions of his discourses on Naples

and Rome (1867), and on Florence and Venice (1869). To 1870 belong versions of his "English Positivism" (J. S. Mill) and "The Ideal in Art"; in 1871 came a version of his treatise "On Intelligence." The "History of English Literature," translated by Henri Van Laun, came out here originally in two volumes; in 1873-4 it reappeared in four volumes, with an Edinburgh imprint; and in 1886 it was again issued in four volumes, this time by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. (Mr. G. R. Sims, by the way, in one of those snatches of autobiography which are so common nowadays, has just said that he was engaged by Messrs. Chatto to translate the "History," but that the arrangement fell through.) I note that the tenth edition of the original, "revue et augmentée d'un index bibliographique," appeared in Paris in 1899. The "History" effectively prepared the way in this country for the "Notes on England." Since then we have had, from America, Taine's "Lectures on Art" (1889) and his "Journeys through France" (1897).

The promised reprint of Amory's "John Bunce, Esq.," with its "various Observations and Reflections made in several parts of the world, and many extraordinary Relations," should be very welcome to many. It dates from 1756, and is in the form of an autobiography, though really a mere collection of gossip "de omnibus rebus." It is not all prose. The excellent Amory now and again bursts into song, as in the following instance:

Tell me, I charge you, O ye sylvan swains,
Who range the mazy grove, or flow'ry plains,
Beside what fountain, in what breezy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour?
Come, Rosalind, O come, and infant flowers
Shall bloom and smile, and form their charms by yours;
By you the lily shall her white compose,
Your blush shall add new blushes to the rose.

One would have thought that the industry of Dr. Cobham Brewer, as represented by "The Readers' Handbook" and "The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," to say nothing of the labours of Mr. Eliezer Edwards and Mr. W. A. Wheeler, in the compilation respectively of "Words, Facts, and Phrases" and "Noted Names of Fiction," would have rendered unnecessary any more reference-books of the kind. Nevertheless, here comes Mr. Edward Latham with "A Dictionary of Names, Nicknames, and Surnames of Persons, Places, and Things" (Routledge & Sons), which successfully claims for itself a place among desk-books. It goes over a good deal of ground which its predecessors have covered, but there is in it sufficient fresh matter to give it the right to an independent existence. The drawback of such volumes is that they help their readers to establish reputations for a learning which is not real and is sometimes disconcertingly inexact. That is one of the misfortunes of an "educational" system based upon Board schools.

In view of the approaching re-issue by Messrs. Methuen of Mr. Kipling's "Departmental Ditties," it may be interesting to note that the book appeared originally at Lahore, and that a facsimile of that edition was produced in New York in 1897. The third edition was published at Calcutta in 1888; the fourth, with additions, in London, in 1890; the sixth, both in London and in Calcutta, in 1891; the ninth, in London, in 1897; the tenth, in London, in 1898 (in which year, by the way, an illustrated edition came out in New York). In 1899 the book was brought out by Messrs. Newnes. It is, of course, less interesting intrinsically than as illustrating the literary development of its author.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

English Crocks

A HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF ENGLISH EARTHENWARE AND STONEWARE. By William Burton, F.C.S. (Cassell. 30s. net.)

MANY books have recently been issued dealing with the various phases of development of the potter's art, but, with few exceptions, the fascinating subject has been dealt with from without not from within, from the point of view of the amateur and collector rather than from that of the actual worker in clay. It has been reserved to some half-dozen experts, amongst whom Mr. William Burton and Mr. H. M. Solon are pre-eminent, to combine with practical technical knowledge the literary skill enabling them to impart that knowledge in such a manner that it appeals with equal force to the initiated and uninitiated. Both these master potters go to the very root of the matter, both have known the keen joy of giving expression to their æsthetic conceptions in a suitable material form, and both recognise intuitively the romantic side of the life of their fellow-craftsmen, the material for whose art lies literally at their feet, a free gift to all who know how to use it.

In the volume just issued—which may be said to complete the library of the potter's art, formed by the publications of these two kindred spirits—Mr. Burton, who was formerly chemist to the famous firm of Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, and is now director of Pilkington's Tile and Pottery Company, gives an exhaustive account of the work done in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, leaving late developments uncriticised, for he considers them to be too near us to be correctly and impartially appreciated. He restricts the term earthenware—which in its widest sense includes of course every variety of pottery—to “articles made from a single natural clay, or from mixtures of clay and other mineral substances, which, when sufficiently fired for practical use, still remain porous, and need, therefore, if they are to be used for culinary, domestic, or decorative purposes, to be completed by the addition of an outer skin of glaze or glass melted upon them.” He explains, however, that this covers an immense variety of products, from the commonest tile to the finest cream-colour ware, ancient Persian, Rhodian and Hispano-Moresque faience, as well as the comparatively modern Italian majolica, French faience and Delft ware. The so-called stoneware is in reality merely earthenware fired so hard as to be vitrified and extremely durable. “It is impossible,” says Mr. Burton, “to draw any fixed line of demarcation between the two,” just as it is to differentiate the finer stonewares from true porcelain, yet there remains an essential difference. Mr. Burton next clearly describes the various processes employed in the manufacture of earthenware and stoneware, and having thus cleared the ground from possible misconceptions, he begins his actual narrative with a very interesting account of what he calls Peasant Pottery, tracing with unerring hand the gradual evolution of its form and ornamentation, which, by the way, often contrast favourably in their simplicity and effectiveness with later designs. He then passes in review the work of all the great potters, from John Dwight, who is now recognised as the first English maker of stoneware, down to the successors of Josiah Wedgwood, supplementing his text with a great number of reproductions, twenty-four

of them in colour, of typical examples, most of them from public museums, to enable the student to examine the originals.



[Illustration from “English Earthenware and Stoneware” (Cassell)]

In Mr. Burton's opinion Wedgwood's crowning achievement as an experimentist was his introduction of barium sulphate in the ware with which his name is chiefly associated, and by means of which he produced a fine white stoneware of beautiful texture and quality almost as translucent as Oriental porcelain, and capable of receiving the seven colours to which he restricted himself. Not one of his rivals or imitators ever succeeded in producing a similar body, except when they used the recipes of the Prince of Potters, and even then they often failed in the firing of their pieces. When Wedgwood made this last discovery he was such a complete master of the delicate manipulation required for complete triumph, that he was able to give to his Jaspers the final stamp of his genius, and of the many fine illustrations in this most useful volume, none are more beautiful than the reproductions of the groups of small medallions with the white bas-reliefs designed by John Flaxman in the possession of Messrs. Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, in which are summed up so many of the qualities that gave to their founder his pre-eminence. Mr. Burton devotes his last chapter to minor eighteenth-century factories, such as those at Isleworth, Mortlake, and Cadborough, and in addition to several pages of un-reduced facsimiles of marks, he gives a very complete glossary of technical terms.

NANCY BELL.

A Tarnished Genius

THE LIFE OF LOPE DE VEGA (1562-1635). By Hugo Albert Rennert, Ph.D., Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. (Gowans & Gray. 12s. 6d. net.)

In the end, no class of readers does so much harm to a great man's reputation as the horde of blind admirers and interpreters who persist in ignoring the grosser blemishes of their hero. Our own national poet—prince at once of sublimity and obscenity—has suffered so much from the wilful hypocrisy of this class of adorers that we feel a healthy relief mingle with our pain when we turn the pages of this almost candid study of the petty villainy and great genius of Shakespeare's Spanish contemporary, Lope de Vega. The easy researches of modern critics into the lives of Kit Marlowe and Villon have furnished readers with two excellent grotesques—two standard types of the literary scoundrel. But Villon and Marlowe were neither the first nor the last of their race. Ever since the enchanting collocation of hieroglyphs provided starving mankind with a new profession, there has always been an informal alliance between literature and villainy. It is natural enough. For what is literature but prolonged self-revelation? And when did the autobiography of virtue command as wide an audience as the confessional-records of vice? "Arose at 4. Pray'd 2½ hrs. in my bedrm. this morn'g. Refused ham (2nd helpg.) at brkfst. Gave 6d. w. short exhortatn. to poor beggar." The fault is doubtless ours, but we question if three hundred pages of this would be thought more fascinating than Cellini, even in a convent school.

Lope de Vega, then, was a scoundrel, a seducer, a malignant backbiter of the woman who had loved him, an astounding liar, a poet of great beauty, a scholar, and a man of genius. While still a mere youth he formed a liaison with a young married woman, and, when tired of her sacrifices in honour and money, he wrote a slanderous poem attacking both her and her father, his erstwhile friend, and dropped anonymous copies in disguised handwriting where he knew they would do most harm—well aware that his wretched paramour's husband might slay her for her fault. Then, denying everything, and meanly endeavouring to put the responsibility on other shoulders, he fled from Madrid under sentence of exile, in company with another infatuated creature whom he had married against the wishes of all her relatives. How and when he came to join the Great Armada we do not accurately know: but he soiled whatever merit might have attached to him as a patriotic Spaniard from his part in the unfortunate enterprise, by leaving behind him a deluded Belisa—the beautiful and unhappy Doña Isabel de Urbina—who could, with too much justice, apostrophise him in the words of the refrain to an affecting poem in which he enchanted the incident:

"Vete, cruel, que bien me queda
En que vengarme de tu agravio pueda."

Yet there is no reason for supposing that de Vega was not an affectionate husband and father: indeed, the correspondence of his early and maturer years alike is strewn with charming and quite sincere phrases on the sweetness and patience of his wife—Doña Isabel or Doña Juana—and with pleasant and fatherly little notes, such as: "Carlos to-day put on another pair of trousers." At all times a hard worker, as his marvellous bibliography bears witness, whether married or widowing he seems rarely to have concluded one intrigue except because he had another in hand. In his fifty-second year, after the death of his wife Juana, he acted suddenly upon one of the most unexpected of his life's

impulses, and entered the priesthood. But alas! three years had barely sped before de Vega was writing to his friend and patron, the Duke of Sessa, concerning a certain Amaryllis, and a certain expected event. Well might Lope exclaim to his Excellency that "calores, dolores, y amores ocupan los hombres."

During nearly the whole of his life and most of its byefalls the dramatist showed himself possessed of a tender and human spirit: "soy tan tierno en materia de hijos," he writes, and might have added, "y de mujeres" with even greater truth, as we have seen; but the strain of cruelty which is found in well-nigh every Spanish nature was not absent from his, and the most painful passage in his career is that recording his assistance as a member of the Inquisition at the condemnation of a wretched, half-insane monk, one Benito Cerrer, for militant heresy, in 1624. In telling the story of the affair in one of his usual letters to the Duke of Sessa, he dismisses the man contemptuously with "but he was a low person—for that is the kind they burn." And yet Lope was so sensitive that he winced and almost cringed in suffering under the sarcastic verses of Gongora, and went rosy with delight if a meeting with his enemy passed without open insult. In a more generous though not less narrow spirit he espoused the cause of the beheaded Mary, Queen of Scots, in his religious epic, "La Corona Trágica"; his vigorous denouncement of the triumph of Elizabeth and the London Court as "a theatre of cruelty" being rewarded by Urban VIII. with a complimentary letter and a doctorship of theology. About the same time he fell into serious monetary distress, and on August 27, 1635—his last love, Doña Marta, the Amaryllis before-mentioned, having preceded him by three years, after an awful period of blindness and insanity—he died amid those circumstances of tragedy which so often have lent their horror to the last years of brilliant and irresponsible genius. In brief, de Vega was what in unguarded moments the wisest of us are vainly apt to term "an enigma":—but enigmas of this kind are common in Spain, and not unknown in England.

Nearly a hundred years have passed since the appearance of the last English biography of Lope de Vega, and in the meantime many new facts of a general and particular nature have been brought to light. Professor Rennert's Life is a work for which both scholar and reader will have little but warm praise. The translations, it must be owned, are lacking in poetic flavour, and in at least one place a piece of prudery has produced a peculiarly ludicrous result; but the narrative of the dramatist's life is clear, careful, and sufficiently complete, and is marked throughout by a very pleasant modesty on the part of the author. The proofs, moreover, seem to have been read with much attention, and the Spanish is sullied by very few of the distressing blunders which are often to be noted in first editions of similar works. There is a most acceptable Bibliography, and the chapter on the theatres of Madrid forms an interesting "extremes." The publishers, also, deserve high compliments for the very creditable manner in which they have carried out their share of the work.

W. LAWLER-WILSON.

Brothers in Art

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER. (Variorum edition. Vol. I. Bell, and Bullen. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS authoritative edition of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher has been eagerly awaited by all lovers and students of the drama and judging by this the first

volume of twelve it bids fair to fulfil all expectations. Mr. A. H. Bullen is the general editor, which is surety that the edition will be carried out with sound scholarship. The plays will be given in the order of the second Folio of 1679, and to each play will be prefixed lists of original editions, notes on the date of composition, on the text, the argument, the sources of the plot and the theatrical history. We shall deal more fully with these matters when further volumes are to hand, contenting ourselves now with noting that modern spelling and punctuation have been adopted, which seems a mistake, for even to those unacquainted with Elizabethan literature the old-fashioned spelling presents but few difficulties, and those for but a brief time. Of the notes we will only say here that occasionally they appear to be a trifle uncalled for. The plays in the first volume are "The Maid's Tragedy" and "Philaster," edited by Mr. P. A. Daniel, and "A King and No King," "The Scornful Lady" (given in the contents as "A") and "The Custom of the Country," edited by Mr. R. Warwick Bond.

That Beaumont and Fletcher hold high place among the British dramatists is acknowledged and it would not profit us to argue exactly what position they do hold, whether in tragedy they are the equals of Massinger or in comedy above or beneath Ben Jonson. It is sufficient to know that they have given us much that is admirable in both kinds. It has been, and still is, the fashion to accuse Beaumont and Fletcher of being conscious and too faithful copyists of their contemporaries, to say that this character is obviously derived from that one of Shakespeare, or that this scene is but a version of that one of Ben Jonson. Such criticism appears to us not only unjustifiable but to overlook well-known facts in the history of the stage. There are fashions in the stage world as there are in the real world. In the plays of the present day there are certain types of character which with slight variations appear again and again, but it would be foolish to accuse Mr. Henry Arthur Jones of copying Mr. Pinero or *vice versa* because they both present portraits of well-known types. Equally absurd does it seem to us to accuse Beaumont and Fletcher of plagiarism because Calianax in "The Maid's Tragedy" is a foolish old man of the tribe of Polonius; Shakespeare painted the type the more successfully, that is all. Even similarities of diction, of phrase, need not be taken as ground for a charge of theft or at any rate of conscious peculation. The fact that boys and young men then played the parts of women was the cause of the frequency with which female characters were made to disguise themselves in men's apparel, that various characters do so in Beaumont and Fletcher and that in the circumstances they indulge in obvious jests and comments is, it must be admitted, proof positive that these two writers aped Shakespeare; Bellario in "Philaster" is without doubt a mere copy of Rosalind!

Beaumont and Fletcher and all their fellows, in addition to their intrinsic merits are of inestimable value to us as affording standards by which we can measure the extraordinary height to which Shakespeare rose. As a writer of acting plays he did not so greatly exceed them in merit, they were all accomplished and practised stage craftsmen, but in all else comparison is useless, only contrast effective. It is not necessary to urge how greatly he excelled them all in the matter of poetry and prose, even their most delightful lyrics yielding place to his, but to compare his characters with those drawn by his contemporaries is a revelation of what a vast space intervenes between supreme genius and admirable talent. If the stage had not then called loudly for plays it cannot be doubted that Shakespeare

would still have contributed to some other form of literature as greatly as he has done to the drama, whereas save for a handful of songs and ballads we should probably have lost sight of his fellow-playwrights. Shakespeare is often accused of coarseness and undoubtedly does express himself with a freedom alien to our age, but the others, Beaumont and Fletcher prominent among them, led the age in coarseness and were scarcely outdone in indecency by the dramatists of the Restoration. Shakespeare's women are at heart pure, but we have our doubts about most of the others, though Euphrasia, who passes through "Philaster" disguised as the page Bellario, is indeed a very sweet maiden.

As we have said, we do not intend now to criticise in detail this new edition, but will content ourselves with expressing our gratitude for the first of what promises to be so excellent a set of volumes. W. T. S.

AFRICA: FROM SOUTH TO NORTH THROUGH MAROTSELAND. By Major A. St. H. Gibbons, F.R.G.S., R.C.I. In two volumes. (Lane. 32s. net.)

HALF a century ago Livingstone passed up the Zambezi and travelled thence along the northern slave-route to Loanda. Since that time our knowledge of that inaccessible portion of the vast continent of Africa has been confined to the accounts of Cameron, Arnot, Capello and Ivens, Serpa Pinto, and occasional traders. Each one of these has, however, only placed on record particulars of his own particular tract of country, and it has been left to Major Gibbons to re-transverse practically all the routes of these travellers, to readjust their geographical and other details, and to weld into a concrete whole the result of his three years' explorations.

He has accomplished his comprehensive task in a most sound and thorough manner. These two stout but not unwieldy volumes, dedicated "to the memory of one of the greatest Englishmen whose devotion to a grand ideal has earned for himself the title of 'great' in the imperishable history of the Empire."—needless to say this well-deserved tribute refers to the late Cecil Rhodes—contain in compactest form the most important addition to our knowledge of the mid-African Hinterland that has appeared for many years.

The main objects of Major Gibbons' expedition included the determination of the geographical limits of Lewanika's country, the definition of the Congo-Zambezi watershed, the discovery of the main source of the Zambezi, and a desire to ascertain how far that river and her affluents could be utilised as navigable waterways. The quite subsidiary intention of the author, of returning home *via* the Great Lakes and the Nile through Egypt, conceived as a matter of personal interest, rather than with any more serious object, was magnified, he says, by the Press until it became to all appearances not only the main but the sole object in view. This was, of course, an entirely erroneous impression. It so happened that he was able to proceed overland to Cairo, but he is quite modestly accurate in his assurance that the work of his expedition in Marotse-land was infinitely more valuable and noteworthy.

There is much fascinating reading in Major Gibbons' book, written, as it is, easily and fluently, but without the slightest literary affectation or preciosity. It is a plain straightforward account of hardships undergone, and difficulties overcome, of indomitable pluck and indefatigable perseverance, of the makeshifts of the experienced explorer, and the inevitable ultimate success of sheer doggedness. There are innumerable excellent photographs, and several most valuable and informing maps. Altogether a remarkably fine, thorough, and interesting publication.

A Plain Soldier

THE LIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL WAUCHOPE, C.B., C.M.G., LL.D. By Sir George Douglas, Bart. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d.)

THIS is not a brilliant book, nor the record of a brilliant life, and yet the biography is a welcome and useful work. It is a modest and wholesome account of a modest and wholesome career. From his boyhood down to his fall in the murderous volley of Magersfontein, Andrew Wauchope seems to have shown a sound, clean, manly, soldierly nature; he did his duty, was brave and energetic and kindly and just, because he never thought of the possibility of being otherwise.

Like more than one distinguished man in our history, he began in one service the career he was to close in the other. But he soon ended his naval career, while yet a midshipman. Perhaps, as the author hints, he was disgusted by the conduct of certain officers on his ship, and perhaps a serious accident made him doubtful whether he was quick enough for a "handy man."

From his nineteenth year his history was that of one of the noblest regiments of history, the Black Watch. There is nothing remarkable in the few anecdotes of his personal adventures; they are such as might be told of any healthy young subaltern, nor does his biographer try to exaggerate their importance. His aim is rather to collect memories which are cherished, not because of themselves, but because they relate to a man who was honoured and loved by nearly all who knew him.

Through the arduous marching and fighting of the first Ashantee war, Wauchope did his duty manfully till, with his accustomed ill-luck, he was disabled by a slug in the shoulder, which was left unextracted for years. Next we come on his record at Cyprus, where, by one of the little ironies of the Empire, the plain, practical, religious Scottish officer was appointed Commissioner of Paphos, the home of the least Scottish of the Olympians, to punish murderers and sheep-stealers, promote irrigation and increase the carob crop. All this he seems to have done, as he did everything, with his might, however new and uncongenial were his duties. He had to have a murderer hanged and was inconsolable because the rope broke; it was to him a proof that he had not been thorough. In the Egyptian war, after leading his Highlanders over the enemy's works at Tel-el-Kebir, he looked ruefully at his blood-stained sword, exclaiming "I say, what brutes we men are!" Not for him were the joys of conquest; war was a duty, often distasteful, to be done because he believed it to be right.

In everything his achievement was solid, thorough, owing nothing to fortune and generally robbed of the show of success. In politics he was pitted against Mr. Gladstone and by hard work and personal influence ran the great man's majority at Midlothian from thousands down to hundreds. In the laborious Soudan campaign he led the First Brigade, meeting the Dervish flanking attack at the critical moment. Finally he was called out to join in the South African struggle and there is no need to tell the bitter story of the end. Characteristic and unconsciously noble is the kindness of Wauchope's judgments on his superiors, and his wish to believe in their capacity. His traditional dying utterance, "Don't blame me for this, lads!" is unthinkable of such a man, if the accent is laid on the third word. Wauchope never emphasised himself.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

IN August the publication of "Scribner's Magazine" will be transferred from Messrs. Sampson Low to Mr. William Heinemann.

Verses

VERSES. By Frank Watts. (Privately printed.)

IN LONELY DREAMING. By Geoffrey A. Dunlop. (Gay & Bird. 2s. net.)

THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS. Translated into English Verse. By Edward Thring. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE HIPPOLYTUS OF EURIPIDES. Translated by Gilbert Murray. (Allen. 1s. net.)

LAND AND SEA PIECES. By Arthur E. J. Legge. (Lanc. 3s. 6d. net.)

SONGS OF THE SEA-CHILDREN. By Bliss Carman. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE SQUIR OF LOWE DEGRE. A Middle English Metrical Romance. Edited by William Edward Mead. (Ginn. 5s.)

WITH two exceptions, the outstanding books in these volumes of recent verse, curiously enough, are two translations. Of the privately printed and anonymous "Verses" it would be unfair to say much, seeing the modesty of their presentment and the youth of their author. There is no 'performance, there is not even promise; but it does not therefore follow that so young a writer may not one day come to his own. It might have been better to await that day. Mr. Dunlop's "In Lonely Dreaming," in a much greater degree, technically, shows signs of youth and inexperience. Yet at least one poem has a certain measure of fancy and poetic feeling, which might ultimately develop into something better than he here gives us. But he must learn to avoid such a rhyme as "pray" and "reality," which he repeats and dwells on throughout one poem, while it reappears in others.

The two translations are both from great Greek dramatists and both by eminently competent classical scholars: but there the resemblance ends. Mr. Edward Thring, the well-known and deservedly honoured Headmaster of Uppingham, has rendered into English verse the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus. Mr. Gilbert Murray, Professor of Greek in Glasgow University, has rendered into English verse the "Hippolytus" of Euripides. Both outwardly follow the same conventions of English verse; representing the dialogue by blank verse, and the choruses by irregularly rhyming lyrics. But Mr. Thring's scholarly version, while it has excellent literary command of English, shows a technical inexperience in the handling of verse which is fatal to its success as poetry—and therefore as a poetical rendering. Indeed, it is more than technical inexperience; it is, seemingly, a native incapacity to sing. Accordingly the blank verse comes off much better than the choruses: in which the metre is dissonant and stiff, without pulse, without fluidity, attempting a caprice and impulse in the form which is belied by the current—or lacking current—of the numbers. Nor is the diction of these choruses successful—really fervid and triumphant, as it should be. The blank verse is only comparatively successful. We had just recently, as it chanced, to review another verse-translation of this very play; and the contrast (in such a passage, for example, as the famous description of the signal-fires which announce the fall of Troy) is very striking and not to Mr. Thring's advantage. He fails, and fails solely, we repeat, in the power to sing.

Quite otherwise with Professor Murray. He does not lack scholarly ability—far from it. But his rendering is distinguished by a conspicuous power to sing, most rare in Professors. He has obviously modelled himself

upon Mr. Swinburne, with an infusion of Shelley. But the thing is triumphantly done with extraordinary felicity and dexterity. Some of the choruses might pass as fine English poetry—could we give higher praise? And the blank-verse is scarce less excellent. The thing has swing, leap, impulse; and the diction is admirable. This version should become a classic.

Of the other two books at which we hinted as standing out from the bulk of these volumes, one is Mr. A. J. Legge's "Land and Sea Pieces." In many of them there is a certain meditative vein mingled with personal emotion and a refined diction which elevates them above commonplace. But his most successful mood is that exemplified in the opening pieces and others which follow. We have here a light, careless handling approaching the manner of *vers de société*, with an undertone of serious emotion and reflection which is quite happily managed. In this vein Mr. Legge is worth reading; he hits his mark. The other book is Mr. Bliss Carman's "Songs of the Sea-Children." It does not exhibit Mr. Carman's whole range: it does not illustrate even his best because most characteristic mood in poetry. That mood is the song of the open air. These are love-poems with a certain sensuousness of passion and a certain monotony in that sensuousness. But if by sensuousness be understood any lack of delicacy, there is no lack of delicacy here. They are delicate, they are rhythmic, they are light as thistledown, they are warm with emotion, and iridescent with fancy. But there is a certain thinness which becomes evident by repetition; for they are too copious, there are too many of them. Compression and selection would have strengthened their poetic quality. It is good; but not Mr. Carman at his best.

For the rest, the "Squyr of Lowe Degre" is a mediæval romance which the editor himself likens to the "Rhyme of Sir Thopas," one of the "Canterbury Tales." Now Chaucer introduced the "Rhyme" as a burlesque of the whole class on which it was based; and the present poem has all the *longueurs* at which Chaucer laughed. It has an antiquarian interest which justifies its republication; but no interest for the mere lover of poetry.

THE GOSPELS OF THE SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS. By the Rev. Cornelius J. Ryan. Two volumes. (Dublin: Browne & Nolan. 12s. 6d. net.)

In this work the sometime Professor of Sacred Scripture and Hebrew in Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, has set his hand to a task of real helpfulness. It is clearly the mind of the Church, in assigning portions of the Gospels to be read in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, that the passages selected for this purpose should form the basis of the weekly instruction of her children. Hence, clearly, arose the practice of preaching immediately after the chanting of the gospel and before the recitation of the Creed. Father Ryan has done his work with a thoroughness that is characteristic of the Roman Catholic professor of theology. The Gospel is given first in Greek, almost verbatim from the Vatican Codex (B); then in the Latin of the Vulgate; then in the English of that recension of the Douai which is most generally used in Ireland. These are followed by the parallel passages from other Gospels; and we are given, finally, a combined narrative. The notes that follow deal with the usual points of exegetical interest and with circumstances of time and place, largely illustrated from the Fathers and from modern commentators who are not exclusively members of the Roman Catholic Church. Writing as he does for a

particular class, for the ordinary run of busy parochial clergy, Father Ryan is ready sometimes to settle in what to the general reader, or reviewer, may seem a somewhat offhand way questions of great complexity. The rather positive manner in which the Council of Trent determined the authenticity of the Vulgate has made considerable calls upon the ingenuity of later apologists. Father Ryan in his Introduction, having occasion to refer to various critical editions, such as that of Westcott and Hort, pronounces with a calmness that to a Catholic is natural and that to a Protestant will seem simply fatuous: "It must be said, however, that all these editors exceed the bounds of legitimate criticism." He instances among others the last paragraph of St. Mark and the passage known as "The Three Heavenly Witnesses," "which, in accordance with the decree of the Council of Trent, must be received as portions of Sacred Scripture." We quote this as an illustration of the general point of view—so interesting as that of the greatest of Christian communities, so hopelessly out of touch with the modern spirit. But there is always this to be remembered about a priest's attitude in matters of doctrine: that he is often called upon to choose between the safer and the more probable view; and that, though he may prefer to take his stand on the former, he does not necessarily imply that the more probable view may not eventually be found at least safe, or that the safer view will necessarily for ever be adjudged to be also tenable.

THE FRENCH NOBLESSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Translated by Mrs. Colquhoun Grant from "*Les Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy*," 1834. (Murray. 12s. net.)

It is in no wise necessary for the translator to ask the indulgence of her readers for putting before them this most charming version of *Madame de Créquy's Souvenirs*. She says "the book is now nearly forgotten," but that is rather undervaluing the delvings of the average student of the period. The *Souvenirs* are full of quaint stories and bright clever descriptions of eighteenth-century life in French town and country. The work as a whole is almost certainly not from the pen of the supposed author. Portions of the first part were possibly written by the Marquise herself, but the latter part seems to be from the pen of M. Cousin, Comte de Courchamps, as he alleged, from her dictation, or with her permission.

Madame de Créquy had a long and chequered life. She was one of the wittiest women of her day, she kept a *salon*, survived the horrors of the Reign of Terror, and lived to see Napoleon First Consul. The chief points in her character seem to be her love for the Church, her contempt for Talleyrand, her hatred of the Orléans family, and her undying devotion to her sovereigns, to three of whom she was personally known. Such is the story related, with much circumstantial detail, in the memoirs themselves, but the translator very sapiently states in her preface that it is open to the gravest doubt, and that the *Souvenirs* merely "represent a mass of almost contemporary tradition, reminiscence, and anecdote, gathered round the name of a leader of society renowned for her wit and charm." Be that as it may, the record here presented of men, women, and things is full of interest and charm. Court life was apparently a mixture of high jinks and low debauchery. "Just as we sat down to luncheon who should arrive, to our intense annoyance, but our Aunt d'Elbœuf, a fat old woman of about sixty, who said she had come to enjoy herself with us. She said she would only

partake of meat, roasted with Spanish wine, but she ate quails cooked with *jasmin*, two or three plates of stewed fruit, *massepains*, macaroons, small cakes, and wound up her collation with five or six big pears. She then ordered the dancing dogs to be brought before her." A little contemporary portrait of Jean-Jacques Rousseau as a nervous youth is not without interest. He was then a good-looking young man, intelligent, though timid and shy. The alleged authoress used to send him weekly two big du Mans capons, as he preferred that article of food to any other. Benjamin Franklin does not seem to have pleased Madame la Marquise. She met him at a supper party. He wore his hair long, like a Brittany deacon. He had a brown coat and a plum-coloured vest and breeches, and his hands were also of the same shade. What impressed her most, however, was the way he ate eggs. He broke them into a glass, with butter, mustard, pepper and salt. He bit off the heads of the asparagus instead of using a fork. "In fact he was a species of savage." The book abounds in lively character-drawing and anecdote. The translator is to be heartily congratulated on the excellent manner in which one of the most curiously interesting books of the time is presented to us.

Fiction

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE. By W. H. Mallock. (Murray, 6s.) If Mr. Mallock has written a rather purposeless book, the fault does not lie in Mr. Mallock's intention, but in the nature of things. When once the veil of the Temple was rent, the cost we know; and it is one which the dilettante of the modern drawing-room or even of the modern lecture-hall will not incur; nor should the surface levity that startled readers of the earlier chapters of this book when they appeared in a magazine and that led to the suppression of the later ones, be imputed to Mr. Mallock for wantonness. If he cannot lift the Temple's veil, and read that riddle of the universe which perpetually invites the guesser to ever fresh defeats, he can at least raise the curtain from the stage of modern life, and show us his company—a very different one from the wooden puppets that walk most stages in books of hard controversy that appear in the seductive binding of novels. He is well informed; he is witty; he has not only sight, but insight. Perhaps there is less of this quality in his latest book than in some of the earlier ones. Very cleverly does a lady in its pages say, after being present at a distinctive conversation, that she feels as if she had been at a funeral; and nothing could better describe the sensation with which many a reader will close the book. To compose Mr. Mallock's epitaph would be too melancholy a task. His pages are a medley of ladies with lost hearts and of lips sad with—not as—"remembered kisses"; of bishops and butterpats, whiskies and evolution, cigars and altar-lights, coronets and miracles, angels and shirt-fronts, spilt soup on white waistcoats and original sin, mysticism and grooms, men in search of a religion, a perverted Roman Catholic, and a High Church clergyman—a parody at that. Caricature, whether in picture or printed page, must be human to be effectual; and this is where Mr. Mallock fails over his presentment of "Father" Skipton, whose antics are made to include a "litany of Mary of England" of his own composing, with this specimen invocation: "Hands of Mary, which drip with myrrh, fondle us!" Herbert Spencer is introduced at the outset under the name of Cosmo Brock; and at the end of the five hundred and odd—sometimes very odd—pages we recall the last passages of the Autobiography. For the book, which seems to set forth Mr. Mallock as a soldier of science arrayed to destroy faith, ends with an acknowledgment that science does not suffice. "Science," he sums up, "compels us to accept what are for the intellect contradictions."

BROTHERS. By Horace Annesley Vachell. (Murray, 6s.) "Brothers" is an unusually interesting book. It is not brilliant or to be hailed as a masterpiece, but it arrests attention. It has in a peculiar degree an all-pervading spirit of truthfulness, the life-likeness of portraiture. The characters are real, their development is natural, the action of the story inevitable. The three principal characters are two brothers, Mark and Archibald, and the woman they both love. A gipsy, while the two brothers are still at Harrow, tells their fortunes. To the one she says, "I see a long life and a full one. You will get what you want because you want it so badly." To the other, Mark, "A happy hand, the hand of the free giver, the blessed hand, the kind hand, and the strong hand. . . . Sorrow, suffering, disappointment, and love. . . . You will love deeply and be loved in return." Mark is sickly and stammers from childhood, a born fighter with the body of a woman; while his brother is his opposite in every respect. Archibald becomes a shining light in the Church, and woos success and preferment through the words of Mark, who writes his sermons for him. He also wins the woman they both love by the same means. Mark drifts from one thing to another, he longs passionately to be a soldier, but he cannot pass the medical examination; he aspires to be a painter; afterwards he enters the Church and overworks himself among the squalor and misery of the East-End. When he gives this up he writes novels and a play with a certain degree of success, and ultimately becomes "the power behind the throne" of the Bishop of Parham, his brother. All these phases of Mark's life are admirably drawn, with a certain observative touch and versatility that lend interest and colour to the narrative.

OLIVE LATHAM. By E. L. Voynich. (Heinemann, 6s.) "Olive Latham" shows a distinct advance on the part of this clever writer. "The Gadfly," a sufficiently remarkable book, was somewhat marred by certain crudities and immaturities which are absent from her latest novel. In "Olive Latham" there is a sureness of touch, a thorough grasp of the situations which make the book a remarkable success. It impresses one chiefly by its intense virility and truthfulness. It is one of the very rare satisfying books dealing with Nihilism. Nihilism has been done to death in sensational fiction, so much so that one is apt to cast aside any novel with Russia for its theme. But Mrs. Voynich writes of what she knows; and writes with a restraint too often absent in such novels. "Olive Latham" is a nurse, with particularly strong and well-balanced nerves and with not a particle of sentiment in her composition. By chance she falls in love with a Russian, Vladimir Damarov, who has already served two years in prison, and come out with grey hair and diseased lungs. He started in life with a talent for sculpture and drawing, but while quite young fell under the influence of a revolutionist. Olive leaves her placid country home, where she has been staying with her father, a prosperous banker, to nurse her lover, who is ill in St. Petersburg. Just as she has succeeded in pulling him through a serious attack of inflammation of the lungs he is arrested. "Dressing was slow work; every few minutes he had to stop and rest, and twice he fainted again. . . . The closed sledge was waiting by the door, a white mass looming indistinctly with ghostly horses sheeted all in frost, their breathing grey around them like a cloud." Within a few days he is dead and roughly buried. It is a poignant, tragic story, not easily forgot.

"I." (S. Appleton, 6s.) This book ends much better than it begins. It is an honest enough study of the development of a woman's character, of her passage through the fires of temptation, from which she emerges purged of her "worse half." The trivialities of the first few chapters, amongst them the description by the heroine of her bathing and dressing and the effects thereof, are of small interest, no romance, and no assistance in the carrying on of the story of her spiritual development. The bath has for some generations now ceased to be romantic. It is not till the eighth chapter that the story of Sidney Lloyd begins to interest, and

all that comes before should have been greatly condensed. The preliminary, and oftentimes necessary, explanations which serve as the introduction to a character are like the tuning up of an orchestra. They should be short and kept as much as possible out of hearing of those waiting for the music of the harmonious whole. There is too much tuning up and scraping of strings in the beginning of "I," and casual readers not having patience to wade through that beginning may miss the real interest and power developed afterwards in this study of a woman by herself.

MAGNUS SINCLAIR. By Howard Pease. (Constable, 6s.) Mr. Pease opens his narrative by a disquisition on the inaccuracies of Sir Walter Scott, notably his failure to comprehend the real character of Cromwell. No one will attempt to defend "best Sir Walter" from the charge of a large, blithe carelessness as to details. At the same time, it may be doubted whether he ever departed so flagrantly alike from truth of fact and the deeper truth of character as does his censor Mr. Pease, among all his notes and authorities. To present Oliver Cromwell, burdened with the weight of a nation's welfare, at the moment when Charles II. and the Scots were threatening the stability of the Commonwealth, as accepting the challenge of a Royalist prisoner and fighting a duel under the eyes of his scandalised officers—this truly is a freak of the fancy more audacious than convincing. It must in justice to the author be admitted that this astounding single combat is his only departure from strict conventionality. For the most part he proceeds at a leisurely pace, a treatise on heraldry in the one hand and a manual of fencing in the other, keeping a careful eye on his archaeology and local colour. The impressive array of notes is not needed to convince us of Mr. Pease's knowledge of the ground and time.

Short Notices

VENICE. By Mortimer Menpes; text by Dorothy Menpes. (Black, 20s. net.) To open this exquisite volume is to drift for an hour among dreams and memories of Venice. Mr. Menpes' work has been reproduced in these coloured plates with a delicacy and fidelity almost beyond praise, and the result is a gallery of Venetian views which will reveal the Bride of the Sea to many who have never floated on her shimmering water-ways, but which will move the accustomed lover of Venice to a wistful remembrance as poignant as it is pleasurable. Not only the more familiar and picturesque aspects are rendered, but also those other phases too often ignored by the seeker after artistic effects. The marvel of misty sunsets across the lagoons; the slant sails, ruddy and saffron, drawing trails of colour in the water; the glimmering of opalescent twilights with the dome of the Salute bulking dark against a space of ineffable sky—these divine common-places of Venice are sought after by every painter, though few are as successful in the search as is Mr. Menpes. But he has caught also many less conventional impressions, such as those still white noons when the heat has blanched the palace fronts and drawn the colour from sky and water, or that brilliant study, plate 29, in which every pile and gondola prow cuts sharp and actual, and one feels the newly-risen wind crisping the cool water. It is difficult to refrain from passing comments on this and that canal vista or well-known palace front, for the artist has rendered with skill and insight the individuality of the scenes. Some of his architectural glimpses are as delightful in their way as are the views of the canals and lagoons in all their magic of atmosphere. As much cannot be said for his figures; the women's faces tend too much to one type, and that almost Japanese in its oddity, nor does he capture the Venetian grace of bearing. It cannot be said that the letterpress of this volume is in any way adequate. It consists of personal reminiscences interspersed with extremely sketchy *obiter dicta* on the history, architecture, and art of Venice. There are such care-

less contradictions as, "Certainly Venice is the most highly coloured city in the world" and "It is not the painted, coloured city one had imagined it to be; Venice is very grey."



Hetty was coming down-stairs...

[Illustration from "Adam Bede" (Long's Library of Modern Classics)]

This superficial writing is the more disappointing since the opening sentences seem to lay claim to some special understanding of the subject. It would, however, be no easy task to match these pictures in words, so our discontent with one part of the book is a tribute to the excellence of the other. There is, in fact, no need for any text to this volume; passages of Ruskin, sombrely rich as the mosaics of San Marco, or the liquid colour and music of d'Annunzio's cadences, will rise readily to the mind to companion these visions of Venice. Or, letting words slip by, we may surrender to the spell of Mr. Menpes' delicate art, and drift beneath palace-fronts set with marble and alabaster, by dusky canals, beneath leaning bridges, out to the shimmering reaches of the lagoons, where sea and sky unite to build a beauty which is not quite of earth or heaven, but simply—Venice.

ODDITIES, OTHERS, AND I. By Henriette Corkran. (Hutchinson, 16s.) "We live, alas, in a vulgar, silly age, rapid and restless; typified by paragraphs, gossip, instantaneous photography, telephones, telegrams, motor-cars, and bad manners." Miss Corkran, it will be seen, does not altogether approve of the age we live in—and there will be many who thoroughly agree with her in regretting the more spacious times which allowed a greater devotion to art and culture. In a previous book, "Celebrities and I," the authoress had much to say that was interesting, in a chatty, disconnected manner, of the notable folk with whom she had come into contact during her busy artistic career. The

present volume is "a candid record of my thoughts about people and things"—candid, not candied, it will be noticed. Thumbnail sketches of all sorts of oddities occur on nearly every page, although some at least of the more pompous among the sitters might unreasonably object to being classed as oddities, notwithstanding the obvious fact that every man-Jack of us is an oddity from the point of view of an original and observant woman, most of all that original woman herself. The late Lord Leighton is quoted, with his fanatically sincere cult for *le beau* as the end and object of art; Carlyle is sketched, swearing "a big, powerful, round old oath"; Robert Browning, "bright, alert, spick and span"; Lord Beaconsfield being painted by Millais, the former "was looking ill; one eye was inflamed, his complexion was livery, there was a gleam of gaudy colour about his waistcoat; he looked Oriental, subtle, and depressed"; the painter Corot: "he would paint in a blouse, like a workman; if any of us poor *rapins* wanted money we could help ourselves; he had a bowl filled with pieces of money. If any of his friends were in want, we took what we really required. No one abused the privilege"; W. G. Wills, the dramatist, wore a heavy ulster coat, in the hood of which was a paint-box, brushes, turpentine. His feet were bare, on his head a straw helmet, the worse for wear. "Swinburne then sat on the floor, looking like a happy schoolboy, waving his treasures about." Mr. Andrew Lang, says the authoress, "looks languidly sorry for nine-tenths of the human race." Such are but a few hastily culled examples of a bright spontaneity of anecdote and description overflowing throughout the book, which only lacks an index to make it a sheer delight. A chapter on Rye and its inimitable charm, with a quaint view of Mr. Henry James, is of some literary interest, and one can gauge the authoress' success as a portrait painter by her ready and sane judgment of character. Miss Corkran writes: "I do not enjoy conversations with people who are too accurate. I get into trouble for not being precise." Despite this disclaimer, it may be permitted politely to point out that kodaks and gold-tipped cigarettes had not been invented at the period when (approximating the date by the context) they are referred to in the course of a couple of excellent anecdotes.

BRYAN'S DICTIONARY OF PAINTERS AND ENGRAVERS. Vol. III. Illustrated. New edition revised and enlarged under the supervision of George C. Williamson. (Bell, 21s. net.) Dr. Williamson's new volume, Number III., extends from Haach to Mytens. It contains over two hundred and fifty new biographies, and many of the notices that appeared in the edition of 1899 have been revised and amplified. No other work of the kind attempts the fulness and completeness of this colossal work, which has been brought up to date with a thoroughness that is almost startling. This volume, for example, contains an excellent biography of Phil May, and, of course, lives of Leighton, Millais, Keene, Du Maurier, and Albert and Henry Moore are included. We are also glad to find several columns devoted to the anonymous masters of the Rhine valley—the Master of the Holy Kinship, the Master of the Life of Mary, &c., with four excellent illustrations of their pictures. Indeed, the pictures are all good and wisely chosen, such as J. F. Lewis' "Lilium Auratum," and Master Stephan's "The Madonna of the Rose Garden." Mrs. Berenson's article on "Lorenzo Lotto" is a model of its kind, three columns of vital facts and dates, followed by a luminous paragraph on Lotto's temperament and trend. Another pithy and useful biography is Mr. Weale's "Memline." If we have a fault to find, it lies in the disproportion between the lengths of some of the articles. If seven and a half columns are given to Leighton, why should Millais have only three and a half, and Frans Hals but two and a half? And why should Albert Moore be given double the space that Henry Moore receives? We notice in the preface a statement that Henry Moore was less talented than his brother. A dictionary should be impartial; moreover, there are many who entirely disagree with that criticism. Those who seek Murillo's "The Dream of the Roman Senator and his Wife" and "The Roman Senator and his Wife telling their Dreams

to Pope Liberius" will look for them in vain at the Academy of San Fernando, where they are located in the article on Murillo. These fine and well-preserved pictures are now in the Museo del Prado. We offer Dr. Williamson and his publishers our congratulations on their energy and enterprise, and on the high level of excellence attained in this new edition of an indispensable work.

GUNPOWDER AND AMMUNITION: THEIR ORIGIN AND PROGRESS. By Lieut-Colonel Henry W. L. Hime (late) Royal Artillery. (Longmans, 9s. net.) It is perhaps fitting that now that gunpowder is a thing of the past as regards civilised war its origin and rise should be traced from the best authorities and expounded by an expert. Colonel Hime is a gunner and a scholar, and has studied all available historical and scientific authority, and his conclusions, though in many ways differing from historical traditions, seem to be sound. He has no hesitation in ascribing the invention, or more probably the accidental discovery, of gunpowder to Roger Bacon. The way in which Colonel Hime extracts practical directions for refining saltpetre and making an explosive mixture with charcoal and sulphur from a rigmarole about chalk and gold and medicines is ingenious. He supposes that Bacon, anxious to conceal his process from all but his initiated correspondent, used what Colonel Hime calls the "Argyle steganogram," a rather pompous term for the cipher which consists of writing the sentences of a message in separate phrases, and filling in the gaps with ordinary and unmeaning talk. The correspondent distinguishes the essential words by some secret mark, or by covering the paper with a duplicate card having holes cut to show the message. It is a comfort to be assured that the Chinese did not invent gunpowder, nor did the Hindoos; both seem to have got their first explosives from the West, though "Greek fire" and other incendiary mixtures were in very ancient use. Even Chinese conservatism could not have resisted the temptation to make use of gunpowder for conquest, if China had been the first to discover its properties; whereas if it was a foreign invention, the slow adoption of powder is eminently Chinese. It is a pity that Colonel Hime does not try to carry the history of gunpowder from its discovery to its use for sending projectiles. This development is very important and very obscure.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE. By Jane Hume Clapperton. (Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d.) The writer of this book is a sincere and courageous thinker. Much of what she has to say strikes us as both interesting and new; and whilst we are far from agreeing with all her conclusions, we are fain to admit that she deserves a large audience. The population problem weighs deeply upon the mind of our authoress. The practice which she terms neo-Malthusianism she heartily commends, whilst she is utterly dissatisfied with Herbert Spencer's verdict that monogamy is the ideal marriage relation. Admitting the equality between the numbers of the sexes, she observes that this in no way prohibits a mixture of polygamy and polyandry; and urges very truly that in asserting union by affection to be of primary moment and union by law of secondary moment, and the time to be coming when marital relations in which the union by affection has dissolved will be reprobated, Spencer strikes at the very root of modern marriage. We do not agree with her, however, in the assumption that modern marriage is the only form of monogamy. The other chapters in this book are of equal interest. Miss Clapperton has this peculiarity amongst contemporary prophets—that she has begun by acquainting herself with the best thought on the subjects with which she deals.

UNCONSCIOUS THERAPEUTICS: OR, THE PERSONALITY OF THE PHYSICIAN. By A. T. Schofield, M.D. (Churchill, 5s. net.) Dr. Schofield here repeats in large measure what he has already said in "The Force of Mind." Primarily written for the medical profession, this book is of very general interest; whilst the chapter in which one of his patients gives her point of view of an ordinary consultation suffices to make the book well worth printing. There is unquestionably a great deal in Dr. Schofield's hobby.

His discussion of the unconscious mind is fresh and instructive, though we do not understand his objection to the term "unconscious cerebration." Certainly nothing in contemporary psychology is more fascinating than its revelation of mental processes of which we may never be conscious or consciousness of which reaches us only occasionally. What, for instance, could be more significant than the case of the hypnotised patient who is told to bring a glass of water into a room after the expiry of, say, 20,845 minutes, and who, totally unconscious of the command, does so at the right moment, saying, "Did you want a glass of water, sir?"

Forthcoming Books, etc.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish (on June 8, or thereabouts) "Up from the Slums," by Owen Kildare, a book which, under the title of "My Mamie Rose," has attracted much attention in the United States. On the same day Mr. Unwin will issue, in Conway & Coolidge's series of Climbers' Guides, a second volume on the Bernese Oberland. It has been written by the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge. It describes the north-eastern half of the region, viz., from the Mönchjoch to the Grimsel, thus taking in such important summits as the Finsteraarhorn, Schreckhorn, and Wetterhorn. Special attention has been paid to the names and early history of the various snowy peaks and passes of the district, and a considerable amount of hitherto unpublished information will be found in the slim volume.—Messrs. Burns & Oates announce sixpenny editions of "Callista," by Cardinal Newman, and "Fabiola," by Cardinal Wiseman. These works are to be issued in convenient crown octavo size. As a further concession to readers who desire to preserve the volumes, shilling editions are also to be issued, printed on superior paper, strongly bound, and in all ways suitable for a permanent place on the bookshelf.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Davidson, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D. (the late A. B.), The Theology of the Old Testament.....(T. & T. Clark) 12/0
 Paues (Anna C.), edited by, A Fourteenth Century English Biblical Version.....(Cambridge Press) net 10/0
 Pooler, B.D. (The Rev. L. A.), Studies in the Religion of Israel (Hodder & Stoughton) 5/0
 Herrmann, D.D. (Wilhelm), translated by Donald Matheson, M.A., and Robert W. Stewart, M.A., B.Sc., Faith and Morals (Williams & Norgate) 5/0
 Whittaker (Thomas), The Origins of Christianity.....(Watts) net 3/6
 Gorham (C. T.), Ethics of the Great Religions.....(Watts) 0/6
 Wernle (Paul), translated by the Rev. G. A. Bienemann, The Beginnings of Christianity: Vol. II., The Development of the Church (Williams & Norgate) 10/6
 Mories (A. S.), Haeckel's Contribution to Religion.....(Watts) 0/6
 The Limits of Episcopal Authority, by "Lex".....(Cassell) 0/6

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Creighton, M.D. (C.), Shakespeare's Story of His Life (Richards) net 10/0
 Forshaw, LL.D. (Chas. F.), Poetical Tributes to the late Marquess of Salisbury, E.G.....(Sonnenschein) 3/6
 Buchanan (Alastair), The Essence of Ecclesiastes.....(Stock) 2/6
 The Last Days of Theodor the Ostrogoth, and Other Verses (Oxford: Blackwell) net 3/6
 Mills (Elliott E.), Kate.....(Oxford: Holywell Press)

History and Biography

- Douglas (Sir George), The Life of Major-General Wauchope, C.B., C.M.G., LL.D.....(Hodder & Stoughton) 10/6
 Bain, LL.D. (Alex.), Autobiography.....(Longmans) net 14/0
 Corkran (Henriette), Oddities, Others, and I.....(Hutchinson) 16/0
 Elson (Henry W.), History of the United States of America (Macmillan) net 7/6
 Villari (Luigi), The Republic of Ragusa.....(Dent) net 10/6
 Harris, K.C. (Richard), Auld Acquaintance.....(Arnold) 6/0

Travel and Topography

- Menpes (Mortimer and Dorothy), Venice.....(Black) net 20/0
 Wheatley (Henry B.), The Story of London.....(Dent) net 4/6
 Gomme, F.S.A. (G. L.), edited by, English Topography (Gentleman's Magazine Library).....(Stock) 7/6
 Herring (Frances E.), In the Pathless West.....(Unwin) net 6/0
 Tompkins (H. W.), Stratford-on-Avon.....(Dent) net 1/6
 The "Queen" Newspaper Book of Travel.....(Cox) 2/6

Art

- Menpes (Mortimer), Whistler As I Knew Him.....(Black) net 40/0
 Great Masters, Part XVI.....(Heinemann) net 5/0

Educational

- Edmonds, M.A. (J. M.), and Austen, M.A. (G. E. V.), edited by, The Characters of Theophrastus.....(Blackie) 4/6
 Kerr, LL.D. (John G.), Constructive Geometry.....(Blackie) 1/6
 Hartog (W. G.), edited by, Labiche's "La Poudre aux Yeux".....(Blackie) 0/8
 Lyde (L. W.), An Elementary Geography of America, the British Isles, and Asia.....(Black) each net 0/4
 Programme of the City and Guilds Central Technical College, and Report of the Council.....(Gresham College)
 Pitman (Fred.), Learning to Report.....(G. Pitman) net 0/6
 Cunningham (Susan), The Story of Arithmetic.....(Sonnenschein) 3/6

S.P.C.K. Publications

- Muhammadan Objections to Christianity, compiled by the Rev. W. St. Clair Tisdall, D.D..... 3/6
 The Baptismal Confession and the Creed, by John Wordsworth, D.D. 0/2
 Jesus Christ the Supreme Factor in History, by the Rev. G. B. Stretefeldt..... 0/2
 Thirteen Centuries of the See of London, by A. W. Tarn..... 0/3

Miscellaneous

- Palgrave, F.R.S. (R. H. Inglis), An Enquiry into the Economic Condition of the Country.....(Murray) net 1/0
 Rowntree (J.), and Sherwell (A.), The Licensing Bill, 1904, Articles Nos. 5 and 6.....(York: Delittle, Fenwick) each 0/1
 Deas (J. A. Charlton), How to Extend the Usefulness of Public Libraries.....(Library Bureau) 0/7
 Battersea Public Libraries Annual Report.....(Kent & Matthews)
 Burton, F.C.S. (William), A History and Description of English Earthenware and Stoneware.....(Cassell) net 30/0
 Society in the New Reign, by a Foreign Resident.....(Unwin) 16/0
 Noble (Margaret E.) (The Sister Nivedita), The Web of Indian Life (Heinemann) 7/6
 Halsham (John), Every Man His Own Gardener (Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0
 Ditchfield, M.A. (P. H.), English Gothic Architecture.....(Dent) net 1/0
 Low's Handbook of the Charities of London.....(Sampson Low) 1/0
 Cradock, C.B. (Lieut.-Col. Montagu), Sport in New Zealand (Treherne) net 5/0
 Brown (J. D.), Annotated Syllabus for the Systematic Study of Librarianship.....(Library Supply Company) 1/0
 Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature.....(Asher) net 3/0
 Eyre (John R.), The Rights of Ireland.....(Salesian Press) 0/6
 Robertson (John M.), What to Read.....(Watts) 0/4
 Report of Stirling's and Glasgow Public Library, 1903-4.....
 Report of Committee for Public Libraries and Museums, Borough of Chelsea.....
 List of Lectures.....(Lecture Agency, Limited) 0/6

Fiction

- "The Hunchback of Westminster," by Wm. Le Queux (Methuen), 6/0;
 "Hyslop," by James Prior (Heinemann), 6/0; "A Woman Martyr," by Alice M. Diehl (Ward, Lock), 3/6; "Fort Amity," by A. T. Quiller-Couch (Murray), 6/0; "Old Hendrik's Tales," by Capt. A. O. Vaughan (Longmans), 6/0; "Sally of Missouri," by R. E. Young (Heinemann), 6/0; "A Lost Eden," by M. E. Braddon (Hutchinson), 6/0; "The Countess of Mountenoy," by John Strange Winter (Long), 6/0; "Dads Wayback: His Work" ("Sunday Times," Sydney, N.S.W.), 1/0; "Tales from Jökai," translated by R. Nisbet Bain (Jarrold), 6/0; "The Forerunner," by Neith Boyce (New York: Fox, Duffield); "The Earthly Purgatory," by L. Dougall (Hutchinson), 6/0; "The Melpomene Papers," by Annette Furness (Unwin), 3/6; "Cloud and Storm," by Leith Derwent (Hurst & Blackett), 6/0.

Reprints and New Editions

- Methuen: "The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell," in 3 vols., by Thomas Carlyle, edited by S. O. Lomas, net 18/0; "Frank Fairleigh," by F. E. Smalley.
 Chatto & Windus: "The Paston Letters, 1422-1509," Vol. V., edited by James Gairdner, net 12/6; "Poems of Walt Whitman," edited by W. M. Rossetti.
 Richards: "The Scottish Chiefs," by Jane Porter, net 1/0; "The Tower of London," by Harrison Ainsworth, net 1/0.
 Nash: "The Promotion of the Admiral," by Morley Roberts, net 1/0.
 Cassell: "Marmion," by Sir Walter Scott, net 0/6.
 Stock: "The Lord of Humanity," by Frederick James Gant, net 2/6.
 Black: "The Lady of the Lake," by Sir Walter Scott, net 5/0.

Sixpenny Reprints

- Watts: "A Modern Zoroastrian," by Samuel Laing.
 King: "The Accessibility of Information," by J. Rigby Smith.

Periodicals

- "Fortnightly Review," "Arts and Crafts," "North American Review," "Chambers's Journal," "Johns Hopkins University Circular," "Ulula," "Sunday at Home," "Friendly Greetings," "Leisure Hour," "Boy's Own Paper," "Girl's Own Paper," "Magazine of Art," "Cassell's Magazine," "Pearson's," "Lady's Home Magazine," "School World," "Temple Bar," "Macmillan's Magazine," "Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine," "St. Nicholas," "Cornhill Magazine," "Critical Review," "Empire Review," "The Connoisseur," "United Service Magazine," "British Food Journal," "Book Monthly," "Contemporary Review," "Golden Sunbeams," "Journal of the Queen Victoria Indian Memorial Fund," "World's Work."

Foreign

History and Biography

- Lot (F.), Etudes sur le Règne de Hugues Capet et la Fin du X^e Siècle.....(Paris: Bouillon) 20f.

Miscellaneous

- Lot (F.), Fidèles ou Vassaux?.....(Paris: Bouillon) 7f.
 de Vogüé (le Vte. E.-M.), Sous l'Horizon.....(Paris: Colin) 3f.50
 Prat (L.), Charles Renouvier: Les derniers Entretiens (Paris: Colin) 2f.50

Periodicals

- "Deutsche Rundschau," "Repertorium für Kunstwissenschaft."

Personalities :

Ethel Turner and Louise Mack

FAR away in Sydney, some years ago, there were two girls, both very young and both full of ideals. One day one startled the other by the strange and daring announcement, "I am going to write a book! In fact, I've written half of it."

In a moment the speaker thrust her hand into a drawer and dragged forth a bundle of MS.

A few minutes later two girls were sitting on the floor; one was poring over some closely written sheets, whilst the other waited expectantly. It was thus "The Seven Little Australians" first saw the light, and the author, Ethel Turner, heard her first criticism—the critic was Louise Mack.

Prior to this, these two were friendly rivals. At school they owned and edited opposition papers, "The High School Gazette" and "The Iris," the latter being started by Ethel Turner because her friend rejected one of her contributions to the "Gazette."



MISS ETHEL TURNER

(Mrs. Curlewis)

and her first "Little Larrikin"

(Photo. The Falk Studios, Sydney)

Soon after the publication of "The Seven Little Australians" (Ward, Lock), Louise Mack made her first appearance between covers with an excellent little novel, "The World is Round" (Fisher Unwin). This was soon followed by "The Family at Misrule" (Ward, Lock), by Ethel Turner, and so, from those early school days, these two Australians have gone on, each giving

us her different views of the world in general and things in particular.

For many years Louise Mack contributed both stories and verses to "The Sydney Bulletin." After they



MISS LOUISE MACK

(Mrs. Creel)

brought out a volume of her verses, "Dreams in Flower," she joined the staff, and has since confessed that she spent some of her happiest days in that atmosphere of Bohemia, good fellowship and good work.

Ethel Turner was also a contributor to the "Bulletin," as almost all good Australian writers are. "The Little Duchess," one of the best short stories ever written, first appeared in the "Bulletin," and was the means of bringing its author to a prominent position. The most popular of her books is "The Little Larrikin," a story of a precocious and typical Australian boy. Next come "Little Mother Meg" and "Miss Bobby," both showing the keen insight of their author into childland.

"Teens" and "Girls Together" are perhaps Louise Mack's most popular books; though only recently published in England they have had a large circulation in Australia for some time. In England Louise Mack is best known as the writer of "An Australian Girl in London" (Ward, Lock). This book made many a Londoner take a new interest in his surroundings. In the dull fogs, the dirty statues, dreary squares, and Bloomsbury boarding houses, Louise Mack found a brightness and romance that our eyes had passed over. Her first impression of London, as seen from the inside of a four-wheeler, is worth quoting:

"And this is London. It has closed in on us. It has got us. We are driving through it, a clean, neat city, with high, high houses, and flickering trees of the loveliest, tenderest green growing in squares everywhere. These squares are all railed round with iron rails. In many of them are statues of famous Englishmen. The gay, bright leafage steals through our senses. It is an intense surprise to find trees and grass here. To come upon them in this terrible, dreaded city of fogs and everlasting smoke gives one an indescribable feeling, a moment of love and reeling happiness that is nearly akin to pain."

E. WAY ELKINGTON.

Egomet

I SOMETIMES lie back in my armchair, look over my bookshelves, thinking not so much of the books that stand thereon as of those I should like to see there. How many books have been sent out into the world of letters, which have been stillborn, which had better never have been issued; how many there are—at any rate in my humble opinion—which ought to have been or to be given to us. I am not referring to the old saying that every man possesses the material for at any rate one interesting volume, but to the fact, as I take it to be, that there are many books which would receive a warm welcome if well done which have never yet been done at all. So far as I know, there is no really charming work upon the life of London Town. Of course there are Leigh Hunt, the Mayhews, Thornbury, Loftie, Besant, and many another, but no one of them has given me quite what I want—Thornbury and Hunt approach most nearly to the ideal.

THE work I desire to see should be written by a scholar, a master of vivid style and a romancist—therefore it is scarcely likely that it will ever see the light. Charles Reade could have written it as far as the last two qualifications are concerned, so could Charles Lamb or Oliver Goldsmith or Addison were they alive to-day. It is the human life of the Town that I want to read about, the life of the Court and the life of the courts; as it is now I have to pick and choose passages from the various London books which it is my delight to own. Perhaps some discreet person will some day put together a volume of selections, culled from Shakespeare and his fellows, Dekker and his like, Addison, Steele, Swift, Cibber, Defoe, Walpole, Boswell, Goldsmith, Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Hunt, Scott, Thackeray, Marryat, Dickens, Thornbury and others. Well chosen and well illustrated—a delightful book it would be.

THEN there is no adequate history of the English stage; again, when I desire to hob-nob with dead and gone players, I have to turn to numerous books upon my shelves, to turn to autobiographies and biographies of actors and actresses, and how dull they usually are! But they contain almost inexhaustible material, which a ready and happy writer could turn to goodly account. Thomson gave us his dreary Seasons; will some maker of anthologies give us a selection of poetry and prose on the country aspect of the Four Seasons? I want—alack, how many things I do require—a history of Queen Elizabeth; Froude, Creighton, Martin Hume and the general historians do not fulfil my need; Elizabeth was a woman as well as a queen, yet no writer seems to me to have rightly reached her heart. We read of her as a kind of wax figure, with some of the traits of humanity. I want more than that, I want the story of that woman's life, and—I shall never have it, I fear me.

THEN I want the story of the Thames, a story full of romance and of mystery, but who shall write it for me? In this I am helpless, for I know no books to which I can turn with satisfaction; much has been written and poor stuff most of it, of the Isis at Oxford and the Thames at London—but of the “in-between” nothing that I care for. Turning face round to quite a different country, I want a History of British Publishing from the days of Elizabeth to our own times—but again, who shall write it for me? And I want a Life of Goldsmith, written by one with knowledge and understanding; so

far those who have written of him with knowledge have had little of understanding, and the reverse is equally true. I fancy Goldsmith has been more misunderstood—or I should say less understood—than any other great figure in our literary history.

BUT, ah me! Why do I waste my time longing after literary flesh-pots, which will never be mine? Though, indeed, as I enjoy such musings, why should I dub them waste of my time? My time is mine to do with that which pleases me, and it does please me to dream. The realities of life come upon me uncalled and often unwished; my dreams are mine own, which I can shatter with a breath or call up when I will. Dreams do not come true, so I am told; what care I? they are none the less delightful. Are not all works of imagination the pictured or written dreams of the painter or the writer? Are not all my day-dreams delights to me? Let me be happy in my own way, and if you are not of one mind with me, go your way and permit me to go mine; I care not what you tell me.

E. G. O.

The Work of Herbert Spencer

II.—His Conception of Religion

By religion in this essay we do not mean any system of morals. Herbert Spencer's contributions to ethics do not fall to be discussed at this stage. Nor do I mean now to refer to his theory of the origin of primitive religions—a much-vexed and intensely interesting question. Religion is connected closely with morals in the modern mind, yet we know that long ages elapsed before any ethical element whatever entered into religion, and we further know that similar moral principles are common to the most diverse forms of religion. Granting that animism, fetishism and the like, are not for our time, the question is whether there is any conception of religion which may show it to be necessary for man, quite apart from any ethical principles.

A great literary artist who regarded Spencer as “The most unending ass in Christendom” has so well expressed the conception of religion in question that one cannot do better than quote him here.

“Not the Church creed, which he professes—this is not what I call religion. But the thing a man does practically believe (and this is often without asserting it to himself, and less to others), the thing a man does practically lay to heart and know for certain concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there—that is his religion; or, it may be, his mere scepticism and no religion.”

To Carlyle, then, religion is man's conception of his relation to the mysterious—or unseen, or unknowable. This, it seems to me, is truer than Matthew Arnold's definition—“morality touched with emotion”—for morality is not of the essence of religion. Goethe, again, comes near Carlyle when he speaks of “the man to whom the universe reveals directly what relation it has to him.”

Now the essence of Spencer's conception lies in the word *mystery*. Science, as we know, has done much to explain man's relation to the universe. If it had done *all*, there would be nothing left for the basis of a religion in Spencer's opinion. His contention is that

it can never do all. "As knowledge cannot monopolise consciousness, it must always continue possible for the mind to dwell upon that which transcends knowledge. Hence there must always be a place for something of the nature of religion—which in all its forms is distinguished from everything else in that its subject matter is that which passes the sphere of experience." "If both Religion and Science," he goes on to say, "have bases in the reality of things, then between them there must be fundamental harmony. There cannot be two orders of truth in absolute and everlasting opposition." This last sentence may be compared with the verdict recently passed, that it is hopeless to try to reconcile religion and science, "since they proceed from two different centres." For myself I find more satisfaction in the idea that there cannot be everlasting opposition between two orders of truth. The "vital element in all religions" is the conviction that there exists a *mystery*: to this science assents: if the two are to be reconciled "the basis of reconciliation must be this deepest, widest and most certain of all facts—that the Power which the Universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable."

This supreme verity is to Spencer the truly religious element of religion, and he goes on to urge that science has been, and is, the servant of religion, as the agent which purifies it of its irreligious elements; *i.e.*, of superstition.

Religion and science, in all their past stages, have rested content with superficial solutions; the conflict between them being the fault of imperfect development in both cases. Types of such superficial solutions are, on the one hand, the cosmology of the mediæval church, and, on the other, the materialism of more recent times. Each caused conflict: a true reconciliation being effected only by the common recognition on both sides of "the ultimate fact in our intelligence"—the knowledge that our knowledge is, absolutely considered, mere nescience.

This, then, is Spencer's conception of religion. Unlike Mr. Mallock, he seeks no refuge in a "practical synthesis of contradictories," nor is he content with an assertion that religion and science proceed "from different centres." How either of these notions can satisfy anyone I cannot imagine. On the contrary, he finds the two orders of truth not absolutely irreconcilable, but merged in the ultimate fact in our intelligence.

He proceeded no further in this direction: but we may well consider his attitude towards religious beliefs which seemed to him untenable. He says that in order to attain the widest possible spirit of toleration, "we must recognise a fundamental verity under all forms of religion, however degraded; and must admit these various beliefs to be necessary parts of the constituted order of things."

This view has an intimate bearing upon practice. With that which is *absolutely* wrong there can be no compromise whatever. With that which is only relatively wrong the case is different. In his youth Spencer thought that one must oppose certain beliefs and that their destruction must necessarily be beneficial. But he gradually came to see that such beliefs are only relatively wrong, whilst his own cardinal principle of adaptation taught him that the relatively wrong is relatively right for the society in which it is indigenous. At the end of his life he asserted that the alteration of belief which we know to be characteristic of our time may be proceeding at a rate inconsistent with safety. If the environment be too rapidly changed the organism will suffer. Who can doubt that the organism of French society is thus suffering for this very reason?

This, then, is his conclusion; the more remarkable as reached by one in whom there was never any tendency to compromise:

"Thus I have come more and more to look calmly upon forms of religious belief to which I had, in earlier days, a pronounced aversion. Holding that they are in the main naturally adapted to their respective peoples and times, it now seems to me well that they should severally live and work as long as the conditions permit, and, further, that sudden changes of religious institutions, as of political institutions, are certain to be followed by reactions.

"If it be asked why, thinking thus, I have persevered in setting forth views at variance with current creeds, my reply is the one elsewhere made. It is for each to utter that which he sincerely believes to be true, and, adding his unit of influence to all other units, leave the results to work themselves out."

Doubtless this conclusion will remind the reader of Spinoza, whose creed so closely resembled Spencer's. His landlady asked him whether he believed that she could be saved in the religion she professed. "Your religion is a good one," said Spinoza; "you need not look for another, nor doubt that you will be saved in it, provided that, while you apply yourself to piety, you live at the same time a peaceable and quiet life."

Tennyson has the same idea: "Leave thou thy sister when she prays." If you believed your sister's creed to be *absolutely* wrong, it would be immoral to follow this advice; but there is a "fundamental verity" in her creed, which your knowledge cannot overthrow, for "there cannot be two orders of truth in absolute and everlasting opposition." I wonder whether that saying thrills any reader's spine.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

ON two afternoons recently have I spent my time in a theatre witnessing two plays—two plays as widely different as two plays can be. On

Saturday it was a matinée at a very popular theatre played by popular actors, produced by one of our most able actor-managers—"Lady Flirt" at the Haymarket. On Monday I saw Mr. Gilbert Murray's translation of "Hippolytus" played by the New Century Theatre at the Lyric. The company was specially brought together for the occasion, and no one of them equals in popularity such players as Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Ellis Jeffreys. Yet the honours are certainly with "Hippolytus." "Hippolytus" is finely translated and, on the whole, finely acted. It was no light task to produce such a play in a modern theatre given up at night to musical comedy, but enterprise and enthusiasm have done it through Mr. Granville Barker. One may say that it is seldom actors have so fine a play to act but on the other hand it is seldom such demands are made upon the skill of the players. One carries away from the theatre an impression of enthusiasm and high endeavour, a feeling that those engaged are artists in love with their work. Mr. Ben Webster as Hippolytus, the bastard son of Theseus, gave his lines with fire and spirit. The speeches in which he endeavours to clear himself of the terrible charge brought against him were particularly impressive. Needless to say he made a very handsome Hippolytus. There was so much that was excellent in Miss Edith Olive's Phædra that one almost hesitates to say that it was not quite the real

"Phædra." Such a part requires a consummate artist, such as Sarah Bernhardt, to give it its full significance.

MISS OLIVE was a charmingly pathetic Phædra, with the cadences of tears and sorrow in her voice, but she failed to grip the horror of the situation, the horror which causes her to take her own life. Mr. Granville Barker gave a fine rendering of the Henchman's tale of the slaying of Hippolytus. Mr. Alfred Brydone looked very well as the King, but his acting was a little cold and impassive. The choruses chanted by the Queen's maidens and the hunters grouped about the steps which led up to the Palace were impressive, but they became, however, a little monotonous towards the end of the story. Perhaps a few judicious cuts would be an improvement. Altogether it was a striking performance, one not to be missed, reflecting credit on all concerned.

In contrast with the reality of "Hippolytus," with its elemental passions and grasp of life, and its beauty of thought and language, I turn to "Lady Flirt." "Lady Flirt" is the airiest of gossamer pieces, a bundle of artificialities. This, curiously also a translation, or rather adaptation, from the French, is no better than the many such plays that have lately come across the Channel. When are we going to realise that such efforts to translate French menus into English cannot give satisfactory results? Whatever of life-likeness there was in the original is absent from "Lady Flirt," which is merely Mr. Fred Kerr making believe to make love to Miss Ellis Jeffreys. Of course this is pleasant enough, but it is not art. The story is of the very slightest, and is treated in the most airy manner. Le Comte de la Roche is a Parisian ladykiller, a fascinating philanderer, a lover of love. He has been flirting with Lady Melbourne and is on the point of compromising her by an exceedingly clumsy letter, when Miss Ellis Jeffreys, I mean Lady Tonbridge, steps forward and declares that she is the object of de la Roche's attentions. She is not allowed, however, to remain under the cloud, for Lord Melbourne's blunt lion-hunting brother has guessed the truth. Now and then there are little ingenuities and amusing touches that make one regret that they should be so wasted on a mere house of cards, that at the least breath of reason falls to the ground. Mr. Maude gives a delightful impersonation of the sentimental ladykiller, but then Mr. Maude is always delightful. We could wish, however, to see him in a part more worthy of his abilities. Miss Ellis Jeffreys laughed and smiled at her numerous admirers with her natural charm and gaiety, but she had small opportunities of acting. Mr. Fred Kerr was the blunt Englishman to the life, and afforded an admirable contrast to the bowing and smiling Frenchman. Mr. Kenneth Douglas, Mr. Edmund Maurice, and Miss Beatrice Beckley did well the little they had to do, which was not worth doing. The dialogue is bright and in parts amusing, and the whole thing goes with a snap and an air of finish which always mark Haymarket productions.

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

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Art Notes

Irish Painters at the Guildhall

ALMOST as strange as the absence of great musical genius in England's artistic achievement is the absence of a great painter of Irish blood. Great military genius in abundance Ireland has given to the British roll of honour; and to great oratory, perhaps the greatest of the arts, she has given some splendid names; to literature in the seventeen hundreds she gave largely and nobly; but to painting next to nothing. It is all so strange, this limitation of the national eloquence in this art or that. It was with some surprise then that I walked through the galleries at the Guildhall to find an excellent exhibition of works by Irishmen; but when the reference comes to names in the catalogue I am not sure that I have not been played a pretty trick. Here the works of John Lavery and of C. Hazlewood Shannon, of George Henry and of William Orpen dominate the show—and John Lavery is surely of Scotch blood, and George Henry sounds Scotch. Of course there is said to be a river called Shannon in Ireland, but Furse is a Devonshire name. Again two other names of the younger and more wilful men of marked originality, Phil May and Gordon Craig, do not seem very convincing on these walls—indeed, I knew them both and failed to suspect an Irish brogue in either. It is all rather like Du Maurier's lady whose servants wore the cockade because she belonged to the Army and Navy Stores. But whether this be so or not, it remains a fact that at the exhibition of Irish Painters at the Guildhall to-day is an array of work by the younger men which would bring Ireland credit in any exhibition in the world. From Mr. Lavery's fine equestrian portrait of a lady to Phil May's black and white sketches there are a hundred good things that are a pleasure to live with. But there is a collection of work here by a genuine Irishman (though he comes, too, of English or Anglo-Norman blood), Mr. William Orpen, which I hope will establish his name in London amongst a larger set of art lovers than before; and his humour is as rich as his paint is good, for it is impossible not to laugh at his picture of Mr. George Moore suffering from a severe colic supervening on the fever called the Irish Literary Revival after writing a play in Irish and realising the tomfolly of the achievement. Some of Mr. Orpen's work at the Guildhall, and Mr. Lavery's and Mr. Hazlewood Shannon's will largely extend their handsome reputations. Mr. J. J. Shannon is better known as an Academy Associate. Mr. E. J. Sullivan (Irish this time I think) shows his two powerful drawings "In the King's Orchard" and "The Archer at Dusk," which are amongst the best work of one of the most brilliant black and white artists England has known in our day. Here also is a good set of water-colours by Mr. Brabazon, a very brilliant Irishman indeed. There are a dozen others whose work should be seen.

MR. RUPERT BUNNY, whose picture "Après le Bain" has been purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg, has also been elected an Associate of the Champ de Mars. These two great distinctions to an Australian painter is a striking comment on the comparative neglect shown by the Royal Academy to the most brilliant members of the younger school of painters. Mr. Bunny's fine picture at the Academy is badly hung, and we have not yet seen any adequate appreciation of his work by the prominent picture dealers of London.

Musical Notes

OF recent performances at Covent Garden perhaps none has been much more satisfactory than that of "Die Meistersinger" under Richter. Of all the master's later works there is none, of course, with which Dr. Richter is more completely in sympathy, or with which he has been more closely identified. Wherefore an exceptionally fine performance was in no way surprising. The representation was interesting too from the fact that the work has been given unabridged—whereby some glorious music has been restored to its rightful place. What a pity that Wagner wrote his operas at such a length! The parts which it is customary to excise often contain music as fine as any of that which is preserved. Certainly this is so in the case of "Die Meistersinger."

DAVID's long exposition of the master's rules and regulations in the first act does not, perhaps, come under this head, though it does contain some amusing musical quips and cranks and effective side-thrusts on Wagner's part. But the splendid music of the riot scene in the next act, and Sachs' fine address at the close of the opera, both usually omitted, have certainly been listened to with peculiar pleasure—though, even so, it is hard to see how they could be retained if the opera began at the usual time. Then we have had a capital Walther in Mr. Herold, the new Danish tenor, who has recalled M. Jean de Reszke more vividly perhaps than any others who have recently been heard at Covent Garden. If Mme. Egli in her turn is not quite an ideal Eva, she has at least her good points, while the other members of the cast and the *ensemble* in general have been particularly good.

As usual Beckmesser has been criticised for burlesquing the part too much. Doubtless Wagner did not intend his jealous, narrow-minded town clerk to be made an absolute buffoon. But, playing the part on the accepted lines, Mr. Krasa's impersonation is very telling: while it is hardly needful to add that Herr van Rooy was as good as ever as Hans Sachs. What a wealth of character-drawing there is indeed in this glorious work—how clearly defined the characters all stand out from one another, and how intimately one gets to know them! A word of special praise is due to the new stage manager in respect of the excellent training of the chorus and other matters within his particular province. If they had brought nothing else but this capital presentation of "Die Meistersinger" the "special performances" would have justified their existence.

"TANNHÄUSER" is another Wagnerian work which has been excellently performed in the "special" series. The opera is one which is not without its tiresome pages to the advanced Wagnerian, but so long as such artists as Ternina and Van Rooy appear in it there will always be those willing to sit it out, whether with or without "cuts," and like "Die Meistersinger" the whole work has been put on in excellent style during the present season. Ternina once again has won golden opinions by the beauty and distinction of her acting as Elizabeth, while Van Rooy has made, as before, an incomparable Wolfram. Indeed, the only possible objection to Van Rooy in parts of this order is that he invests them with an amount of importance almost in excess of that which the case requires. An excellent Tannhäuser has been forthcoming in M. Louis Arens, and altogether the earlier no less than the later Wagnerian work has been admirably put out of hand.

LIKE praise can hardly be bestowed on the performances of "Le Nozze" which have been given, though this was only to be expected—the fact being that the Covent Garden company does not include at the present time artists from whom any great things could be looked for in works of this order. Strange as it may seem, it is far easier nowadays to get a fine performance of, say, "Tristan," or "Die Meistersinger," than of "Le Nozze" or "Don Giovanni." And this, so far as Covent Garden is concerned, has been strikingly demonstrated by the representations we have had of the former opera. "Don Giovanni" has been very passably presented. With Renaud as the Don, Fräulein Destinn as Donna Anna, Mme. Suzanne Adams as Donna Elvira, M. Journet as Leporello, and Miss Alice Neilson as Zerlina, there was room for hearty commendation—even if the recollection of more brilliant casts in bygone days was not precisely effaced.

WITH "Le Nozze," on the other hand, matters have gone less happily. Neither Seveilhac as Figaro, nor Fräulein Alten as Cherubino, nor the Contessa of Madame Suzanne Adams could be accounted performances of much note. Somehow or other the true Mozartian spirit seemed lacking. One derived the general impression of artists moving about, so to speak, "in worlds unrealised." An element of amateurishness flavoured the whole performance, and you felt that one and all would be more at home in a work of later date.

"ETERNAL sunshine," runs a famous saying, "thy name is Mozart." And the remark was well made. But it is sunshine which is terribly apt to show things up. Your vocalist who passes muster readily enough in "Faust" or "Carmen," is wont to fare far less happily when these simple, yet infinitely exacting strains of the older master are essayed. Is there any known vocal writing, indeed, more trying than that to be found in some of Mozart's simplest and seemingly most straightforward pages? In a sense it is wholly untrue to assert that Mozart wrote well for the voice. On the contrary, if to write well for the voice means to write that which can be sung with ease, the claim cannot be made on behalf of the composer of "Don Giovanni." Certainly it is Mozart's works more than those of Wagner whose performances have afforded most cause for criticism during the present season.

THE question of musical circulating libraries, which has lately been discussed anew, is one periodically broached, and that this should be so would seem conclusive evidence that the problem has not yet been solved, even though there is more than one firm of publishers running an establishment of the kind already. Yet it might have been thought that music would lend itself quite as readily as books to a venture of this order. In a sense indeed the advantage should rest with music, since in the ordinary way if a piece of music is liked its permanent possession will be desired. A musical library, that is to say, should help greatly to stimulate sales. It would probably pay those houses which run libraries already greatly to reduce their terms.

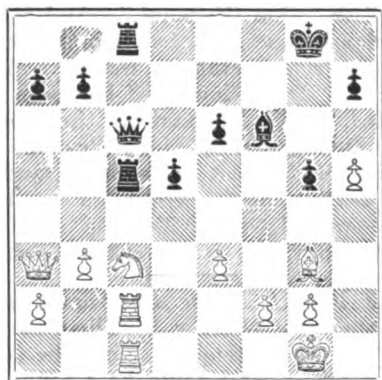
MADAME ADELINA PATTI's annual afternoon concert and only appearance this season is announced for Saturday next, the 11th inst., when she will have the assistance of Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Mark Hamburg, and Mr. Jean Gerardy among other artists. Madame Patti has not sung in London since her farewell tour in America, and a crowded Albert Hall will testify to the esteem in which she is held by her countless admirers.

Chess

[All communications, marked clearly "Chess" on cover, to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Academy and Literature," 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.]

No. 8.

BLACK.



WHITE.

WHITE TO PLAY AND WIN.

THE solution to No. 8 is as follows: 1. K—Q 3; 2. K—Q 4, R×P; 3. P×R, P—R 3; 4. K—K 4, K—B 4; 5. K—K 3, K—Q 4; 6. K—B 4, K—Q 5; 7. K—B 3, K—K 4; 8. K—Kt 4, K—K 5 and wins. Black obtains the opposition by the sacrifice of the Rook, and then wins easily.

The following is a game sent in for our competition:—

White.

Black.

C. E. FORD.

J. STOCKER.

1. P—K 4
2. Kt—K B 3
3. B—Kt 5

1. P—Q B 4
2. Kt—Q B 3

This move is not good. The exchange only strengthens Black's centre.

4. B×Kt
5. P—Q 3
6. Q Kt—Q 2
7. P—K R 3

3. Kt—B 3
4. Kt P×B
5. P—K Kt 3
6. P—Q 3

Why this? A developing move would have been better.

8. P—B 3
9. Kt—B 4
10. Kt—K 3
11. Kt—Kt 5.

7. B—Kt 2
8. P—K 4
9. B—K 3
10. Q—Q 2

White wastes a lot of time moving his Knights about to very little purpose.

12. Kt×B
13. P—Q B 4
14. Kt—Kt 4

11. O—O
12. Q×Kt
13. Kt—R 4
14. P—B 4

Black has now a fine attack, which he conducts with excellent judgment.

15. Kt—R 6 ch.
16. B×B
17. P—K Kt 4
18. P×P
19. B×Kt
20. Q—Kt 3
21. Q—R 4
22. Q×B P
23. O—O—O
24. K—Kt 1
25. Q—Q 5 ch.
26. Q R—Kt 1
27. Q—K 6

15. B×Kt
16. R—B 2
17. P×P
18. Kt—B 5
19. R×B
20. Q—B 2
21. R×B P
22. R—Q 1
23. Q—B 5 ch.
24. Q×Kt P
25. K—Kt 2
26. Q—B 5
27. R×P ch.!

and Black mates in 9.

Correspondence

"Of"

SIR,—I remember a curious passage in Mason's Grammar, a comment on the phrase "of mine," in which some grammarians consider that we have a repetition of the idea of possession. It is as follows: "The general explanation is that 'a book of mine' means 'a book of my books.'" If this were necessarily the case, such an expression as 'this sweet wee wife of mine' in Burns' song would suggest unpleasant ideas of bigamy.—Yours, &c.

W. B. LEIGH.

May 30, 1904.

Literature and Science

SIR,—Your correspondent "A Student of Literature" has, I think, set up a false antithesis. There is no inherent antagonism between literature and science because these things are not in the same plane. Literature is something written or at least expressed; science is something ascertained. The real antagonism is between the microcosmic and the macrocosmic view of the universe, the endeavour to explain man in terms of the cosmos and the endeavour to explain the cosmos in terms of man. But the latter is not necessarily less scientific than the former, and both may be fruitful in literature. We may admit that to understand man—or even to understand a blade of grass—is to understand the universe, but it is not, perhaps, less unreasonable to suppose that we should understand man by looking within only than it is to suppose that we should understand him by looking without only. Inquiry must proceed along both paths, even though in both is written the warning: "The Finite cannot contain the Infinite," for we are impelled by a power outside ourselves. It may be, as has been said, that in us the universe is endeavouring to understand itself. Therefore, O Student of Literature, let us walk hand in hand; and let us not forget that the study of "the moral nature of man," even though it issue in literature, is of nothing worth unless it also issues in true science—from "scio," "to know."

The theories of philosophers, the inspirations of poets, the "intuitions" of saints—all must be tested in the crucible of truth, which is not literature nor religion nor science, but is the goal of them all.—Yours, &c.

May 30, 1904.

A STUDENT OF SCIENCE.

The Prado Gallery

SIR,—In my review of Mr. C. S. Rickett's admirable volume, "The Prado and its Masterpieces," I stated that the flower in the hand of Queen Mary, in Sir Antonio More's portrait of her, is not a rose but a pink. This is an error; it is a rose, in spite of first appearances. I was misled by what seemed to be the confirmation afforded by the copy (or replica) of the picture now at Durham—wherein the flower closely resembles a carnation, the blossom frequently used at the time in pictures intended as betrothal or marriage portraits.—Yours, &c.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

Shakespeare's Books

SIR,—In your review of "Shakespeare's Books" (February 20, 1904, page 188), I find the statement that "there are few signs of original research, so that it comes to be little more than a creditable compilation of what other critics and scholars have discovered."

In any other censure I would have acquiesced. This, however, appeared to me so unjust that I cannot help stating, with all modesty, but emphatically, that my work contains a considerable amount of information I found nowhere else. I have conscientiously searched through the entire Shakespeare literature, and ought to know.

As for style, it was my aim all along to present things clearly and concisely. Thus far, I think, I have been successful.

Trusting you will be good enough to take note of this.—Yours, &c.

H. R. D. ANDERS.

South Africa.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published. Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference; this is not an information bureau.

NOTICE.

We find that many persons who are not regular purchasers of "The Academy and Literature" are availing themselves of this column, which is intended for such purchasers only. In future, therefore, all communications from those entering the "Academy" Questions and Answers Competition must be accompanied by some portion of the cover or the letterpress pages bearing the title of the paper and the date of the current issue.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months. One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

SHAKESPEAREANA.

THE NAME.—This subject involves three aspects, viz. those of the family, the personal, and the professional usages. The family name, according to clerical usage, appears in the Stratford Registers and, out of fourteen entries, Shakespeare occurs twelve times; Shakespeare and Shaksper only once each; the poet's birth is entered as "Guilielmus filius Johannes Shakspeare"; his death as Will. Shakspeare; and at the same time there was a Shakspeare's Close, topographical, near Stratford. Early examples are: 1250 Simon Shaksper, 1378 Shaksper, 1500 Wm. and Henry Shakspeare, 1553 John Shakspeare, 1563 John Shakspeyr, 1564 John Shakspeyre, this is the official form in the Corporation books at Stratford; 1586 Henry Shakspeare, 1592 Shakspeare (for the poet); 1593-4 "William Shakspeare." This may be called the professional usage, as an improvement adopted by the poet's friend, Field, a printer and native of Stratford; we do not find it so spelled in any of Shakespeare's own MSS.; no doubt he acquiesced but he did not adopt it personally; and, as he retained no copyright in his poems, he was practically powerless. The personal usage is very scanty, being limited to a few business signatures; the purchase and mortgage of a house at Blackfriars; the entries at Heralds' College in connection with the grant of arms, and his will. In no case is it possible to identify the full name started by Field as "Shakspeare." To resume at that point, we find a notice in the poem of "Willobie" as Shakspeare, the word hyphenated 1596; and this was adopted in the print of "Richard III." 1597, the first quarto play yet known. In 1596 a Henry Saxpere. In 1604-5 John Shaksper, a spurrier by trade; 1612-3 Thomas Shaxpere, 1613 Wm. Shakspeare on the poet's Blackfriars deed. The draft heading of his will reads Shakspeare; of three signatures one is quite illegible, the second reads Shakspe.... the third, also Shakspe....; then in 1637 we revert to Shakspeare, 1667 Shaksper. No one can contest the family usage at Stratford; I do not contest the professional usage; but underlying the varied spellings comes the question of meaning; a former generation called it "Jack Spur," J=Sh, so put for a postboy or messenger; we have various forms of "spur" on record, and the Government records show payments made to Shakspeurs as messengers. It cannot be questioned that Field polished the name adopted by the heralds in connection with the coat of arms: a spear in bend; as crest, an eagle holding a spear; in Latin *hasti-vibrans* reads "shaking spear." Spur and spear were spelled alike; but, while postboys and messengers were plentiful, we have never met with the one heroic "spear shaker" to found this family.—A. Hall.

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH.—In "King Henry V." IV. iv., in the dialogue between Pistol and a French soldier, the latter says "Est-il possible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?" Pistol replies "Brass, cur... offerat me brass." From the above, it would seem that in the pronunciation of the word "bras" the "s" was fully sounded in the sixteenth century, which is not done at present. Was the "s" mute at that time?—W.B. (Kensington).

DOCTORS.—Does Shakespeare ever directly praise physicians? I know he says the King may now recover while the doctors are not there and "Throw physic to the dogs," &c.—W.F.

"PERFECTION"—"INFECTION."—"Richard III." I. ii. 75, 76:

Glou. Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman.

Anne. Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man.

Is there not a contrast here between "perfection" and "infection," the latter word being taken in the sense of incompleteness (*l. infectum*) and not of "plague," as is the usual interpretation?—T. Bateman Houston (Brentford).

CANNIBAL GENEROSITY.—Macbeth (I. ii. 62) makes the Fifeshire natives assign "ten thousand dollars to their general use." Were there for public improvements?—W.F.

LITERATURE.

FLOATING SLEEPING BIRDS.—There is a line in Browning's "Pauline"—
As Arab birds float sleeping in the wind.

Can any of your readers tell me the authority for the poet's statement; and whether it be a natural fact or literary fantasy?—E.C.M.D.

"COCQIGRUES."—In "The Water-Babies" Kingsley refers several times to something which will never be known "till the coming of the Cocqigrues." St. Brendan will sleep till then, &c. Was this a fancy phrase of Kingsley's, or was it based on any legend?—H. Pearl Humphry.

BARNFIELD'S SONNETS.—Referring to the reply given respecting Shakespeare's Sonnets some weeks ago, will *Wykehamist* or some other reader be kind enough to give publisher's name and price of Barnfield's Sonnets, or say in what collection they may be found?—*Pro-Raphaelite* (Dewsbury).

"PIN-ROUND."—What is a "pin-round"? In Coleridge's "Table Talk" (p. 3, December 29, 1822) he relates how he was interrupted in the middle of a recitation at a friend's house by "a scrubby boy, with a shining face set in dirt," who "burst open the door and cried out, 'Please, ma'am, master says, Will you ha', or will you not ha', the pin-round?' " I have never come across this word elsewhere, and never seen it explained.—A.W.

"BENOÎT MALON."—Who was Benoit Malon, thus alluded to by M. Anatole France ("M. Bergeret à Paris," p. 242): "Quels riches exercent jamais aussi pleinement qu'Épicète ou que Benoit Malon la charité du genre humain?"—A.W.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Wee Willie Winkie

Rins round the toon,

Up stairs and doon stairs,

In his nicht gown.

The above lines are part of an Aberdeenshire nursery rhyme. They occur in a book—with the first line as title?—in which, in addition to Wee Willie Winkie, who, having been wrecked on the Aberdeen coast, is the adopted son of some fisherfolk, there is a secondary hero—a dog of the name of "Arlo." Was Kipling indebted to this for the title of his well-known story? If so, was the title the only thing, or is there any other borrowed? Who were the author and publisher of the book? Where was it published and at what price?—A.J.P. (Gravesend).

"TRACTS FOR THE TIMES."—Is there anywhere a complete key to the authors of the "Tracts for the Times"? I am aware that Newman's contributions are stated in the article on him in the "Dictionary of National Biography."—W.G.H.

AUTHOR WANTED.—Who is the author of a poem containing this stanza?—

Our very fears belied our hopes,

Our hopes our fears belied;

We thought her dying when she slept,

And sleeping when she died.

—J. A. Watson (Edinburgh).

Not speech nor silence,
Nor the marble sigh of Art,
Nor all th' lonely grief that Tears has writ,
Nor life, nor time, nor love's half-death
Can tell the loss,
O sweetheart mine!

Can anyone please tell me the origin or author of this? And what may one understand by "love's half-death"?—L. M. Durward (Johannesburg).

Can anyone tell me the author of the following?—

THE SOLITARY.

Come, quiet night, serene and soft,

Above the mountains far aloft,

When winds to rest are falling:

A boatman in the harbour dim

Is singing now his evening hymn,

The praise of God recalling.

L. M. Durward (Johannesburg).

Long will they wait
Who privily lurk to stab thee when the night
Shall cover all in darkness.

Dear old land,
Thy shining glories are no sunset gleams,
But clouds that kindle round some great new dawn.

"Dear old land." I see by the connection in which the above is placed, refers to England. I would like to know who the poet was; he is, or was, certainly no gloomy pessimist.—Kipling.

GENERAL.

"ALL THE RUSSIAS."—Why is the Czar titled "Autocrat of All the Russias"? Are there more Russias than one?—W.F.

WOMEN INVENTORS.—I should be glad to know the names of women who are celebrated for inventive gifts or scientific discoveries.—E.W. (Darwen).

"TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES."—On the French Riviera this spring a favourite song of the wandering Italian minstrels was the well-known air, "Two Lovely Black Eyes," sung in a sentimental manner to pathetic Italian words. Did we steal the tune for our comic song from Italy, or did Italy adapt our air to its own words?—H. M. Batson.

"AT HOME."—Can any one supply the origin of the phrase "At Home" as used on modern cards of invitation?—E. V. David (Meerut, India).

* "CHALK SUNDAY."—In several districts in the South of England the first Sunday in June is known as "Chalk Sunday," and on that day young people, and sometimes elderly people, take into church with them small pieces of chalk, sewn in a bag of cotton or other material, on which they kneel while saying their prayers. Last year I myself saw in a Sussex village church an elderly lady with her "chalk" enclosed in a handsome little gold-mounted satchel. What is the origin and meaning of this most peculiar custom?—*Calcareous*.

"LA VACHE ENRAGÉE."—What is the exact meaning of the French idiom, "Manger de la vache enragée"? I have always supposed it to be equivalent to "being hard up," "feeling the pinch of want," &c.—A.W.

GERMAN WIT.—What was the conclusion at which Père Bonhours arrived in his dissertation, "Si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit"?—A.W.

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE IN OPERA.—In addition to the operas mentioned I know of "Othello," by Rossini and also by Verdi; "Henry VIII." by Saint-Saëns; "Richard III." by Salvayre; "Macbeth," by Verdi; and "The Tempest," as an opera ballet, by Ambroise Thomas.—*Fiell Abonnè* (Paris).

[Continued on page 626]

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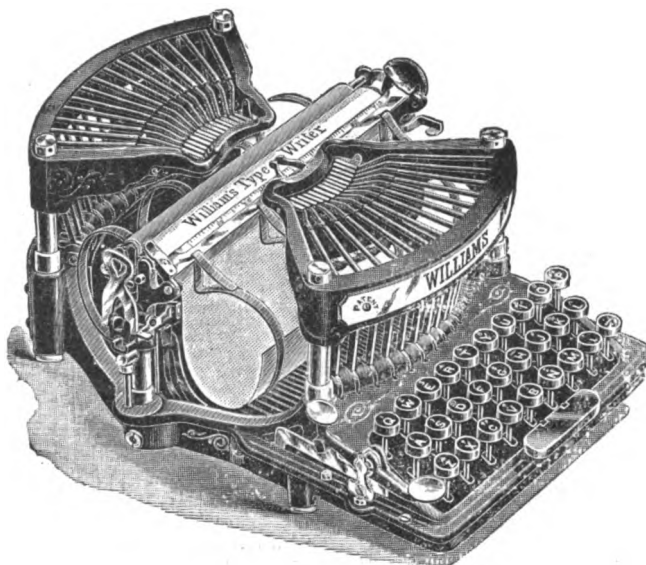
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SHAKESPEARE IN OPERA.—Besides the plays mentioned by your correspondent, the following have also been adapted as operas: "Othello," by Rossini (produced in 1816); "Macbeth," by Cherard, by Verdi, and by Taubert; "Coriolanus," by Nicolini; "The Tempest," by Reichardt, by Zumsteig, by Julien, and by Halévy. Besides the above, the following have been partly adapted: "Macbeth," by Gallus; "The Tempest," by Taubert and by Alphonse Duvernay; "As You Like It," by Tausch.—P.S.

* **DISSOLAGO.**—This probably indicates Tussilago, the Coltsfoot and Butterbur. It is supposed to have been smoked for centuries before the introduction of tobacco. The remains of the plant have been found with very primitive pipes and identified by botanists. The earlier pipes were mere bowls, with an orifice for the insertion of a straw. The Tussilagos are bechio and sedative. The wild British Tussilagos are *T. Farfara* and *T. Petasites*, but a garden species, *T. fragrans*, was preferred for smoking.—W.G.S. (Dunstable).

"MORTAL COIL."—Coil is an obstruction, Latin *colligo*, as put for the whole substance or collection of this mortal frame; the *sallied* flesh of Hamlet. And this obstruction it is that binds man to the earth and inhibits his ascent to higher aspirations.—A.H.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."—It is scarcely possible that the plot of this drama was taken from "The Felicity of Man," published in 1598, as the play, which appeared in the Folio for the first time, is generally ascribed to an earlier date. The plot was evidently derived from a comedy of the same name published in 1594, from which were drawn the induction and the scenes between Katherine and Petruchio. Flay maintains that this original version was written by Shakespeare and Marlowe in conjunction for Lord Pembroke's company. Shakespeare writing the prose scenes and Marlowe the verse, and that for the later play Shakespeare re-wrote his own part and Lodge re-wrote Marlowe's.—G.S.

LITERATURE.

"MARBLE AIR" AND "EXPLODED."—On account of its clear brilliancy: cf. "Marble heaven," "Othello" III. iii. 460; "Marble radiance of heaven," Sophocles, "Antigone," 610. "Explode," originally an active verb, meant to drive off the stage with loud clappings of the hands: cf. "Paradise Lost," x. 546. "One admires and then explodes as most absurd and ridiculous," Burton, "Anatomy of Melancholy." To the Reader, p. 22; "a third sort explode this opinion as trespassing on Divine Providence," Fuller, "Holy War," iii. 18; "Shall that man pass for a proficient in Christ's school who would have been exploded in the school of Zeno or Epictetus?" South, "Sermons," Vol. i. p. 431. "I am, therefore, in the first place to acknowledge with all manner of gratitude their civility who were pleased not to explode an entertainment which was designed to please them," Dryden, "Don Sebastian," Pref.; "He was universally exploded and hissed off the stage," "Æsop's Fables" (ed. i., 1720).—F. H. Harding (Dorking).

GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO is not a pseudonym, but the real name of the author of "The Virgins of the Rocks," &c. He was born at Pescara in the Abruzzi in 1864, and published his first book (a volume of poems) in 1881. An introduction to his first novel, "The Child of Pleasure," published by Heinemann, contains an interesting criticism of his art and a list of his works, from the pen of Mr. Arthur Symonds.—*Pre-Raphaelite*.

"A GOOSE-QUILL AND THE ANGEL GABRIEL."—I am surprised that W. Asheton Tonge should read the latter half of Goldsmith's line as in apposition to the former. Surely "the twelve good rules" (printed or illuminated on a card, and hung on the wall), and "the royal game of goose" (the board, &c.) were two separate items in the furniture of the inn parlour. What, by the way, is the "royal game of goose"? I can remember playing a game called "fox and goose" on a draught-board. Can this be the same?—A.W.

"VEILED QUEEN."—The book bearing this title is, I believe, one of the unwritten ones. In Mr. Theodor Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin" the author is supposed to be the hero's father, and the teaching of the book has much to do with the plot of the story. The work is quite evidently no more a reality than George Meredith's "Pilgrim's Scrip" or Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Idols of the Market Place."—*Pre-Raphaelite*.

GENERAL.

FINGER-NAILS.—No answer was given to this question in THE ACADEMY of February 20, and so I venture an explanation. According to the Northern sagas the white marks on the finger-nails were impressed by the *normas*, the Northern Parcs; it seems that the finger-nails were consecrated to one of them, Urd; her Anglo-Saxon name is Wyrd. The interpretation generally accepted by us differs a little here and there; but the superstition is very old. It is also remarkable that the ship "Naglfari," on which the "hrimthursas" went to the battle of Ragnarök, was built of the finger-nails of dead people.—*Bohemia*.

SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.—Caledonia was the term used by the Roman historians for all Scotland, see Tacitus, "Agricola," ii. 25; and the term is supposed to represent the Welsh *coel-y-dun*. Ptolemy describes an ocean called Dounealedonian, the Caledonii, a people of small extent, and their *drumus* or wood; he means what we call the highlands, then but little explored. Pliny describes the *Silva Caledonia*, in Britannia. But the Greeks had a Calydon in Ætolia, which sounds Celtic; Homer wrote of Calydon's white cliffs and of chalky Calydon, in Greece; and *cheledonia* is the botanical "celandine."—A. Hall.

* **"SO LONG!"**—Mr. Tonge's explanation is, I believe, inadequate. Seven months ago you permitted me to ask the origin and exact meaning of this phrase of farewell, as yet unexplained; and I mentioned that Walt Whitman uses it in his "Songs of Parting," published fifty years ago, as a phrase already old and familiar. No sufficient reply was then given, but I believe that I can now explain it. The Swedes have the expression *Adjo sa länge!* "Good-bye so long," that is, God be with you so long (as we are parted). In Danish the words are almost identical, and possibly in Dutch, a point I should be glad to ascertain. The phrase, I imagine, was taken to America by Swedish, Danish, or Dutch sailors, and soon passed into English, becoming in time somewhat enigmatical by the separation of "good-bye" and "so long"; and the frequent suppression of the "good-bye." "So long" therefore means, God be with you so long as we are parted from each other. No doubt this signification can be read into *Hasta la vista* and *Au revoir* (in which some good wish must be implied), but it is not obviously there. "So long" rather combines the meanings of the beautiful Spanish farewell wishes *¡Vaya con Dios*, *Queda con Dios*, "Go with God," "Stay with God."—D.P. (Wareham).

"SO LONG!"—"So long" occurs frequently in Bret Harte. It is probably a translation of *Hasta la vista* (as suggested by W. Asheton Tonge), which first came into use in California, and thence spread to the Eastern States and to this country. *Sta* (for *hasta*) *manana* is often said in Mexico, when taking leave of a friend whom one hopes shortly to see again.—A.W.

"FAYNETS."—The word used in the same manner as the above in the small Yorkshire town of Holmfirth when I was a child was "Kince" or "Kinces." The above spelling is phonetic, as I have never seen the word written. I cannot suggest any derivation.—*Cause*.

"FAYNETS."—The pronunciation of this word or words mostly in vogue with children, at any rate at the present day, is neither "faynet" nor "faynets," but "faynights." This supports Mr. Boswell's view of its derivation, since the German *nachts* would naturally be confused with the English word *nights* by a child who knew little or nothing of the former language.—F.W.C.C.

"GREEN GRAVEL."—There is scarcely a village in Scotland where this rhyme is not known. It has been sung for generations. It is sung still. Its origin, like many of our finest ballads, seems lost in obscurity, if not in antiquity. Children in Scotland join hands, go round in a circle, and sing it to something like the tune of "Bonnie Dundee." It appears to be nothing more than a juvenile game, much like an equally popular one, "Jingo Ring." "Green Gravel" is slow, measured, and solemn. "Jingo Ring" is gay, merry, and fast.—A.L.C. (Edinburgh).

"GREEN GRAVEL."—This rhyme is sung very widely among English children: I have met it in Bedfordshire, Surrey, Huntingdonshire, and Cambridgeshire. The wording varies slightly, especially in line 3, where we find "the fairest young lady," "the fairest young dame," or "the most beautiful flowers," and line 7, where the words "letter" and "message" are used interchangeably. The rhyme is sung by a ring of children, taking hands and dancing round, and at the last line first one and then another turns her back to the centre of the ring and goes round thus, till all have their backs to the centre: then the rhyme continues till all are facing the centre again. It would seem that the main ideas of the rhyme are *death* and *turning away*. Another ring-rhyme agrees in these two points. In Surrey little girls play—

Wally, wally, wallflower,
Growing up so high,
We are all ladies,
And we must all die
Excepting — [name of player],
And she's the only one;
She can't hop, she can't skip,
She can't turn the candlestick.
Fie for shame, fie for shame,
Turn your face to the wall again.

And at the last line the chosen player turns her face out from the ring, as in "Green Gravel." Perhaps the games may be a survival of sun-worship, each player representing a month, which turns outward as the year dies away and the sun's course is run to winter, and faces into the ring again as the sun rises to spring and summer. This is a mere suggestion, and others may be able to give a better explanation of the rhymes and actions.—E. M. Ebbutt (Lampeter).

"DEUCE."—Lecky's confidence in the derivation of this word from *Dusii* is not well founded. It is rather derived from Middle English *Deuces*, *deus*, Old French *Deus*! later "*Dieux*!" used like Modern French *Mon Dieu*! as an ejaculation of sudden emotion or surprise. Cf. Low German, *dus*, *duus*, German *dans*, *taus*, used like the English word; Low German *de duus*, German *der daut*! Cf. Fries, *dus*, a goblin, Danish *Droes*, a giant, Low German *droos*, a bubble, Holstein *druss*, a giant, used like *dus*. The particular use of the Danish, Low German, and German words may be due to association with the old French word, but they are apparently of different origin, i.e. the Old High German *durs*, *duris*, *thurs*, *thurs*; Middle High German *d(t)urse*, *d(t)urs*, *d(t)ursch*, a giant, demon, Icelandic *Thurs* (pron. *thurs*), a giant, goblin, dull fellow=Norwegian, *tuas*, a goblin, kobold, elf, gnome (tusefolkheir)=Danish *toese*, a booby, fool=Anglo-Saxon, *thurs*, a giant.—F. H. Harding (Dorking).

"BULLO COAL."—I think there can be no doubt that "Bullo Coal" is New Forest coal and none other. It obtained its name by shipment at Bullo Pill long ago, and still retained it when the Great Western Railway in 1852 opened the branch from "Bullo" Junction to Cinderford, thereby introducing it on their line as far as the towns in Oxfordshire, Berkshire, &c. Pill is a Celtic word which has remained for all the ports on the Severn from prehistoric times. Bullo probably contains the word pill, or port, and Bullo Pill is probably a repetition. It is a port between one and two miles down stream from Newnham, which never had a port, but was a fortified borough. At Bullo were built the biggest battleships of the Commonwealth, and the shipbuilding oak timber and Forest iron were both brought there in great quantities. It was, in fact, one of the principal dockyards of the fleet. When sea coal began to be exported, undoubtedly Bullo Pill must have been one of the principal coal ports; and I have no doubt that the records of H.M. Royal Forest of Dean at the Office of Woods, 1 Whitehall Place, would confirm the fact.—C.D.

SHRED PIE.—A shred-pie was a mince-pie, so called from the shredding or thin shaving of the ingredients. Cf. "In winter there was the luxury of a shred-pie, which is a coarse North Country edition of the pie abhorred by puritans."—Southey, "The Doctor," viii. Also cf. "One . . . found a wild vine, and gathered thereof wild gourds his lap full, and came and shred them into the pot of pottage" (2 Kings iv. 39).

This sword shall shred thee as small unto the grave
As minced meat for a pie.

B. Jonson, "Tale of a Tub," iv. 3.
—F. H. Harding (Dorking).

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S BAND.—The scale of ancient music, including Assyrian, was pentatonic. On Assyrian instruments, so far as we are acquainted with them, it would have been impossible to sound every note of our octave. Certain notes were habitually omitted—they were the fourth note of our octave and the seventh. With their instruments furnished with a certain series of notes, we are perfectly safe in assuming that they did only play such tunes as those notes would make. Some Assyrian harps had no less than twenty-six strings—that is, five pentatonic octaves and a "keynote" over. "The Last Rose of Summer" is a pentatonic air, and if you play over this melody on the black keys of a piano, passing over the white ones, you will find the original air come out with the utmost distinctness, and you will get a practical idea of the composition of ancient Assyrian music.—*Saxhorn*.

AN HISTORICAL DICTIONARY OF IDEAS.—See "A Dictionary of Philosophy, Ancient and Modern, in the Words of Philosophers," edited by J. Radford Thomson (Dickinson, 1887); also "Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology, by Many Hands," edited by T. Mark Baldwin; Vol. I, published in 1902; not yet completed.—M.A.C.

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The Academy and Literature

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No. 1675. Established 1869.

London: 11 June 1904.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.]

Literary Notes

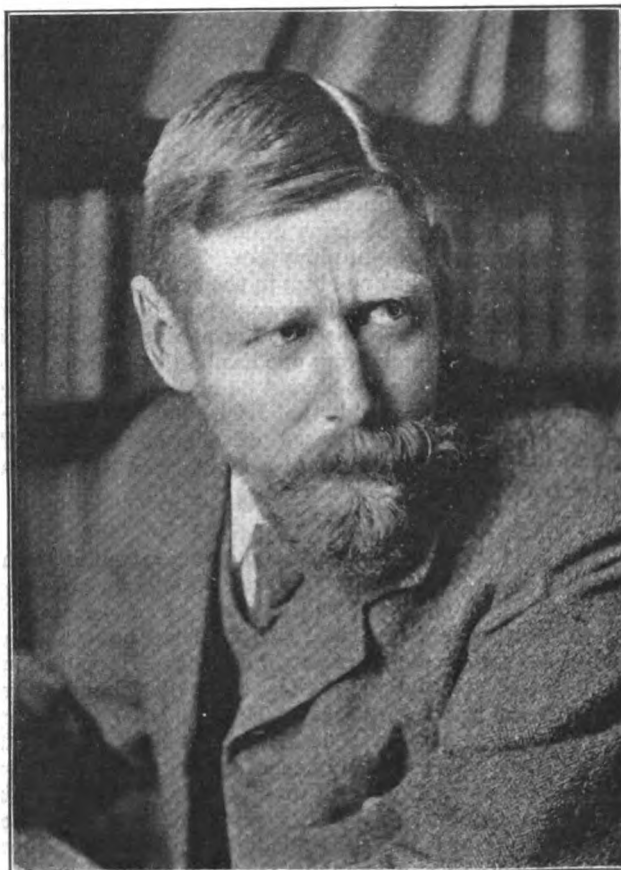
THERE are, as usual, several good articles in "The Monthly Review," notably "Ancestor Worship in Japan," by Alfred Stead, an enthusiastic appreciation of "Frederick York Powell" by Theodore Andrea Cook, and a delightful paper on "Thackeray's Boyhood" by the late Reverend Whitwell Elwin. The life of Thackeray has never yet been well written, though the material is abundant, and this charming article shows how it could and should be done. But who is to do it? The work must be a labour of love and of sympathy, undertaken by a writer of acute insight and of very considerable literary gifts—in fact by such a man as was Whitwell Elwin, or—if he cared for the labour—by Mr. Barrie, who I fancy has in him not a little of Thackerayan humour and perspicacity. Thackeray's portrait has never yet been drawn full length, and those who have given us sketches of him—Trollope, Merivale, Whibley and others—were not able to see him whole.

No lover of the author of "Vanity Fair" should miss reading this article, and it may be hoped that there is more to come. Is not part of this paragraph new information:—"At the age of sixteen Thackeray had obtained some reputation with his schoolfellows by his humorous verses. 'I only remember,' writes Mr. Venables in his letter to Anthony Trollope, 'that they were good of their kind.' . . . His partiality for the kind was an abiding taste, and so easily did he produce them in later years that in conversation he would sometimes turn suddenly from prose to verse, and improvise his grotesque doggerel with unbroken fluency."

BUT is it correct to say that the desire of becoming a writer was never long out of Thackeray's mind? Surely in his early years his ambition was to become an artist; witness that famous visit to Dickens; was it not the need of money and the failure of his artistic ambitions that drove him to the pen as a means of livelihood? Have not the vast majority of men of letters written because the pen was the only instrument by use of which they could obtain money?

A PROPOS my note last week in which I commented upon "Esmond" and "Vanity Fair," a correspondent points out that the last named cannot rightly be described as a picture "of life contemporary with the life of the author." Thackeray, of course, cannot have remembered much of Waterloo year, but he was in close touch with the men and the events of that period, and

also I fancy Thackeray had in his eye the life and times of his early manhood and—simply pre-dated. There was not much difference between the England of—say 1810 and of 1830.



MR. STEPHEN GWYNN

[Photo. Booker & Sullivan, Chancery Lane]

MR. JOHN LANE will publish next week a volume entitled "A Later Pepys," being the correspondence of Sir William Weller Pepys, Bart., 1758-1825. Sir William was a distant relative of the great diarist, and a prominent member of the "Bas Bleu" society, which Macaulay said was far the best intellectually in the kingdom at that period. Dr. Johnson described him as

"Prime Minister to the Queen of the Blues" (Mrs. Montagu). Most of the letters were addressed to the writer's nephew, Mr. William Franks, thus passing from one ancestor to another of the late Sir Wollaston Franks, of whose lifelong work at the British Museum a brief memoir is given. Among the other correspondents were Hannah More, Mrs. Chapone, Sir James Macdonald, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, &c. These letters should prove interesting both from their own literary charm and the social picture they present. The book has been edited by Miss Alice C. C. Gaussen, and contains numerous illustrations, including portraits, book-plates, facsimiles and pictures of historic houses.

SOME recent performances of "The Shaughraun" at the Queen's Theatre in Dublin have enabled local playgoers to make an interesting comparison between the methods of the early Irish melodrama and those of the Irish National Theatre Society. It is unfortunate for Dion Boucicault's fame that the absurdity of his plots and pathos has gradually driven people of taste away from his plays, so that at the present time few are perhaps aware what good acting comedy some of his work contains. The characters of Conn the Shaughraun, and in a less degree those of Mrs. O'Kelly and Moya as they were played the other day by members of Mr. Kennedy Miller's company, had a breadth of naïve humour that is now rare on the stage. Mr. James O'Brien especially, in the part of Conn, put a genial richness into his voice that it would be useless to expect from the less guttural vocal capacity of French or English comedians, and in listening to him one felt how much the modern stage has lost in substituting impersonal wit for personal humour. It is fortunate for the Irish National Theatre Society that it has preserved—in plays like "The Pot of Broth"—a great deal of what was best in the traditional comedy of the Irish stage, and still has contrived by its care and taste to put an end to the reaction against the careless Irish humour of which every one has had too much. The effects of this reaction, it should be added, are still perceptible in Dublin, and the Irish National Theatre Society is sometimes accused of degrading Ireland's vision of herself by throwing a shadow of the typical stage Irishman upon her mirror.

THE Irish Texts Society promise a long talked of Irish-English Dictionary in a few weeks. It will be edited by the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, and is likely to be exceedingly useful to students of Irish, who hitherto have had no very satisfactory dictionary to work with. It is curious to note that some of the earliest Irish dictionaries were brought out in Paris, where an English-Irish dictionary was printed in 1732, and an Irish-English dictionary in 1768, which latter was published by Dr. John O'Bryan, titular bishop of Cloyne, "with a view," as he says in his preface, "not only to preserve for the natives of Ireland, but also to recommend to the notice of those in other countries, a language which is asserted by very learned foreigners to be the most ancient and best preserved dialect of the old Celtic tongue of the Gauls and Celtiberians." A naïvely expressed wish which, in one way or other, has been amply fulfilled in the work of modern scholars! More lately the dictionaries most used have been a large work by O'Reilly, which is not all that could be wished, and a useful volume published in 1849 by Thomas de Vere Coneys, then professor of Irish at Trinity College, Dublin. This work was better in several ways than anything that had preceded it, but it is characteristic of last-century Irish scholarship in T.C.D. that it was compiled "as a manual for

students of the Irish Bible," so that its vocabulary was more or less restricted to words found in Scripture. Great care has been taken to make the work now promised as complete as possible, so that there is little doubt it will be more successful than anything of the kind we have had till now. Father Dinneen is already well known to Gaelic readers as the author of a little play and some other original work, and as the editor of several volumes of poetry.

IN the O'Growney Memorial Volume, compiled by Miss Agnes O'Farrelly, M.A., the story is told of a remarkable priest and scholar, Eugene O'Growney, who did more probably than any one else to bring about the present movement in Ireland for the restoration of the Gaelic language. In thinking of him one is often reminded of another Irish enthusiast of fine character, Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance; and one cannot help wondering whether the work of the recent enthusiast will have a more lasting effect than that of the other, which is now little more than a memory.

MR. FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL is the author of a pamphlet dealing with various aspects of The Stage Irishman of Pseudo-Celtic Drama, asking—and riotously endeavouring to answer—such questions as "Is the Irish Literary Theatre Irish?" "Does it represent Irish tradition and legend?" and "Is it mainly a sort of Ibsen-cum-Maeterlinck-ism on Liffey?" Such a discussion should prove stimulating and if carried on without rancour and in a helpful spirit should also prove useful. A young literary movement is never the worse for adverse and candid criticism. It should never be forgotten that half the troubles of England in Ireland have arisen from ignorance of the Irish character, ignorance founded on the biased views of British and Irish historians and on the absurd caricatures which infest the majority of plays and novels dealing with Irish folk and affairs. Lever, Lover, Boucicault and "Punch" have achieved much in the way of making the Irish character a sealed book to Englishmen.

IN a striking article—to which I hope to return—in "The North American Review" on "The College of Journalism," by Joseph Pulitzer, there is a curious picture of the United States seventy years ago:

"There are men now living whose memories can bridge that gap of seventy years. In 1833 Andrew Jackson was President. The entire United States had less than the present population of the States of New York and Pennsylvania, and far less wealth than is concentrated to-day within half a mile of Trinity Church. There was not an American settlement west of the Missouri, and the few cabins were the only marks of civilisation on the site of Chicago. New York City was smaller than Detroit is now. Washington was a swamp in which coaches were mired down and abandoned on Pennsylvania Avenue, and cows grazed on the site of the British Embassy. A generation had passed since Jackson had resigned his seat in the Senate because it took him nearly six weeks to make the journey between Philadelphia, then the capital, and his home—a longer time than it has taken within the past year to girdle the globe—but there were yet Senators who found the trip to Washington not much shorter. Still there were steamboats on the navigable rivers, and stage-coaches drawn over rails by steam-engines had just begun to astonish the inhabitants of a few favoured localities. The horse was still the usual motor for high-speed traffic, and the ox or the mule the customary freight-engine. 'De Witt Clinton's ditch' across the State of New York was the commercial marvel of the age. The people of Virginia were strangers to the people of Pennsylvania, and the

journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburg was longer and vastly more arduous than the journey now from Boston to the City of Mexico. The farmer reaped his grain with a scythe and cradle, and threshed it with a flail or under the feet of horses. Whale-oil lamps glimmered feebly through the darkness of the city streets. Nails were made by hand on the blacksmith's forge. In the country a calico gown was a luxury, to be worn on state occasions. Colleges were few and puny. Harvard, the most ambitious of them all, was a high school in which a few professors taught Latin, Greek, moral philosophy, and a little mathematics, leading in most cases to a course in theology. There was not a single real university in America. There were no great libraries.

"In the best presses of that day, and for many years after, it was necessary to feed the paper by hand, one sheet at a time, print it on one side and then feed it again and print it on the other. All the presses then in existence would not have been able to print a single edition of a leading New York newspaper of our time, such as whirled between the cylinders of a Hoe machine from endless rolls of paper at the speed of the Niagara rapids. All the paper-mills then in the country could not have met the demands of such a journal for white paper. All the news-gathering agencies in the world would have hopelessly broken down in the attempt to provide even a fraction of its present daily supply of information. Had any one suggested then that children were already born who would be still living and reading when news would be flashed from Tokyo to New York by lightning and printed before it happened—who would see on the same page despatches of the same date from India, from Siberia, from Australia, from Corea, and from the sources of the Nile; that one of them in Boston could talk with his own voice to another in Omaha; that they would see newspapers printed on ships on the Atlantic containing news shot on invisible waves over a thousand miles of ocean, and that they could take breakfast in New York and dine in London a week later, he would have been treated as an eccentric 'visionary.'"

Bibliographical

THE publication of Mr. G. R. Sims' "Among My Autographs" has led me to turn over the pages of a few albums into which a considerably fairer hand than mine has pinned or pasted a number of letters from distinguished people. It is, I suppose, usually women who form collections of this sort; men, usually, have neither the time nor (in most cases) the inclination. Still, the collections, once formed, are often very interesting. They recall old times; they recall idiosyncrasies. Though handwriting may not always or often reveal character, it certainly revives memories of personalities. Here is a neat little note from Frederick Locker; here, in a rounder and bolder hand, one from Mortimer Collins. On another page, in a still bolder and more flowing hand, is a missive from our present laureate. A little farther on is a letter from John Stuart Blackie, in which he says, "I sing everything"! Now we come across the remarkably close and crisp calligraphy of A. K. H. B.; now we light upon a letter in which Robert Buchanan acknowledges the authorship of the amusing "Session of the Poets" which he contributed to the pages of the "Spectator." (These decidedly clever verses will be found in a volume called "Comic Poets of the Nineteenth Century," still published, I believe, by Messrs. Routledge; I have not seen them reproduced elsewhere.)

If there is no particular "character" in handwriting, there is certainly a good deal of individuality. Compare the fluffy scrawl of Tom Taylor with the clear, easy penmanship of Robert Reece—the close, careful

style of Lord Neaves with the large legibility of Lord Rowton. One of the most characteristic of the letters in the collection before me is one by Thomas Ashe, some of whose verse well deserves to be remembered. Here is an epistle from another "half-forgotten" bard—William Barnes—very large, and yet not very clear, in manner. Here is one of Robert Browning's particularly neat little letters; here a little note from Dora Greenwell, a postcard from the author of "John Halifax." By no means easily mastered are the hieroglyphics of Lord Houghton. George Eliot is represented by a note in violet ink, signed "M. E. Lewes"; George Meredith by a letter in blue ink, marked by the old-fashioned formation of the "e." Side by side are letters from the two Morriszes—William and Lewis; and next to them comes one from Browning's "Waring"—Alfred Domett. Among the close, neat writers was Cardinal Newman, of whose "hand" an excellent specimen is here. Neat, too, was the "fist" of Sir Noel Paton, painter and poet. But it is time to shut up the album, even though letters by Coventry Patmore, and Miss Rossetti, and Dante Rossetti, and so forth, suggest further dallying.

Justice has hardly been done to the knowledge and enterprise of the late Henry Morley as the reproducer and editor of English classics. I find among the announcements of reprints the following—"The Autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury," Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poesy," and the "Voyages and Travels" of Marco Polo. All of these were included by Morley in the "National Library" which he conducted for Messrs. Cassell; the first in 1887, the second in 1889, and the third in 1891. They were published at sixpence and at threepence. All of them are tolerably familiar to the reading public of to-day. There was a reprint of Lord Herbert's Autobiography in 1870, and another in 1880 (in the "World Library"). Then came the edition of 1886 with the notes and continuation by Mr. S. L. Lee; this was re-issued in 1892. Meanwhile, in 1888, there had been a reprint of the Autobiography, prefaced by Mr. W. H. Dircks, in the "Scott Library."

The reproduction of the "Defence of Poesy" is to be made by the Cambridge University Press, from which we have already had it in the shape of an edition supervised in 1891 by Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh. This was a modest volume, priced at three shillings only. The "Defence" was edited in 1810 by Lord Thurlow, who also sonnetised about it; and Professor Arber included it in 1868 in his series of reprints. The treatise, it will be remembered, was originally called "An Apology for Poetry," and it is often referred to under that title. It is not perhaps universally known that a "Defence of Poetry" was also begun, but not completed, by one P. B. Shelley.

"The Most Noble and Famous Travels of Marcus Paulus into the East Parts of the World" appeared in a translation by J. Frampton in 1579. The version used by Morley for the "National Library" was that of Pinkerton, which first came out in 1808. Messrs. Newnes, it seems, propose to reprint the version by W. Marsden which was published in 1818, and again, revised by T. Wright, in 1854. Sir Henry Yule's translation, which appeared originally in 1871, was revised for its second edition, which dates from 1875. Only the other day we had a reproduction of this version brought down to date by Henri Cordier. A translation of the "Travels," prepared especially for boys and girls, came over here from America in 1885, and in 1898 "The Story of Marco Polo" was published by Mr. Murray.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

The Perfect Way

ENGLISH MONASTIC LIFE. By Abbot Gasquet.
(Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

WITH this volume Messrs. Methuen & Co. commence their new series, "The Antiquary's Books," under the general editorship of Dr. J. Charles Cox, a series to which they have given a handsome and dignified format, and which promises, in the titles of the works already announced, to be of unusual interest and permanent value.

Abbot Gasquet's position as historian is so eminent that allusion to it is only necessary in the same way that it is necessary when referring to a personage in a distinguished walk of life to give him his proper titles. He has resuscitated in England the great traditions of scholarliness ever associated with the Benedictine Order.

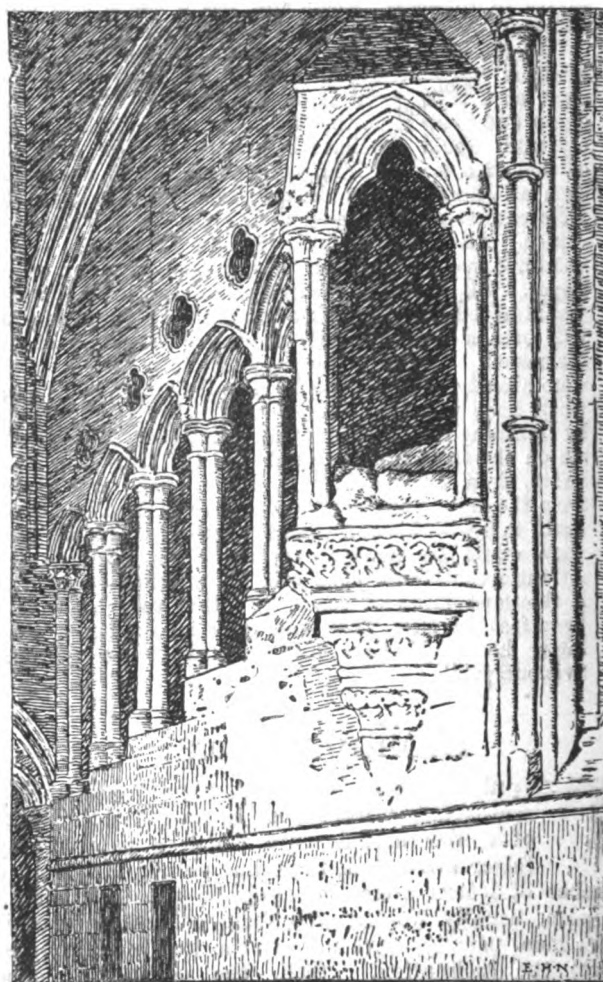
To the man in the street it may not occur, without a reminder, that to-day in England, at Downside, in Charnwood Forest, and innumerable other places, the life of the cloister is being lived with practically the same routine that characterised the life of the inmates in bygone times of Fountains or Glastonbury, Beaulieu or Lindisfarne; that the same round of humble daily tasks, of labour in the fields, of earnest study, of instruction of the young, of prayer and praise by night and by day, continues, that was a matter of common knowledge to our ancestors before the suppression.

But it is not with a detailing of the life led by these modern followers of St. Benedict and St. Bruno, St. Stephen Harding and St. Dominic, St. Francis and St. Clare, that Dr. Gasquet's pages occupy themselves. His narrative contains a reconstruction, from existing copies of the old *Customals* and *Consuetudinaries*, from ancient account books and memoirs of venerated religious, of the monastic life as it was led in England before the growth of modern civilisation rendered some customs obsolete, some inexpedient, some even perhaps reprehensible. But the astonishing thing is that with such greatly altered conditions of life the general tenour of a monk's existence in pre-suppression days and in our own should bear so many points of resemblance. It proves with what forethought and instinct for the best interests of a number of people living together in community the founders of the various monastic orders compiled their rule.

With those who at the mention of the name monk immediately conjure up a mental picture of gross over-indulgence at table, of drunken orgies by night and domineering rapacity by day, we have no concern. But there are the larger number of folk who, while conceiving of the monastic life as a fine ideal, are under the impression that its chief characteristics were a lack of personal cleanliness (considered as a merit), and an asceticism which prevented the members from performing the functions which a man of ordinary health and strength might naturally exercise on behalf of the community.

These may learn from the pages of Abbot Gasquet how mistaken is such a conception. The life of the cloister was as matter of fact a much healthier life than that of the majority of the people of England from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. The abbot, or prior, was in very deed the father of his little flock, and each member of the community was treated in such a way as to ensure his developing to their fullest extent such

natural gifts as he might possess. Regular attendance at the various offices was the rule, but to those engaged in any arduous household duties a certain indulgence was accorded. There was no pampering of the strong, but for the sick or the aged a properly equipped infirmary was provided.



REFECTORY PUL PIT, CHESTER

[Illustration from "English Monastic Life" (Methuen)]

To turn out of bed in the dark of a winter night for Matins, and remain during a lengthy office in a building generally unheated, was something of an ordeal; but all those who were not actively engaged in some part of the ceremonial could leave the choir between Matins and Lauds, and by a brisk walk in the cloister restore the circulation, whilst those who were feeble could resort to the fire in the common-room.

As to personal cleanliness the illustration on page 102 of the lavatory at Gloucester will show what kind of provision was made for that, and when there was frosty weather the servers had to prepare sufficient hot water for the regular washings. Once a week, too, there was a formal washing of the feet of the whole community, in commemoration of Christ's washing of the feet of the Apostles, and to be caught unwashed at such a time might have brought a blush to the cheek of the most callously dirty brother. Towels, too, had to be changed twice a week.

As to food, of course it was simple, a good deal of pulse being provided. But on high days and holidays there was a welcome variation of the fare, and an extra glass of wine was generally served out. It must be remembered that wine and beer were the staple drinks in those days, before the advent of tea and coffee, and the "grateful and comforting" cocoa. For the old and the sick special diet was prepared.

The life was very much more a cloister life than is generally imagined. The Carthusians of course occupied their own little houses around the garth, and only met in chapter or in choir, taking even their meals alone. But most religious spent a large part of their working day in the cloister itself, and the common idea of the monk incarcerated is misleading. To the cloister the novice-master brought his novices to give them instruction; to the cloister the scrivener brought his vellum, his inks and his colours; to the cloister the student brought the tome or scroll from the scriptorium or library—there was an officer to see that it was duly returned to its place; in the cloister those whose duty it was taught the youth of the neighbouring nobility and gentry—and in some famous instances, peasantry; the cloister was in fact the great common-room (although another place more ordinarily bore the name) of every great religious establishment.

Of the duties of the precentor and the succentor, the sacrist and the revestiarus, the cellarer and the refectorian, the kitchener and the infirmarian, the almoner and the guest-master, are they not all written in the book of the Abbot Gasquet? Yes, and with much more beside. The distinctive features of the rules of the different orders, the maps, the plans of representative religious houses, the reproductions of old illuminations, the list of religious houses at the time of the suppression, the plates showing the habits of the various orders, all combine to render this an exceptionally illuminating book, a book of reference with which it will be almost impossible for the student of antiquities to dispense.

F. CHAPMAN.

Whistler—Wasp, Butterfly, Enigma

"WHISTLER AS I KNEW HIM." By Mortimer Menpes. (Black. 40s. net.)

ACROSS the dainty pages of this handsome book skips and smirks and laughs the fantastic little figure of one of the greatest artists that the English blood has brought forth to live for ever amongst the masters of the world's artistic achievement; and what a petty conceited popinjay in many ways was the husk wherein dwelt the splendid soul of James McNeill Whistler! All that was great in Whistler, as we here see him, he spent in the agony and effort and passionate service of creation in an art which has influenced the whole civilised world. The rest of his day—of his life—is here displayed as a fantastic farce, spent upon dressing-up and setting before his fellows a dandified, quarrelsome little figure that lived in a whirl of acid witticisms, rude schoolboy repartee, girlish spites, sour personalities, aggressive conceit, and bitter, if clean-hearted, mirth. He tries to play a part disguised as Butterfly—the gorgeous wings but thinly veil the venomous body of Wasp. Yet, if we are to judge Whistler by his own confessions, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," he was just very much this spiteful, witty, quarrelsome, whimsical coxcomb. Indeed, Whistler was a strange mixture of great and little. He did, as he does in these pages, strut through

the days of his life, a man who, with supreme gifts, could stoop from the heavy labour and the sublime suffering and the passionate pursuit of a wondrous artistry to spend precious hours of his day in attacking critics and friends for stupidities and impertinences and unmeant slights—he would cudgel his keen brain for hours to belabour the Royal Academy for its neglect of him, whilst childishly sneering that he did not desire its favours. Look at this bundle of paradoxes! We see here a genius whose colour more nearly approached the great art of music than that of any man who has ever painted, utterly indifferent to music—except of the vulgarest. We see a man so strangely limited in his perception even of his own great art that the superb masterpieces of Turner and Reynolds and Gainsborough are beyond his ken. We see him patronising Rembrandt. We see him not only ignorant of literature, but so colossally ignorant of the art of literature and of its affinity to all the other arts, that he uses as a sneer in disparaging Turner's work the phrase that it is "literary." We hear him confess that he would not swagger as a dapper little swash-buckler, striking insults with his cane, and calling men out to fight duels with him if he had thought they would come out. We see so mean a tyrant in this man that he vows he would compel any man who desired his friendship to cleanse his visiting list of every soul of whom he does not approve—and he is of so mean a mind that he would prefer the friendship of such a cur to the friendship of a man. We see him in the country and by the sea, wearing dancing shoes to climb rocks or walk abroad—we see him in town posing and strutting before the looking-glass at the tailor's and the hairdresser's. One listens to his ill humours, his conceits, his bad manners, until—suddenly—one remembers that there must have been a side to Whistler that he hid from the world, something larger and deeper and richer than the ha-ha-ing spitfire he has written himself down in those terrible pages of self-revelation, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." One turns over the exquisite pages of this book whereon are pictured the examples of his beautiful handiwork, and one is compelled to realise that there was concealed a giant of splendid shape within the cramped habit of the little poses of this fragile body—a large-souled, silent, modest, deep-hearted man it must have been that dwelt therein, hidden from all but a few; hidden perhaps from his dandified self—a man that was only wholly himself when he stood before his work; it was then that he flung off all pettiness and stood to his full height. Mr. Mortimer Menpes is to be congratulated on the courage with which he has set down the pen-picture of Whistler as he knew him; on the beauty of his reproductions of Whistler's work; on the suppression of himself, and on his freedom from all resentfulness and malignity against his old master. His descriptions of Whistler's methods of work are most valuable; and would have been more so if he had been as clear in his statement, say, of how Whistler painted, as he is in describing the man. I am glad to find that he pays a tribute to Mr. Ernest Brown, the art-dealer, to whom many an artist besides Whistler and Phil May owed much help, and to the Dowdeswells for their handsome treatment of the great artist. It is a thousand pities that he lost Whistler's friendship before his marriage, for it leaves his after-years a sad blank. No one who loves the art of Whistler should be without this handsome book; it contains works of art of exquisite beauty; it contains a delightful picture of the outer Whistler that the man himself wished to be mistaken for the real thing—half butterfly, half wasp, wholly laughing enigma.

HALDANE MACFALL.

THE DOUBLE GARDEN. By Maurice Maeterlinck: translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. (Allen. 5s. net).

A NEW volume from Maeterlinck's pen is certain to charm, and "The Double Garden" is no exception to this generally accepted rule. Maeterlinck not only charms the few but the many. His is not the elusive fancy or obscure thought that only the select may catch and imprison, and that leaves the rest of the world cold. No, all the world may read and does read Maeterlinck with enjoyment. Since the publication of "The Life of the Bee," which created a large popular demand, M. Maeterlinck has written a little sheaf of essays full of delicate fancy and poetical thought—which, having first appeared in various periodicals, he collected together under the title of "The Double Garden." First, as to the translation. Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos has done his work admirably with a Maeterlinck-like touch that almost persuades one to forget that it is a translation. It is not the tongue of the English essayist, it has a curiously foreign flavour, but it is effective where a colder, more precise English would fail. For Maeterlinck is so un-English in his thought, he breathes the passion of a warmer clime, a bright gaiety and sunny languor untouched by the cold air and chilly fog of prosaic existence. One can read his "News of Spring" and be transported by imagination to the shores of the Mediterranean. One can watch with Maeterlinck the making ready of Spring to visit the North. "It waits, it dallies, it tries its strength before resuming the harsh and cruel way which the hypocrite Winter seems to yield to it. . . . It pushes aside the branches, fondles with its breath the olive-tree that quivers with a silver smile, polishes the glossy grass, rouses the corollas that were not asleep, recalls the bees that were working without ceasing; and then seeing, like God, that all is well in the spotless Eden, it rests for a moment on the ledge of a terrace which the orange-tree crowns with regular flowers and with fruits of light and, before leaving, casts a last look over its labour of joy and entrusts it to the sun." It is this warmth of imagery, this abundant colour, that makes Maeterlinck so attractive. He casts a warm glow over all; unsuspected romance and sentiment are discovered to us. One need not shrink from his essay on the Motor-Car as something likely to bring one abruptly back to the cold, bare facts. Not at all, for the motor-car of M. Maeterlinck is not the dusty, noisy, unattractive machine that makes hideous our country lanes: it is a wonderful monster, instinct with life. It is a "miraculous horse" animated by a soul and breathing a fiery breath. "I touch the magical handles. The fairy horse obeys. It stops abruptly. One short moan, and its life has all ebbed away." This conception of a motor-car should make their way even more difficult to motorists; they will now not only have to learn the anatomy of the monster, but will have to humour its wayward fancies, for fairy horses must be managed by fairy laws. "The Double Garden" would have delighted Robert Louis Stevenson, for there is a curious likeness between Maeterlinck and Stevenson. Had Stevenson not been British it is very likely that he would have been a Maeterlinck. Is not the difference between their essays the difference of a country that begins the day with a bowlful of smoking hot porridge and a nation that dallies lightly with rolls and coffee? Maeterlinck's words have the warm colour that Stevenson's lacked. A peculiarly gentle tenderness is noticeable in his "On the Death of a little Dog." Pelléas was a small bulldog, who was busy exploring the

universe when death overtook him. "Man, aided by all the knowledge of his elders and his brothers, takes thirty or forty years to outline that conception, but the humble dog has to unravel it for himself in a few days." All lovers of dogs will thank M. Maeterlinck for this charming paper. Perhaps the dog does not perplex his head with the problems of existence, and it is quite certain that all dogs are not so attractive as Pelléas, but the author touches the dog and the reader with the magic breath of his imagination, and we read and enjoy. It has been said that these papers have no very real sentiment, that their morality is vague. Can poetic fancy be measured by the rule of three; shall we not therefor be thankful?
F. T. S.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF H. TAINE, 1853-1870. Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

WE are apt in England to regard M. Taine as the author of one book—"The History of English Literature," and to ignore all the rest of his work. The "English Literature" occupied him for seven years, and we have no wish to detract from its excellence or interest. But Taine cared for philosophy more than he cared for literature, and it was as a philosopher that he hoped to be remembered. He considered "L'Intelligence," the first edition of which appeared in 1870, as the centre of his whole work. He was occupied with it as a matter of fact during the whole of his life, up to 1870 with its preparation, afterwards with modifications of it in the new editions. "The book will have one hundred readers in France," he said, "and perhaps as many again in the rest of Europe." But the work has had thousands of readers, and Taine may be regarded with Renan as one of the intellectual directors of the generations formed between 1860 and 1890.

The letters in this volume give an interesting picture of the progress of Taine's mind during the years 1853-70, and cover the period of publication of both the "English Literature" and "L'Intelligence." They are addressed chiefly to his mother and sister, to Edouard de Suckau, Guillaume Guizot and Cornélie de Witt. Sainte-Beuve and Renan are also among his correspondents. Writing to his mother from London on his first visit to England in 1860, he says, "This great London wearies and saddens me. . . . Everything here is too large, too black, too much heaped up; everywhere the traces of work and effort are apparent." He met Jowett and Stanley and describes them as "very advanced historians and critics—almost German." He earnestly confutes the prevailing idea in France that English people are stiff and disagreeable. He declares he found among them "men as affable and as communicative as Frenchmen. . . . I do not find them duller than the French, and I should say they are as civil."

Midway in the volume are some interesting notes on the people he met in society in Paris. At M. Mohl's he met Mignet and Loménie, he lunched with Pierre Leroux, the philosopher, who had been a common labourer, who went to England with a hundred and fifty francs in his pockets to found a newspaper, who had been a Carbonaro, and who did not educate his four children on principle, because "man is not born to enjoy, but to struggle." Flaubert visited him, and told him, among other interesting things, that "Madame Bovary," after all expenses were paid, left him with a debt of three hundred francs. Flaubert owned to a great admiration for the two writers La Bruyère and Montesquieu, and said he would give every word he ever wrote

to have been the author of "L'Amateur de Fleurs." Delacroix, the painter, confessed to Taine that he took his subjects out of Shakespeare because Racine did not provide him with any action. Renan Taine saw frequently, and characterises him as a passionate, nervous man, beset by his own ideas. "Roughly speaking, he is a poetical Kant with no formula, exactly like Carlyle; I read him parts of the 'Sartor Resartus,' which he thought admirable." Much to the amusement of Berthelot, Taine ended by defining Renan to his face as "A sceptic, who, where his scepticism makes a hole, stops up the hole with his mysticism."

In some personal notes written in 1862 Taine criticises himself: "My manner of writing must be contrary to nature, since it is so laborious. Several people, friends, have told me that it is strained, wearisome and difficult to read. Assolant said: 'It is like strong concentrated coffee, quite bitter.'" Much of his philosophy of life and of his estimate of his own work comes out in the letters. "No one ever is quite happy; but, whilst we have to bear no heart-sorrows, money troubles, or dishonour, life is still endurable"—he wrote in 1852; and that seems to have been the keynote of his personal philosophy. Here is a suggestive thought of a more general kind: "The artist has no object but to produce that which is beautiful, the scientist that which is true. To change them into preachers is to destroy them; art and science disappear as soon as they are turned into instruments of education and government." He enlarges on the theme, and comes to the conclusion that it is better for philosophers not to pose as intellectual policemen. The volume is full of good things of this kind and should find a large and appreciative circle of readers. Mrs. Devonshire's translation strikes us as of peculiar excellence. We were well acquainted with the letters in the original before coming to the English version, and we cannot find that anything has been lost in transference from one tongue to another.

THE PRAISE OF SHAKESPEARE. Compiled by C. G. Hughes. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)

WE must candidly confess that we can discover no particular reason why this compilation should have been made. The learned need no reminder that Shakespeare's greatness was fully recognised in his own day and in the succeeding years, the unlearned must take this fact for granted, and the Baconians are beyond even the argument of facts. Dr. Ingleby, Dr. Furnivall and Miss Toulmin Smith have in the "Centurie of Prayse" completely covered seventeenth-century Shakespeare criticism, and for the rest—well, on the whole, the rest might well be silence.

There are very few writers of the last two centuries who have said that in praise of Shakespeare which will bear reprinting, which is fully proved by the dreariness of the pages which Mr. Hughes has devoted to modern critics. Perhaps the happy day will arrive—may it be in our time—when we shall be allowed to read our Shakespeare without his being introduced by a modern flourish of brass instruments, without analytical and critical notes, and without an obscuring cloud of conjectures and emendations; just a note here and again to explain the meaning of an obsolete word or usage.

After all the play's the thing with Shakespeare as it is with all great dramatists. Let us give ourselves up to the swinging march of the dramatic action, let us exult and shout, let us be depressed and grieve, let us laugh, let us weep at the bidding of the magician; let us read in rapt attention from scene to scene, drinking in unconsciously the splendours of poetry and prose, un-

interrupted by the thin pipings of finicking critics and commentators. Let not Shakespeare's plays be turned into a heap of dusty ruins for dusty antiquaries to grub among. And if we want to know more of Shakespeare than the plays tell us, let us learn the facts of and studiously ignore the theories concerning his life and read as much as we may of town and country life in the days of Elizabeth. And do not let us set up the poor man on a lonesome pedestal—neither a god nor a man—let us remember that he was no lonely star but one of a constellation, the brightest, the biggest. And for his praise? Is it not sufficient that after three hundred years he is alive? That his writings are read and studied the world over, and that his plays still hold the boards?

Yes, as we said, we find no reason why this book should have been made; a cheap reprint of the "Centurie of Prayse" would be welcome, but the cream off—if it be cream—three centuries of praise is tiresome.

Fiction

FORT AMITY. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Murray, 6s.) Mr. Quiller-Couch's romance, like his hero, suffers from confused aims. At first glance it appears a story of adventure, careful reading reveals it as a psychological study, and leaves us wondering whether beneath this, in turn, may not lie an arraignment of "Militarism's sham and ugly heart." We first meet John o' Cleeve as ensign of the 46th, marching with the British on Quebec. In his first fight he is wounded and captured. Thenceforward we follow his outer adventures among French and Indians and his inner adventures among doubts and divided. The author is endlessly patient with his hero, but to the reader John seems to lose grip of himself and his soldiership with surprising facility. It should be made clear how far he is affected by the blow on the head and how far he is temperamentally ineffectual. In any case he is a negative personage for a hero of romance, little concerned with cause or country. In the end the heroine has fairly to take possession of him to bring about the conventional happy ending. The virile and confident touch of the writer of "The Splendid Spur" is better fitted to depict the loyalty of the defender of Fort Amity or Dominique Guyon, in his fanatical devotion, than to render convincing the subtleties of this John o' Dreams. "Fort Amity" has many vivid episodes and fine character sketches, but the central figure remains shadowy and inconsequent, reaching neither the triumph of fulfilment nor the pathos of frustration.

NYRIA. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) If it were not for the note from the publisher enclosed with this volume, one would suppose the preface to Mrs. Campbell Praed's book ranked with those which Mr. Rider Haggard used with such success as introductions to "She" and others of his novels. Mr. Unwin's letter, however, seems to claim that Mrs. Praed's story is founded, not on any imaginary document found in romantic circumstances, but on the revelations of a spirit through the medium of some girl, whose personality is not very clearly indicated, and the author requests that her book should be judged from this standpoint. That being so, we can only say, that considering the fact of the picture being drawn from the words of the spirit slave Nyria, whose material existence dates back to the reign of Domitian, there is a curious air of modernity about it. The story is interesting. Nyria, the slave herself, whose character the author claims to have drawn from the girl's own words, was a spiritualised mortal, even when in the flesh, according to her biographer. Her picture of the cowardly, quarrelsome, crowd of Christian martyrs, gorging and drinking on the eve of death, crying for mercy and grovelling before their persecutors, does not agree with the description of even pagan historians. The idea of a band of Christian women being driven by fear of death to publicly tear a man to pieces in the arena does not appeal to the ordinary imagination.

THE STEPS OF HONOUR. By Basil King. (Harper, 6s.) "*A tout péché—miséricorde*" is the text of this fine sermon, which fashions itself into a story of life in the Harvard group at Cambridge, Massachusetts. We have the scholarly culture, the social pride of those classified by Dr. Holmes as "Brahmins." In this circle Anthony Muir, the brilliant young Scotsman, author of "*Society and Conscience*," though son of an Edinburgh professor, is felt to have a vague background compared with Paul Dunster, "who had an ancestress burned for witchcraft at Salem and another hanged on Boston Common for preaching Quakerism." Both love Agatha Royal, a very incarnation of the stately pride and lofty traditions of old Cambridge. The story opens with the announcement of her engagement to Anthony Muir; but the love story is of less interest than the question of honour involved in the relation of the two men. Dunster alone knows that the book on social philosophy which has brought to Muir sudden fame is little more than a modern version of an obscure book of nearly a century earlier by Christopher Lore. A fine point in casuistry is suggested as to Dunster's right to expose the duplicity of his rival, whose downfall would mean Agatha's disillusioning. Muir's confession is his first step in honour, and this crisis is the touchstone of character to all involved. The individualisation is admirable, from the cynical old Professor Wollaston, with his sentimental wife, to the implacable Agatha, impulsive womanly Persis, and the *deus ex machina*, Johnny Charterhouse.

COURT CARDS. By Austin Clare. (Unwin, 6s.) "*Court Cards*" is so careful a piece of work that the reader regrets its failure to be more than careful, its lack of the final touch which should give conviction and vitality to the whole. Archie Armstrong, the jester of James I., is an out-of-the-way hero, and his character is the best study in the book. The starving outcast lad on the Scottish moors is a roughly pathetic figure, and his dog-like devotion to Kinmont Willie, the redoubtable Border raider, is well suggested, though the narrative of Willie's escape from Carlisle Castle does not succeed in recapturing the heart-beat of the famous old ballad. Gentle King Jamie, out, like one of his ancestors, in disguise, saves the lad's life and appoints him as his fool. Archie's jests are not specially keen, but here history is to blame as much as Mr. Austin Clare, for some of the jokes are authentic. On the whole, Archie is fairly convincing, except when he poses as a lover; his romance with the lovely and mysterious Sybella fails to enlist our sympathies, so that we are little interested in the final, sufficiently hackneyed explanation of her capricious personality. Surely, the device of the double might be suffered to enjoy a well-earned repose. The Gowrie conspiracy affords the tragic shadow in the picture; but it must be confessed that though Mr. Clare has drawn on stirring Border ballads and dark historic conspiracies, he has failed to stir our pulses much. Pains-taking, conscientious, "*Court Cards*" is nevertheless—or therefore—extremely slow reading.

CRAINQUEBILLE, PUTOIS, RIQUET ET PLUSIEURS AUTRES RÉCITS PROFITABLES. Par Anatole France. (Calmann-Lévy, 3f.50.) In the seventeen short sketches contained in this volume, of which the first is the most important, Anatole France is as delightful as ever. Whether he is describing the woes of a costermonger, or the embodiment of a gardener who never had any real existence, or the reflections of a dog on men, he is inimitable for matter, style, and light irony that is always good-natured. Crainquebille was dramatised and Guitry played admirably the part of the costermonger who is sent to prison for a fortnight because a policeman declared he had insulted him. As a matter of fact, when told to move on by the guardian of the law, he had found it impossible to stir, his barrow being jammed in among the other vehicles. Still his guilt is proved to the magistrate's satisfaction, and on his release his former customers refuse to have anything to say to him. He becomes more and more wretched and hungry, and determines to insult a policeman

actually, in order to obtain the shelter of a prison. But this policeman does not consider it a matter for arrest, and so poor "Crainquebille, la tête basse et les bras ballants, s'enfonça sous la pluie dans l'ombre."

Short Notices

WAYSIDE AND WOODLAND TREES: A POCKET GUIDE TO THE BRITISH SYLVA. By Edward Step. (Warne, 6s.) Some years ago Mr. Step placed all nature lovers under lasting obligation by the publication of his "*Wayside and Woodland Blossoms: a Pocket Guide to the British Wild Flowers*," in two volumes, and with the present work he is continuing his valuable aids to the easy acquirement by town dwellers of a practical knowledge of the more ordinary flora of the countryside. Every one who has taken a country walk in the company of a countryman must have remarked with envy the ease with which his companion distinguished between one tree and another, even at a considerable distance. This volume is planned to help the inexperienced to acquire something of the same facility. It is valuable so far as the text goes; for there will be found concise scientific descriptions of the origin, habitat, and associations of all indigenous British trees, and of a great many that have been so far acclimatised as to be regarded as almost indigenous by the majority of present-day Englishmen. But it is with his illustrations that Mr. Step has made his book indispensable. He has conceived the happy idea of photographing from the same standpoint the same tree—for every species he describes—in its summer glory of foliage, and in its winter tracery of bare boughs. In many instances he adds a photograph of the bole of the tree on a larger scale, and in almost every instance a pen-and-ink drawing of the leaf, flower, and fruit. This is one of the books for which one does not anticipate the need of revision during the present generation, and which one cannot think of as likely to be superseded.

HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES. Vols. V. and VI. (MacLehose, 12s.) The recent issue of the fifth and sixth volumes of Messrs. MacLehose's admirable reprint brings these quaint and heroic records of the old world to the times of Queen Elizabeth. The Englishman shared with the Jew and the Dutchman the lust of gain; but the irresistible desire to explore the unknown for its own sake was his peculiar inspiration. The combination was invincible. For seldom did the adventurer attempt new countries or strange havens unless he was backed by a letter from his Sovereign, couched in terms extremely definite; and more seldom still, with such credentials, did he fail to attain his end. He brought a shrewd wit, a strong hand, and an indomitable spirit to the business; and, if the city merchants coined gold out of the incredible toils of his Traffiques and Discoveries, the adventurer had the glory. And we inherit both. It is no mean heritage. To-day we call it Empire: and some of us are frightened at it. But the men of Hakluyt feared nothing; they dared uncharted seas and beat the Spanish Armada with an equal mind. In the early years of the Queen's reign Mr. Anthony Jenkinson and his valiant comrades traversed Russia, dined with the Sacred Emperor off gold plate, and negotiated a treaty in the interests of trade. More—they forced His Imperial Majesty to keep its terms. Such were the founders of the great edifice of English commerce with Russia. And, meanwhile, the merchant-adventurers were sailing to the Levant (where John Foxe, gunner, by force and stratagem broke the prison of Alexandria, and released two hundred and sixty-six Christians); to the East Indies—this was before the days of the Company; to Persia and China and Japan and the Islands—to the Guinea Coast—to Babylon. In a word, the whole marvellous story of the commercial conquest of the old world by English adventure has been sought out and set in order—rather loose order, but no matter—by Richard Hakluyt, preacher. That which was dearly gained by many common men of wit and pluck and cupidity lies in danger of being wrested from us to-day. But, whether the trade goes or stays, waxes or diminishes,

Hakluyt's monument remains, imperishable like the Odyssey. In this sense (if in no other) the best that we know of the past is that "it's done and dead." We have paid the blood-price of admiralty; and, whatever betide, we have bought the noble records of the Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries for an inalienable possession.

EN LISANT NIETZSCHE. Par Emile Faguet. Société française d'imprimerie et de librairie.) Philosophy in German, be it said in all humility, is often difficult to understand, but philosophy in French, even when German is its basis, is often a delight and a joy, especially to the non-expert. The present writer has gained the slight knowledge of the subject he possesses entirely through French authors and expositors—chiefly read in the volumes of that excellent series, the "Bibliothèque de Philosophie contemporaine"—and he strongly recommends any one desiring to acquire such knowledge to adopt a similar mode of procedure. M. Faguet gives a capital *aperçu* of the Nietzschean philosophy, and carefully weighs its worth and its worthlessness. Dubbing him "the Don Juan of thought," and the adventurer of the mind," and disallowing him talent, M. Faguet still finds that Nietzsche has his uses. There must be sophists just as some believer in orthodoxy once declared there must be heresies. They serve to wake people out of their languor and to put movement and energy into intellectual life. A man of the highest intelligence and served by an admirable imagination, Nietzsche believed that it was a man's duty to make for himself personal ideas because personal ideas alone have the consistency necessary to support us, for there is little reliance to be placed anywhere except on ourselves. Here Nietzsche is right, and in that direction his teaching and even his example are good, and we may gain profit by reading him. One of M. Faguet's chapters is entitled "Idées littéraires de Nietzsche." He finds that Nietzsche's literary and artistic ideas do not always cohere, and that he has made neither a system nor a general theory. But they are often very original and tend towards the establishment of an art that shall be at once sane, virile, strong and noble. They raise the mind and soul towards the vision of an art made by a superior species, and in their way express the leading idea of Nietzsche's doctrine, "L'homme est un être qui est fait pour se surmonter." If, then, we wish to gain quickly and easily some idea of Nietzsche's teaching and aim, M. Faguet's book is all we need.

THE DARK AGES. By W. P. Ker. (Blackwood, 5s. net.) We do not think Professor Ker has attained his object. Perhaps it is the magnitude of the difficulty he has to encounter which is the cause of failure, but no one knows that difficulty better than Professor Ker, and no one better understands that in a volume of three hundred and fifty pages it is almost impossible to give even an adequate outline of so complicated a subject as the Dark Ages of European Literature. It was the period of the decline or, rather, the loss of classical literature, classical methods and classical thought. It was before the period of the uprise of a Teutonic or Celtic literature as distinct from the records of ancient tradition. The clash of these diverse elements is evident in the minds of the few men who in the period dealt with by Professor Ker appeared to delight in literature as such, but there is no very clear indication of settled method. Perhaps the greatest example is Bede. His monkish Latin does not lend itself to his task, but his task occasionally overcomes his limitation of language and method, and we have glimpses of what Bede might have been if he had written "after the English fashion," even as he has recorded customs and events "after the English fashion." But except Bede's works in England there is little else, for the English chronicle English in form and language is not literature. Professor Ker puts the case very clearly as far as he goes, and there is not much fault to find with his conclusions. He holds that but for the literary influence we should have had preserved very little of ancient tradition and mythology, but there is the other side to this question. Did not literature kill or strangle very much of ancient tradition and mythology? Tradition, to remain faithful to its methods and object, must be left alone. If taken up by literature on the one hand, and persecuted by

those who look upon it as the hated emblem of a hostile faith on the other hand, tradition has not much chance of life. In literature it gets changed and twisted from its own form; in tradition it gets stunted and worn down as its opponents win, one after the other, fresh points against it, and thus the final influence becomes the literary influence, untrue to the original and of doubtful value as literature. Professor Ker has produced on these lines a readable book, even if it is not all that one could wish. It is not only readable, it is suggestive and full of information. If studied with caution, with the idea, in fact, that there are other ways of looking at the subject, we can well believe that it will do all the good that is intended.

Reprints and New Editions

Another volume in the well-known Mermaid series—THE PLAYS OF GEORGE CHAPMAN (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net leather, 2s. 6d. net cloth). This series begins to make a goodly show upon my shelves. The latest addition is edited with an introduction and notes by Mr. W. L. Phelps, Instructor in English Literature at Yale College. The plays are, I think wisely, modernised in spelling, so that they are now in every sense readable. The text has been taken from the literal reprint of Chapman's plays published by John Pearson in 1873. Chapman lived in a memorable period, a period that saw plays from the pen of Shakespeare, Beaumont, Middleton, and Fletcher. Such shining lights may well make pale lesser luminaries such as Chapman. He is, of course, principally known for his translation of Homer—a notable Elizabethan gift to literature. Mr. Phelps has selected from much material "All Fools" as Chapman's best comedy, while "Bussy d'Ambois" he considers his most characteristic play. "Eastward Ho," the joint production of three brains—Marston, Ben Jonson, and Chapman—is not included in the volume. Many admirers of the dramatist will doubtless regret that Mr. Phelps has not seen fit to include "The Gentleman Usher." Mr. Phelps considers, however, that "it lacks almost every qualification of a good play. In construction it is slipshod and slovenly; the plot is worthless; and the improbabilities do not seem to be presented with any attempt at verisimilitude." Messrs. Newnes send me a new edition of Defoe's JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE YEAR, tastefully bound and admirably printed (Thin Pocket Classics, leather 2s. 6d. net). Next to "Robinson Crusoe" and "Moll Flanders" this was certainly Defoe's masterpiece in realism; perhaps some people would place it first of the three. Any way, it is pleasant to have it in such small bulk. "Never forget, under any circumstances, to think and act like a gentleman, and don't exceed your allowance." Who does not remember the opening words of FRANK FAIRLEIGH? (Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books, Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.) I must repeat that this series is producing excellent work, and I have no doubt that many are availing themselves of this opportunity of buying such excellent reproductions of famous old books. They are not asked to read introductions, nor are they worried by notes—a rather common fault with reprints. Three books of poems remain before me to be noticed. WORDSWORTH'S POEMS, selected and edited by William Knight, LL.D., in the Thin Paper Classics (Newnes, 3s. 6d. net) is a pleasant volume to handle. The photogravure frontispiece, printed on Japanese vellum, is delightful. A heathery cover announces Messrs. Black's reprint of THE LADY OF THE LAKE (5s. net). Those who like their Scott illustrated will enjoy the very numerous full-page illustrations, some of which are coloured; but the art of photography does not seem to me a fitting mate for poesy. The poem is fully annotated, and altogether the book leaves little to the imagination. Another volume of Scott—MARMION—is the last remaining reprint (National Library, Cassell, 6d.). Evidently publishers still agree with John Murray that "We" (Miller & Murray) "both view it as honourable, profitable and glorious to be concerned in the publication of a new poem by Walter Scott," although "Marmion" is no longer new. Certainly Messrs. Cassell publish it at a price that would have considerably astonished the first publisher. F. T. S.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

In the course of the next few weeks there will be published a little volume bearing the title "Tales of the Rail." It is being produced under the auspices of the Board of Management in Ireland of the Railway Benevolent Institution, and all the profits on the sales of the book will be devoted to the augmentation of the funds of that charity. The various contributions, which do not, we understand, make any particular claims to originality—though we are assured there is much that is original—have been supplied by railway men and others from every quarter of the kingdom. Anecdote and incident of railway life will bulk largely in these pleasant pages, which we are convinced will prove of special interest, not only to railway people, but to the countless thousands of the general public who in the course of business or pleasure daily use the railway, and hard-to-please passengers will find their little foibles hit off in a manner which will not fail to amuse even themselves. We sincerely trust the book will have a widespread—indeed, in view of its object, it deserves a world-wide—popularity, and that the purpose of the promoters, who have all worked at it more or less as a labour of love, may be abundantly realised.—"The Vicar's Mistake" is the title of a new novel by H. Hargreaves, to be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.—Encouraged by the success of "Printers' Pie" last year, Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode, with the assistance of Mr. Arthur Croxton, has prepared another volume, to be published immediately, entitled "Printers' Pie, 1904," the proceeds from the sale of which will go to the funds of a very deserving charity—The Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation. Mr. Spottiswoode contributed £1,000 to the Printers' Pension Corporation last year as the result of publishing "Printers' Pie," and it is hoped, with the generous assistance of eminent authors and artists, and also of the printing trades, to obtain a very satisfactory result from the sale of the forthcoming issue. Among the well-known writers who have gratuitously contributed to "Printers' Pie, 1904," are: Miss M. E. Braddon, Madame Sarah Grand, Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Ouida, "Rita," the Duke of Argyll, K.T., Dr. W. Boyd Carpenter, Lord Bishop of Ripon, Sir Edwin Arnold, Lieut.-Col. M. Newnham Davis, Mr. Alfred Austin (Poet Laureate), and Messrs. W. L. Alden, F. Anstey, Harold Begbie, Arthur Boucher, J. M. Bulloch, Austin Dobson, Athol Forbes, Tom Gallon, Thomas Hardy, C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, J. K. Jerome, Andrew Lang, Henry W. Lucy, William Le Queux, W. Pett Ridge, Adrian Ross, G. R. Sims, and Israel Zangwill, whilst art will be represented by Messrs. Charles Dana Gibson, James Greig, John Hassall, L. Raven Hill, Will Owen, Charles Pears, R. Sauber, S. H. Sime, Lance Thackeray, Starr Wood, Lawson Wood, &c., all of whom have given their services. "Printers' Pie, 1904," will be published free of charge by "The Sphere and Tatler, Limited," Great New Street, E.C., at the popular price of 1s.—On June 9 will be published, by Methuen & Co., in the Miniature Library, an edition of the "Life of Lord Herbert of Chesham," written by himself.—"Light, Life and Love" is the title of a selection from the German mystics, which has been edited by the Rev. W. R. Inge, M.A. It will be issued in the Library of Devotion next week.—A new volume of short stories by Mrs. Freeman (Mary E. Wilkins), entitled "The Givers," will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The stories are more in the vein of "A New England Nun" than most of her recent work has been.—Harper & Brothers announce a book on the political aims and aspirations of Germany, entitled "The Pan-Germanic Doctrine." It contains some plain speaking on many delicate points, and the author prefers to remain anonymous.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Butler (Dom Cuthbert), Texts and Studies: The Lausiac History of Palladius II. (Cambridge Press) net 10/6
 Archbishop of Canterbury (The), With All Thy Mind (Hodder & Stoughton) 0/2

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Lee (Sidney), edited by, An English Garner: Elizabethan Sonnets, 2 vols. (Constable) each net 4/0
 Moore (E. Hamilton), Thyrytho: a Drama. (Sherratt & Hughes) net 4/6
 Dobell (Eva), Songs and Sonnets. (Elkin Mathews) net 1/0
 Bell (G. K. A.), Delphi (Newdigate Prize Poem) (Oxford: Blackwell) net 1/0
 O'Donnell (F. Hugh), The Stage Irishman of the Pseudo-Celtic Drama (Long) net 1/0

History and Biography

- Davitt (Michael), The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland. (Harper) net 10/6
 Smeaton (Oliphant), Edinburgh and Its Story. (Dent) net 21/0

Travel and Topography

- Savage-Landor (A. Henry), The Gems of the East, 2 vols. (Macmillan) net 30/0
 Cresswell (Beatrice F.), The Quantock Hills (Homeland Association) net 2/6
 Inman, M.A. (The Rev. H. T.), Near Oxford. (Oxford: Alden) net 1/0

Art

- Phil May in Australia. (Edwards Dunlop) net 21/0
 Royal Academy Pictures, Part 4. (Cassell) net 1/0
 The Burlington Magazine. (Long) net 2/6

Educational

- Sayce, M.A. (The Rev. A. H.), An Elementary Grammar of the Assyrian Language. (Bagster) 5/0
 Irwin (Sidney T.), Why We Learn Latin and Greek. (Constable) 1/0

Miscellaneous

- Twain (Mark), Extracts from Adam's Diary. (Harper) net 2/0
 Kilburn, Mus.Bac. (N.), The Story of Chamber Music (Walter Scott) net 3/6
 Atkins (J. B.), edited by, National Physical Training. (Isbister) 2/6
 Bell (Mrs. Hugh), Wordless Conversation. (Arnold) net 1/0
 Sims (G. R.), Among My Autographs. (Chatto & Windus) 3/6
 Cowan (The Rev. W.), The Humorous Side of the Pulpit. (Treherne) 2/6
 Red Paint at Oxford: Sketches by "Fish" and "Tush." (Greening) 2/0
 Heffernan (Tom), The 'Lisa' Letters. (Greening) 1/0
 The Oxford and Cambridge Yearbook, 1904: Cambridge (Sonnenschein) net 3/6
 Report of the Librarian of Congress, 1903 (Washington: Government Printing Office)
 Pardo de Tavera (T. H.), Biblioteca Filipina (Washington: Government Printing Office)
 Joseph's Letters Upon Egypt, Nos. 2 and 3. (Cassell) each net 0/6
 Jubilee of the Semmering Railway. (Vienna: Gerlach & Co.)
 Rowntree (J.) and Sherwell (A.), The Licensing Bill, 1904: Art. No. 7 and Supersession of the Local Magistrates (York: Delittle, Fenwick) each 0/1
 Quiller-Couch (A. T.), edited by, The World of Adventure, Part I (Cassell) net 0/6
 Russell (Hon. R.), First Conditions of Human Prosperity (Longmans) net 2/6
 Pentelow (J. N.), England v. Australia, 1877-1904. (Arrowsmith) 3/6
 Lodge (H. C.), Introduction by, Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt, 1902-1904. (Putnam)
 Hancock (H. Irving), Physical Training for Children by Japanese Methods (Putnam) net 5/0
 Report of the Astronomer Royal. (Royal Observatory)

Fiction

- "The Descent of Man," by Edith Wharton (Macmillan), 6/0; "The Hand of Léonore," by H. Noel Williams (Harper), 6/0; "The God in the Garden," by Kestle Howard (Chapman & Hall), 6/0; "The Garden of Lies," by J. M. Forman (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "Joshua Newings," by G. F. Brady (Smith, Elder), 6/0; "The Homebuilders," by Karl E. Harriman (Brown, Langham), 6/0; "The Shadow of a Throne," by F. W. Hayes (Hutchinson), 6/0; "The Maid Lilies," by William Platt (Greening), 6/0; "The Setting Sun," by "X" (Skeffington), 3/6; "The Ragged Messenger," by W. B. Maxwell (Richards), 6/0; "Father Clancy," by A. Fremdling (Duckworth), 6/0; "Angelo Bastiani," by Lionel Cust (Constable), 6/0; "Coming Home to Roost," by G. Manville Fenn (White), 6/0; "The Main Chance," by Meredith Nicholson (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "The Wheeling Light," by Fergus Hume (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; "John Strong, the Boaster," by Old Humphrey (R.T.S.), 2/0; "The End of the Song," by the Countess of Cromartie (Hutchinson), 6/0; "The Spoilmen," by Elliott Flower (Putnam), 6/0; "The Corner in Coffee," by Cyrus Townsend Brady (Putnam), 6/0; "The Modern Obstacle," by Alice Duer Miller (Putnam), 6/0.

Reprints and New Editions

- Unwin: "George Chapman," edited by Wm. Lyon Phelps, M.A., net 2/6 and 3/6.
 Newnes: "A Journal of the Plague Year," by Daniel Defoe, net 2/6; "Poems by William Wordsworth," edited by Prof. Knight, net 3/6.
 Constable: "Dracula," by Bram Stoker, net 2/6.
 Blackwell (Oxford): "The French Wars of Religion," net 3/6.
 Macmillan: "Parkwater," by Mrs. Henry Wood, 2/6.
 Wentworth Publishing Co.: "The Seaside and Inland ABC Holiday Guide, 1904," net 1/0.
 Hutchinson: "Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott," net 1/0.

Sixpenny Reprints

- Seeley: "In Lincoln Green," by Edward Gilliat.

Periodicals

- "The Monthly Review," "Blackwood's Magazine," "Cassell's History of the Russo-Japanese War," "The Artisan," "All the World," "The Author," "American Journal of Mathematics," "Windsor Magazine," "The Antiquary," Bible Society "Gleanings" and "Monthly Reporter," "The Commonwealth," "Architectural Review," "Geographical Journal," "West Ham Library Notes," "Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute," "Indian Magazine," "Independent Review," "Harper's Monthly Magazine," "National Review," "Lippincott's," "Good Words," "Sunday Magazine," "Indian Antiquary."

Egomet

I WAS watching a mother crooning over her solemn-eyed babe the other day and the thought came into my mind of how many things he would see, hear and do that would not be for me, aye, and how many books he would read upon which my eyes would never fall. Do I look upon the world with overbookish outlook? Every man gazes out upon mankind and judges them from his personal standpoint, which with me is that of one who has studied life as far as in him lay not only in life itself but in the world of letters; the latter study having, surely, made my view more broad than that of any man who depends for knowledge upon his own personal observation. However many friends I may have, however numerous the people I may meet, no matter over how great a portion of the world I may travel, my personal knowledge of mankind must remain petty, at any rate as affording means for forming judgments upon my fellows. But with my books at hand, or beneath the dome of the British Museum which I can see when I stand at my window and look out over the chimney pots—with my books I can travel through all ages and climes, can hold converse with the great dead and the great living, and can draw knowledge as from an inexhaustible well.

So I think a bookman's eyes should be clear-sighted, if he has not spent all his years a-poring over pages; a bookman need be no hermit, but must rub shoulders, not only with his bookish comrades, but with all manner of men and women, for there is no such true whetstone for the mind as conversation with the world. Have not almost all great writers loved the companionship of their fellow-men? But I must return to that solemn-eyed babe and its wondering mother.

WHAT very solemn eyes have babies and some children—and a few—a very few men and women. And how greatly do mothers wonder over their babes. Yet a baby is merely the young of men and women—a cub, a chicken, a puppy, a kitten, delightful to play with when he does not cry, or scratch, or bite—though I understand he cannot do this last. To me the wonder in a babe is to think that here lies a human being with all life before him. The world seems very old and grey to me sometimes; to the young—however unhappy they may be—the world is young and fresh; the world grows old with us. Each new year brings its compensations with it, each pleasure which has lost savour is replaced by some new one; but, oh, how I hunger sometimes for the joys that are no more for me; yet, an I had them granted to me again, I—should find them indigestible lollipops, possibly with an evil taste.

Yes; this babe will run through a few years and then will have the delight of reading for the first time "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels"—I hope and trust that young folk do still read those two dear books! And I wonder how many of them could tell me the names of their authors? To read them for the first time—to meet Crusoe, and Friday, and Gulliver and all the BIG ONES and all the LITTLE ONES.

For the first time! I would give a great number of books I have read since those great days of my life to be able once more to read those two tales for the first time. No second or third, or other time is *quite* so good. Other readings bring other pleasures, but not so splendid, though it seems a hard saying that it is more pleasant to make a new friend than to meet an old one, but it is only so with regard to books and of them only of a few. Most of my favourite books I love more and more as I know them more and more; but there are a few that I loved so deeply at first sight that I could not give them more of my heart without injury to that organ, such as the two already named, "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Vanity Fair," Keats' "Endymion," Byron's "Childe Harold," Hawthorne's novels, and "The Vicar of Wakefield." I read them still, but not with that first fine frenzy. Curiously enough, with the exception of "Pickwick," I find that all Dickens' work improves upon further acquaintance; but "Pickwick" is to me too full of what I may call *physical* fun and is to me already old-fashioned. Of course I am wrong in this opinion I know, but it came to the tip of my pen and I am not ashamed of it.

BUT, to return once more to my lamb. There are many books now in existence, of which I have never even heard perchance, that he will read, which may or may not be good fortune to him. But think! When I am gone, he will be here still for years and years and will read books now unwritten, undreamt of, the writers even of which may yet be unborn. Great books, perhaps, some of them; the plays of a second Shakespeare, who knows? Why am I deprived of the right to read those books of years to come? Why am I bound down to the past and the present—while this little morsel of flesh and blood will peep into the future? Why? That's the old unanswerable question. Yet I am better off than those who died a hundred years ago—for them no Dickens, no Thackeray, no Miss Austen, no Scott, no Keats, no Browning, no Ruskin, no Meredith, no Carlyle, no—an hundred "noes." So let me be content and wish you equal luck, my child.

E. G. O.

The Work of Herbert Spencer

III.—His Conception of Science

A RECENT controversy in "The Times" furnished us with an illustration of that conception of science which Spencer destroyed. The issue was between Greek and "Natural Science" at Oxford, and Professor Case, thoroughly at home in championing a lost cause, observed that it was no doubt interesting to know what happened when one moving object met another, but that it is also worth while to study the mind of man and his history: a proposition to which one cannot imagine a dissentient. So much for

Professor Case's conception of science. Then my friendly critic, a "Student of Literature"—by which term he means non-scientific literature, excluding the works of, shall we say, Aristotle, Lucretius, Newton, Descartes, Comte and Spencer—conceives of science as a mode of inquiry which approaches man through the cosmos, whilst that portion of literature which he calls literature approaches man directly. Thus there still survives the notion, apparently, that man is not part of the cosmos.

Now to Herbert Spencer, and, in consequence, to the vast majority of students to-day, science is a term with no such false or arbitrary limitations. The term "natural science" is obsolete, or, remembering Oxford, I should say obsolescent. The reader of to-day may indeed ask whether the antithesis to it was unnatural science or supernatural science. As a matter of fact, the antitheses were mental and moral science. Need I say that these barriers—born of human ignorance—have long been broken down, that you cannot now study psychology without physics, or ethics without psychology and biology? *All the subdivisions* of science, without exception, are artificial contrivances, devised for convenience's sake. History, politics, biography, are all parts of science, as much as physics or geology.

What, then, do we mean by science? Spencer's definition is far and away the best. Science is *organised knowledge*. And let us look at this term. We must inquire, first of all, whether it is absolutely all-inclusive. Theoretically, I believe it is. The fact, say, that you were born in Manchester on the 17th of April, 1867, may be treated as a scientific fact, because by an effort it may be organised or correlated with other facts. The scientific historian or biographer of the future might find in this fact, if necessary, a proof that cities existed at that date, that new human beings were born, that a certain mode of calculating time was in vogue. But without thus treating the fact, it belongs, if you will forgive me, to the non-scientific category. It is what Spencer called a "dead fact," for the essence of the assertion is not capable of being organised or correlated with others, though its accidents, as I have shown, may be worked into the branch of science called sociology.

This distinction between dead and living facts—non-scientific or scientific—is the all-important one. That action and reaction are equal and opposite, that the infantile mortality is high in cities, that villain once meant villager, that the will is determined by the more cogent motive, that the French monarchy was upset in the last decade of the eighteenth century, that the Japanese say "If it must be so" as their word of parting, and that most people read novels—all these are equally scientific facts, though some have a higher degree of generality than others. All of them are capable of being organised and made part of the ever-growing body of Truth. It is a scientific fact that a reversion to Protection was advocated in this country a year ago, but it is a dead fact that the advocate was Mr. Chamberlain rather than Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Yet, like all dead facts, this has a measure of life, for it might be used as part-basis for a psychological generalisation.

These considerations will teach us to understand the meaning of the assertion that history is becoming a science nowadays. This does not merely mean that the historian is becoming more precise, or that the number of historical facts is increasing, or even that a new method, called scientific, is being applied to history. It means that historians are daily spending more time upon the living and less upon the dead facts of history: it means that Spencer's remark about history as a "record of royal misdemeanours" is becoming inapplicable. It means that history is gradually being regarded as a combination of descriptive sociology and scientific biography. Of the latter we have an instance in Spencer's own life, wherein people and incidents occupy a few dozen pages, whilst the history of ideas and motives occupies hundreds. In his recent study of British Genius, Mr. Havelock Ellis echoes Spencer's oft-repeated lament about the sins of biographers. Seeking to study this subject he sought the Dictionary

of National Biography, which should have been a goldmine for his purpose. But the facts which have a meaning do not occur in that extended work: and Mr. Ellis is compelled to wish for the day when biographers shall have a biological training. To him it matters whether his subject was an only child, or the eldest of twenty, or the youngest. The mother of his genius is as important as the father, and so forth. From the scientific point of view this great enterprise is little more than a "might-have-been," for the biographers probably shared Professor Case's puerile conception of science.

And, lastly, as to the greatest triumphs of science—its generalisations. You hear some one remark: "Great Scot, there must be some reason for it!" This remark of common sense is an unconscious assertion of the greatest of scientific generalisations—universal causation. Hear Spencer:

"What is science? To see the absurdity of the prejudice against it, we need only remark that science is a higher development of common knowledge; and that if science is repudiated all knowledge must be repudiated along with it. It is nowhere possible to say where the dicta of common sense end and the generalisations of science begin."

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

The Edge of the Storm

THE great disappointment of last week was Mr. Forbes Robertson's production "The Edge of the Storm," a disappointment proportionate to the pleasurable anticipation with which I had looked forward to the re-appearance of this clever actor. What such a true artist as Mr. Forbes Robertson has shown himself to be in previous productions could have seen in such a play is a mystery. Is it possible that he has always harboured a sneaking desire to act in an old-fashioned melodrama, for this is the only description that can be given to "The Edge of the Storm"? The actor-manager's cry "plenty of incident, plenty of incident," is more than satisfied by this piece. It is too full of incident, incident that does not advance the action of the play and only confuses the spectator.

THE effect on the audience is that of patchwork. It is as though Miss Margaret Young had taken a handful of brightly-coloured fragments and patched them together loosely. The colours are not always effective and sometimes they are childishly crude. The Hungarian revolution of 1848, the escape of Metternich from infuriated patriots who capture the wrong man, the Indian Mutiny, three attempts at murder, and a fair sprinkling of pistol shots, is surely enough colour for any one. But all the situations meant to be so striking and dramatic fail to grip the audience and fall lifeless. Where there should be a thrill there is only polite interest, where there should be excitement there is only a calm aloofness.

WHY? Because the whole play is absolutely unreal, and therefore unconvincing. This not because it is melodramatic, for melodrama can be convincing, although it seldom is, but because it is not true to life. There is no inevitability in the development of the plot, no spark of inspiration in the writing. The chief burden of the acting falls on the shoulders of Miss Gertrude Elliott, who was hardly strong enough for the

arduous task. No doubt the burden was made more arduous by the unreality of the play, which affects player and onlooker alike. The heroine, Leta, is an Hungarian and during the prologue saves the life of the

defence, revives and contributes to the ordinary "happy ever after" conclusion. Mr. Forbes Robertson was not well suited with the part of the Englishman; perhaps he, too, was overweighted by the unreality of the play.



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON: THE GREAT HALL, HAMPTON COURT

[Photo. Booker & Sullivan, Chancery Lane]

Englishman, who has been taken prisoner in mistake for Metternich, by cutting the rope that binds him. In making his escape he unknowingly kills Leta's father, and the curtain falls on the swearing of an oath to kill the Englishman.

THE next act takes place in India after an interval of nine years. Why this interval? Was it only to bring in the Indian Mutiny as an appropriate setting? It was most confusing. Leta and her sister have at last tracked the Englishman. Leta, we are told, has suffered a fever and forgotten her oath and the circumstances of her father's death. Her very determined sister twice attempts the life of the Englishman, but is frustrated by the devotion of a Hindu servant. Finally she allows Leta to marry the Englishman, trusting that when her memory shall be reawakened her love shall be consumed by her hatred. This should have been stirring; what could be more dramatic than the spectacle of a woman torn between a great love and a great hate? A woman who is prompted by her patriotic sentiments to kill the husband that she has grown to love.

THE last act is tumultuous with the banging of guns, the firing of pistol-shots, and general disorder and confusion. The Sepoys have attacked the station, but at the crucial moment relief, of course, arrives. Leta, who is apparently dead of a wound received in her husband's

Such an actor is worthy of a better play. Miss Henrietta Watson gave a bright, welcome impersonation of an officer's wife, while such performers as Mr. Frank Mills, Mr. Ian Robertson and Mr. Leon Quartermaine played small parts in an able manner.

MR. TREE's revivals are attracting large audiences. His revival of "The Last of the Dandies" was chiefly remarkable for the advent of Miss Marion Terry, who acted delightfully and looked charming as Lady Blessington. "The Man Who Was" was by far the most interesting item on the bill, and Mr. Tree acts wisely in placing it after "The Last of the Dandies" instead of in front. The public that lingers over coffee and liqueurs rarely arrives in time for a curtain-raiser. Kipling's little story plays remarkably well, but then Kipling is rich in dramatic feeling. Mr. Tree does full justice to the part of Austin Limmasson. But why has Mr. Kinsey Peile thought fit to introduce four female characters into the piece? The meeting between Austin Limmasson's sister and the Russian is entirely obvious and unnecessary, and does not maintain the otherwise high level of the play. It is in such a part as this that Mr. Tree best shows his great ability; he is always intelligent and interesting, but in a character part he is more—we forget the actor and remember only the character he impersonates. Mr. Tree is a very fine artist, I wish he would not waste his abilities on such plays as "The Last of the Dandies" and "The Darling of the Gods"; his art should not be spent on trifles.

Musical Notes

THE London Symphony Orchestra has given its first concert and is undoubtedly a fine band, but it remains to be proved that London is capable of supporting two permanent orchestras of this kind. If it is, then the public will have been nothing but gainers by the recent split. But one cannot avoid certain misgivings—bearing in mind the fate of more than one organisation by which the suffrages of London amateurs have been wooed in the past. Meanwhile the choice of a permanent conductor by the new band is a matter which it is understood is to be left in abeyance for a time. Offers, it seems, have been received from so many eminent conductors of established repute that for a time these will be relied on, a different *chef d'orchestre* being engaged for each concert. But in the end it will doubtless be found best to choose a permanent chief.

SATURDAY is usually a busy day for the concert-goer, but it is some time since a more varied afternoon's music than that of to-morrow has invited attention. What with the Jubilee concert on Handel Festival lines at the Crystal Palace, Patti at the Albert Hall, and Kubelik in Langham Place, it will indeed be a divided duty confronting the conscientious critic on this occasion.

MR. MANNERS seems to be doing far better at Drury Lane than had been anticipated by most. But he has learnt certain things in the process. Among them, that it is not the best policy to tell the public that you are losing heavily every night. Also that latter-day London audiences prefer "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" to "Maritana" and "The Bohemian Girl." In this respect the London public has shown itself ahead of the provinces, where, as Mr. Manners has often stated, it is the old-fashioned works which invariably make up for the losses entailed by modern ones.

AT Drury Lane the case has been just the other way about. "Martha," "The Bohemian Girl," and the rest have drawn the smallest audiences and "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" the biggest. This is not a little significant. Indeed, Mr. Manners' experience as a whole has gone to prove pretty conclusively that there is a much larger demand for high-class opera in London than most people had supposed; and this despite the fact that considerable losses have been entailed. Notwithstanding the counter attractions of Covent Garden and the admitted imperfections of the performances, hundreds of people have been attracted to Drury Lane night after night, and at present there is not the slightest sign that Mr. Manners will not carry out his original intention and complete his projected three months' season. This really implies a great deal.

AT Covent Garden repetitions have been the order of the day for the most part lately, but Saint-Saëns' "Hélène" is now in rehearsal and is spoken of as likely to be seen some time before the end of the present month. Madame Melba, who created the part, will repeat her impersonation of the title-rôle, while M. Dalmorès as Paris, Miss Elizabeth Parkina as Venus, and Madame Kirkby Lunn as Pallas will make up the remaining members of the cast. Before the production of "Hélène" Madame Calvé will probably have made her rentrée, but Madame Eames, another star of former seasons, is not, it seems, to be included in the Covent Garden firmament this year. Plançon, on the other hand, is reappearing once more.

Art Notes

The Italians at Earl's Court

EARL'S COURT is not the place one usually visits in order to find masterpieces of the modern school, but there have been good displays of pictures in the galleries of these pleasure grounds; and this year has brought the work of more than one good Italian to the Art Section. Segantini is represented by some eight or nine works in a room to himself; and amongst the canvases is the very fine picture of "The Two Mothers." The cow is broadly painted, as are the mother and child, though all are life-size, showing Segantini's method of vibrant broken colour to be as powerful in rendering masses as it is in rendering small detail. The whole effect is mellow and rich, and the colour-scheme very beautiful. Here also are Segantini's large sunset piece, known as "Nature," and his "Musical Allegory." Indeed throughout these galleries one is constantly reminded of his influence upon the art of modern Italy. Here, in another gallery, are two telling works by Tavernier, treated with brilliant effect, in the vibrant broken-coloured method of Segantini to some extent, but the colour is handled in a gem-like manner that creates marvellously vivid glowing masses both in the picture of the girl on the mountain side called "Mountain Flora," and in the picture of the nude girl on the river's bank called "By the River," though I notice that the flesh of the nude is not painted in the same manner as the rest of the picture. Here also are more than one very characteristic example of the fine works of Mancini, whose "En Voyage" is amongst the pictures of the year at the Royal Academy. Indeed one of the Mancinis is lent by Mr. John Sargent to the Earl's Court exhibition; and the fact that his work has won the admiration of Mr. Sargent ought to be the highest praise that Signor Mancini can receive from the English-speaking people. Vegetti sends a charming piece, an old figure entering a church door in "Winter." Conconi is represented by a largely handled study in brown and white, "The House of the Magician." Molin sends a dramatic picture of an injured victim of labour being carried into a church—an excellently spaced composition. The Venetian, Rosa, shows a richly painted interior—"The Choir of the Frari Church, Venice"; Cavalleri sends a "Rustic Merrymaking"; and another Turin artist, Sobrile, the pathetic and severe picture "Mother." Follini is represented by one canvas, "The Cliff." In the Naples room are a series of the minute but freely handled works of Casciaro, dainty in treatment and rich in colour—of the method we have come to associate with modern Italy. Another Neapolitan artist, Professor Michetti, is represented by "La Pastora" (The Shepherdess) painted in the largely handled, sun-filled manner that the modern Italian loves. The lamb in this long horizontal canvas is a brilliant piece of work. Of the Venetians, besides Rosa and Molin, there is the "Venetian River" of Selvatico. Altogether the Italians show several canvases well worth going to see, even if Segantini's "Two Mothers" were not on view.

Messrs. Goupil are showing a fine collection of "Japanese Prints"; Messrs. Dowdeswell the silver work, enamels and bronze work of Alexander Fisher; Mr. Van Wisselingh a number of pictures by French, English and Dutch artists; Messrs. Cassell their annual Black and White display; and Mr. Baillie the work of Charles Agard and Charles Pears.

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A WITTY writer said the other day that it must not be forgotten that many of our oldest Academicians were artists in early life. The young students of the Westminster School of Art who held their third annual exhibition of sketches last week, under the presidency of Mr. Mouat Loudan, will probably not all become Academicians, and therein lies their salvation. There was much good work on view, work that showed individuality, taste, and keenness for the right point of view. The sketches of Frederick Peart, Irene Kaye, M. C. Forestier, Dora Mathews, B. S. Pedder, and Lilian Orr were all noteworthy, and something more than promising, and the earnest and imaginative drawings of U. W. A. Parkes were quite delightful in their sincere sentiment and lack of the slightest affectation. The show, as a whole, was eloquent testimony to Mr. Mouat Loudan's method of teaching.

Correspondence

"Of"

SIR,—Mr. C. H. Monro argues so convincingly that I am constrained to surrender, though I shall never quite overcome, my prejudice against "of mine" and kindred phrases. It never occurred to me that "mine" could in any sense be regarded as objective; but I now see that such is indeed possible, and that, in the process, the little word becomes a veritable mine of verbal wealth.—Yours, &c. J. B. WALLIS.

SIR,—In syntactical discussions it is well to bear in mind that the demands of usage determine what is to be regarded as grammatical. The modern indeclinable possessive adjective pronoun "mine," e.g., if one had respect to its origin from the genitive case of a personal pronoun, might perhaps be considered inadmissible in the sentence "Mine is here." There can surely be no more objection to the use of the preposition "of" as a demonstrative syllable in such sentences as "He is a friend of mine" than to its ancient use as an intensive prefix, exemplified in the modified words "a-feared" "an-hungered." On the score of sheer grammar one might reject from English "ours," "yours," "theirs," and "hers," inasmuch as they are double possessives, as indicated by their "s" in addition to "r." Certainly at one time our modern nominative absolute, or subject absolute, would have horrified precisians.

Of the three sentences "This is a portrait of me," "This is my portrait," and "This is a portrait of mine," the first defines the relation of the object to a certain person, the second points out (according to the stress on the third or fourth word) that the object is either the exclusive property of the owner or is property of a certain nature, but the last simply announces possession of an object of a particular class, i.e., "It is a portrait, to wit, mine." If such sentences cannot be regarded as equivalent in meaning, one may well be content with each, remembering that grammar is made for man, and not man for grammar.—Yours, &c.

The Hermitage, Sutton.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED.]

E. G. O.'s Wants

SIR,—I am indebted to Egomet. By the recollection of his many references to Charles Lamb I have always looked to him as of the "brotherhood." The various wants recently placed before THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE readers must have astonished his friends, and left them with a feeling akin to bewilderment.

Must we (I speak to book-lovers) without protest allow Egomet to go his way? Generally we have happily wandered together hand in hand; but there appears a doubt as to the necessity of the turning we have dreamily taken.

It has come to the rubbing of the eyes—we are awake! I know he will tell me he cares not what I say, and that I must not disturb him, and possibly repeat "that all great men are dreamers."

Egomet asks for "selections culled from Shakespeare and his fellows, Dekker and his like, &c., &c."

The "discreet friend" may appear. Who knows? He must, however, beware if he looks to Egomet for support. Egomet, I am satisfied, would be the first to discourage the use of such a book, and I might safely prophesy he would plainly tell us the real reading was being done for us.

"It is only the flowers we grow, or, at least, gather for ourselves, that are really ours."—Yours, &c. O. GOWAN.

[E. G. O. asked only for extracts dealing with London life.—ED.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archæology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference; this is not an information bureau.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-.

Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

SHAKESPEAREANA.

SHAKESPEARE'S TREATMENT OF HIS "ORIGINALS."—When Shakespeare sat down to write a play he was not at all particular that the story on which he wove his thought should be original. Borrowing of facts, or feigned facts, was not reckoned robbery in his days. He had to make them his own by labour, under certain limitations. He had to consider (1) whether his production was safe to pass the censor's examination; (2) whether it was likely to please the play-going public; (3) its suitability to the acting powers of his own company and the facilities of his own stage; (4) its satisfaction of his own poetic feelings and critical judgment; (5) to these, in some cases, at least, might be added "a second intention," such as Spenser elaborated in the "Faerie Queene," where he combined a general and special meaning in his characters and plots.

1. The censor was a very real and active person in Shakespeare's days, ready to pounce upon authors, at times, even when little expected. He always had to be considered, sometimes to be influenced. A stringent edict gave him new powers just as Shakespeare began to write for the stage, and there is no doubt that it had its influence in helping the poet to do so much towards raising and refining the British drama.

2. He studied his public, as they came to study him, and he knew that while they dearly liked something new, they also liked old associations and ideals; he knew they liked sensational situations, with plenty of blood and murder, but from that he gradually weaned them by turning their attention to character more than action; he knew they hungered for humour and mirth at any cost, and he gave it to them in liberal measure, though he gradually refined as he worked, and made fun proportionate.

3. The general acting power of his company necessarily varied from time to time, as its members altered and aged. We can see this in successive editions of "Hamlet," who ages as Burbage aged. A fuller biographical knowledge of the other actors would help us to determine the date of the first cast of each play. When Kemp left the company we may be sure his parts were not easily filled. Shakespeare gradually retired from his histrionic efforts himself as he grew older and less dependent upon his

earnings as an actor. He shrank from the publicity of it, as we may see in *Some's* ex. and cxi. It was his modest retiring nature, however, his dislike to show himself in his parts, rather than his incapability, that made him feel so. Some people have imagined that he was a second-rate actor because he had been said to have taken subordinate parts. It seems to me just the opposite. The star system had not then arisen to produce marvellous disproportion among the performers' appearances. It was probably just because he was a superlative actor that he took into his hands to raise and refine parts that had been degraded by meaner treatment, like the Ghost in "Hamlet." The oldest notice we have of the older form of "Hamlet" speaks of "the Ghost that cries so miserably at the theater like an Alster-wife, Hamlet, revenge." Of his charm and power as an actor we have abundant contemporary notices. But he had "Barbage" to do his heroes and express his thoughts, and he had to see everything fit in to him.

4. Its satisfaction of his own poetic feelings and judgment. One has only to study the plays that he has recast to see how powerfully this influence acted in the raising and beautifying of situations and characters, before imperfect or unsatisfactory.

5. There is no doubt that he owed some of his power over his contemporaries to the suggestions of living men in ancient heroes where he "made old offences new." The very clues to much of this we have now lost, but sufficient traces remain to suggest the possibility of more. For instance, his "Venus and Adonis," in the general idea, shows how the blandishments of sense have little power over hearts filled with other interests, in his secondary intention he evidently symbolises Henry, 3rd Earl of Southampton. I do not think that Sir Thomas Lucy was satirised in "Justice Shallow," but many of the plays can bear studying for personalities. Mr. French and other writers think that "Hamlet" is intended to represent Sir Philip Sidney, and that old Polonius was Lord Burleigh. His advice to his son Robert, when setting out on his travels, was very like that of Polonius to Laertes. Burleigh did not like theatres, which gives point to Hamlet's remarks about the payment of actors. The Court and the City were constantly complaining about the personalities of the stage, but we have never heard of Shakespeare's name having been mixed up in any case. Probably he steered the golden mean, and managed to disarm criticism by his admirable poetry. Once, indeed, his heart may have failed him, when the manager of his company was apprehended and examined for playing "Richard II." at the bidding of the Earl of Essex to stir up the people. "Know you not that I am Richard II.?" said Queen Elizabeth to the historian Lambard.

These five limitations affected him in different proportions at different times of his life, as he gradually educated, not only himself, but his audience, by his work; public events altered feelings, and fashion changed opinion.

In regard to his originals, we must notice his thorough mastery of them and his study of other works associated with them. He more than justified the opinion of Webster, his fellow-dramatist, of "the right happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare," an industry not yet sufficiently realised. Whether or not the net result of his boyish study at the Stratford Grammar School (then one of the best of its time) had been only to leave him a little Latin and less Greek, it is perfectly certain that after he came to London he acquired more; that he learned to read French, and that he came into touch with foreign literature translated into that language; that he heard fragments of other languages one can well understand now, and that the conversation with cultured people educated him. Even his lighter plays bear witness to the work of the student, as well as the invention of the poet. He consulted many authorities and fused together materials from several sources, generally raising and refining them all.

He makes a broad line of distinction between "Histories" and other dramas, whether tragedy or comedy. In all that he named "Histories" he tried to represent much fact in little space and suggest more; and adhered as faithfully to his authority as the laws of the stage or of his own mind would permit. He might select and foreshorten, show blue hazy distances and pre-Raphaelite foregrounds, but he did this with an artistic fidelity that combined conceptions and created real ideas. There was no national school of painting then; the art of the dramatist was therefore a school of illustration as well as of fact and theory. His histories therefore essay to represent veracities, in which his imagination acted rather as an illuminator than as an inventor. He had a conscientious desire not to mislead his hearers knowingly, but he had to paint the past with the colouring of the present in order to make it live in the eyes of living men. His intensely patriotic feeling suffused every period, his large sympathetic soul embraced every creed, and the actions of men were measured by their devotion to the national cause rather than by their personal aggrandisement.

When he did not write "Histories" he felt himself free to be faithful or not, as he pleased, to the sources whence he drew his incidents. It he followed a drama, it depended much on whether it belonged to his own company or not; whether it had been acted lately and created interest, or so long ago that it was nigh forgotten. Some of his comedies, written for a purpose, interweave many threads of interest. The best illustration of this is perhaps "A Midsummer Night's Dream," where several plots are contained within one. Some of his tragedies, also written for a purpose, falsify their stories whence they are drawn, as "Macbeth" and "Hamlet." Other plays are so faithful as to seem only plagiarisms, were not the whole spirit of the drama altered by his inspiration.—C.C.S.

Questions

NOTICE.

We find that many persons who are not regular purchasers of "The Academy and Literature" are availing themselves of this column, which is intended for such purchasers only. In future, therefore, all communications from these entering the "Academy" Questions and Answers" Competition must be accompanied by some portion of the cover or the letterpress pages bearing the title of the paper and the date of the current issue.

SHAKESPEARE.

"THE AIR BITES SHREWDLY."—Has any one, save Shakespeare, ever used the word *shrewdly* to express an East wind?—H.R.T.

KIMBOLTON CASTLE.—Can any one say where Kimbolton is, where Queen Katharine died ("Henry VIII." IV. ii.)?—Emilie Foutley.

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON.—Is there any modern reproduction, to be bought at a reasonable price, of a map of London as it existed in the time of Shakespeare?—Edward Jones.

LITERATURE.

"AN OWEERCOME SOOTH."—In "Underwoods," by R. L. S., No. XVI. Book II, I find:

It's an owercome sooth for age an' youth,
And it brooks wi' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the suldest friends,
And the young are just on trial.

What is the meaning of *owercome sooth*?—Flora T. Orr (Edinburgh).

* "MONNA VANNA."—Is the story utilised by Maeterlinck historically true? If so, where can I find it? It seems incredible that the whole populace of a town should so joyously acquiesce in the degradation of their leader's wife. Are there any similar true stories?—Hopeful (Derby).

AUTHOR WANTED.—Can any one tell me who is the author of these lines, and on what occasion they were lately used?

What is a Socialist? One who hath yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings:
A rogue or a bungler, or both, he is willing
To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.

—D. F. Burgess.

GENERAL.

"MAUPYGERNON."—What is, or was, the dish called Maupygermon?—S.A.F. (Brighton).

* "WANT-WAY."—The term "Want-way," which I believe denotes the meeting-place of two roads, does not appear to be in very common use, although I have heard it from a few country folk. Doubtless some of your readers can oblige by giving the derivation of it.—P.R.

HUNTING THE WREN.—When the dead wren is carried from house to house, tied to a holly-bush generally, the boys sing a song commencing—

The wren, the wren,
The king of all birds.

Why "king of all birds"? He is called *roi-lelet* in French, and, when the name is translated, "hedge-king" in German, and I have heard he is similarly styled in Magyar. Whence this tradition?—W.H.W. (Killarney).

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

* SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH.—Pistol ("Henry V." V. iv. 19) "... brass, cur?" In reply to W.B. the spelling of *bras* in the sixteenth century was *brasse*, thus retaining the sound of the older *brace*, which showed its derivation from the original L. *brachium*. Words which have undergone similar changes are *pas* from L. *passus* and *gras* from L. *crassus*.—S.C. (Hove).

"TAMING OF THE SHREW."—Last week your contributor asks if Berkeley's Discourse on the Felicity of Man, 1598, could be the original of "The Taming of the Shrew." But in 1594 this play was performed by Shakespeare's company, though not published as his until the Folio of 1623; in the same year (1594) it was performed by the Earl of Pembroke's company, which rendering was published in that year also. This is called the old form, "The Taming of a Shrew." We do not know whether Shakespeare's company played the old or the new rendering, or a third variety different from either. But in any case the play precedes "The Discourse."—C.C.S.

"WHEN WE HAVE SHUFFLED OFF THIS MORTAL COIL."—There seems no reason to think that Shakespeare is using the word in a peculiar sense. "Coil" means "bustle," "stir," "strife." "To shuffle off" may imply, as E.L.M. suggests, an irregular, ambling gait; but it ordinarily means "to rid oneself of." Paraphrased, the passage would thus read: "When we have rid ourselves of this mortal strife." This seems borne out by the context, for Hamlet is speaking of "slings and arrows," of "outrageous fortune," of "a sea of troubles," of "a thousand natural shocks," of the "whips and scorns of time"; and is contemplating suicide, but is rudely checked by the "dread of something after death." But, since to Shakespeare "all the world's a stage," E.L.M.'s view is quite tenable. "Coil" is derived from the Gaelic *gail*, which means "war."—A.L.C. (Edinburgh).

SHAKESPEARE AND MARLOWE.—The "Jew of Malta" is generally admitted to be "the prophetic adumbration of Shylock." The following passages, as Professor Ward shows, could scarcely have approached each other so closely by simple accident:

"Jew of Malta," I. i.: First appearance of Barabas. He enumerates his argosies.

"Merchant of Venice," I. iii.: First appearance of Shylock. He enumerates the argosies of Antonio.

"Jew of Malta," I. i.:

These are blessings promised to the Jews,
And herein was old Abraham's happiness, &c.

"Merchant of Venice," I. iii.: Passage about Jacob, with a reference to Abraham, ending:

This was a way to thrive, and he was bless'd;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

"Jew of Malta," I. ii.:

You have my goods, my money, and my wealth, &c.,
... You can request no more.
(Unless you wish to take my life.)

"Merchant of Venice," IV. i.: Greatly improved in Shylock's speech:
Nay, take my life and all, &c.

"Jew of Malta," *ibid*:

What, bring you Scripture to confirm your wrongs?

"Merchant of Venice," I. iii.:

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

"Jew of Malta," II. ii.: Barabas and Slave (against hearty feeders in general).

"Merchant of Venice," II. v.: Shylock and Launcelot Gobbo.

Then in "The Jew of Malta" there is the passage:

I learned in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,
And duck as low as any barefoot friar.

The corresponding passage in "The Merchant of Venice" will be familiar. These passages are given in addition to the one instanced by Mr. Greenfield.—G.S.

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LITERATURE.

RICHARD BARNFIELD'S POEMS were edited in 1876 by Dr. Grosart for the Roxburghe Club, and in 1883 by Professor Arber. I have both editions, but can only lay my hands on the later, which forms part of the English Scholar's Library, issued at a low price by one to whom English scholarship is under deepest obligation.—*Joseph Knight*.
[Similar reply from E. Knox-Linton.]

AUTHOR FOUND.—"Our very fears belied our hopes," see Thos. Hood, "The Death-bed," Poems, 1859, p. 180.—*Joseph Knight*.
[Similar replies received from E.K.L. (Hoylake); Miss Abbott; R. J. Lloyd (Liverpool); M.A.C. (Cambridge); and C.R.W.]

INGENIOUS RHYMES.—Your correspondent about odd rhymes gives the best one a trifle incomplete. It is said that Thackeray was given the rhymes of "cassowary and Timbuctoo" to test his powers, and thereupon wrote:

I would I were a cassowary,
On the plains of Timbuctoo;
I would eat a missionary,
Bible, prayer-book, hymn-book too.—C.C.S.

"COQUECIGRUES."—"Coquecigrue. Animal et mets imaginaire, chose de nulle valeur. A la venue des coquecigrues, c'est à dire jamais." Glosaire à Rabelais.—*Joseph Knight*.

"COQUECIGRUES."—This is a French word which in French is spelt *coquecigrue* (*coquesigrue*, *coccigrue* or *cozigrue*). "Oiseau fantastique, impossible, absurde, que l'on cite dans le discours pour désigner un objet qui n'existe pas ou que l'on ne veut pas nommer. Vous serez payé à la venue des coquecigrues" (Dict. Larousse). Used also adjectivally, meaning "foolish," "silly."—O.E.B. (Paris).

"SIA MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART."—This is the pen-name of Dr. Maginn, born 1783, died 1842, an Irish author. He founded "Fraser's Magazine" in 1830, and was the author of "O'Doherty's Maxims."—M.A.C.

"BROOK" IN KEATS AND SCOTT.—Meaning to endure, bear, suffer, &c., the word is common enough. It appears in "The Faerie Queen," "2 King Henry VI.," "Richard II.," and "Richard III." Also in Sidney's "Arcadia," and it is not far from these meanings to restrain, keep back, control. In addition the word is used to mean "to keep back in the stomach."—*Hopeful* (Derby).

"TUSH."—This exclamation is good vernacular old English, about equal to the modern "Shut up"; it is to be found in Tyndale and Coverdale's Bible of 1539, known as Taverner's edition, ordered by royal authority to be used for the Book of Common Prayer. The word appears to be from the Latin "taceo," so Tacitus, the historian; it is found in Danish as *tæse*, and may survive in the French *taisez-vous*! In the original, called verse 7 of Psalm x.: "For he saith in his hert, Tush, I shall never be cast downe," &c.; verse 13: "For he sayth in his hert, Tush, God hath forgotten," &c. The verses are not numbered, following the Septuagint enumeration adopted by St. Jerome. There is no warrant for its use in the Hebrew, Greek, or Latin originals, so it is a mere expletive.—A.H.

"MARBLE AIR."—Marble in the quotation from Book III. of "Paradise Lost" means "bright as marble" (from root *mar*, "to gleam"). Compare Gk. *μαρμαίρειν* "to glisten"; *μαρμαίρεος*, "glistening," used of the stars or sky. In "Cymbeline," V. iv. 120, 121, Shakespeare applies "marble" and "radiant" to the heaven in the same sentence. Exploded in Book XI. is used—Lat. *explodere*, "to drive off the stage," i.e. by clapping (*ex*, "off, away," and *plaudere*, "to clap"). So in Book X., 545, 546:

Thus was the applause they meant
Turned to exploding hiss.

And in the "Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence": "Ceremonies and tyrannies, which God and man are now ready to explode and hiss out of the land" (Milton's Prose Works, iii. 43).—M.A.C.

GENERAL.

OLD EPITAPH.—Answers received from Professor (Poona); and J.J.P. (Burdwan, India).

"TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES."—This air is one known along the Riviera. It is generally acknowledged to be fairly old. It is heard nearly as much as the well-known "Santa Lucia." We undoubtedly borrowed it in the same way that we have made use rather later of "Funiculi Funicula" and "A Francesca." The Italians, especially the class who sing in the open, cling to their same few songs for many years. "Santa Lucia" was extant forty years ago. They do not have a new popular song or air every six months, as we do; if they did they would not become part of the roadside singer's repertoire for many years.—M.A.C. (Kenley).

DISSILAGO.—This is probably a corrupt form of "tusilago," the scientific name of coltsfoot (*T. farfara*). This plant had formerly a wonderful reputation as a curer of coughs and healer of chest complaints (*tussis*=cough). Its leaves are still used as an ingredient in the patent cigars sold for the cure of asthma and other bronchial affections, and it is not improbable that they were used for a similar purpose at the period of the quotation cited.—F. H. Harding (Dorking).

"VACHE ENRAGÉE."—Used in a literal sense, i.e. to be so hard up as to be reduced to "eating the meat of a cow which has been bitten and gone mad" (Litttré).—O.E.B. (Paris).

THE HUNTING OF THE WREN.—The wren is not hunted in Ireland only, but also in England, Wales, Scotland, and France. Nor is the wren the only animal thus persecuted; the hare, squirrel, owl, and many other animals and birds are similarly treated; for a list see "Folklore," 1900, page 250. These customs are but a portion of a still larger group, particulars of which will be found in the same paper. A comparison of some of the typical forms with certain savage customs, the meaning of which is known, indicates that the original purpose of them was cathartic; their object was to expel, by means of a scapegoat ceremony or sacrifice, the evils which might otherwise afflict the community. In this connection it is important to notice that the customs in question are practised almost exclusively in the winter or spring, and that this is the season which savages generally choose for their ceremonies of expulsion of evils, and in which the European peasant celebrates those customs, also to be interpreted as cathartic, which Dr. Fraser has studied at length in his "Golden Bough."—N.

*FLINGING THE STOCKING.—When the bride and bridegroom had gone to bed the bridesmaid took the bride's stockings, and the bridesmaids took the bridegroom's. Both sat down at the foot of the bed and flung the stockings over their heads, endeavouring so to direct them that they might fall on the married couple. If the man's stockings fell upon the bridegroom's head it was a sign that the maid who threw would soon be married herself, and vice versa in respect of the bride's stockings.—F. H. Harding (Dorking).

HUNTING THE WREN.—The custom of hunting the wren has been ascribed to a wren which, alighting on a drumhead, roused and saved from defeat some Protestant troops in the Irish Civil Wars of the seventeenth century. Others refer it to a similar incident some centuries earlier, in the wars of the Danish occupation of Ireland. Others say that the wren was an object of so great veneration to the Druids that the early Christian missionaries enjoined its persecution upon all adherents to the new faith.—F. H. Harding (Dorking).

HUNTING THE WREN.—The Irish legend is that by perching on a drum a wren awoke the sentries of a force the Irish were attacking; this is annually revenged by the peasants, who just before Christmas slaughter every wren they can find; the dead bodies are suspended from a decorated holly-bough, which is paraded from house to house on St. Stephen's day, accompanied by a song. In the Isle of Man a legend exists to the effect that a wicked enchanter, who threw her spells over the warriors of Mona, escaped their champion by changing into a wren. Every year on Christmas Day she is compelled to reappear as a wren; on that day consequently a grand onslaught is made on the wrens, as it has been prophesied the enchanter will die by human hands.—*Illiterate*.

"GREEN GRAVEL."—In her work on "Traditional Games" (2 vols., 1894-9), Mrs. Gomme gives no fewer than seventeen varying versions from different parts of the country of the singing game "Green Gravel." She considers it originally a funeral game, green gravel and green grass suggesting a churchyard. "Green," used of gravel may mean freshly disturbed, as "green grave" means "new grave." The body to be laid in the grave is that of the sweetheart of the awain addressed in the song. Washing and dressing the corpse, and putting up a memorial inscription are probably indicated in a Belfast version, which begins:
Green Gravel, Green Gravel, your grass is so green,
The fairest young damsel that ever was seen;
We washed her, we dried her, we rolled her in silk,
And we wrote down her name with a glass pen and ink.

In another variant (Shropshire) we have:

I'll wash you in milk,
And I'll clothe you in silk.

This alludes to an old custom of washing corpses in milk and swathing them in silk, on which Mrs. Gomme appositely quotes the ballad of "Burd Ellen":

Tak up, tak up, my bonny young son,
Gar wash him wi' the milk;
Tak up, tak up, my fair lady,
Gar row her in the silk.—W.G.H.

"HEAVEN SAVE THE MARK."—In archery when an archer shot well it was customary to exclaim "God save the mark!"—i.e. prevent anybody from hitting the same mark and displacing my arrow. It was then used ironically in speaking to an archer whose shooting was wide of the target, and so came to be an expression of derision and contempt.—*Percy Selver*.

"HEAVEN SAVE THE MARK."—When an archer shot well it was customary to shout out "God save the mark!"—i.e. prevent any one coming after to hit the same mark and displace the arrow. It came to be used as an ejaculation of derision and contempt; vide "1 Henry IV." I. iii. 56: "Othello," I. i. "Merchant of Venice," II. ii. 26; "The Ring and the Book," II. 278. It is sometimes an ejaculation to avert an ill omen, see "Romeo and Juliet," III. ii. 83.—F. H. Harding (Dorking).

"SO LONG!" means good-bye, and is probably a seaman's corruption of "saluam."—F. H. Harding (Dorking).

"GOD SAVE THE KING."—The air of the above has been traced to a French origin, time of Louis XIV. I cannot give my authority for this, but read it not long ago in a Review. If the Scandinavian melody did not precede this it may have been transported thence to England. Dr. John Bull may have adopted it, as composers often do an air that pleases them. There was a discussion as to the origin of the music of the "Marseillaise" some years ago in the ARHÆNUM: it was said to be of church music origin. Certain it is that though Rouget de Lisle wrote various other verses, &c., no other music has been traced to him. He was a musician, and probably adapted an air he remembered to his purpose.—H.D.B.

"BULLO COAL."—Compare another Americanism, "Bully beef"; apparently we have intensives, like the frequent use of "bloody" in England; such habit is common as with "a divine voice"; in the O.T. Nimrod, a mighty hunter before Jehovah; it is just as we would say "By God" to give emphasis.—A.H.

"TICKHILL! GOD HELP YOU!"—This phrase is of interest in so many ways that I think a further contribution may be acceptable to many. Christopher Thompson, an Edinwestown man, in his "Autobiography of an Artisan," written some forty years ago, was in Tickhill as a strolling player about 1820. People thereabout were inquisitive as to where other people came from, and when Thompson visited places outside Tickhill and said where he came from he was greeted with "Tickhill! God help you!" An old woods and forest man for seventy years near Tickhill believes the saying has arisen from the fact that most of the land was held in olden times (as now to a great extent) by freeholders, whose families worked their own land as farmers and market gardeners, thus leaving no room for outside labour. Men saying they were going there to find work were greeted with an ironic "Tickhill! then God help you!"—R. W. Ratcliffe (Workshop).

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[Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.]

Literary Notes

RECENTLY I made some comment upon the repeated accusations brought against Lord Beaconsfield of trusting to his memory for his wit. The phrase used by him on his return from the Berlin Conference—"I have brought you back peace with honour"—has been traced to various sources. As a matter of fact, Lord Beaconsfield could not claim originality or otherwise for the phrase, for it was suggested to him by the late Lord Rowton, as the two were leaving Dover in the train for London, on their return from Berlin.

It seems likely that both in this country and in America there will be a revival of interest in the novels of Charles Reade. He was a writer of many faults and of many great merits, hot-headed, often unbalanced, but at his best a very fine writer, who has not deserved the neglect into which he has fallen. His sympathies were wide and few writers of fiction have seen deeper into the heart of womankind than he. "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Griffith Gaunt" and "Christie Johnstone" should alone keep his memory green. It is strange that there is no really satisfactory Life, perhaps Mr. Morley will see his way to include him in the "English Men of Letters"?

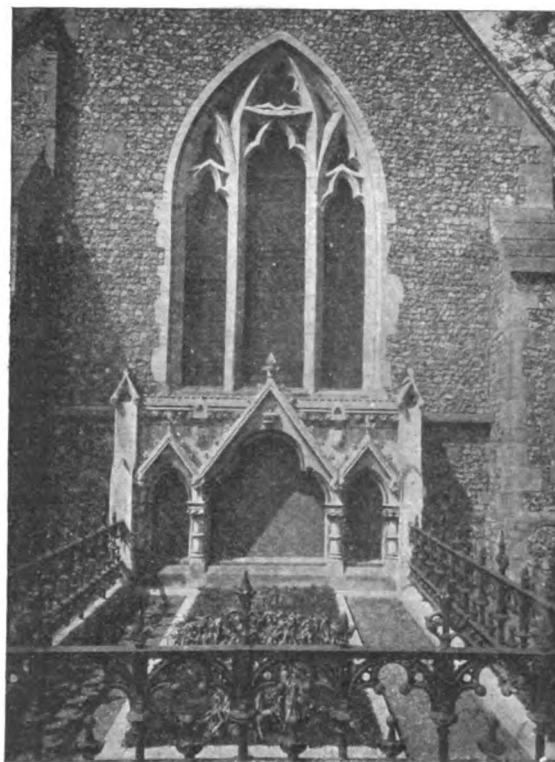
"THE DAILY CHRONICLE" announces a Dickens find in the person of John Cayford, a man of over eighty years of age, who dwells at Neath and who, at any rate to a certain extent, appears to have sat for the picture of Joe Gargery of "Great Expectations." When Dickens lived in Tavistock House, Cayford was employed as a blacksmith and locksmith in Marchmont Street and frequently worked on jobs for the novelist. The discovery does not add anything of interest to our knowledge of Dickens, but any links with him are pleasant, as day by day they grow fewer. Cayford gave this description of Dickens:

"He was a pleasant man, very quick to understand one, and very kind. He had wonderful blue eyes, and such a kind manner. I remember that his whiskers were very ragged. I have seen his figure at Madame Tussaud's, but the whiskers of the wax figure are too neatly trimmed. Yes, he was always ready with a joke."

REFERRING again to Mr. Joseph Pulitzer's article in "The North American Review" dealing with the

Columbia College of Journalism, I quote a passage dealing with the education of the editor:

"The 'born editor' who has succeeded greatly without special preparation is simply a man with unusual ability and aptitude for his chosen profession, with great power of concentration and sustained effort. He is one who



LORD BEACONSFIELDS TOMB

[From "Beaconsfield," by Walter Sichel (Methuen)]

loves his work and puts his whole heart and mind into it. He is in the strictest sense an educated man, but he has merely substituted self-education for education by others, making up for any deficiencies in his training by the unreserved sacrifice of strength, energy, and pleasure. Even in his case might it not be an advantage to have a system of instruction that would give him the same results at a saving of much time and labour? All intelligence requires development. The highest profits by it; the lowest is helpless without it. Shake-

Shakespeare's best play, 'Hamlet,' was not his first, but his nineteenth, written after growth and maturity—after the hard work, the experience, the exercise of faculties and the accumulation of knowledge gained by writing eighteen plays. As Shakespeare was a 'born' genius, why did he not write 'Hamlet' first?"

But Mr. Pulitzer muddles up Shakespeare the poet with Shakespeare the playwright; experience and knowledge of the world plus the gift of genius enabled him to draw the character of Hamlet, but it was experience of the stage—the "shop" Mr. Pulitzer calls it when speaking of the newspaper office—that made it possible for Shakespeare to construct the splendid acting play that "Hamlet" is.

I do not for a moment argue that there are not many things a young man can learn at college which will help to equip him for the profession of journalism, but it is only by practical work and experience that any man can find out if he is "born" to be a writer on the press, only by knowledge and skill bred of experience that he can hope to mount the ladder to the editorial chair. Probably the majority of journalists have not received a college education and would for the most part assert that they have never felt the need of it. It is much the same with fiction, poetry and the drama, education may help but it will not make, nor will the lack of it necessarily mar.

MRS. CRAIGIE'S "The Vineyard," which has been warmly praised by French critics, is about to be translated into French and published serially in one of the leading French Reviews.

LIVES of Walt Whitman by Mr. Bliss Perry and of Lowell by Mr. Ferris Greenslet are being written for the "American Men of Letters Series."

THERE is a very pessimistic article in the "Westminster Review" on the "Decay of Conviction," in which the writer argues that mentally and especially critically and argumentatively we are all in a very bad way:

"Have we really no principles of life, individual and national, of commerce, of government, under which new facts as they are discovered naturally range themselves? Or is our synthesis of life so narrow, so meagre, that a few conversations with a new acquaintance, a few new facts relating to a particular industry, a few pamphlets or leaflets or speeches, are sufficient to make us burn what we adored and adore what we burned?"

Are we truly so deplorably weak? In matters literary we are told that the case is equally sad:

"Take the literature of the day. Is it a literature of ideas? Is it a germinating literature? Is it an imaginative literature? We have no great poetry, hardly a great book of any kind at the present moment, nor have we had for some years anything that deeply stirs the imaginative fibre in man. Our recent novels, with few exceptions, are of the kind that amuse without rousing either thought or feeling. And in the weaker kind of novels, which with the halfpenny newspaper make almost the sole reading of the lower-middle class, wealth is unblushingly held up as the one object of desire."

I HAVE before me the report of the annual meeting of the Birthplace Trustees at Stratford-on-Avon; few will dissent from the views here expressed by Mr. Sidney Lee:

"The Non-Resident Trustees.—It was clearly matter for regret that many of the life trustees, all of whom were appointed according to the terms of the Act, fully to share with their ex-officio colleagues the obligations and responsibilities of the Trust, should, unlike Mr. Cust, take practically no part in its administration, should regard the honourable office they held as mainly honorary. He was aware that the burdens of age and ill-health compelled the absence of several of their life trustees from their meetings; but they could not ignore the fact that they were thereby deprived of counsel and judgment that might be of great value to them in the fulfilment of the purposes of the Trust. Some other of the trustees were unable to attend on private grounds, unconnected with age or health. Lord Ronald Gower had been abroad for some time, and was that day in Italy; Sir Henry Irving was on a theatrical tour, and was in Glasgow. He was very glad to welcome that day Lord Warwick, who had not been able to attend before, and the Marquis of Hertford, who had just joined the Trust. Canon Evans, who found himself permanently disabled from attending their meetings, had asked him to submit his resignation. In supplying that vacancy, and any other that might arise hereafter among the life trustees, it ought to be plainly stated, beyond risk of misunderstanding, that the office of life trustee carried with it active responsibilities, and that a definite assurance of an intention to take an active part in the affairs of the Trust was expected of any one who was recommended for appointment before his election could be ratified. The efficiency of the Trust depended on the participation in its working of the life trustees."

In the "New York Critic" there are some pertinent verses on "Fiction in the Making" by Ross Lawrence, from which I quote a verse:

"In history I was my teachers' despair
At school, and I've learned little since;
I forget whether Louis the Debonair
Was a German or English prince:
But I'll write a romance of the Georges' Court,
Or Virginia under King James,
With gallants of the Philip Sidney sort,
And powdered Colonial dames.
Old fashions in dress I have only seen
At an Arion fancy ball;
Nor royalty, saving perhaps a queen
Of song in a concert hall:
But my lady shall wear a patch by her nose
And a Queen Elizabeth ruff,
And my lord shall swagger in peach-coloured hose,
With a yard of lace on his cuff.
So it's Marry, come up! and it's Varlet, what ho!
By my halidom, sire! and Gadzooks!
For of history little we need to know
When making historical books."

"THE WORLD'S WORK" does not deal with matters literary, but is nevertheless one of the most interesting of our monthly magazines. The illustrations are always admirable.

In the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature" (Vol. xxv. Part II.) there is an interesting paper on "Some Old Shakespearians" by Professor Dowden, from which the following is a quotation:

"In the following autumn, that of 1794, this same undergraduate, S. T. Coleridge, was the subject of conversation among the dons who dined on October 8 with Mr. Masters at Landbeach. One of the company was the head of his College—Jesus College—Dr. Pearce, who, Coleridge told his brother, behaved 'with great asperity,' when, on April 12 of that year, he was admonished before the Fellows. In fact, Pearce seems

to have made every effort to reclaim Coleridge from what he regarded as the error of his ways. It was the time of the early alliance between Southey and Coleridge—the days of golden dreams of the Susquehanna and Aspheterism. Coleridge had cut short a discussion with his friendly monitor by assuring him that he quite misconceived the position, 'he was neither Jacobin nor Democrat, but a Pantisocrat.' Isaac Reed's report of the talk at Mr. Masters's is as follows; and no correction of its errors in a few details need here be made: 'In the afternoon Dr. Pearce gave us the following account of Mr. Coleridge, who had just published a drama called "The Fall of Robespierre." He is one of three sons of a Devonshire clergyman; his brother, an usher at Newcome's school, Hackney. He has imbibed the wild democratic opinions floating about at present concerning religion and politicks. He is a disciple of Godwin, the author of two quarto volumes on the foundations of religion and politicks, and like him has entertained a foolish notion that the life of man might be protracted to any length. He is an enemy to all establishments of religion, and conceives there should be no public worship. He is also of opinion that every one should learn some mechanic art, and has accordingly put himself an apprentice to a carpenter. He is going to America. Dr. P. said that he (C.) was in town lately, and having no money to carry him to Cambridge, he wrote a poem, an elegy, he thought, and sent it to Perry, the Editor of "The Morning Chronicle," offering his correspondence to the paper, and desiring the return of a guinea, which he received. He asserts that his play was written in eight hours. Dr. P. speaks of him as a very ingenious young man, bating these extravagant and foolish notions which he entertains.' 'The Fall of Robespierre,' it will be remembered, was partly the work of Southey; the first act alone was written by Coleridge, and it runs to no more than 274 lines. Southey's two acts were written, he says, 'as fast as newspapers could be put into blank verse.'

Bibliographical

PEREANT qui nostra ante nos dixerunt!" I find in the late Mr. Samuel Butler's "Essays on Life, Art, and Science," just published, a paper on "How to Make the Best of Life," in the course of which he says: "The life we live in others is larger and more important than the one we live in ourselves"; and again: "Who cares one straw for any such chances and changes as will commonly befall him here if he is upheld by the full and certain hope of everlasting life in the affections of those that shall come after? If the life after death is happy in the hearts of others, it matters little how unhappy was the life before it." This, and a good deal more of the same sort which is to be found in contemporary literature, was anticipated years ago by a poet now held rather lightly in esteem—one Thomas Campbell, who put the whole notion into a couple of short, simple lines:

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

There you have the pith of the matter. You get the reverse side of it in a sonnet by Thomas Hood which is not, I fancy, particularly well known, and from which it may be permissible to quote:

"It is not death that sometimes in a sigh
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight; . . .
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow; . . .
It is not death to know this, but to know

That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
So duly and so oft, and, when grass waves
Over the past-away, there may be then
No resurrection in the minds of men."

Talking of Thomas Hood, there is room, unquestionably, for the memoir of that under-rated writer which Mr. Walter Jerrold proposes to undertake. The "Memorials" of 1860, by Hood's son and daughter, are admittedly inadequate; the "Hood in Scotland" of Mr. Alexander Elliott is obviously episodic; and the biographical sketch by Canon Ainger (1897), though excellent in itself, calls loudly for expansion. There are the "Literary Reminiscences" in "Hood's Own," but these belong to the material of biography. One welcomes everything which helps to popularise Hood, because one feels that his merits as a poet are not even now at all widely acknowledged. In the latest edition of "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature," Canon Ainger quotes the hackneyed "Bridge of Sighs," "Song of the Shirt," "Death Bed," "Ruth," and "I Remember"; but there is not a line from the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies"—nay, the poem is not even mentioned!—and the sonnets are ignored. Yet I venture to think that the quatorzain which begins:

"Love, dearest lady, such as I would speak,
Lives not within the humour of the eye"—

and ends:

"Love is its own great loveliness away,
And takes new lustre from the touch of time"—

is one of several from the same hand which the world will not willingly let die.

The announcement that Mr. Edward Marston, the well-known publisher, is about to issue his reminiscences of literary people reminds us that Mr. Marston himself has, as the Scotch say, "a good few" volumes to his credit. It is just twenty years since he brought out his "Amateur Angler's Days in Dove Dale." Since then we have had his "By Meadow and Stream: Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Places" (1896), "On a Sunshine Holiday" (1898), "An Old Man's Holidays" (1900), "Sketches of Booksellers of Other Days" (1901), and "Sketches of Some Booksellers of the Time of Dr. Johnson" (1902).

The stage does not usually do much for literature; but within the last few days it has helped, I hope, to popularise some excellent publications. There were, to start with, those performances at the Lyric Theatre of Mr. Gilbert Murray's version of the "Hippolytus"—performances which must surely have led to the sale of many copies not only of that particular version, but of the volume of translations from Euripides which Mr. Murray brought out in 1902. Then, Monday afternoon's revival of "Venice Preserved" should have sent many people to the volume of Otway's plays which figures in the "Mermaid" series.

The late Mr. Laurence Hutton, of America, is best known in this country by his series of "Literary Landmarks" volumes. These seem to have come to us in this order: "London" (1885 and 1892), "Edinburgh" (1891), "Jerusalem" (1895), "Florence" (1897), "Rome" (1897), and "Oxford" (1903). Such of these volumes as I have seen did not strike me as being particularly comprehensive or accurate. Higher than any of them I should be disposed to rank Mr. Hutton's "Curiosities of the American Stage" (1891) and his "Edwin Booth" (1893). On the history of the drama in the States Mr. Hutton was really an authority.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

A Great Thinker

AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Alexander Bain, LL.D. (Longmans. 14s. net.)

THE intellectual record of these islands, in science as in literature, constitutes one of our planet's chief claims to cosmic fame; and in psychology, for instance, we are *facile princeps*. From Hobbes and Locke to the Mills, Bain, Spencer and Darwin, the associationist or British school of psychology has marked the main line of advance in the modern study of mind. The late Professor Bain, of Aberdeen, holds the last place in this brilliant list before the work of Spencer and the contemporary era in psychology. Author of a great work on Logic, and a remarkable English Grammar, his enduring claim to fame lies in his two masterpieces, "The Senses and the Intellect" and "The Emotions and the Will," works which worthily closed the late epoch in the development of psychological thought. In this modest and valuable Autobiography of some four hundred pages, Bain has given us a work which certainly fulfils the aims categorically stated by this Professor of Logic in his preface. It is a characteristically careful and conscientious piece of work.

In the present brief notice we can perhaps not do better than indicate, as best we may, the genesis of this profound and brilliant thinker. How was it all done? Let us note the process and do likewise—that we similarly may attain lasting fame for ourselves—or our children. "One man is as good as another," we all know. It therefore plainly behoves the ambitious amongst us to take note of the prescription here advertised and reach our well-earned niche accordingly. Or if our chance is past we can at any rate succeed by proxy. And doubtless we shall find that an intellectual home atmosphere, succeeded by a fortunate schooling, and great men's influences at the University, plus health and happily-chosen companionships, are the essence of the successful method.

But this is not the way with genius—which cares little for the "as good as another" tag. Bain's father was an honest and dull-witted Scottish weaver, his mother a hardworking housewife, also mentally negligible. None of his brothers came to anything. He left his miserably inefficient school when he was eleven and was put to the loom, by which he supported himself for many years. There is no evidence that he received anything that could be called an idea from any of his early associates. His education was entirely his own affair, essentially achieved by dull and borrowed books conned at night when the loom was at rest and when others slept or interested themselves, very naturally, with "Neera's hair." This is by no means a new story, of course, especially in Scotland. But it astounds none the less, if we look at it. If we had left school at eleven to thread shuttles, if we had been begotten by illiterates and "taught" by fools and sympathised with by few or none, where in the name of probability should we be? Feeding pigs, I trow!

For the young man who "fancies himself," and is inclined to amazement at the wisdom of his own conceit, an unvarnished narrative like this is a pride's purge of the best. The truth is, as Goethe and many another have said, that a man's character is his fate. "Up to the age of thirteen or so I trifled away my time in mere diversion." "I date the commencement of my application to study at fourteen." These beggar comment.

It may perhaps be worth while to observe that the problem which Bain thought likely to be the last that science would ever solve, if, indeed, it was not insoluble, was the formation from the adult organism of the microscopic cell which transmits its characters to the next generation. Thus stated, the problem does indeed appear to be insoluble. It would have profoundly interested Bain to read the work of Weismann and others who have shown that *there is nothing to explain*. The reproductive cell is not formed as an epitome of the individual; it is practically an unchanged cell derived, in turn, from the parent of the individual in question. What happens is this. The single cell which is about to divide and form a man or an oak, at once proceeds to set aside certain of the first subdivisions for the destiny of reproduction; the remainder go to form the individual, who is thus really the host of those first set aside: "So careful of the type she seems, so careless of the single life," as Tennyson has it.

The interesting supplementary chapter by Professor Davidson, which brings down the history of Bain's life from 1890 to his death last year, contains one remarkable error which demands correction. Commenting on the great discovery which rendered it necessary to make important alterations in the "Senses and the Intellect," Professor Davidson says, "The theory of biological evolution was some years later in date than the positions advanced in the first edition of the 'Senses and the Intellect,' and the most important alterations were, naturally, made from this point of view." This is utterly at variance with the facts, as the mere mention of the names of Goethe and Lamarck suffices to show. If, by "the theory of Biological Evolution" Professor Davidson means Darwin's demonstration of a certain instrument of organic evolution which he called "natural selection," the assertion will pass with reservations; but the confusion of organic evolution with a particular explanation of one of its means is a remarkable error indeed. If natural selection were proved a myth to-morrow, the fact of organic evolution would be untouched.

C. W. SALEEBY.

In the Golden Days

ELIZABETHAN SONNETS. Introduction by Sidney Lee. (An English Garner. 2 vols. Constable. 4s. net each.)

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE AND HIS ASSOCIATES. By John H. Ingram. (Richards. 12s. 6d. net.)

A HANDBOOK INDEX TO THOSE CHARACTERS WHO HAVE SPEAKING PARTS ASSIGNED THEM IN THE FIRST FOLIO OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, 1623. By A. Russell Smith. (A. R. Smith, London.)

MR. SIDNEY LEE has written a most interesting introduction to the collection of Elizabethan Sonnets, rearranged from Professor Arber's "English Garner" under the editorship of Mr. Thomas Seacombe. The introduction continues the line of argument taken up in Mr. Lee's Life of Shakespeare and drives home the point that Shakespeare's sonnets must not be studied and judged apart from either the similar work of his English contemporaries or from the productions of Continental writers in the same field of verse. Mr. Lee shows very clearly how dependent were English writers on foreign models, how closely they copied and in very many instances merely transplanted the sonnets of the writers of Italy and France; it is not merely that the

thoughts of the various writers ran on the same or kindred lines, but the schemes of various sonnet sequences, the wording of individual sonnets and the details of expression and of imagery are so closely alike that no choice is left for us but to judge many of the famous Elizabethan sonneteers as guilty of plagiarism of an unblushing character. Wyatt translated Petrarch and others, so did Surrey, Sidney and Spenser were Petrarchians, and so on with the majority of them, Daniel, Constable, Lodge, Barnes, Drayton, all of them, went to Italian and French sources for general and particular inspiration. This is one point. Another, and with regard to Shakespeare more important, is that all these outpourings of love and devotion to Delias and other wonderful ladies are mere metrical exercises, utterly devoid of passion and entirely unreal; it was the fashion to write love-lorn sonnets and every poet desired to be in the fashion. Have we any right then to decide that Shakespeare stood alone and poured out his innermost soul in his sonnets? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that he simply fell in with the prevailing fashion, that he wrote sonnets because it became him so to do, that—as in his plays—he adopted and adapted the methods and the manners that he found provided ready to his hand and that—as in all else he did—he produced better results than any of his rivals? As Mr. Lee neatly puts it, "His commanding powers converted into gold most of the base ore which is the fabric of the Elizabethan sonnet in others' hands." Both in sentiment and in expression Shakespeare's sonnets are of one family with the sonnets of his contemporaries, and there are close relations to the outpourings of Petrarch, Ronsard and other Continental lights. No poet could, of course, write such a number of sonnets without occasionally referring to events in the lives of himself and his friends, without now and again overstepping formal bounds and speaking out from his heart, but have we any right to assume that Shakespeare did more than this and to seek in these sonnets of his for a detailed and complete story of events in his life? The more we realise that Shakespeare was always in the fashion, that he was as shrewd a man of business as he was a great poet, the more we shall see that it is right to judge him as simply the greatest of Elizabethan writers, a greater poet, playwright and sonneteer than his rivals; that—and not a demi-god who made fashions for himself, who stood not only high above but entirely aloof from his contemporaries—a freak, and not a child of nature and of his own times.

Next to Shakespeare the most interesting figure of those golden days was Christopher Marlowe, of whose life we know less even than of his greater fellow's. Here comes Mr. Ingram with a portly volume, in which he undertakes to tell us many things that we knew not before. Therefore with pleasant anticipations—if with a feeling of doubt—we began to read his pages, and when we had read on unto the last we sighed over time wasted. Of new matter Mr. Ingram has none that is really important, and all could be put into the space of a magazine article. As for the rest, here is a sample of the kind of stuff that our author deems worthy of place in a critical study of a great writer: of the boy Kit he says, "one can easily conjure up a picture of him as the leader of a troop of children pattering up and down the dimly lighted stairs and running in and out of the many tiny rooms of their quaint old home; sometimes mixing in the sports and gambols of the four sisters left to him, or of other relatives and companions, helping with his childish treble to make music in the darksome corridors." There are pages of this sort of thing!

Then Mr. Ingram again and again perpetrates statements such as this: "One of Marlowe's school-fellows was W. Lyly, doubtless a brother of John Lyly, of euphuistic renown, &c." Either we know something



Illustration from the "Story of London" (Dent)

of this W. Lyly or we do not, so with the numerous other folk mentioned who may have been this, that or the other—and may not. In fact the whole book is a sequence of "may-bes" and "perchances," and is only worthy of notice so that readers may not go to it with hopes that will not be fulfilled. The most interesting matter in the book is Appendix B, dealing with the Baine, Bame, Bome or Baker "libel" on Marlowe, a pleasant interlude of bread amid a sea of sack. We regret having to speak so strongly of any work, but really there is no room on our shelves to spare for the vast amount of unnecessary literature now pouring from the press on matters Elizabethan.

Just a word of Mr. Russell Smith's "Handbook Index" to the First Folio, a labour of love which must not go without its meed of praise. Such a book is worth a thousand volumes of conjecture and theory.

W. T. S.

Among the Untrodden Ways

A WESTMORLAND VILLAGE. By S. H. Scott. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net).

In a sub-title the author describes this volume as "The Story of the Old Homesteads and 'Statesman' families of Troutbeck by Windermere." In the remoter fells and dales the work of "time's effacing fingers" proceeds in more leisurely fashion than in places nearer to the hurly-burly of modern life; but it proceeds; and consequently we cannot be too grateful to the writers who with so much devotion endeavour to preserve for us, before they are quite obliterated, some of the traits of the past.

Mr. Scott at the commencement of one of his chapters modestly says that, if one would see how such a subject as he is entering upon ought to be treated, Dr. Atkinson's "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish" should be referred to. That book is certainly one of the most valuable contributions to Yorkshire—or indeed English—topography that the nineteenth century produced. None the less Mr. Scott's own volume need not be too meek to claim kinship with it.

The "Statesman," whose name Mr. Scott would derive from *stead*, and not from *estate*, is a "customary tenant" of a border manor, who held his land on condition of service in border warfare, either personally or by proxy. Hence it arose that the tenements so granted, although several might be allowed to accumulate in the hands of one tenant, were not able to be subdivided; difficulties might have occurred as to the provision of the man-at-arms, who must of necessity have started on his work of defence whole, even if he were shortly to be reduced to fractions by the prowess of the enemy.

Resulting from this feudal tenure it is that to this very day there remain, cultivating the identical lands, and pasturing sheep on the same fells, lineal descendants of those customary tenants of, say, the fifteenth century. For the law of primogeniture held here through the female as well as the male line, and if there were no sons to inherit, the eldest daughter became the customary tenant. There were no co-heiresses.

The school was founded in 1637, and when, last year, its trustees handed it over to the authority under the new Act, five of them were direct descendants of the original trustees.

In the church, we learn, until a recent date the ancient custom of the separation of the sexes was observed.

The older portion of the house, known as Low Longmire, is minutely described, and we find it to have been constructed on "crucks," a sort of framework of Gothic arches of oak around which the rest of the edifice gradually arose. Dr. Atkinson, in describing houses of this type, in Cleveland, states that they may quite probably date from the thirteenth century.

And there is evidently a spirit of pride in the retention wherever possible of the antique. A plasterer is mentioned, who, being engaged on the renovation of an inscribed lozenge, outside one of the houses, made careful inquiries as to the exact form of an effaced figure, because he wished to keep everything "ald-fashioned." The quantity of old oak furniture, too, enumerated by Mr. Scott as still existing in the homesteads for which it was originally made two and three hundred years ago, would make the average collector's mouth water—and one may be allowed to hope will long continue to do so. In houses which have only been modified so far as weather and wear have made needful, the household goods of these bygone Brownes, Birketts, Forrests, Longmires, Borwicks, and Atkinsons still display the initials of their original owners, and the dates of their manufacture.

One cannot repress a desire to examine that library of two thousand volumes, "a complete library of two centuries ago," as Mr. Scott describes it, of which the present Mr. Browne of Townend is the happy possessor: it would certainly prove more attractive than even the old oak.

There is much in the book to which not even the briefest reference can be made, but "Ald Hoggart," a local playwright and balladist, and ancestor of Hogarth the painter, should not be overlooked; nor Julius Cæsar Ibbetson, the landscape artist, whose celebrated

inn-sign of the "Mortal Man" has disappeared—perhaps some reader of "A Westmorland Village" may discover its present whereabouts.

At another inn, now vanished, called "The Black Cock," there was a sign representing the bird. Bishop Watson urged the landlord to alter the sign, alleging that it was an incentive to cock-fighting, and the landlord substituted a portrait of the bishop. But being unwilling that any of his patrons should drop their custom, beneath the new sign he had written the words, "This is the Old Cock." Needless to say the old sign was restored.

Mr. Scott's volume is illustrated by line-drawings from his own pen. F. CHAPMAN.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND. By Mrs. George Bancroft. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)

THESE letters, which are naught as literature but salient as personal history, were written by Mrs. George Bancroft during the three years, beginning in 1846 and ending in 1849, when her husband, the still read historian, was the American Minister in England. They landed at Liverpool, and their first visitor was Mrs. Richard Rathbone, known to contemporary fame as the author of "that beautiful 'Diary of Lady Willoughby,' but very unpretending and sweet in her manners, and not at all like a literary lady." Where, one wonders, had Mrs. Bancroft formed her contrary expectation of the characteristics of "a literary lady"? The "London dinge" disconcerted this American, who was a "precursor" indeed. "I have been so used all my life to see things fresh and clean-looking," she explains. Mr. Bancroft's first dinner with Lord Holland was "most agreeable," although Lady Palmerston was the only woman present and the dining-room was the death-chamber of Addison. "Our acquaintance must become friendship" was the salutation of Rogers—"the poet Rogers" was the explanation then, and perhaps equally needed now.

The opening of Parliament in the January of 1847 was the first pageant which Mrs. Bancroft attended, and her records are full of discretion. She is trite as she is discreet. "The whole scene," she says, in the very vocabulary of commonplace, "seemed to me like a dream or vision." It might even have ranked as a nightmare, for she catalogues "the Duke of Wellington brandishing the Sword of State in the air, with the Earl of Zetland by his side"—a dangerous proximity one supposes. At a concert given at Apsley House by the Duke of Wellington and attended by the Queen, Mrs. Bancroft again takes cover under a hedging word: "This was an occasion not to be forgotten, but I cannot describe it." Mrs. Bancroft lacks resource, but never amiability. Perhaps she sometimes felt that the "precursors" of that day were a little difficult, even to the wife of the Minister. But she had her consolations, and a glimpse we get of Emerson compensates for many a tame page. Escorted by one or two American friends she went to the National Gallery: "While we were seated before a charming Claude who should come in but Mr. R. W. Emerson, and we had quite a joyful greeting. Just then came in Mr. Rogers"—("the poet Rogers")—"with two ladies, one on each arm. He renewed his request that I would bring my son to breakfast with him, and appointed Friday morning and then added, If those gentlemen who are with you are your friends and countrymen, perhaps they will accompany you. They very gladly acceded, and I was thankful Mr. Emerson had chanced to be with me at that moment, as it procured him a high pleasure." The amiability of Rogers was rewarded, even if he

entertained his Emerson unawares. The "high pleasure" of the occasion cannot now be assigned to Emerson without a smile at the topsy-turvy turn that reputations have since taken.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

ENGLISH TOPOGRAPHY (London, Vol. I.). Edited by G. Laurence Gomme. (The Gentleman's Magazine Library. Stock. 7s. 6d.)

THE STORY OF LONDON. By Henry B. Wheatley. (Dent. Cloth 4s. 6d. net, leather 5s. 6d. net.)

To the right-minded Londoner there is no city in the world so dear as his native town, dear, dirty, delightful London. Poets were, we believe are still, fond of singing their mistress' charms, finding in them never-ending variety. Such is London to her lovers, an inspiration for heartfelt if unwritten love lays. How many books have been written concerning her, not one of them, even the dullest, without something of charm. And beside books there are countless fugitive papers, not dead but buried alive between the dingy covers of old magazines and journals. We have often spent a pleasant hour turning over the pages of old volumes of "The Gentleman's Magazine"; why, even the very name of it has a pleasant savour. Here we have a bouquet of flowers picked by Mr. Laurence Gomme—an expert literary gardener—from issues of "The Gentleman's" dating from 1731 to 1868, and all "a-blowing and a-growing" still, flowers not of Parnassus but of London town. Not a volume to be taken up and seriously read, but one to be put upon our London shelf, taken down every now and again, opened at random and always read with pleasure. The Fleet River, now no more than a name, the New River, how few of us ever see this old New River, new naming of streets, a very evil deed, the church bells of London—"Oranges and Lemons, the Bells of St. Clement's"—the Bear Garden in Southwark, are our modern "gods," descendants of the ancient bears, bent on reversing proceedings and taking revenge?—the Fire of London, that great untaken opportunity for making London regular and uninteresting—the churches, the theatres, the markets, the fairs, the City Companies—of all these and many more you can read in the pages of this delectable volume. But, oh! Mr. Publisher, is a fair, white cover practical in sooty London? That Mr. Gomme has done his work excellently goes without saying. We look forward to receiving the two completing volumes with pleasure.

Never do we think has mortal man crammed so much learned matter into four hundred pages as Mr. Henry B. Wheatley has done into "The Story of London." After reading it we felt as if we had made a meal of most nourishing food of the finest quality and were pining for a few cakes and ale. It is indeed a book compact of information, it might well be called "Enquire within upon everything concerning London Town," at any rate up to the conclusion of mediæval days, the Walls, the Streets, the River, the Bridge, the Palaces, the Tower, Manners, Health, Disease and Sanitation, the Government of the City, Commerce and Trade, the Church and Education, all are here—but may we say, with bated breath, that the book is dull? Mr. Wheatley has permitted his learning to overwhelm

him, he has not cut his cloth according to his coat, he has tried to pour a gallon into a pint pot, he has given us too full measure too well pressed down. As an introduction to "The History of London" it will serve; as a view of mediæval London it lacks colour and movement, and the composition of the picture is faulty. We are sorry—but so it seems to us. The illustrations are not always worthy of the house of Dent.

Fiction

MY FRENCH FRIENDS. By Constance Elizabeth Maud. (Smith, Elder, 6s.) The author is greatly daring, for the fate of sequels is notorious. The public which laughs



ISOLA DI MEZZO

[Illustration from "The Republic of Ragusa" (Dent)]

at one book is often in a different humour when the second is produced. Sweets are delicious once, but the second sweet course is not received with the same welcome as the first. However, the proof of this particular sweet is in the publishers' returns. Miss Maud introduces us to some new French friends and gives us news of the old. Each chapter is a little incident complete in itself, brightly written, full of observation, and all in praise of Paris and Parisian home life. One chapter, entitled "Un Mariage Manqué," tells us of the contemplated marriage of the Marquise's son to an American heiress and its unfortunate dénouement; another, "My Coiffeur," tells the history of a transformation, and introduces us to an amusing hairdresser. It is all "small beer," but it is frothy and fresh. But the author should beware of an inclination to translate French idiom literally; it is an annoying form of humour. She was not altogether guiltless of a curious phraseology, presumably meant to suggest the French language, in "An English Girl in Paris," but she is now altogether convicted and condemned, for she cannot be treated as a first offender.

A GREAT MAN. By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.) Mr. Bennett does not write of the "Five Towns" in his latest novel, but of London. We must confess that we have enjoyed "A Great Man" more than "Anna of the Five Towns" or "Leonora." Mr. Bennett characterises it as "a frolic," and a most amusing frolic it is. It is not serious enough to deserve the name of satire, although it is full of satirical touches. Henry Shakspeare Knight is the son of a Regent Street draper's manager, who is incidentally an admirer of literature. Henry Shakspeare writes a novel while confined to bed with measles. "Within twenty-four hours, not only Henry, but his mother and aunt, had become entirely absorbed in Henry's tale. The ladies wondered how he thought of it all, and Henry himself wondered a little, too. It seemed to come without trouble and almost without invitation. The process was as though Henry acted merely as the amanuensis of a great creative power concealed somewhere in the recesses of his vital parts." After a fair amount of travelling, the novel is accepted and published. Henry awakes to find himself famous and rich—but he is still the son of a draper's manager. He is taken in hand by a literary agent, and his fortunes continue to prosper. When the curtain is rung down on him he is living in a superb mansion in Cumberland Place, while owning a country house at Hindhead. But Mr. Bennett does not believe in Henry Knight, and neither do we. It is, however, an amusing frolic, and as such it is enjoyable. The author has not crowded his book with so much detail as usual, the picture is painted with broad strokes of the brush. The book reveals Mr. Bennett as a humorist.

THE HOMEBUILDERS. By Karl Edwin Harriman. (Brown, Langham, 6s.) A collection of short sketches of life in the Polish quarter of an American city. A considerable amount of insight and observation has gone to the compiling of these little stories, and yet more grace of style might have made them twice as readable. They are trite and somewhat hard, although they ring true. The two stories entitled respectively "The Wage of his Toil" and "The Day of the Game" appeal most strongly to our interest, although there is a certain rugged humanity pervading the whole volume, which, expressed with a little more inspiration, would have touched the emotions of the reader and won the tribute of a dimmed eye more than once. Perhaps the author writes from observation only, and not from any sympathy with the subject of his observation. There should have been a thrill, which is missing, in the glimpses given of the fervent patriotism and love of the Motherland, which the Poles, like the Irish, carry with them into exile, and which is to both nations a second religion. This touch of fervour is not there, and a certain coldness and want of colour in the very correct writing emphasises its lack.

THE EARTHLY PURGATORY. By L. Dougall Hutchinson. (6s.) A cleverly woven murder story, much better written than is usual with such books, and with a mystery which remains a mystery almost to the end. There is no love interest worth mentioning, nor is the lack of it felt, for the recital of the sufferings and suspicions which go to make up the "earthly purgatory" endured by Hermione and Bertha Claxton is a most absorbing one. In a perfectly natural manner Bertha's suspicions of her sister are made her weapon of suffering, as Hermione's endurance of shame and suspicion for the sake of her unworthy father is hers. The writing is very good—in places delightful, as, for instance, in many of the descriptions of scenery. There is a charming picture of the atmospheric changes in mountain and valley through the varying seasons that would almost tempt one to visit Northern Georgia, and see for oneself. "Nothing but vapour to be seen, here towering black, here moving fringed with glory and lit within. May showers winged their silver way among the mist-clouds and cleft a passing chasm for the sun." Or, again, "The Cherokee ridges would stand like the great blue-crested waves of ocean, and the 'Great Smokies' be like clouds, turquoise-tinted, on the Northern horizon." The author is in touch with Nature in her many moods, and unlike many who can see and

hear but cannot express themselves in words, he can interpret those moods for us. A story not far removed from the sordid is placed in a setting which raises it to a dignity not often attained by books of the same class.

CAPT'N ERI. By Joseph C. Lincoln. (Appleton, 6s.) Why did Mr. Lincoln call his book "Capt'n Eri" instead of "The Three Captains," or some such title that abides in the ear? However, leap this ugly hedge, and you are amongst the big-souled heroic sailor-folk who live about the deadly shifting shoals that have a lifeboat-house for centre away by the rough waters of Cape Cod. And what a whiff of manhood and strength blows about one as one reads! The three retired skippers who find living together in bachelorhood to be but an untidy failure, and draw lots as to which shall marry in order to provide a housekeeper for the brotherhood, are a delightful study; and from the time the loser, a once over-married man, has to face his fate by advertising in a matrimonial gazette for a wife, and the three burly men flee from the station like cowards as a big negress gets out in answer to their summons, all through the resulting adventures, the reader is at the author's mercy, laughs with him, and feels with him. The account of Captain Eri's saving the ship as he nails the canvas over her gaping side, holding his breath as he is ducked under the sea when she lurches to him, and hammering as he comes up again out of the sea, is told with rare reserve and spirit. We grow to love them all, and to feel nervously fearful lest this big-souled clean-humoured man's illiterate common sense may be outdone by the cunning and malice of other men. The reading of these things is good for the soul. The book reeks of the scent of the sea, and under foot one feels the soft sands of the wind-swept, storm-stricken land. American authors who write such novels as this need fear no rebuff in England.

FOR FAITH AND NAVARRÉ. By May Wynne. (Long, 6s.) Miss Wynne has pieced together quite a thrilling story. She has found all the paint-pots for the melodrama of historical romance—the suns "set in pools of blood"; witches prophesy; heroes and villains "swear between their teeth"; beautiful maids, when they run, "skim along the grass like birds"; and instead of "going to bed" we all "seek our couch." Just so. But any one can do this sort of thing. What is a distinct score is Miss Wynne's daring anticlimax—the villain, at the very end, gets the hero into a noisome den in the Bastille. But how the tale thereafter wags I will leave to the clever lady who wrote the book. Still, she should not have done the villain to death with God's good, clean, wholesome lightning stroke, when the crazy lady's dagger was doing the business deliciously without outside aid. It makes one feel passionately with the American trapper who, faced by the grizzly, knelt down and prayed to his Maker not to help either side, and there should be a tussle worth the seeing. Nor should Miss Wynne write that "the days past" when she means "passed."

Short Notices

THE REPUBLIC OF RAGUSA. By Luigi Villari. (Dent, 10s. 6d. net.) In this account of the Republic of Ragusa, Luigi Villari guides his readers along an unfamiliar and interesting bypath of history. The annals of Ragusa present, indeed, few examples of that picturesque heroism which alternates with ambition and treachery in the story of the Italian city-republics. The little Latin settlement on the Dalmatian coast practised from the first a policy of nice balance which brought her more prosperity than glory. The author traces with skill the intricate relations and rivalries among which the commonwealth steered her deft way for a matter of twelve centuries. The early period during which the town formed part of the Eastern Empire is obscure, and there are disputes as to the actual date of

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the beginning of Venetian supremacy. In any case, the Dalmatian republic remained for centuries under the suzerainty of her opulent rival, and only passed from her vassalage to Venice to accept the overlordship of the King of Hungary. Those two powers typify aptly the warring forces which influenced the life of Ragusa. Italian by race, set amid ever-encroaching Slavonic elements, the "town of St. Blaise" appears to have been always something of a city of refuge and a bulwark against barbarism. The shiftings of states and races which environed it are too complicated for a brief summing up; but through the fierce racial jealousies and religious hatreds the rulers of Ragusa kept with extraordinary skill to their neutral part. Drawn into wars by her powerful allies, or forced into them by self-defence, the small commonwealth returned with promptitude to peaceful ways the moment the pressure was relaxed. And she thrived mightily in traffic and commerce, and emulated the Italian cities in the beauty of her buildings and the strength of her defences. The author points out the fact that individual pre-eminence was rare, and, indeed, the interest of Ragusan history lies chiefly in the external relations and internal institutions of the town itself. The latter would merit a detailed scrutiny. The constitution appears cumbrous, and its unwieldiness may account for the timid and conservative Ragusan policy, but its working out was disturbed by few of the revolutions which rent the Italian republics. It is singular that this beautiful town, with its fascinating racial contrasts, had a history somewhat devoid of romance. The Crusades brushed it and passed; Ragusa was more concerned with making a profit on her shipping than with aiding the Christian against the infidel. The Turks swept down on the Balkans; Ragusa was the first Christian power to establish trading relations with them, and maintained throughout a discretion which kept her on good terms with the Sultan, while her neighbours crashed into ruin about her. It is a significant legend which tells that Ragusan ships fought on both sides in the battle of Lepanto. The author has treated his complex subject with minute research and admirable clearness.

THE CULT OF THE CHAFING DISH. By Frank Schloesser. (Gay & Bird, 5s. net.) What Mr. Schloesser does not know about the art of the chafing dish is not worth knowing. As he says, the chafing dish is not the product of American inventiveness, it was known more than a quarter of a thousand years ago in France. But until recently America has monopolised the cult of the chafing dish; now, doubtless, Mr. Schloesser will persuade many that they need the services of this handmaiden. According to the book "Chaffinda" is a very desirable handmaid indeed, ready at all hours of the night or morning to cook you a dainty supper after the play or fashion an appetising breakfast. She does not confine her skill to the concocting of "eggy" things only, but will set before you such dishes as "goulasch," "smothered turbot," and "battered lobster." Mr. Schloesser demonstrates in his "Cult of the Chafing Dish" that a cookery book need not be a bald, dry-as-dust piece of writing; on the contrary, he shows us that a cookery book may be most entertaining as well as informative.

THE SINGLE-HANDED COOK. By Mrs. C. S. Peel. (Constable, 3s. 6d.) The distinguishing note of Mrs. Peel's book is its practical common sense and economical methods. As the title implies, it is intended for use in a small household where extravagant recipes would be useless. It would have been better for a more careful editing—sometimes Mrs. Peel allows herself to be a little vague. Such a book should above all, be easily understood by the veriest novice. The recipes, however, are varied and good.

Reprints and New Editions

Of prose reprints and prose reprints only shall I write this week. Lockhart's *LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT* is just issued in The Library of Standard Biography—a welcome volume (Hutchinson, 1s. net). It is certainly a mar-

vellous shillingsworth; is carefully edited, well printed, strongly and tastefully bound. Although it has been somewhat abridged it is still a long piece of writing. The frontispiece portrait of Sir Walter Scott is after Sir Thomas Lawrence. No doubt many will be glad to avail themselves of such a cheap edition of a biography that some people consider the equal of Boswell's "Johnson." It is one of the few portraits that make us feel intimately acquainted with the sitter. This series is worthy of warm support. A small autobiography comes next—*THE LIFE OF LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY* (Methuen, 2s. net). He was a man of many parts, something of statesman, soldier, philosopher, squire of dames, and as such his autobiography is interesting. This is the autobiography, it will be remembered, of which Horace Walpole said, "This is, perhaps, the most extraordinary account that ever was given seriously by a wise man of himself." The volume is, I think, unnecessarily small. I cannot imagine that any one wishes to carry "Lord Herbert of Cherbury" in his pocket, and, this being so, the frequent turning of the leaves becomes a nuisance.—*JOHN WESLEY ON PREACHING* is sent to me by Mr. Grant Richards. These remarks of John Wesley have certainly the seal of experience, coming from one who preached constantly for fifty years in England, Scotland, and Ireland. The Rev. Joseph Dawson, the editor, has collected together from some fourteen volumes Wesley's remarks pertinent to preaching. The founder of Methodism not only spoke to his own community, for which, of course, his ideas on preaching were specially suited, but to all churches. The book is printed in good bold type, and neatly bound; altogether goodly. I have in my hand now a popular edition of James Anson Farrer's *BOOKS CONDEMNED TO BE BURNT* (Elliot Stock, 1s. 6d. net). "There is the sort of attraction that belongs to all forbidden fruit in books which some public authority has condemned to the flames." This quaint record of book bonfires is already a favourite with bookworms. Will the Government kindly bring in a Bill authorising a committee of critics to condemn yearly a number of new books to the flames? There are many books yearly that deserve no better fate. Seldom have I met with a more worthy piece of reprinting than the first volume of *THE WORKS OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE* in Mr. Grant Richards' "The English Library" (8s. 6d. net per volume). The type, the paper, the delightful russet binding, are each as dignified as the good Sir Thomas himself, who was, indeed, a dignitary of letters. The editor is Mr. Charles Sayle, who is careful and conscientious. The volume contains the "Religio Medici" and the first three books of the "Pseudodoxia Epidemica." Browne must have been as delightful to converse with as he is to read; does he not tell us, "I could never divide my self from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which, perhaps, within a few days I should dissent my self"? I do not possess a like equanimity, for I can imagine myself angry enough with any one who denied the stately merit of Sir Thomas Browne's style, or considered him unworthy of the admirable dress with which Mr. Grant Richards has sent him forth; and this is an opinion from which I never shall dissent. The stateliness of this old-world prose always reminds me of the formal delights of ancient music. We have no such formalities nowadays. Authors deck themselves out as they see fit, say their little say, letting the manner of their saying look after itself. Three neatly bound red volumes come to me from Messrs. Bell—*Motley's RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC* (net 2s. and 3s. each vol.), reprinted from the edition of 1896, with the valuable introduction by Moncure D. Conway. Motley failed as a writer of romance, but succeeded in writing the romance of history. His pages glow with force and fire, which come pleasantly to one after the dry-as-dust manner and method of some recent historians. A very handy, and therefore very welcome, reprint. From history to fiction. Mr. Eveleigh Nash sends me another of his excellent "Tauchnitz" volumes—for such they are in "fashion, form, and face"—*THE PROMOTION OF THE ADMIRAL*, by Morley Roberts. These light and convenient volumes will be in many hands—and pockets—this summertime.

F. T. S.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

The next volume to appear in Messrs. Black's series of "Beautiful Books" in colour will be "Naples." The artist, Mr. Augustine Fitzgerald, has interpreted his subject in a wide sense, to include all the islands in view of it, and practically all the windings of the coast to Salerno. Capri, Ischia, and Pæstum are therefore included. The descriptive letterpress is by Sybil Fitzgerald, who takes the opportunity to give a slight idea of the peculiar dialect poetry of Naples, which is hardly known outside the province, and is yet so illustrative of Neapolitan character. —Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish on June 20 a new book by Mr. Harry Furniss, entitled "Harry Furniss at Home." There will be about 120 illustrations from drawings by Mr. Furniss. —A study in temptation and temperament by Miss Agnes Grozier Herbertson, entitled "Patience Dean," is to be issued in a few days by Messrs. Methuen. The next volume to be issued in the series of Little Books on Art is "Vandyck," by Miss M. G. Smallwood. The major portion of the work is occupied with Vandyck's life in England, except for his five years' study in Italy. The book is full of reproductions of the artist's most famous pictures, and the pages of the text are strewn with anecdotes of the painter. —Anthony Hope's "Phroso" will be issued in sixpenny form almost at once.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Nestle, D.D. (Professor E.), prepared by, A New Greek Testament (Bible Society) 3/0 and 3/6
 Tymms, D.D. (T. Vincent), The Christian Idea of Atonement (Macmillan) 7/6
 Inge, M.A. (W. R.), Sermons by, Faith and Knowledge (T. & T. Clark) net 4/6
 Faith of a Christian, by a Disciple (Macmillan) net 3/6
 Puller, M.A. (F. W.), The Anointing of the Sick and Numbering of the Sacraments (S.P.C.K.) 5/0
 Hastie, D.D. (W.), Theology of the Reformed Church (T. & T. Clark) net 4/6
 Kaspary (Joachim), Humanitarian Deism (Humanitarian Society) 0/1
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 Smith (J. Barker), Earth's Sacred Cult (Imperial Press)
 Gausson (Alice C. C.), edited by, A Later Pepsy, in 2 vols. (Lane) net 32/0
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Miscellaneous

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 Harvey (William), Irish Life and Humour (Stirling: Mackay) 3/6
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 Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A. (F. E.), Butterflies and Moths, Part 2 (Hutchinson) net 0/6
 Rowntree (J.) and Sherwell (A.), The Licensing Bill, 1904, Articles 8 and 9 (Delittle, Fenwick) each 0/1
 Sparrow (W. Shaw), edited by, The British Home of To-day (Hodder & Stoughton) net 5/0
 Annual Report of Nottingham University College, Free Public Libraries, &c., 1903-1904
 Broadbent (A.), Fruits, Nuts, and Vegetables (Manchester: A. Broadbent) net 0/3
 Ellwood (C. A.), A Bulletin on the Condition of the County Almshouses of Missouri (University of Missouri)

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- "Broke of Covenden," by J. C. Snaith (Constable), 6/0; "Enid," by Marmaduke Pickthall (Constable), 6/0; "The Givers," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman (Harper), 6/0; "The By-Ways of Braith," by Frances Powell (Harper), 6/0; "Three Fantasies," by Barry Pain (Methuen), 1/0; "The Commune," by Paul and Victor Marguerite (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; "The Greatness of Josiah Porlock" (Murray), 6/0; "Fred Seagood," by Edward Roper, F.R.G.S. (Sonnenschein), 6/0; "Pride of Clay," by the author of George Savile (Lamley), 6/0; "Cedric Sleep," by Alec Cook (Walter Scott), 6/0; "The Wisdom of Folly," by Cosmo Hamilton (Isbister), 3/6; "The Sovereign Power," by Violet A. Simpson (Smith, Elder), 6/0; "Silent Strings," by Sarah Doudney (Walter Scott), 2/6; "Mrs. Waterman," by Noah Lampkin (Drane), 6/0; "Merry-Ann," by K. M. Guthrie (Jarrold), 0/6; "She that Hesitates," by H. Dickson (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "The Great Proconsul," by Sydney C. Grier (Blackwood), 6/0; "The Apprentice," by Maud Steppney Rawson (Hutchinson), 6/0; "Two Loves," by Curtis Yorke and E. M. Davy (Hurst & Blackett), 6/0; "The Foodkiller," by Lucas Cleeve (Unwin), 6/0; "Nami-Ko," by Kenjiro Tokutomi (Putnam), 6/0; "The Jessica Letters" (Putnam), 6/0; "The Devotees," by Olive Shakespear (Heinemann), 6/0; "A November Cry," by Frances G. Burmeister (Smith, Elder), 6/0; "The Mark of the Broad Arrow," by Maurice Scott (Henderson), 0/3; "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett (Macmillan), 6/0.

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Periodicals

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Foreign

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

- Die Goldene Tür: ein rheinisches Kleinstadtdrama in drei Aufzügen, von Wilhelm Schmidt-Bonn (Berlin: Fleischel) 2m.
 Correspondance de George Sand et d'Alfred de Musset (Bruxelles: Deman)

History and Biography

- Andréadès (A.), Histoire de la Banque d'Angleterre (Paris: Rousseau)
 Bugge (Sophus), Norges Indskrifte med de ældre Runer (Christiania; Broeggers Bogtrykkeri)

Art

- Breton (Jules), La Peinture (Librairie de l'Art)

Miscellaneous

- Grenard (F.), Le Tibet, le Pays et les Habitants (Paris: Colin) 5f.
 Aubin (Eugène), Le Maroc d'aujourd'hui (Paris: Colin) 5f.
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Fiction

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Periodicals

- "Mercure de France," "La Bibliofilia," "Le Mois Scientifique."

Egomet

I HAVE often hesitated over the knotty question as to whether I like or do not like my novels to be illustrated, but hesitation is no longer with me, I have decided on various counts that I prefer my fiction without pictures. I was re-reading "David Copperfield" the other day; I began the pleasant task in bed with an edition containing reproductions of the original pictures, which I never did admire; being dismissed into the country by my autocratic doctor, I continued my reading in a volume I found at my friend's house, where I stayed, and, lo! the pictures were drawn by Fred Barnard, to my mind the most successful depicter of Dickens' characters, with the exception of Mr. Gordon Browne, worthy son of a worthy father. Need I say that these two sets of illustrations in combination with my mind's-eye pictures reduced me to a most unadmirable confusion?

YES, permit me to do my own illustrating; I desire in future to do so for many reasons. Even the author himself, were he a skilled artist, would not content me. Doubtless he has in his mind's-eye distinct figures whose features, gestures, tones of voice, mannerisms he transfers for me into word-portraits; even so his words will often conjure up for me personages very dissimilar to his and I am conceited enough to prefer my own conceptions. Fielding's Tom Jones and mine are doubtless in appearance utterly unlike, but I love and shall always love my Tom Jones and desire not to see drawn any other man's idea of that gallant young rake. I adore Beatrix Esmond, which is very naughty of me, but so it is, I worship her every dimple and her enticing smile—what artist shall come between me and my noble young mistress? None in future.

DICKENS has, to my mind, suffered more than any other writer at the hands of his illustrators, notably "Phiz" and George Cruikshank. I know this is rank heresy; because I am a poor ignorant bookish man it may be that I can see neither artistic merit nor naturalness in the work of those two famous illustrators. Their figures are not figures of fun, but figures of nonsense to my eye; they are caricatures, grotesques, sprites, imps—not men and women; fit people for Grimm's "Fairy Tales"—but out of place in Dickens' pages. I quite realise that this is shocking heresy, but I cannot bring myself to be orthodox against my conscience. Not only do the pictures annoy me in themselves, but they are, I verily believe, accountable for many of the sneers

levelled against Dickens as a caricaturist not a portrait painter—Dickens the greatest realist since Defoe and Fielding. One drawing only I conceive to be right—that of Fagin in the cell.

OR other famous artists who have illustrated Defoe, Sterne, Fielding, Scott, Miss Austen and the rest—much of their work I admire as fine art, but they have each and all failed to convince me that their conceptions of their authors' characters were right and that mine were wrong. Or rather that mine were wrong, for each reader is free, I take it, to form his own conceptions. So, please Messieurs the Publishers, let me in future have my fiction without pictures.

THOUGH there is one way of illustrating works of fiction that is quite admirable, I mean with topographical pictures—even occasionally with maps. Some of Dickens' works are being dealt with in this way, and very goodly is the result, and I have on my shelves an edition thus illustrated of "Aylwin." These pictures should not be process blocks from photographs, but drawings—with not one human figure to be seen, those I can supply myself with aid of my author. How I should delight in a series thus illustrated of Defoe, Fielding, Sterne, Scott, Thackeray, Marryat, Meredith (if possible), some of Hardy, Blackmore, and some few others. But, alas, I fear they will all remain in my mind's-eye, Horatio.

ON looking over these lines I perceive them to be one long cantankerous grumble. Thank goodness I am not so inhuman as to be unable to grumble, even without good cause. How insipid life would be if grumbling were forbidden or taken as a sign of a disgraceful mind. How dull the libraries would be if every book upon the shelves were exactly suited to *my* taste. I love to dislike some writers, I love to take down one of their volumes and pish and pooh-pooh over their egregious pages, and ask "Who are you that you should ever have been dignified with good paper and clean print?" I love to think how far better than they I could have written myself, and I had had the leisure and the perseverance. As a matter of fact, lack of time has never stood in my way; but how greatly preferable is it to read the writings of others than to write that which others may not care to read. But had every man thought thus, there had been no books and oh, then, the difference to me. And to you?

E. G. O.

The Work of Herbert Spencer

IV—His Conception of Toleration

AT this point we must inquire into an idea which was not Spencer's, but which he illustrated and amplified in a fashion that the reader may regard as of some value. The question is of primal importance in relation to Spencer's work, since a thinker so original and heterodox could not have worked without that toleration which he received—grudgingly and perforce from the academic philosophers, generously from the representative theologians, and as a matter of course from unpledged students everywhere.

One is no less than astounded to discover the rude and thoughtless idea of toleration generally current.

Keenly attempting to defend, the other day, Buckle's dictum that religious persecution is the greatest evil known to mankind, transcending war itself, one was met by the assertion that the age of religious persecution is at least the age of sincerity and enthusiasm, whilst toleration implies lack of real faith in anything at all. "So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." For "lukewarm" some would substitute "tolerant" as a synonym. Only recently, when a friend of mine waxed wroth over a false and spiteful assertion about a great man, and rebutted it with some force, he was accused,

to his utter astonishment, of intolerance—as if to let a lie go unbranded were toleration. Now if this were so—if to be tolerant is to be a Laodicean—who will deny that toleration is an evil?

The saying about a God who “hates the sin but loves the sinner” precisely expresses the essence of toleration. There is nothing Laodicean about the Divine attitude thus conceived. The hate is implacable, the love unquenchable. So with toleration, as it is understood by those who have thought about it. The tolerant man may be as keen about what he conceives to be truth as the Grand Inquisitor, and as hateful of error; but he distinguishes between the sin and the sinner. He may believe it to be his duty to speak in terse and scornful language of the thought he holds to be false—but he will gladly spend a night beside the bed of the thinker. This is toleration: and whoso knows the power of association of ideas will recognise that it is much easier to define than to display. “The lying mouth shall be stopped,” and we are very ready to stop it—with right good will. But, easy or difficult to realise, this is the true meaning of tolerance: which may co-exist—at least in theory—with a burning faith and a consuming zeal.

Now if we accept the argument that intolerance proceeds not from cruelty but from intellectual incapacity to distinguish between closely associated ideas—the sin and the sinner—we may conclude that toleration is an intellectual rather than a moral product. Calvin, the Inquisitors, the burners of Bruno, were doubtless kind to their relations. They were not emotionally deficient, but intellectually. They were fools rather than knaves. Now in Herbert Spencer the intellect was supreme, though the emotional nature was highly developed under the cold and ungenial surface. As the Rev. Professor Iverach observes, in his generous and scholarly study, Spencer certainly believed that the unknowable revealed certain truths through him. To use the noble old phrase, he knew himself to be a “Prophet of the Most High.” And he had the prophet’s persistence and courage and directness and conviction. But fortunately he had a somewhat rare possession of the prophet—a disciplined intellect. And hence his toleration. A sworn servant of Truth, he did more than wish well to those he believed to be wrong: he sought and found the kernel of truth in the husk of error.

In a previous chapter I have given an instance of his toleration of religious systems all but the forgotten core of which he believed to be false. But let us take an instance from politics, in which he was at bottom a Liberal of the old school. We cannot understand the intellectual cause of his toleration here without recalling his now famous phrase “the social organism.” His analogy between society and an organism made him a tolerator though a zealot in politics. In the realm of biology we see two opposing factors—heredity and variation. Now no biologist would write himself down an hereditarian or a variationist, as we write ourselves down Conservatives or Liberals. Spencer has taught us that, whilst without variation there can be no advance, without heredity there can be no *retaining the positions won*. Rigid heredity means stagnation: but too rapid variation means instability. Safety and progress are attained only by “the interplay of opposed forces.” Of course you see the rest at once. Heredity in the organism is the exact analogue of the conservative forces in society: variation the exact analogue of the liberal forces. And as no biologist swears by heredity or variation as *alone* beneficent, so no philosophic student, now that Spencer has taught us, can declare that the “Conservatives are wrong” or the

“Liberals are wrong.” Both are necessary: each alone would be maleficent. The force of heredity or conservatism gets us no further: the force of variation or liberalism is almost as likely to lose as to win: *In medio tutissimus ibis*. “Theological conservatism, like political conservatism, has thus an all-important function. It prevents the constant advance from being too rapid” for stability.

In another work Spencer has dealt exhaustively and finally with the various forms of bias: educational, class, theological, anti-theological, political, patriotic and anti-patriotic. To be freed from all these is to have completed the preliminary stages for becoming a philosopher; the freedom is to be purchased only by intellectual effort; and thus may be attained that rare combination of irresistible zeal with true toleration which Spencer has described as the union of “philanthropic energy with philosophic calm.”

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

T. W. Robertson

WHAT is it in Robertson’s plays, or at any rate in “Caste,” “Ours” and “David Garrick” (the last named from the French), that enables them to keep their place upon the stage? In many ways they are old-fashioned, their technique is of yesterday, yet they still hold the attention and rouse the sympathies of the audience. The answer is simple, they have in them a touch of human nature, they have in them phases of elementary emotions. In “Caste” there are two fine moments, the first where the wife conveys to the husband that a child is coming to them, the second the return of the husband to his wife and his child. In “Ours” there is the scene where the music of the departing troops is heard—who of us is not stirred, however blasé he may be, by the sound of trumpets and of drums? In “David Garrick,” which I had the pleasure of witnessing again the other evening, there is a simple, wholesome tale of true love, with a happy ending. Robertson did not trouble himself or his public with abstruse mental problems; the ordinary emotions of everyday life were the materials he used; he had a gift for presenting comic and whimsical characters, such as Eccles, Sam Gerridge and Squire Chivey, and his dialogue if not actually witty is bright and amusing.

“DAVID GARRICK” offers plentiful opportunities—“fat” the players call it—to the principal performer. Of course the play has nothing at all to do with the real Davy. The actor is called upon to be a lover, a polite gentleman and a man of honour; he is given ample openings in which to display his art, several striking stage situations are provided him, he must look gallant and move with a gallant bearing, while in no scene is he called upon to rise to any height of tragic passion. In brief Garrick is a part that—with a skilful actor—is bound to be effective. Most effective Sir Charles Wyndham makes it, though he must be warned against overdoing the comic business of the famous drunken scene in Act II. As manager, why does not Sir Charles tone down the absurd antics of Smith, Brown and Jones? They render the scene in which they appear utterly unreal. After all, with all his bourgeois tastes or lack of taste, Simon Ingot is a well-to-do and distinguished citizen and his daughter an

educated lady—Smith, Brown and Jones are outrageous caricatures, at any rate as at present acted. Please, Sir Charles, look to it; it may make the groundlings laugh, but it certainly makes the judicious grieve.

As Simon Ingot Mr. Alfred Bishop acts well, though he scarcely brings out the full pathos of the part and lacks the unction which made David James unsurpassable in the character. Mr. Frank Atherley is quite admirable as Richard Chivey, better than any other actor I have seen in the part; Chivey, though a brainless young idiot, would at any rate have had the manners and appearance of a gentleman. But will Miss Mary Moore think me unkind if I say that I found the utmost difficulty in catching her words? The first essential of acting is to make oneself heard.

THERE are certain by-products of the dramatic art which deserve occasional attention, such for example as the performances of Mr. Albert Chevalier, a true and gifted artist. I had the pleasure of hearing him sing—and act—some eight or nine songs the other evening, and in each he gave a distinct and finished picture of a different character, sometimes pathetic, sometimes comic, sometimes grotesque, in all excellent. Now it is no easy thing for an actor to sink his individuality and to persuade an audience for a whole evening that he is other than himself. Yet Mr. Chevalier achieves this task, and some nine times over in the course of a couple of hours, seldom revealing his real self and then only by a casual look or tone. His characterisations, unassisted by any scenic surroundings, in their broad effects are finished by many subtle touches of gesture, voice and eye, and each figure lingers clear cut in the memory.

It is a varied portrait-gallery; the old man from the workhouse, who cannot understand why in the chapel he and his wife should be parted—but they can see one another now and again, they share the memories of the past, they remember the dreams they dreamed though they dream no more now, though they may not sit side by side they both hear and join in Auld Lang Syne on a Christmas eve. Then there's the village constable, a delightful figure of fun, with all the stolid vacuity that seems to have distinguished village constables time out of mind, who when he says he won't have it—*won't* have it! Then the broken-down, seedy actor, who babbles with raucous, gin-sodden voice of old triumphs at the 'Vic; the costermonger, a trifle imaginary maybe, but likely to live as long as Pierrot or Punch, the mild young curate and many another. It is the despair of the critic of any art to convey on paper the merits of any performance. All one can say of Mr. Chevalier's is that they are admirably thought out and admirably executed; in his way he is a great artist; he never rises to tragic heights, but he gently plays with our emotions, chasing away a tear with hilarious laughter.

THE Mermaid Society's Pastoral Performances, under the direction of Mr. Philip Carr, will this year be given in the garden of Thorpe Lodge, Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill, by permission of Captain Montagu Norman. The programme will consist of Milton's mask of "Comus" with the original seventeenth-century music by Henry Lawes, and of Ben Jonson's mask, "The Hue and Cry after Cupid," both of which were given with considerable success by the Society in the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, last year. Most of the original cast will reappear, including Mr. Roland Cunningham, in the part of the Attendant Spirit, Mr.

Nigel Playfair as Comus, and Miss Tita Brand as the lady. The performances will be given for six evenings, beginning on Thursday, June 23, and will begin on each evening at 9 o'clock. The public may purchase tickets at the offices of the Society, 3 Old Palace Chambers, Whitehall, or at the gardens at the time of the performances. Arrangements are being made to give several performances of "Comus" in private gardens in different parts of the country. The first of these will be given in the gardens of Worcester College, Oxford, during Commemoration Week, while later a performance is to be given in the gardens of Warwick Castle.

Musical Notes

CONCERTS are far too numerous just now. Artists, great and small alike, all seem possessed of the fond belief that it is merely necessary to hire a hall and announce a concert in London at this particular season to secure an audience. In point of fact, of course, there is no period of the year, except, perhaps, the month of August, when the likelihood is less great of success attending a venture of this order. Only last summer one of the most eminent of living violinists gave a concert at the Queen's Hall in the height of the season and had precisely eighteen listeners in the grand circle. And scores of others are only a shade more lucky. Yet year after year sees the same state of things repeated.

BUT while one may deprecate, on their own account as well as on that of their hearers, the unwarranted essays of the mediocre, there are certain artists who are always welcome. Mme. Camilla Landi for example. Her visits are all too few, and come when she may she is listened to with delight. Here, if you like, is a vocalist of the rarest sort. At her recent recital, when it was pleasant to notice a capital attendance, she proved herself once more absolute mistress of all the resources of her art. One or two of the songs in her list were indeed of little real value, though her programme was in the main well chosen; but she sang these, like the rest, so as to convince you at the time that they were nothing less than masterpieces. As one of her hearers put it, this is a singer who can make artistic mountains out of molehills.

THE Crystal Palace may have outlived its term of usefulness, but it was perfectly fit and proper that music played an important part in the celebration of its jubilee. For not one of those arts of peace which that

Blazing arch
Of lucent glass

was designed originally to foster has benefited more emphatically than that of music. Tired as one may be of reading the oft-told tale of Manns' original appointment, of his determination to give the public high-class music, of the horror of the directors, of his support by the secretary of the day Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Grove, and so on, no one can deny the inestimable value of the services which were in fact rendered to the cause of classical music in this country by the far-famed concerts which resulted.

It was, indeed, a stroke of real luck which placed such an ardent music lover as Grove in the position of secretary to the Palace, and but for his stout champion-

ship and support it may be doubted if even Manns, with all his energy and enthusiasm, would have gained his way. The Handel Festivals, of course, occupy another category altogether. If one must regret that the Saturday concerts have ceased, the only fear in the case of the Handel Festivals is that they will continue.

THE year 1904 will assuredly be remembered in musical annals by reason of its prodigies, and not the least remarkable of them is little Sybil Keymer, the latest to appear. The way she rattled through the solo part of Mendelssohn's violin concerto at her recent concert was truly astonishing enough, and it can hardly be doubted that this child of twelve will develop in course of time into an artist of the highest order. If the arrangement of such matters were undertaken, as some would have it, by the State, a union, some ten years hence, between little Sybil and Von Vecsey would find many advocates; and certainly students of heredity would watch the outcome with no common curiosity.

Art Notes

The Black-and-White Room at the Royal Academy

THERE is something that amounts to contempt of the public taste and of art in this country in the miserable little room that holds the black-and-white work at the Royal Academy. Think of the splendour of the achievement in the great exhibitions abroad in this great modern realm of art and then look at the pitiful exhibition which our great state-aided Academy has to give us. Just consider for one moment that it is in illustration that the art of the Victorian years reached the heights; and then glance round this dog-hole at the Academy. But we have at least this comfort—the art is not wholly dead, only the artists do not send their work to this place.

HERE you look in vain for the splendid art of a Nicholson or a Pryde; the lithographs and etchings of Whistler were not displayed here; E. J. Sullivan seeks more congenial worlds; Anning Bell's bookplates are to be found in other places; James and Manuel went elsewhere; Syme seeks more artistic surroundings; Pennell shows his fine work anywhere else; Gordon Craig seeks pleasanter places; Brangwyn has only just been elected, he used not to risk rejection here; even so, Randolph Caldecott did not stoop to be seen here; Sandys gives it a wide berth; Edgar Wilson does not trouble to send; Phil May troubled nothing about the Academy; and Raven-Hill has more profitable fish to fry. Greiffenhagen keeps away and Oscar Eckhardt gave it the cold shoulder. Aubrey Beardsley scarcely knew of its existence; and Charles Hazlewood Shannon probably never gives it a thought. But, instead, we are shown yearly the outscourings of the studios, one or two good things manage to struggle through, and for the rest the room is a laughing stock.

SURELY there is enough love of art, if not a sense of the dignity of their calling, amongst the Academicians to induce them to appoint a permanent committee to watch over this room. I could get together a better exhibition than this sorry affair in an afternoon. The fault lies in not electing every fourth or fifth Associate from amongst the illustrators; that is to say from

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amongst our best artists. As to the contemptible annual displays in the water-colour room artists can shrug their shoulders, for there is the Royal Institute opposite the doors of the Academy, and no man is so utterly demoted as to send a water-colour to the Academy that is good enough to get him election into the Royal Institute, but there is no Academy nor Institute for the illustrators. Either the Royal Academy ought to amalgamate with the Royal Institute and give up the water-colour room altogether; or else it should wipe out its shame as flaunted annually in its water-colour room by encouraging the best masters in this medium; but when it comes to the illustrators its shame is complete. Is there not sufficient self-respect amongst the whole of the Immortals, or in a Fortieth Part of them, to rouse and demand the display of the work of the best living artists in the room which is to-day an ignoble tribute to their lack of public spirit?

MESSRS. OBACH are showing at their galleries the famous peacock room of the Leylands painted by Whistler.

Correspondence

Space

SIR,—Mr. Kent's association of the semi-circular canals with sea-sickness is that generally recognised. Unfortunately, a knowledge of the cause gets no further in this case. The best we can do is to try to paralyse the equilibratory nerves with bromide of potassium, and so forth.

Mr. Digby is, of course, right in pointing out that the muscular sense aids us in balancing ourselves. So do our eyes and, in the case of standing, the nerves of the soles of our feet. Nevertheless, the semi-circular canals are the essential organ of equilibration. I did not imagine my argument from the number of canals to be conclusive, and Mr. Digby has very happily pointed out that the argument is not final. But it is the case that when we find any canals at all—in the lower animals—we find not less or more than three.—Yours, &c.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Girton College, Cambridge

SIR,—May we, on behalf of Girton College, make a special appeal through your columns to the liberality of those of your readers who are friends of the College, and interested in women's education? The immediate occasion of this appeal is the generous offer made by a parent of one of the present students to contribute £2,000 towards reduction of the debt on the new buildings at Girton on condition that an additional sum of £18,000 is raised before July, 1907.

Girton College was opened at Hitchin with six students in 1869, and since 1873, when it was removed to buildings on the present freehold site near Cambridge, has been enlarged from time to time to meet the steady growth of demand for admission. Towards the close of 1897, however, it came to be felt that unless development was to be seriously checked, there must be further extension, and on a much larger scale than hitherto, including, besides more students' rooms, an increase in the other accommodation (dining hall, kitchen, &c.) which had long been found inadequate to existing needs. This extension was resolved on, and carried out, and the College has now room for 150 students. Of 908 students who have entered since 1869, 147 are at present in

residence, while 509 have obtained Honours in Tripos examinations of the University of Cambridge; and the College has, we believe, as Mrs. William Grey affirmed in her letter to "The Times" of January 9, 1898, "justified every prediction of good and falsified every prediction of evil to arise from the University education of women."

A considerable sum has been contributed by friends and old students towards the cost of the latest extension, but it has been necessary to raise a mortgage of £40,000. Thus a heavy liability still remains, and we therefore venture to appeal for help to enable us to take advantage of the offer so generously made towards the reduction of the building debt.

Subscriptions can be paid to the Bursar, Miss M. Pickton, 54 Abingdon Court, Kensington, W., or to the "Girton College" account at Barclay's Bank, Cambridge.—Yours, &c.

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"Literary Estimates"

SIR,—All lovers of truth and haters of cant will thank Mr. W. Lawler-Wilson for his condemnation, in your issue of the 4th June, of "the horde of blind admirers and interpreters who, in the end, do more harm to a great man's reputation than any other class of readers." There is a swing of the pendulum in literary estimates; and when the reaction comes, it tends to be excessive from this very cause. It may well be so in the case of Shakespeare, to whom Mr. Lawler-Wilson refers. No one who is capable of reading the plays with an open mind can help being struck with the fact that in no writer of genius are the faults and blemishes more obtrusive. Bombast mingled with sublimity; humour which is "not for an age but for all time," together with incredibly laboured jesting; philosophy cheek by jowl with trite and obvious moralising—these are what we find in the works of him who never blotted a line, and whom Ben Jonson, with criticism which sounds refreshing enough now, wished to have blotted a thousand. And by almost every critic of the last fifty years each fault has been translated into a virtue. Inconsistencies become subtleties; if a hero is unable to make up his mind to action, for the plain reason that if he did there would be no five acts, this is "the tragedy of indecision"; and a coarseness which is often more wanton and unnecessary than in any other writer of the age is passed over without comment. The pernicious result is that the attention is unduly excited by the faults I speak of. In the future this great dramatist may, for a period at least, occupy a lower place in our literary Pantheon than is his right, in direct consequence of the latent irritation generated by the strained eulogies of indiscriminating worshippers.—Yours, &c.

H. M. S.

Secret Drawers

SIR,—A somewhat dramatic incident connected with a secret drawer fell under the writer's knowledge a few years ago. A lady living in the North of England sent an antique table to a cabinet-maker to have some small repairs. She was in weak health, and after some months of suffering she died. She had made her will, as her solicitor testified, and had spoken of it and its intentions to those around her. After her death it was searched for, but could nowhere be found. Renewed searches were made, in vain. Much trouble was anticipated. One morning the cabinet-maker asked to see Miss L. (a niece who had been visiting the aunt). He said that he had come upon a secret drawer in the table sent to him to repair, that he had at once placed the papers it contained in a wrapper, and brought them up immediately. On examination they found among them the missing will. It was proved, executed and administered forthwith.—Yours, &c.

C. A. W. C.

[Other letters held over for want of space.—Ed.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published. Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference; this is not an information bureau.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

NOTICE.

Many would-be contributors to the "Questions and Answers" columns have refrained from enclosing a portion of the cover or letterpress pages, as they dislike mutilating their copies of "The Academy" which they keep for binding. It has, therefore, been decided to suspend this rule, temporarily at any rate.

NOTES.

LIDDELL AND SCOTT. *Errata.*

In view of the contemplated 9th edition of Liddell and Scott's "Greek Lexicon," it may interest some of your readers, as well as those responsible for the new work, to have a list of *errata* still uncorrected in the 8th edition. Of these I subjoin the following corrections:—

ἀγχιμνός, end: ἀγχιμνοθεός, read ἀγχιμνοθεός.—ἀκίς, 2: ἀκίστρον, read ἀκίστρον.—ἀλνι, ἀλνύμαι, read ἀλνύμαι.—ἀμφιτροχῆ, read on all sides, Eur. Phoen. 325 Dind. This word is omitted, ἀμφι τρύχη being accepted, contrary to M. See Dindorf.—ἀνολογισμαι, Xen. Hell. 1, 5, 13 (for 5 read 4).—ἀτλητός, II.: μύθων, read μύθων.—ἀφάνις, II.: Xen. Hell. 1, 6, 24 (for 24 read 33).—βελουαντία, like βελουαντία, read βελουαντία.—βιωτός, Plut. Apol., read Plat.—δαιμόνιος, III.: δαίμ. θνησκει, read ἀποθνήσκει.—δαίος, Aesch. Theb. 271, read 267.—δίνος, III.: Telesilla 2, read 7.—δονέω, 2: Sappho, add Frag. 10.—ἐλαύνω, 4, οἱ μὲν ἄδην, read μιν.—ἐμπερόνιμα, cf. περόναρις, πόρνημα, read περόνηρις, περόνημα.—ἐντάφιος, II. 1, Simon. 5, read 4. 5.—ἐξαργυρία, τὴν ὁκον Isaac. 55, 21, read τὸν ὁκον.—ἐόλε, μελιδήμαθι Ap. Rh. 3, 471, read μελιδήμασι.—ἐπέχω, II. Med. ἐπέτιεν, read ἐτίεν.—ἐπικλώθω, ἐπικλώσονται Ol. 20, 196, read ἐπικλώσονται.—εὐρυδής, Simon. 8, 17, for 8 read 5.—εὐφίλης, II. θεός, read θεών.—ἐχμα, v. sub ἀμάρη, read ἀμάρη.—ηρόφοιτος, . . . of bees, read birds.—ἰερώ, τὰς γὰς, read τὰς γ.—κάθηρμα (ἔρμα III.), read II.—καίριος, II. εὐρίσκε ταῦτα, read εὐρίσκειται.—κατασκεδάννυμι, κατασκεδασάνην, read κατασκεδασάνην.—κατασκοπή, Thuc. 6, 34, χρᾶσαι, read χρῆσθαι.—κομῆ, 2. μετὰ τὸν ὄν κ., read ὄν κ.—λιθόβλητος, II. κεκρύφαλον, read κεκρύφαλος.—Λωτιος, II. ἀναδυμνίδες Anacr. 37, read ὑποδυμνίδες.—νοχμός, Thuc. 1, 12 νόχμος, read ἐνόχμος.—νηπία, ὄνον ἀποβλύζων, II. 9, 491, read οἶνον.—ὀκταλλος, ὀκος, read ὀκος.—ὀλισθηρός, II. Anth. P. 5, 2, 6, read 5, 216.—ὄχενε. 3. ἀνέκοπτεν, read ἀνέκοπτεν.—πῆραν, 4. Hell. 1, 8, 17, διαλέλει, read διέβη.—πασσός, 3, ὄκος, read ὄκος.—πράγμα, III. 2, Dem. 110, οἱ ἐπὶ . . . ὄντας, read ὄντες.—σαύλος, κορωνίης, read κορωνίης.—στιγματίζω, κληίδων, read κληίδων.—στιγμάω, Ap. Rh. 130, read 1, 30.—στρατηγός, 4. Antiph. Ἀκαστρ. read Αἰολ.—συνουσία, Plat. Theaet. 180 D, προϊούσας, read προϊούσας.—συσκηνητήρ, read συσκηνητήρ.—τήγανον, ταγηννοστροφία, read ταγηννοστροφία.—τρίξ, IV. τριόσκι, read τροχίσκος.—ὑποστρέχω (v. infr. III.), read IV.: IV. χρεῖ, read χρεῖ.

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE'S UNACTED PLAYS.—Is there any absolute certainty as to which, if any, of Shakespeare's plays have never been performed on any stage, at any rate not since the author's decease?—*Hugues.*

"HAMLET."—Some of Shakespeare's fellow actors from the Globe went on a play-acting tour to Scandinavia, and on their return one of them told Shakespeare the fable of Hamlet, giving him local colour from Elsinore. Where can I find the best account of this touring company?—*Horace W. Skipworth.*

LITERATURE.

AUTHOR WANTED.—Can any of your readers give me information as to the origin of this quotation, and where I may find the remaining verses?

"Oh, tell me whence Love cometh?"

Love comes uncall'd, unsent."

"Oh, tell me where Love goeth?"

That was not Love that went.—*Richard Price.*

(quoted in "The Roxburghe Ballads," viii. 411).—*Otto Ritter (Halle).*

GENERAL.

*TUESDAY AN UNLUCKY DAY.—M. René Bazin, in his charming book on Sicily, tells us on p. 137 that the Sicilians will neither marry nor set out on a journey on a Tuesday. They have a proverb: "Nè di vennari nè di marti; non si sposa, nè si parti." This is because they believe that Judas was born on a Tuesday. Is this a superstition peculiar to Sicily?—*A.L.M.*

*BEAU IDEAL.—Considering the French rule which gives us *bel homme* for *beau homme*, etc., why is it correct to say *beau idéal* instead of *bel idéal*?—*M.S.*

PHYSICAL CULTURE.—In No. 115 of the "Spectator" (July 12, 1711) Addison writes: "When I am in town I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and it pleases me the more because it does everything I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing." Are there any earlier references in English to silent and solitary "physical culture"?—*H.W.M. (Manchester).*

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

"GOD BLESS THE MARK."—Shakespeare also uses five times the expression "God bless the mark." In all these five instances the phrase expresses a wish to be preserved from something unpleasant that the speaker has mentioned, viz. a wound, guns, drums, the devil. In Shakespeare's time men thought that by mentioning a calamity they rendered themselves liable to a visitation of it, and therefore tried to avert it by some pious ejaculation.—*A.L.M.*

MAP OF SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON.—A Map of Shakespeare's London as it appeared 1560 may be found in Gronow's "Antiquarian Handbook of England and Wales," published by Simpkin and Marshall, 1849.—*A.L.M.*

"THE THREE CORNERS OF THE WORLD."—England in the Middle Ages was not regarded as an island, but rather as a kind of *alter orbis* with reference to the Continent, America being in Shakespeare's time politically *une quantité négligeable*. (1) The meaning, then, may be, Europe, Asia, and Africa versus England, the last being the fourth quarter or "corner" of the globe (cf. II. i. 29). (2) It is possible that Shakespeare may have had in his mind's eye some of the old maps which represent the Spanish peninsula as turning up at an acute angle to the west coast of France, and so enclosing the southern part of Ireland. The Scandinavian invasions of England, the Norman Conquest, and the attempt of the Spanish Armada, the three chief events of the kind since the Anglo-Saxon settlement of Britain, would thus seem to have come from the three countries which presented salient angles towards Britain. They are defied, should they all come again and all at once. (3) Or this notion may have been suggested by the Pope, France, and Spain in the lines from "The Troublesome Raigne":

Let England live but true within itself,
And all the world can never wrong her state.
If England's peers and people join in one,
Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spain can do them wrong.

—*F. H. Harding (Dorking).*

LITERATURE.

*AUTHOR FOUND.—The lines headed "The Solitary" are a translation of the first verse of a German poem called "Der Einsiedler," by J. von Eichendorff. It has been set to music by Schumann (op. 83, no. 3).—*M.A.C. (Cambridge).*

"GABRIELE D' ANNUNZIO" is Signor Rapagnetta in private life. So says "Italy To-Day," p. 333, whose very able authors know that land and its people thoroughly.—*D.P.*

"VACHE ENRAGÉE."—The phrase *il a mangé de la vache enragée* occurs in Cotgrave's Dictionary, and is thus Englished: "He hath drunk of many waters, passed many pikes, tried many experiments; he hath been well practised in, or beaten unto, the course of the world, also, he hath been reduced unto a great necessity, or extremity; he hath endured much hardnesse."—*A.L.M.*

GENERAL.

QUEEN EDITH is the Anglo-Saxon Princess Editha, married to Otto I., the Great (936-973). He was the German Emperor who made two invasions into France (940 and 946); it was during the latter that Editha died.—*Bohemia.*

A "WANT-WAY."—Halliwell's Dictionary gives *want*, a cross-road, also *want*, a cross-way, a passage. The word *wentle* occurs frequently in Chaucer and Gower in the sense of a way, hence metaphorically a device. In the Oxford Anglo-Saxon Dictionary we find *wend* occurring in the Charters in the sense of a course, connected with the verb *wendan*, to turn, to wend one's way.—*A.L.M.*

*HUNTING THE WREN.—Once in bygone days all the birds met together to choose a king. After much argument they agreed that the bird who flew highest should gain the coveted honour. The eagle easily outstripped all other visible competitors. But, just as they were about to proclaim him king, a little brown form, which had been concealed on his back, flattered a few feet higher still, and uttered the following words:

Birds, look up, behold your king,
Great of soul, yet a tiny thing.

Not being contented with this result, another meeting was held by the birds. It was then agreed whoever succeeded in reaching the lowest place would be appointed king. On this the wren immediately disappeared into a mouse hole in the ground. By these means the wren obtained its title of "the king of all birds."—*Cormac (Truro).*

"FEN IT."—More than seventy years ago I was one of a merry band of playfellows to whom this expression was of daily use. "Fen it," or "fen that," was constantly heard during our play. If the game were "Follow my leader" a big boy would shout out "fen roofs," or "the girls can't play," which meant that the boys liked to get up a stable roof, and did not like the girls to do it. It always meant that some boy or girl was forbidding something found contrary to his or her or general convenience. Ofttimes the *fen* stood, *accepted*. Sometimes it was overruled, after being put to the vote.—*C.C.*

MARMALADE.—Marmalade is older than Mary Queen of Scots. It is mentioned by Tyndale, who died in 1536, six years before she was born, thus: "All manner of fruits and confecions, marmelad, succad, green ginger, conffettes" (Works, p. 229). It was originally a conserve of quinces. Thus in Pepys's Diary (November 2, 1665) we find: "After a good dinner left Mrs. Hunt and my wife making a marmalett of quinces." Old French *marmelade* from Portuguese *marmelada*, from Port. *marmelo*, a quince. Lat. *melimelum*, lit. honey-apple, also a quince, from Gk. *μέλιμλον* a sweet apple, apple grafted on a quince; from Gk. *μέλι* honey; *μῆλον* an apple.—*M.A.C. (Cambridge).*

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the booksellers whose names follow:

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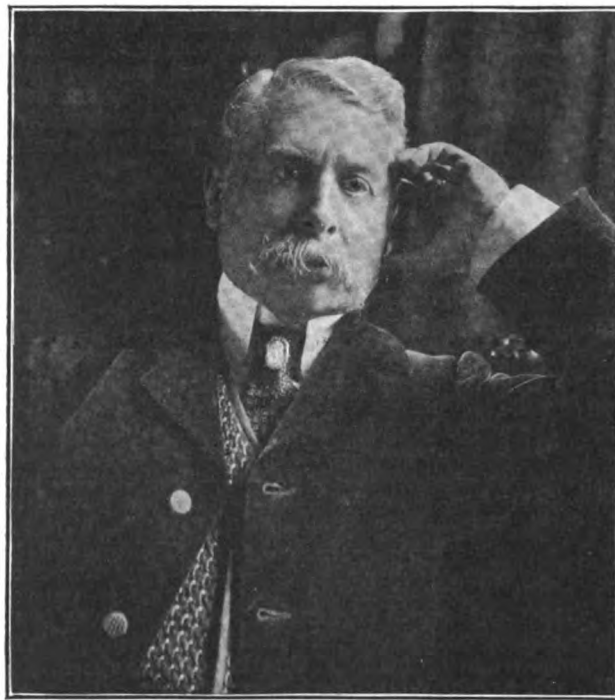
Literary Notes

THE Spring publishing season may be said to be over and publishers and booksellers alike describe it as one of the worst ever known in the bookselling trade. Many publishers have held over important books to the autumn, rather than send them forth now to meet with almost certain failure. Many reasons are given for this bad time, but no one apparently is brave enough to allege that possibly the books are at fault. For my part I think that this season's books have on the whole been quite up to the average, and that the causes for depression must be looked for elsewhere. There is a war, at a distance it is true, but nevertheless disquieting, and there are persistent rumours of an approaching general election, an event looked on as certainly disastrous to the selling of books.

THERE is one cause hinted at by many publishers and booksellers, it is pointed out that the large sums, thousands of pounds, still being paid as monthly instalments by purchasers of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" cannot but reduce the amount of money which the public are willing to expend upon books. In addition to this there are more general reasons. A very large section of the public—too large—are learning to depend upon the daily paper not only for news, but for general reading as well; then the number of weekly papers of all sorts, from the expensive illustrateds down to the cheap tit-bitty papers, is always increasing, with the result that the appetite for reading matter is cloyed and depraved. Also, I cannot but believe that the constant stream of sixpenny reprints of good fiction and other matter has an evil effect upon the sale of new books which cost from 6s. upward. It is but human nature to be content with buying twelve well-known books for the price of one. Take the case of fiction, a family going away for its summer travels desires a supply of novels, its demand is catered for and satisfied by the numerous reprints spread all over the bookstalls—what chance have new books beside these cheap issues of old favourites—old favourites and new? There is little profit for any one in the sixpenny reprint sold at fourpence halfpenny.

AGAIN I understand that more ambitious reprints, nicely bound, printed and often illustrated, are in very many cases selling very well indeed, which is matter for congratulation as it seems to show that there is still a large demand for really good literature. But it must be remembered that the book-buying money of the

public is limited, and that if the supply of books exceeds the demand some publishers and some authors and many booksellers must suffer from the over-production.



MR. FRANKFORT MOORE

[Photo. Booker & Sullivan, Chancery Lane]

BUT even when all these points have been taken into consideration, and weighty as some of them are, the state of affairs has not been entirely explained, the causes of the depression have not all been found. I think myself that the increase of newspaper and magazine reading is the root of the evil; the general public are in a hurry over their reading as over other matters, this is an age of doing all things in the quickest possible way, and to rush through the papers and a magazine or two absorbs all the time devoted by the average man to reading. Lastly there are the public lending libraries, which supply a very large public with all the literature required. And for the remedies—? Well, if I made suggestions I should doubtless be reminded of the proverb of the shoemaker and his last; so I will refrain.

HERE is some good fun from the very interesting Ruskin letter in "The Atlantic Monthly":

"Indeed, I rather want good wishes just now, for I am tormented by what I cannot get said, nor done. I want to get all the Titians, Tintorets, Paul Veroneses, Turners, and Sir Johuas in the world into one great fireproof Gothic gallery of marble and serpentine. I want to get them all perfectly engraved. I want to go and draw all the subjects of Turner's 19,000 sketches in Switzerland and Italy elaborated by myself. I want to get everybody a dinner who hasn't got one. I want to macadamise some new roads to Heaven with broken fools' heads; I want to hang up some knaves out of the way, not that I've any dislike to them, but I think it would be wholesome for them, and for other people, and that they would make good crow's meat. I want to play all day long and arrange my cabinet of minerals with new white wool; I want somebody to amuse me when I'm tired; I want Turner's pictures not to fade; I want to be able to draw clouds, and to understand how they go—and I can't make them stand still, nor understand them—they all go sideways, *πλάγια* (what a fellow that Aristophanes was! and yet to be always wrong in the main, except in his love for Æschylus and the country. Did ever a worthy man do so much mischief on the face of the Earth?) Farther, I want to make the Italians industrious, the Americans quiet, the Swiss romantic, the Roman Catholics rational, and the English Parliament honest—and I can't do anything and don't understand what I was born for. I get melancholy—overeat myself, oversleep myself—get pains in the back—don't know what to do in anywise. What with that infernal invention of steam, and gunpowder, I think the fools may be a puff or barrel or two too many for us. Nevertheless, the gunpowder has been doing some work in China and India."

IN "The North American Review" there is a striking article by Mr. Hugh Clifford on "The Genius of Mr. Joseph Conrad," from which the following is a quotation:

"It was in 1894 that Mr. Conrad was seized, suddenly and inexplicably, by a desire to rest. Almost from boyhood he had been a wanderer upon the face of the earth, had 'labored in mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar': now for a little space he would be idle, and would live ashore. Accordingly, he took lodgings somewhere in the Vauxhall Bridge Road—the 'long, unlovely street' from which poor James Thomson, looking forth, beheld the woeful vision of 'The City of Dreadful Night'—and made up his mind that for six whole months he would live indolently out of sight of the sea. He speedily discovered that idleness was very hard work. A toiler from his youth upward, inaction such as this irked him sorely; yet his pride would not suffer him to return to the sea which called to him so loudly. He had promised himself six months ashore, and six whole months he would spend on the dry land. But how fill this aching void of empty, useless hours? Then the spirit which had led him from the beginning, though he had been unconscious of its guiding hand, whispered in his ear. 'Write!' it commanded, 'Write!' He had just finished an engagement which had taken him, month in and month out, from Singapore to the ports of the east coast of Borneo. The impression of that island and of many of the men and women who lived there was fresh in his mind. Picture after picture, portrait after portrait rose up upon the retina of his memory, jostling one another, clamoring to be painted as he, he suddenly felt, alone could paint them. Material in abundance, unsought, but garnered unconsciously during many years, time, opportunity—all were his. An overpowering impulse to use these things was upon him, for genius, like murder, will out; so now, at the age of thirty-

eight, the long period of probation and apprenticeship was ended, and Mr. Joseph Conrad had come to his own at last."

THE forthcoming double section of the Oxford English Dictionary, which has been prepared by Mr. W. A. Craigie, includes upwards of 3,000 words recorded between *reactively* and *ree*. This portion contains comparatively few words of native origin, but some of these are of considerable importance and interest. The adjective *red*, the specific applications of which have involved much research, occupies twenty-one and a half columns. The number of illustrative quotations in this section is 16,156, or 14,551 more than in the next most liberally-furnished dictionary.

VOLUME LXVII. of "The Century Magazine" makes a brave show, particularly in the matter of illustrations, the colour printing in many cases being especially fine. Of the literary contents the most striking items are the "Thackeray Letters to the Baxters," "Italian Villas and their Gardens" by Edith Wharton, and the contributions by Maurice Maeterlinck, Ernest Thompson Seton, "Maarten Maartens" and Dr. Weir Mitchell. A goodly magazine of good things.

MESSRS. SONNENSCHNIGER have made plans for "A Dictionary of Indian Biography," to include brief lives of all men and women who have distinguished themselves in that country since its government lapsed from the hands of the East India Company. It need scarcely be said that properly carried out such a work will be a valuable addition to our reference libraries.

Bibliographical

IGATHER that there is to be a "celebration" of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Why that incident should be "celebrated" I do not know; and I feel sure that if Hawthorne himself could be consulted in the matter he would be the first to deprecate the performance. One can fancy his shade suffering acutely (if a shade can suffer) at the mere spectacle of the volumes written on the subject of his life and work. So super-sensitive a nature as his could hardly rejoice in praise or in demonstrations of any kind. He has been made to write, in a sense, his own autobiography in the shape of the "American Note-Books" of 1868, the "English Note-Books" of 1870, and the "French and Italian Note-Books" of 1871. Here, no doubt, we get at the man as he really was; but how about the memoirs by his son, by M. D. Conway, by Henry James, by J. T. Fields, by "H. A. Page," by G. E. Woodberry—the "Study" by G. P. Lathrop, the "Memories" by Rose Lathrop and the "Personal Recollections" of Horatio Bridge? All of these, whether of American or of English origin, have been published in our midst and perused with interest.

This country, indeed, has always shown a keen appreciation of Hawthorne. Not only has it received with gratitude such of his books (separately or in complete editions) as American publishers chose to send over; it has printed countless editions of its own manufacture, or, at least, with its own imprimatur. So far as I can discover, the first of Hawthorne's books acclimatised by us was "Fanshawe," which appeared

anonymously in 1828, when he was only twenty-four. Then came "Twice-Told Tales" (1849), "The Scarlet Letter" (1851), "The House with the Seven Gables" (1851), "The Snow Image and Other Tales" (1851), "The Blithedale Romance" (1852), "Mosses from an Old Manse" (1852), "Transformation" (1860), "Our Old Home" (1863), "Pansie" (1864), "A Wonder-Book for Boys and Girls" (1867), and so on. Of late years certain of Hawthorne's works have been reprinted very frequently. There were no fewer than five reprints of "The Scarlet Letter" last year, and there were two in 1901. Last year there were two reprints both of the "Wonder-Book" and of "Tanglewood Tales"; and "The House with the Seven Gables" and the "Twice-Told Tales" were both reprinted.

Judging from the number and nature of the reprints I have been able to trace, those books by Hawthorne which have been most popular in England are—after "The Scarlet Letter"—"The House with the Seven Gables" (of which there has been a new edition this year), the "Tanglewood Tales," the "Twice-Told Tales" and the "Wonder-Book." Among the most notable of the illustrated English reprints of Hawthorne are those of "Our Old Home" in 1890 (with photogravures), the "Wonder-Book" in 1892 (Walter Crane), "The Scarlet Letter" in 1897 (T. H. Robinson), "The House with the Seven Gables" in 1897 (F. H. Townsend), "The Blithedale Romance" in 1898 (Townsend), and "Colonial Stories" in 1898 (F. T. Merrill).

A bibliographical interest attaches to the new edition, just issued, of Canon Ainger's "Letters of Charles Lamb." This work first came out in March 1888, and was reprinted in the same year, in 1891 and in 1897. In 1898 appeared Mr. Lucas' "Charles Lamb and the Lloyds," and by arrangement with the publishers of that book the new Lamb letters contained in it were included in Messrs. Macmillan's edition of Lamb's works published in two forms in 1900. These forms were—one in six volumes at thirty shillings, and one in twelve volumes at six guineas. Messrs. Macmillan now reproduce in their Eversley Series the Lamb Letters as presented in 1900, plus some twenty hitherto unpublished letters addressed to John Rickman, of the House of Commons. I must confess to a special liking for Canon Ainger's editions of the Letters, for the reason that he has excluded the merely trivial and banal. No letter is worth printing which has not in it something characteristic or informing. Trifling notes and notelets are not wanted.

It is pleasant to be able to acquire Calverley's "Verses, Translations and Flyleaves" in one pocket volume at half a crown net. The issue of such a volume is a further sign of the genuine popularity of Calverley, which was attested two years ago by the issue of his "Complete Works" in a six-shilling volume. There are in existence, by the way, editions both of "Verses and Translations" and of "Flyleaves" at one shilling net each. This, perhaps, is a still more significant tribute to Calverley's vogue. There were editions of the "Verses and Flyleaves" and of the "Translations into English and Latin" in 1896. The "Literary Remains" were published in 1885; the "Complete Works," originally, in 1888. The "Verses and Translations" came out first in 1862; the "Flyleaves" in 1871.

The newly-issued abridgment of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" will no doubt have its readers, though, personally, I think the interest of the "Noctes" is historic rather than living. It will be remembered that the late Sir John Skelton brought out a selection from the

work which he entitled "The Comedy of the Noctes." Of this there was an edition in 1888, the latest with which I am acquainted. In 1888 also there was a "popular"



THE HON. MISS MONCKTON

(By Sir Joshua Reynolds)

[Illustration from "A Later Pepys" (Lane)]

edition of the "Noctes." I trust it was "popular"; but I doubt whether even in Scotland there is much demand for the ancient humours of "the Shepherd."

THE BOOKWORM.

The July "Independent Review" will open with "A Minimum Standard of Life," by Mr. Sidney Webb. Professor Goldwin Smith will contribute a paper on "Lines of Religious Enquiry," and the Rev. A. D. Lilley will reply to Mr. Lowes Dickinson's articles on "Religion and Revelation." Mr. J. A. Spender, Editor of the "Westminster Gazette," will discuss "The Confusion of Politics," and Mr. Ralph Neville, K.C., "The First Garden City Company." Among the other contributions to the number may be mentioned: "On History," by the Hon. Bertrand Russell; "The Neutrality of China," by Mr. A. M. Latter; "The Poems of George Meredith," by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan; and "The American West," by Mr. F. C. Howe.

Reviews

Peppis, Peps or Peeps

A LATER PEPYS. THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR WILLIAM WELLER PEPYS, BART., MASTER IN CHANCERY, 1758-1825. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by Alice C. C. Gaussen. 2 vols. (Lane. 32s. net.)

It would be vain to question the propriety of the title of Miss Gaussen's acceptable and most beautifully printed and illustrated volumes, for Sir William Weller Pepys, Baronet, actually was a later Pepys. To imagine, however, that he owes this designation to his having in any measure perpetuated the spirit of his immortal namesake and family connection, though not ancestor, the Pepys of the unique Diary, would be to prepare a very considerable disappointment. Samuel Pepys was one of those rare memoirists whose charm and worth consist not merely in the delineation of the society around them, but even more in the vividness of their self-portraiture. For such an achievement the man must himself be interesting, and an object of sympathy alike in his failings and his virtues. Sir William Pepys complies with this requisite in neither respect: his failings do not appear at all, and his virtues, real, solid, and self-rewarding, are not of a kind to evoke enthusiastic sympathy. His correspondence, consequently, is chiefly interesting for the insight it affords into the society of which he was a member for nearly seventy years, and in this point of view its value is not inconsiderable. It might at first be thought that Miss Gaussen had published too copiously; but, in fact, when a correspondence is devoid of eloquence or brilliancy or exciting narrative of any kind, then, paradoxical as this may appear, it should be printed complete if it is to be printed at all. The effect consists in no particular passages, but in the total impression, the sense of atmosphere, and the general feeling that we are being introduced into the very society in which the writer moved, and taking it with all its commonplace as well as with all its attractive features. An eclectic treatment of material would destroy this impression.

Sir William Pepys, born in 1740, was the son of a banker, and brother of Sir Lucas Pepys, President of the Royal College of Physicians, and the father of a Lord Chancellor and a Bishop of Worcester. A more fortunate man in external circumstances throughout his long life, which extended to 1825, it would not be easy to find, placed at an early period in an honourable and lucrative office which imposed no particular strain upon his moderate capacity, happy in every domestic relation, and enjoying the universal good opinion, including his own. Yet in his early years he suffered so greatly from hypochondria that, with all his piety and orthodoxy, he found himself unable to return thanks for his own existence. He is, perhaps, now chiefly remembered as a victim of the rudeness of Dr. Johnson, which he encountered with tact and forbearance, and gained the respect of his formidable opponent. "Now," said Johnson afterwards, "is Pepys gone home hating me, who love him better than I did before. He spoke in defence of his dead friend; but though I hope I spoke better, who spoke against him, yet all my eloquence will gain me nothing but an honest man for my enemy." Another time he said of Pepys, "I knew the dog was a scholar, but that he had so much taste and so much knowledge I did not know."

Though not a man of eminent parts, Pepys certainly was a man of culture, and his epistolary style improved much after he had tried his prentice hand upon his first friend, William Franks, to whom he addressed eighty-one letters especially aiming at the improvement of his mind, "which are," says the editor, "from their long-winded sentences, most difficult to decipher, and reflect great credit on the patience of the recipient." But how does she know that Franks did read them? He had no one by him to reduce them by three-fourths, as is here done for the patient reader's behoof. Sir William's letters to Hannah More are much better. They begin in 1783, and, after a long break, are continued till nearly the end of his life. One observation, made in 1824, is really smart: "Imagination has till lately been such a scarce commodity in Germany that now that they have got it they don't know what to do with it." Sir Lucas Pepys records his grand tour in Italy. Major Rennell's letters are chorographic, as befits the geographer; and the liveliness of Wraxall's epistles justifies the anticipation raised by his memoirs. Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Hartley are terribly didactic, but all the more characteristic of the style and taste of the time. Such letters could not now be had for love or money. Their solemnity is relieved by the editor's lively sketch of the English *salon* in the eighteenth century, including the anecdote of the deaf lady who carried an assortment of ear trumpets about her, and was herself obliged by a friend with a selection of *silver ears*. The editorial work is well done throughout, but the most striking features of the book are its typographical elegance and its copious and admirable illustration, equally successful whether recording beauties like Cecilia Bosanquet, eminent men like David Hartley, whose semblances are now unfamiliar, districts like Hanover Square, whose appearance has undergone mutation, or such curiosities as the sampler worked by Mary Pepys in A.D. 1747.

R. GARNETT.

A. C. S.

THE POEMS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. In Six volumes. Vol. I. Poems and Ballads. First Series. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)

MESSRS. Chatto & Windus have at last presented us with the first volume of that which all poetic students—nay, all lovers of literature—have long desired: namely, a collected library edition of Mr. Swinburne's poetical works. Well printed, on good paper, and at a reasonable price, the first volume gives promise of an excellent edition. Its value is increased by a Preface from Mr. Swinburne, addressed to Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, in which he reviews the general series of his poems. Long and inevitably not without interest though this prefatory letter be, it is less interesting than might have been expected. Certainly it has not the supreme interest which one would beforehand have attached to a great poet's mature survey of his life's work. So much is there which Mr. Swinburne alone might have told us; so much on which we should eagerly have welcomed his personal point of view. But we get little of it all; and little of the self-criticism which a poet (like Mr. Swinburne) who is also a critic might with such peculiar illuminativeness have given us. On the whole it is rather pleasant and slightly discursive chat about his work. Concerning the present famous and revolutionary volume of "Poems and Ballads" he has little more to say than that the critics

were woefully astray as to the personal or fanciful element in the book. "Imaginary" poems they unanimously pronounced personal; completely personal poems they viewed as fantasies. Which is like enough, but not of much interest to lovers of poetry. For the rest, perhaps the most interesting statements are that Victor Hugo described "Bothwell" as an epic drama; and the declaration that "when I write plays it is with a view to their being acted at the Globe, the Red Bull, or the Black Friars," even as Charles Lamb (Mr. Swinburne reminds us) "wrote for antiquity." It is interesting, too, to have Mr. Swinburne's emphatic declaration for the Greek and formal treatment of the Ode as the one lawful treatment. There is the statement that the "Forsaken Garden" and its kindred poems were inspired by "the supreme desolation of the ruins of Dunwich," and there is a characteristically fine and Swinburnean passage on these and the descriptive poems in general. But as a whole Mr. Swinburne, like many poets, is especially concerned with and especially loquacious regarding those poems which make least appeal to the greater part of his admirers; the plays, the political poems and the "Tristram of Lyonesse."

Concerning these, the first series of "Poems and Ballads," what in this day remains to be said? "Atalanta in Calydon" is greater; but beyond even that brilliant poem this volume is representative. It contains his most rich, various and personal work; it is an epitome of Swinburne. There are poems such as the "Triumph of Time," which are perhaps most characteristically Swinburnean: suggesting brocades and gold-tissued cloths, heavy with far-brought scents. There are lyrics of wind-like lightness, such as the exquisite "Itylus." There is the pathetic lyric in which the poet takes leave of his songs. There are poems breathing Baudelaire and poems breathing the Hebrew prophets. There are the too-famous fleshly poems. And in all guises remains something which is Swinburne, and none else. It is, we repeat, the epitome of Swinburne.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Indian Ink

HARRY FURNISS AT HOME. Written and illustrated by himself. (Unwin. 16s. net.)

It has been said by some wag that caricature is a nasty remark in Indian ink. And in taking rank as a caricaturist we are bound to allow Mr. Furniss a certain amount of acidity. But he, like most Englishmen of the lampooning tendency, uses a pretty coloured ink for his spites, and the acid is not very biting. It should perhaps be said, before taking Mr. Harry Furniss' new book in detail, that his literary power is not by any means equal to his sketching or his talk—he is one of those men who ought to be set talking whilst a shorthand reporter is started to work upon him when he has warmed to his business. Yet there are in this book some patches of writing that show a fine restraint, a very vivid pen, and a trenchant clean-cut style that it would be difficult to overpraise. There is in particular one little gem—the description of a prize-fight—that is told with rare art and convincingness and precision. It is just the subject that would have tempted one of Henley's "young men" to write a coarse and pedantic piece of prose; but we are given

the fight, I mean "contest," in a few words that are most happily chosen, so that we watch almost breathlessly the splendid athlete Slavin being outmanœuvred



THE JUDGMENT OF THE PLASTER OF PARIS

(By Sir Edwin Burne-Jones. From my Royal Academy "An Artistic Joke")

[Illustration from "Harry Furniss at Home" (Unwin)]

and outstayed by the black fighter Jackson: we see that dark worthy stand through Slavin's awful punishment of him, until the tide turns and he gets the "auctioneer" (right hand) home at last and "makes a chopping block" of Slavin's bewildered "thinking-piece." The thing is set down with a mastery over words that might have made Mr. Harry Furniss a fine writer, had he begun early enough to train his writing-

pen as he has trained his drawing-pen, perhaps the most difficult and rigid tool that the artist has ever been called upon to handle. By the way, Mr. Furniss tells the story of the inspecting general who snatched the rifle from the recruit and firing at the target, made an "outer"—"That is the way *you* shoot," said the general with masterly calm. But when he next fires and says "That is the way *I* shoot," Mr. Furniss must make him hit the "bull" not the "target," in future editions.

The caricaturist's chapter on Max O'Rell is the best piece of observation in the book. His comparison of Max O'Rell with Du Maurier rings true and deep-sighted. It is wholly right. I do not think that Mr. Furniss' pen does, as a rule, set down men in all their facets; but in this case the picture of the two men is convincing and happy. However, to me the book is most interesting in that it gives a picture of the man himself in a way that he perhaps least of any suspects. Reading between the lines we catch some of the reasons for his successes, and get a hint at times for his failures. But Mr. Furniss can afford to laugh at the slight rebuffs of Dame Fortune, for he has made a success of nearly every talent that he has attempted to polish. He is not of those who hide their talent in a napkin and bury it.

HALDANE MACFALL.

Charm and Power

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. By Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes). (Burns & Oates. 2s.)

POSSIBLY St. Paul's closing of the pulpits of Christendom to women has had something to do with the general contempt into which preaching has fallen. The written rather than the spoken word now prevails; and nobody would deny to Mrs. Craigie's moving little discourse an influence for good which no single effort of pulpit eloquence could hope to achieve. St. Paul was all things to all men; but Mrs. Craigie's charm and power lie in the fact that she is all things, not only to all men, but to all women and children as well. Even in her dearest concern—that of putting forward St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, as a great master—perhaps *the* great master—of the Science of Life—even there she will allow a child's objections:

"St. Ignatius saw the whole world as a battlefield, and men serving under two standards, the Standard of Christ and the Standard of the Devil . . . I told this parable to a child not long ago, and she said 'I see you have very old-fashioned ideas.'"

The note of sweetness and sanity which this passage strikes is typical. "I do not think we pay enough attention to the views of the young," she boldly announces with an accompanying hope that she alarms not "kind parents and guardians." She knows the young with the full understanding that means full forgiveness:

"The young may pay a great price for their amusements; yet, let it be always remembered, they pay it without a murmur; they pay sweetly and patiently for their little dances and finery; they make their sacrifices cheerfully; they have an instinctive philosophy which they cannot formulate; but when the pains and responsibilities of life surprise them they show, as a rule, a courage which puts professional sufferers to shame."

Who that knows the young girls of the period but will recognise the delicately touched portrait—which is all the more moving because it is so moderate?

"They will have amusement," she proceeds to say; "they marry for love; they fall in love and out of it; they do not think enough about their souls; and they take their bodies for granted; they spend every penny they can get." (Not all of them even that!) "They do not consider the morrow; and, when they read, they often read novels which are to the experienced grotesque. They are tiresome when they are asked to follow the Meditations of St. Ignatius"—

But here we are brought to a standstill, for this tiresomeness must seem to be ours, and with no condoning youth to cover it. Mrs. Craigie's main thesis is the superiority of the psychology of Ignatius Loyola over that of Tolstoi; and we have left it to follow her in one of her own byways. Her book is, in effect, a reply to the daily question: "Where do I come in?" The reply must be sought for in her own pages; and there also will be found a sweetness and light rarely associated with the eager missionary spirit that is hers.

The Prose of Italy

ITALY: A POPULAR ACCOUNT OF THE COUNTRY, ITS PEOPLE AND ITS INSTITUTIONS. By Professor W. Deecke. Translated by H. A. Nesbitt, M.A. Illustrated. (Sonnenschein. 15s.)

GERMANY has taken possession of Italy in many ways, through its invaders, its emperors, its poets, and its dreamers. Professor Deecke has made the Apennine Peninsula his own by a study of its geology, its hydrography, its climate and soil, its conditions: economic, political and social—in truth a survey of all the forces and elements which have entered into its development. With the modern recognition of the sea as the great shaping power in history, the book opens with a chapter "On the Surrounding Seas" before consideration of "The Relief of the Country." The study of the physical conditions of the peninsula is admirable: its mountain ranges and river systems, and the relations of both to its climate, soil and products. The volume is as detailed as a Government Blue Book, with such ingathering and classification of facts as is possible only to the Teutonic mind. The chapter on "Products" is as definite as a Consular Report, giving full statistics as to mineral deposits: its chief wealth being in zinc, lead, iron and sulphur extracted from its gypsum beds. Italy is rich in marbles and building stones, volcanic tufa or travertine, limestone, granite, lavas and clay adapted to the potter's art and so significant of the history of centuries, through amphoræ, tiles and bas-reliefs revealed through the archaeological excavations. But the country is poor in coal, which retards the development of its industries, and it lacks extensive forests, though with great growth of brushwood. All cereals are grown and great variety of leguminous vegetables. The Spanish chestnut is largely cultivated and used both for peasant bread and as a substitute for the potato. The fruits vary from the apple, pear and cherry of the North to the lemons, oranges and melons of the South. The almond, with its pink flush across the hill, and the olive, whose silver-grey foliage clouds the slopes, are among important crops. The prosperity of Italy is largely dependent upon its vineyards and its wines, beloved of poets from the Falernian of Horace to Paul Bourget's flask of Chianti. Space fails to touch upon the cattle, the dairy products, the fisheries, the silk-culture and the coral and pearl industries. In the chapters on "Geology," "Hydrography" and "Climate," the rock formations, the volcanoes, the recurrence of earthquakes, the river courses, the crater-lakes, the subterranean streams, the action of tides and winds are all studied both as to their

origin and effects. A condensed but comprehensive sketch is given of the history of Italy from the earliest Greek colonies to the Triple Alliance. The development of Imperial Rome, its decadence, the political vicissitudes of the country through invasions and alien governments, the internecine wars of the mediæval City Republics, the Bourbon, Napoleonic, Spanish and Austrian dynasties are all outlined, and the revolutions which led to Italian independence and unity. Only in the chapter on "The Church and Public Worship" does the author betray German and Protestant prejudices.

In "Art, Language and Science" there is a review of the evolution of architecture under Greek, Gothic and Arab influences, of the schools of painting of Florence, Umbria, Padua and Venice, and of the decay of the art of sculpture under the late Roman Emperors and its renaissance in the Tuscan artists of the fourteenth century. The study of literature is too sketchy to have much value, covering the field from the classical authors to the writers of to-day. The author has a scholarly interest in little known dialect comedies and poems, Venetian, Piedmontese and Sicilian, but is curiously careless in his estimate of modern writers, as when he sees in that cruelly hard, realistic Matilde Serao a representative of "a too flowery, bombastic speech," and in Gabriele d'Annunzio, that dreamer in death-scented gardens, "an author of realistic romances." Italy is the home of music and the drama, but space fails for any consideration of the development of these arts, both natural languages to the Latin race. The chapter on "Topography" gives the physical features of the various provinces: the fertile plain of Lombardy, the lagoons, dunes and islands of Venetia, the folded hills of Tuscany rich with vines, olives and mulberries, "Green Umbria," a land of mountains and elevated valleys, Latium, the world's battle-field, Campania called "Felix," the home of the Greek colonies beneath the menace of active volcanoes, and Sicily, that island of memories, so swept into the swirl of world currents.

The author, in his survey of the political history of Italy, is optimistic in his outlook to the future and believes in the strength of the young kingdom to hold her position among the Great Powers of Europe. As a book of reference this volume is invaluable from its fulness of information on all subjects relating to the growth, conditions and possibilities of Italy; but this is Italy in the prose of products, exports, imports and statistics. The only touch of poetry is in the span of wide-horned oxen on the cover—such with soft brown eyes are met, dragging primæval waggons on dusty Campagna roads.

L. STUDDIFORD MCCHESENEY.

THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY. By Paul Wernle. Translated by the Rev. G. A. Bienemann, and edited, with an introduction, by the Rev. W. D. Morrison. Vol. II. The Development of the Church. Theological Translation Library. Vol. XVII. (Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d.)

ROUGHLY speaking, the age of which in this second volume Professor Wernle treats is an age of anonymity and of second-rate minds.

In the New Testament he discerns two strata. The older comprises the Synoptists, the genuine Paul and the Apocalypse. These are the oldest written sources that remain to us, and even in them we have the testimony of no eye-witness. Even Mark is "entirely the product of the faith of the Church." Nevertheless in these documents may be discerned the genuine persons of Jesus and of Paul. And of the second

stratum the Gospel of John is the most important. Its author the German Professor discerns "standing like a general on a watch-tower." "At his feet he beholds the hosts of the Jews, the Greeks, and in his own camp the Gnostics. He forms a clear conception of the position of each of them and issues plain commands how each is to be met." The main achievement of its author is that he bridged over the chasm between Jesus and Paul: he carried the Pauline gospel into the life and teaching of Jesus. As Jesus is Paulinised by John, so by the remainder of the books that constitute the second stratum (Acts, the Pastoral Epistles, 1 Peter, and 1 John) is Paul catholicised. For the age of the Christian prophets had passed; from Judaism had been appropriated the notion of a chosen people; from Rome the principle of centralisation and order; and by the end of the first century the foundations of hierarchical jurisdiction were laid. Ignatius, conscious of his own prophetic gifts, could go on to claim for his brethren in the episcopacy a like portion as a part of the ordinary *charisma* of the office. Judaism, Hellenism and Gnosticism, these, as he indicates in his description of the Fourth Gospel, were the three great rivals which in the end the newly organised Church made contributories to her deposit of faith. Not only its ecclesiasticism but its ethics, its apologetics and something of its apocalyptic fancies, were the contribution of the first. From the Greek philosophy came the negative (or, rather, privative) attributes of deity—a notable advance upon the cruder conceptions of the Jewish mind that could rejoice in the theophanies; from the same source also was crystallised the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus, an idea never to be reconciled with the Jewish monotheism. Finally, though Gnosticism was crushed, Christianity in some sort owes to the Gnostics the element of intellectual orthodoxy essential to the Catholic idea of Christian faith. But to Professor Wernle, though Catholicism is in the straight line of development from primitive Christianity, Christianity is fundamentally a redemption; and a review of Christian piety in sub-apostolic times closes this second stage of his account of the "Beginnings."

The history, to anyone who either has an open mind on the subject of which it treats or, setting aside cherished convictions, can rejoice in ingenious guesswork, is full of fascination. The argument is clearly propounded and strikingly illustrated from sacred and apocryphal literature.

Fiction

THE APPRENTICE. By Maud Stepney Rawson. (Hutchinson, 6s.) Mrs. Stepney Rawson is a novelist who always has something interesting to write and who writes it in a conscientious cultured manner. Perhaps she is a little too conscientious and painstaking, her story is apt in parts to suggest a straining effort that robs it of its spontaneity. But "The Apprentice" is very workmanlike, and written with a careful regard to words and detail that mark it out from the flood of ephemeral literature of the present day. It is a tragedy laid in the picturesque old town of Rye of a hundred years ago, and concerns itself with the doings of William Malines, boat builder, his daughter, and the apprentice, Sterne Wildish. The introduction, which is, perhaps, a thought too long, is full of the spirit of the marshland. Sterne Wildish is a child of the marsh. "He understood completely that message of the marsh to the man who delights in it, comprehended the lapping of the air, the long fervent embrace of the green levels. . . . The marsh had played with the sea, as a woman with too robust and high-spirited

a lover, and he had gone away to spite her. Now she throbbed, and throbbed vainly, all of her, in spirit, turned to sea for sheer desire of the sea." It is an interesting picture of the life in old Rye town that the author paints. She tells us of William Malines' dream of Rye becoming a great port, of his fight to prevent the ruin of the marshes, and of his bitter hatred of the family of landowners who have always opposed his schemes. The story becomes exciting towards the end of the book, when the wreck of three persons' lives seems imminent. It is a fine story, well told.

THE FOOLKILLER. By Lucas Cleeve. (Unwin, 6s.) "*Mea culpa!*" So poor Claire Marchmont might have cried—did cry, as a matter of fact, in the closing pages of the diary which occupies most of this volume. All the sorrows of this sorrowful story spring from a sin and a folly of her own, and little by little she comes to realise the fact. The sin of her infidelity to her first husband and the folly of her marriage to her second, the "Foolkiller" of the title, a man not much more than half her age, are the mainsprings of the action of the book. We are sorry the author raised Claire by degrees from a "fool" to a thinking, reasoning, and suffering woman, only to make her commit suicide in the finish. We think she had risen to a height beyond the possibility of seeking such an end to her own troubles, and her sacrifice proves futile, after all. There is one great truth shown in these pages, and that is the utter impossibility of our being able to confine the effects of our actions, good or bad, to our own lives only; for all our deeds others must suffer or rejoice with us. The character-drawing is clear and well defined, and the people are real—"The Foolkiller" is very real indeed, so is "Claire," the last "fool," we may hope, who falls a victim to his wiles—yet, who knows? His plans have certainly "gang agley" when this volume ends, but it is quite possible that before long Rupert Cunliffe would be figuring in another woman's diary.

THE QUEEN'S QUAIR. By Maurice Hewlett (Macmillan, 6s.) Mary Queen of Scots after the death of her first husband, King Francis of France, married her cousin, Lord Darnley. This same Darnley, in a fit of jealousy, caused her favourite secretary, Rizzio, to be murdered, whereupon the Queen gave rein to her early passion for the Earl of Bothwell, who murdered Darnley and married Mary. Soon after a just fate sent Mary to the block for plotting against Queen Elizabeth. Mary was a Catholic. Such is the history of Mary Queen of Scots that we learn in our schooldays, and if ever we approach the subject again it is with a strong prejudice against her; but for those who read Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new book, "*The Queen's Quair*," such a prejudice will vanish ere the end of the first chapter be reached. The book is an artistic triumph; it is no mere presentation of facts which may be exaggerated into fables; it is a dramatic representation of a Queen dethroned by the woman's heart which beat beneath her regal garments. It vibrates with those life-enhancing qualities which are the essence of true art. In following the dire tragedy enacted therein, we wander into the region of the might-have-been had John Knox declared his love for the Queen; we feel the weight of a crown when, overcome by remorse for allowing herself to cherish an affection outside the purple, Mary gives her hand in marriage to Lord Darnley; our sympathy goes out to her when the Italian singer is murdered. How we long to lift the scales from her eyes when, blinded by her love for Bothwell, she risks her crown, her reputation, her happiness, her very life, for his worthless affection! In the intensely dramatic scene between the Queen and Lady Bothwell, whom the Earl visited as a lover after he had discarded her as a wife, we realise to the full the power of hatred and of love, and the personal magnetism of Mary. The story abounds in psychological insight, vivid colouring, and atmospheric effects. "*The Queen's Quair*" is not a volume to be taken out of the library; it is a book to buy and to possess.

THE GREAT PROCONSUL. By Sydney C. Grier. (Blackwood, 6s.) In "*The Great Proconsul*" we have a subject of singular interest treated by a writer who has

earlier proved her power in dramatic incident and convincing characterisation. It is with unusual regret, therefore, that the critic is compelled to pronounce this painstaking study an artistic failure. It is not by such a domestic chronicle, interspersed with political dissertations, that Sydney Grier can accomplish her purpose of refuting Macaulay's trenchant attacks. The form chosen for her defence of Warren Hastings is not fortunate, though it exhibits her cleverness in the high-flown eighteenth-century diction. Hester Ward, an inmate of the Governor-General's household, and the narrator of his achievements and disappointments, is a very colourless individual, and her personal story, while it fails to grip the reader's sympathy strongly, yet interferes with the historical narrative. As for the portraiture of Hastings himself, we hear much of his dealings with the native princes, his difficulties with his colleagues and the home authorities, and his long struggle with the vitriolic Philip Francis, of "Junius" notoriety. All this, however, is given chiefly as a matter of hearsay, as, later, at the famous trial, Mrs. Ward herself sees Hastings when he is talking sentiment to his "adored Marian" with somewhat ludicrous effect. The force of the man is never conveyed, and his much-lauded benignity grows tedious. Detailed, accurate, and verbose, Mrs. Ward's memoirs of her "revered patron" serve only to convince us that Mrs. Ward was singularly unfitted for the task she imposed on herself.

LE DOCTEUR HARAMBUR. Par J.-H. Rosny. (Plon-Nourrit, 3f.50.) **LE MARQUIS DE VALCOR** (Le Masque d'Amour). Par Daniel Lesueur. (Lemerre, 3f.50.) For those in search of recreation and distraction these two novels may be recommended. George Eliot would certainly have characterised them as "spiritual gin," but we assure our readers the spirit here is of the best quality. They are both stories of intrigue, bordering on melodrama, they make little demand on the intellect, are, however, interesting enough to force us to read them through, and have sufficient literary art to make their perusal a pleasure. The hero of Rosny's story is a man of science who tries his experiments first on animals and then on human beings. Having discovered that he can at will render a dog blind by the injection of a drug that induces paralysis of the optic nerve, and by an antidote restore his sight, at the instigation of his wife, the true villain of the piece, a terrible woman of the Basque race, he disables a man by the same means, and dies himself before he has time to tell any one of the method of cure. His son, however, searches among his father's papers and finds it. The action moves in an atmosphere of engine-factories and strikes, and minute technical knowledge is shown of the conditions under which machinery is manufactured in France, and we suppose elsewhere, at the present day. The love interest is weak, and though the cause of part of the intrigue, it is kept in the background. All the people are not bad, and the Bénése family, the chief partners in the factory, are pleasantly described. It seems strange that Mlle. Jeanne Loiseau, who writes under the pseudonym of Daniel Lesueur—things are better now, but a few years back women in France, unless they pretended to their publishers and their public that they were men, found it difficult to get their work noticed—who has produced an admirable translation of Byron, and is the author of one novel, "*Invincible Charme*," as delightful and artistic as any in the French language, should waste her talents in a tale of vulgar intrigue like the "*Marquis de Valcor*." It is only the first part of a somewhat thrilling and undoubtedly well-sustained story of an exceedingly clever imposture. We are never actually told that the hero is an impostor, we are only left to infer it. The marvellous skill with which he conducts his own affairs, his readiness (which is almost Falstaffian) in the most awkward situations, cannot but arouse our admiration, wicked and unscrupulous as we feel he is. The immense wealth which he acquired in South America helps him to achieve his desires. We confess that we eagerly look forward to the second part, and shall feel a little disappointed if the Marquis does not keep up his deception until the end. The women are less attractive than is usual with this author, but Micheline, the daughter (or perhaps not the daughter) of the Marquis, may later develop into a fine character.

Short Notices

LAURA BRIDGMAN, DR. HOWE'S FAMOUS PUPIL, AND WHAT HE TAUGHT HER. By Maud Howe and Florence Howe Hall. (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) The authors of this book, the daughters of the devoted Boston physician whose work for the blind is famous, lament their father's failure to write a life of Laura Bridgman with his own hand. That failure was due to Dr. Howe's perpetual activity in the work he had undertaken. Blind children continued to be born, and blindness continued to fall upon those—happier or unhappier one hardly can guess—who knew what it was to see. And in the practical work of succouring them the psychological chronicle of the case of the child who was deaf, dumb, and blind, was never made by him who for a time gave himself to its intricate study. His daughters' book is not a psychological study; and the reader who is possibly, and probably, more interested in trying to imagine the state of a mind without the chief senses than in learning the precise method of opening up communications, does not gather very much on that puzzling question. Laura, the daughter of country farmers, who left her for some few years in the inaccessible solitude of her state, having none of the large leisure necessary for her rescue, was not born either blind or deaf; but she lost eyes and ears in so early a stage of infancy that the knowledge of the senses was probably forgotten, so that the facts of light and of form were unknown to her. But the reader stops persistently upon this "probably." Dr. Howe left his testimony to the effect that she was practically as one born without sight, hearing, or smell, when she recovered from the five months' violent illness that befell her at two years old. And it is quite possible that she never acquired language sufficiently subtle to answer the question which so presses on the reader's mind—not Did she remember a thing seen, but Did she remember sight? The record of the poor child's reception into the circle of human association makes an interesting book; we pause especially upon the personal feminine modesty which was found to be literally innate, which had not to be taught, and the absence of which would have been the most dreadful tragedy of her condition. Dr. Howe made of her a happy woman, even though the day came when, in girlhood, she fell in love, and only with some difficulty was convinced that though universal kindness, ready friendship, and a virtually infinite patience were always at her disposal, love was not.

A RUSSO-CHINESE EMPIRE. An English version of "Un Empire Russo-Chinois." By Alexandre Ular. (Constable, 7s. 6d. net.) The contents of this extremely interesting book divide themselves under two main headings—a description of Chinese civilisation, defending the Chinese against Western contempt, and an account of the processes by which the small oligarchy, who, according to the author, really direct the policy of Russia, have been able to annex for all practical purposes Mongolia and Manchuria with the ulterior aim of incorporating at least the north of China in the Russian Empire. It is a large subject, and M. Ular has treated it in an appropriately broad manner, and even if one may not entirely accept all his conclusions, there is no gainsaying the thoroughness of the work and the profundity of the author's knowledge of his subject. Beginning with an historical account of the origin and development of Russo-Chinese relations up to the treaty of Aigoun (1860), M. Ular traces the economic character of Russian expansion, the gravitation of the Empire towards China, the cause of Russo-Chinese intimacy, the principles of Chinese civilisation, the basis and difficulties of trade between China and the West, and the many other factors that go to make that extraordinary and menacing proposition—the China of to-day. Referring to the breaking off of official relations between Peking and Lhasa in 1892, the author makes a hit against Great Britain which is not altogether undeserved. He refers to "a serious blunder on the part of the English Government" when the British Government in India annexed the undoubtedly Thibetan

district of Lha-dak. The Dalai-Lama called upon the Emperor of China to intervene, but the Court of Peking, which had just been put in check by the Western Powers, was quite incapable of doing so. One of the results is the present Thibetan expedition. England then made a mortal enemy of the Dalai-Lama, "whose strength she did not suspect." We are now reaping the fruits of that episode. The modest translator of the book prefers to remain anonymous, but the work is so well done that it does not read like a translation at all. There is an excellent index.

A MODERN BOEOTIA. By Deborah Primrose. (Methuen, 6s.) This volume, which has for sub-title "Pictures from Life in a Country Parish," gives some of the experiences of the wife of a country parson in dealing with her bucolic neighbours. It forms a striking contrast to those volumes, so popular nowadays, in which only the delights of country life are depicted. Deborah Primrose has probably, nay, surely, all the appreciation of the beauty of nature that the most ecstatic of modern country enthusiasts can display. But her duties lie amongst an unimaginative, callous, irresponsible folk, who demand from her the full measure of attention that custom exacts from the parson's wife, and feel little impulse to repay her with kindness of word or even of thought, let alone action. Fortunately she is gifted with a very highly developed sense of humour, so that experiences that would reduce a less amply armed woman to frequent tears leave her only with the sensation of that something between tears and laughter which is close akin to both. The Demon, who conceived the original idea of stealing tulip bulbs from an infant's grave in order to sell them to the mother of the child as fresh decorations for the churchyard, is not the least amazing of the inhabitants of Snorum End. Remembering a familiar proverb, one would expect him to be capable of any enormity, and yet when all the choir boys go out on strike it is the Demon alone who refuses the bribe of the strikers and turns up in time for service. Was it from sheer heartlessness that the old woman of eighty-four, when her husband was being taken away to the infirmary, described him as a wicked old sinner? And was it pure lack of the filial idea that made it hopeless for the old grave-digger, bent double with rheumatism, to persuade his hale and hearty son to do his job for him one day even for a bribe of six shillings? One fears that the root of the trouble is that such teaching as these people get is mere parrot work; that nothing of their instruction is based on the idea of encouraging them to think, and to turn their thoughts through emotion into action. The unused reasoning powers become atrophied exactly as would an unemployed muscle. Here is a sample of a villager's attempt to write down what he knew of the life of St. John Baptist: "St. John the Baby was a prest and is cloes made of kammer skin and he ad a leathern girgle about his weast and is mother Elizabeth and is father name John and food was lukes and wild honney from the rocks and a Angle came to John and said though shall beer a son and is father would not believe it and he was dome till he beer the son and his tongue was loosed and he spake. And John catched a marack-uas draft of fishes and Pouteous Pillipip killed im and ad is ed brought in for supper on a dish." But the unconscious distortion of scripture narrative is not confined to the villager, for one of the "children of the manse" asks, "Did 'Hazi get the spots because he was so naughty?" and on being answered, "Yes, my Book says so," replies, "Then I must be keerful."

CORRESPONDANCE DE GEORGE SAND ET D'ALFRED DE MUSSET. Par Félix Décori. (Bruxelles: E. Deman, 3f.50.) Quite appropriately to the centenary of that wonderful woman known variously as Armandine Lucile Aurore Dupin, or Madame Dudevant, or George Sand, comes this publication of the whole of her correspondence, *intégralement publiée pour la première fois d'après les documents originaux*, with the ill-fated Alfred de Musset. The duplicate signatures, "Aurore Dupin—George Sand," are attached to the deed whereby the original documents are given into the charge of M. Emile Aucante, with precise

directions as to their disposal and publication. M. Aucante in his turn handed them over (in March, 1903) to M. Félix Décori, who now issues the correspondence with the briefest comment and the minimum number of notes. The Sand—de Musset story is by this time old and trite, but none the less sad for that. Their natures were essentially dissimilar. He was nervous, impetuous, artistic; she was calm, domestic, industrious. De Musset summed up their respective characters when he wrote: "I have worked all day. In the evening I wrote ten lines and drank a bottle of brandy. She has drunk two litres of milk and has written half a volume." These letters, which, by the way, were deposited with the National Library of France exactly one month ago, throw no new light on the intimacy of the ill-assorted pair; de Musset is by turns fervid, peevish, and morose. Sand replies in that cool collected pseudo-reasonable manner which must have been terribly irritating to the highly-strung poet. The book contains some amusing portraits of the amorous pair drawn by de Musset's facile pen.

THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR, 1878-79-80: ITS CAUSES, ITS CONDUCT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. By Colonel H. B. Hanna. Vol. II. (Constable, 15s. net.) This is the second volume of Colonel Hanna's history of the second Afghan War; the first volume dealt with the preliminaries of the war, and this volume merely goes down to the Treaty of Gandamak. As this treaty was followed by the murder of Cavagnari at Cabul, and this, again, by nearly all the serious fighting of the war, imagination shrinks from the number of volumes that the author will require to complete his work on the same scale. The bulk of this history is not in the least necessary. Numbers of rather unimportant despatches are copied at length, and an action fought by a small force, such as the combat on and about the Peiwar Kotal, takes up with its preliminaries three chapters. The condition and supplies of the various units of a force are given in a tabular form, pompously entitled "Etat de Situation"—which, as repeatedly explained, is a "technical phrase used by Napoleon to denote strength, position and condition of a Force"—the capital is Colonel Hanna's. Three lines of narrative would have held all the information of this list; but veterans have been garrulous, from Nestor onwards. The account of the details of the war is careful and laborious; but Colonel Hanna ought to have settled in his own mind whether he meant to write a political pamphlet or a military history. If the former, his elaborate and minute details are surplusage; if the latter, his accounts of the speeches made by Mr. Gladstone and others, of the Bishops and other ministers of religion who denounced the war, and of those who ought to have denounced it but did not, are mere irrelevance. The two fixed ideas of the author seem to be that the war was iniquitous and foolish, and that General Roberts displayed hardly any tolerable quality but personal courage. In fact, Colonel Hanna shows all the bias of Napier, on whom he would seem to have modelled himself, with none of the magnificent style of his original.

PHIL MAY IN AUSTRALIA. (Edwards, Dunlop, 21s. net.) The work in this fine volume was originally published in "The Bulletin" (Sydney). All collectors of Phil May's work will be glad to have this handsome volume, which contains many drawings which May never surpassed. May was a great craftsman, a great humorist, only lacking a touch of sentiment or pathos to have made him a great artist. The drawings in this selection display all his merits, and are additionally interesting as representing an earlier stage in his career than most of us are acquainted with. Some of the work here is far more detailed than any which he gave us in later years over here; he had not yet worked to a climax his famous method of "leaving out." It is difficult to decide which manner we like best, which is most effective; possibly the truth is that he did best when he suited his method to his matter. There is an unexpected touch of the sinister in some of the cartoons—but he was young then, and the young hit hard. An excellent enterprise excellently carried out.

Reprints and New Editions

This week I have before me a varied collection of reprints, not one, however, without some interest. The first I take up, is a GREEK TESTAMENT (British and Foreign Bible Society), with critical apparatus of great value. The text is in the main that published by the Bible Society of Württemberg at Stuttgart in 1898; the notes and references are thorough. The printing (on thin paper) by the Cambridge University Press is, needless to say, admirable. Turning from grave to gay, here is the NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ (Isbister, 3s. 6d. net), abridged, with an introduction by Mr. J. H. Millar, who counts the mighty Christopher North's work as a triumph of the "higher journalism." Shade of Professor Wilson, haunt me not, it was not I said this thing! Messrs. Isbister have done their share of the work excellently well. Then, what are these? James Grant—Captain Marryat! It was years and years ago, as the story-tellers have it, that first these names burst upon me; what delightful memories they now call up! It is indeed pleasant to meet such dear old friends, and with what bright new dresses Mr. Grant Richards has sent them forth into the world of schoolboys! (The Boys' Classics, 1s. net each.) Boys, forsooth! Who are they that they should monopolise these sweets! Perhaps, however, Mr. Grant Richards is catering for old boys as well as young—and girls, too, for the matter of that. There are some sweets dear to the literary Little Maries of old and young alike, among them MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY and THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD. Thank you, Mr. Richards; our boys had better save up their pence and take care of the Boys' Classics. The same publisher sends me another good work, the first volume of THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING (The World's Classics, cloth 1s. net), without—thank goodness!—an introduction. Classics can well be left to take care of themselves. I note with pleasure that many of the volumes in this capital series have run into several editions, which shows that book-buyers know a good thing when they are offered it. Indeed, the lover of good literature to-day may well look back on the Victorian era as dark days, when good books were dear and cheap books were nasty. Nowadays we can fill a shelf for a handful of silver with delightful reading for many and many an hour. Messrs. Treherne make me angry by sending me a volume with a label pasted on the title-page, to remove which makes an unsightly scar. This almost equals in iniquity the evil habit, gradually dying out, pursued by some publishers of stamping "Presentation Copy" and so forth across the title-page. What good ends are achieved by these practices I cannot conceive. After all, a critic is a man and a brother, and likes his books unmutated. But then critics are born to be kicked when they dare to censure and to be ignored when they see their way to praise. Apart from this matter, I am grateful to Messrs. Treherne for a neatly printed, neatly bound reprint of Walt Whitman's LEAVES OF GRASS (The Vagabond's Library, leather 2s. 6d. net, cloth 1s. 6d. net). At least the cloth edition is neat; of the leather I have not had a view. Again, alas, poor critic! But why not complete? I am glad that the editor realises that he has "taken the liberty of separating and throwing aside those portions of 'Leaves of Grass' which seem to me either ridiculous or tiresome." It is to my mind an unpardonable liberty. Only employ a sufficient number of editors to each reprint, and publishers would save themselves all risks—for there would be no text left in many cases. Whitman wished to say somewhat and to say his say in his own way. We may not desire to read him, but, for heaven's sake, let an author be judged by his works, without portions of them having been thrown aside by enterprising editors. A selection is one affair, a cutting down because the editor considers portions of a work "ridiculous or tiresome" is another—and a bad matter. Mr. Alexander Moring, of the De La More Press, must be written down as a bookman's benefactor, not the least of his benefactions being The King's Classics (1s. net each volume), in which I am glad to have CUPID AND PSYCHE AND OTHER TALES FROM THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULEIUS, the translation being Adlington's. Charming bound and

printed. Then, lastly, the second volume of THE WORKS OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE (The English Library, Grant Richards, 8s. 6d. net). I spoke highly of Vol. I. last week, I need therefore only say that the second is worthy of the first.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

"Horace," "Virgil," and "Thucydides" are the first volumes of a new series of examination papers which is being issued under the general editorship of Mr. T. C. Weatherhead, M.A., Senior Assistant Master at Elstree School. The first-named book has been prepared by the general editor, while the other two have been edited by Mr. W. G. Coast, B.A., and the Rev. T. Nicklin, M.A., respectively. The series has been prepared with a view to providing masters, tutors and private students with test papers in translation, grammatical questions, &c., on each of the authors generally read at schools and universities. —A new work on Dante is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock, entitled "The Epic of the Middle Ages." It professes to give a simple account of the "Divina Commedia" for those who are not familiar with Dante's great work.—Dr. J. Holland Rose has in preparation a collected edition of his essays and articles on the period 1795-1820, which will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Bell, under the title of "Napoleonic Studies."—The Rev. Francis Bourdillon, M.A., author of "Bede's Readings," is publishing a new volume of sermons for family, social, and private reading, entitled "Short Sermons," which will be issued immediately by Messrs. S. C. Brown, Langham & Co., Ltd.—"Russia: Her Strength and Her Weakness" is the title of a new work by Professor Wolf von Schierbrand which Messrs G. P. Putnam's Sons will issue immediately. The volume is furnished with maps and an index.—"The Modern Obstacle," by Alice D. Miller, will be published next week by G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The growing interest in psychic phenomena has been already attested by Mr. Edward T. Bennett's popular "History of the Psychical Society," of which the success has encouraged its author to the production of a new work on kindred subjects, equally well calculated to attract the general reader. This volume is to be issued immediately by Mr. Brimley Johnson, and will be entitled "Twenty Years of Psychical Research, 1882-1901." It deals once more with the investigations conducted by the Society, but they are here treated in a different manner and illustrated by different evidence, to which latter three chapters are entirely devoted.—Mr. Brimley Johnson has ready for immediate publication a volume of verse entitled "Devices and Desires," by a new writer, Dr. P. H. Lulham.—The next number of "Dana" will contain: "The Policy of the Irish Party," Stephen Gwynn, "Sunday in July," poetry, Professor Dowden, "The Possibility of a Thought Revival in Ireland," Hon. W. Gibson, "Moods and Memories—IV.," George Moore, "The Facts of Church-building in Ireland," F. Hugh O'Donnell, "On Going to Church," John Eglinton, &c.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

Grenfell, D.Litt. (B. P.), and Hunt, D.Litt. (A. S.), translated and edited by, New Sayings of Jesus and Fragment of a Lost Gospel from Oxyrhynchus.....(Frowde) net 1/0
Stade, D.D. (Bernhard), and Schwally, Ph.D. (Friedrich), The Books of Kings.....(Nutt) 18m.

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

Courtney (W. L.), The Development of Maurice Maeterlinck.....(Richards) net 3/6
Gore-Booth (Eva), The One and the Many.....(Longmans) net 2/6
Duval (Denise), Back Numbers.....(Drane) 1/0
Hughes-Games (Stephen), Thekla and Other Poems.....(Longmans) net 3/6
Nicklin (J. A.), Secret Nights.....(Nutt) net 2/6
The Epic of the Middle Ages, by a Lover of Dante.....(Stock) 2/6
Yeats (W. B.), The Tables of the Law.....(Elkin Mathews) net 1/0 and 2/6
Moore (Evelyn), The Fortune Seeker.....(Elkin Mathews) net 1/0

Art

Harry Furniss at Home, by Himself.....(Unwin) net 16/0
The Royal Academy from Reynolds to Millais, the Record of a Century.....("The Studio") net 5/0
Lawford (Katharine F.), Stories of the Early Italian Masters (Sunday School Association) net 1/6

History and Biography

Thompson, D.D. (The Rev. Canon), The History and Antiquities of St. Saviour's, Southwark.....(Ash & Co.) net 5/0
Weir, B.D. (T. H.), The Shaikhs of Morocco.....(Morton)
Aton, LL.D. (The late Lord), planned by, edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., G. W. Prothero, Litt.D., and Stanley Leathes, M.A., The Cambridge Modern History, Vol. VIII.: The French Revolution (Cambridge Press) net 16/0

Travel and Topography

Crosfield (Gulielma), Two Sunny Winters in California.....(Headley) net 2/6
Robinson (E. Kay), In the King's County.....(Isbister) 6/0

Educational

Warriner (John), Handbook on the Art of Teaching as applied to Music.....(Trinity College, London) 2/6
Roberts (Rawdon), Preliminary Geometry.....(Blackie) 1/0
King, M.A. (J.), The School Manager's Handbook, 1904-1905.....(Arnold) 1/6
Register of Teachers for Secondary Schools.....(Sonnenschein) net 2/0
Thimm (C. A.), Dutch Self-taught.....(Marlborough) 2/0 and 2/6
Lexis, Ph.D. (W.), translated by G. J. Tamson, Ph.D., History and Organisation of Public Education in the German Empire (Asher) net 3/6
Postgate (J. P.), edited by, Corpus Poetarum Latinorum.....(Bell) net 9/0

Miscellaneous

Craigie (Mrs.), The Science of Life.....(Burns & Oates) net 2/0
Annual Register for the Year 1903 (New Series).....(Longmans) 18/0
Thomas (Ralph), Swimming.....(Sampson Low) net 10/6
Davies (Mary), The Housewife's What's What.....(Unwin) 6/0
Browne (Colonel E. C.), National Service.....(MacLehose)
Sandwith (M.), from the German of Baron E. von der Brüggen (Digby, Long) 6/0
Low (A. Maurice), Protection in the United States.....(P. S. King) net 3/6
Dawson (W. Harbutt), Protection in Germany.....(P. S. King) net 3/6
Chomley (C. H.), Protection in Canada and Australasia (P. S. King) net 3/6
Turner (A. T.), A New Morality.....(Richards) 2/0
Putnam, Litt.D. (G. H.), The Fiscal Question in the United States (P. S. King) net 0/6
Harris (S. H.), The National Unionist.....(Chapman & Hall) net 1/0
May (Thomas), Warrington's Roman Remains (Warrington: Mackie) net 5/0
The Licensing Bill, 1904: Article No. 10.....(York: Delittle Fenwick) 0/1
The Collector, Vol. II.....(Cox) 10/6
Fothergill (Gerald), A List of Emigrant Ministers to America, 1690-1811.....(Stock) 7/6
Ely, Ph.D., LL.D. (R. T.), and Wicker, Ph.D. (G. R.), Elementary Principles of Economics.....(Macmillan) net 4/6
The Jewish Literary Annual, 1904.....(Jewish Literary Societies) 1/0
Miles (Eustace), Let's Play the Game.....(Guilbert Pitman) net 1/0
Publications of the Modern Language Association of America (Cambridge, Mass.: The Association)
Caillaux (J.), The Fiscal Question in France.....(P. S. King) net 0/6

Fiction

"The Reverend Jack," by Naunton Courtside (Drane), 6/0; "A Thing of Shreds and Patches" (White), 3/6; "A Modern Exodus," by Violet Guttenberg (Greening), 6/0; "A Flash of the Will," by Winifred Stanley (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; "The Stolen Submarine," by George Griffith (White), 6/0; "A Specialist in Crime," by George G. Bolton (Richards), 3/6; "A Weaver of Webs," by John Oxenham (Methuen), 6/0; "Sister Anne," by John Strange Winter (White), 1/0; "High Noon," by Alice Brown (Nash), 6/0; "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill (Macmillan), 6/0; "The Rival Millionaires," by Lewin Fitzhamon (Ward, Lock), 3/6; "The Vicar's Mistake," by H. Hargreaves (Stock), 6/0; "The Honourable Bill," by Fox Russell (Arrow-smith), 6/0; "Brother Francis," by Darley Dale (Everett), 6/0; "The Views of Christopher," with a Preface by Coulson Kernahan (Elkin Mathews), net 2/0; "The Herbs of Medea," by Theophila North (Elkin Mathews), net 2/6.

Reprints and New Editions

Macmillan: "The Letters of Charles Lamb," edited by the late Alfred Ainger, 2 vols., each net 4/0; "Travels in London," &c., by W. M. Thackeray, 3/6.
Richards: "The Works of Sir Thomas Browne," Vol. II., edited by Charles Sayle, net 8/6; "The Wealth of Nations," Vol. II., by Adam Smith, net 1/0; "The Poetical Works of Robert Browning," Vol. I., net 1/0.
Treherne: "Leaves of Grass (Selected)," by Walt Whitman, net 1/6 and 2/6.
Isbister: "Noctes Ambrosianae," by John Wilson (Christopher North), net 3/6.

Sixpenny Reprints

Cassell: "The Ship of Stars," by A. T. Quiller-Couch.
Arrow-smith: "The Tinted Venus," by F. Anstey.

Periodicals

"North American Review," "The Atlantic Monthly," "The Photo Miniature," "The Girl's Realm," "Cassell's History of the Russo-Japanese War," "Pall Mall Magazine," "Alpine Journal," "Economic Journal," "Printseller and Collector," "The Journalist," "The Royal," "Literary News," "The Kokka" (with Catalogue).

Foreign

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

Vivien (Renée), Les Kitharèdes, traduction nouvelle avec le texte grec (Paris: Lemerre) 3f.50

Miscellaneous

Peyron (Bernardinus), Codices Italici.....(Taurini: Carolus Clausen) 18 lire
de Frensi (Giulio), Candidati All' Immortalità (Bologna: Nicola Zanichelli) 4 lire
Bérard (Victor), La Révolte de l'Asie.....(Paris: Colin) 4f.
Mansilla (Lucio V.), Mis Memorias, Infancia-Adolescencia (Paris: Garnier Hermanos)

Periodicals

"Petermann's Mitteilungen."

Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

XVII.—On Vexations

THE other day I read of a recluse who had carved on the oak mantelpiece of his library this sentence: "I am an old man now: I've had lots of trouble, and most of it never happened."

There is strangeness, yet more truth than strangeness, in that confession. We are not told that all the trouble never happened, but that most of it never happened. The meaning, beyond doubt, is that no matter how tragic actual events may be, they are rare in comparison with those distressing states of mind and soul which occur daily, which form the perpetual moral atmosphere of certain individuals, which are called matters of temperament by the unimaginative, which are known by spiritual and all other doctors of experience to be for ever incurable.

A well-known modern French critic has just said that the difference between the drama of England and the drama of other nations lies in the great fact that the Anglo-Saxon public wish to hear whether Edwin marries Angelina, while Europeans elsewhere wish to know the moral effects of the marrying, or the not marrying, on the souls of the symbolic pair. What, in truth, does Edwin really think and feel? What, in the silence of her heart, does Angelina brood over or rejoice at? What, to sum up, were the troubles that never happened? Mr. Pinero, among dramatists who are obliged to consider the peculiarities of Anglo-Saxon playgoers, has tried his utmost to bring psychology—which is to the play what the soul is to the body—into his serious works: he has tried to tell more than the bald facts and clipped dialogue of a situation: he has sought for the eternal lyrical note under the feeble *patois*: he has endeavoured to give, not a verbatim conversation between some wretched pair on a particular afternoon, but to compose the scene between the broken-hearted of all times. Such aims are high: a little group, in many centuries, against the whole world, have succeeded in hitting artistic perfection, but a man who has the courage to take even a wisp of psychological truth into the small parlour of a London theatrical manager is a man who is by no means unconscious that he is writing rather to satisfy his own sense than to impress those who cast respectful glances toward the agents of trick-wrestlers and prodigious children. It is wrong to maintain, however, that the English mind is not given to introspection or the analysis of moral crises. It analyses without method and without impartiality, but it is shrewd enough to be fully sentient of its own misery or its own satisfaction: it seems to say to itself what a plain-speaking invalid once said to his expert physicians: "I don't know what you call pain or what I have got, but it hurts me to move and I cannot live. That ends it," and so speaking, he met death as a merciful deliverance from agony and the specialists. "I don't know what I have got"—is a variation on that poignant slang of onlookers—"He doesn't know what has struck him." The worst is that the observer himself is too often in the dark also: if he knew what had "struck" the sufferer, he might be more sympathetic, less vulgarly inquisitive: less brittle as a friend: more

profound as a philosopher: infinitely more civilised as a human being.

One striking illustration of the ill-breeding of the average Anglo-Saxon attitude toward psychology has been curiously displayed in a number of the criticisms, professional and otherwise, passed on a recent production of Mr. Gilbert Murray's superb translation of the *Hippolytus*. When the wrath of a goddess, rather than a supper at a fashionable restaurant, is offered as the real cause of a tragic love, humanity should feel gratitude for the magnificence of such a defence. The squalor of the usual flirtation is immediately relieved; and we have the dignity of an afflicted soul as opposed to the humiliation of the fowls of the poultry-yard. Humanity has responded for several centuries to the truth of Euripides, but the manner of the moment in England is in favour of tittering. One must titter: one must try, somehow, to be modern: one must compare Phædra and Hippolytus with quite nice people we have met who on the one hand have never heard of Aphrodite, and, on the other, cannot imagine an over-mastering instinct for chastity: one takes one's self—not other persons—seriously: one must finish as one begins—one must titter. If this tittering arose from an untameable sense of humour, one might forgive it while one deplored its inappropriate manifestation; but humour cries till it laughs—it never titters. Tittering comes from the want of self-confidence, or mere flippancy: most often, however, from want of self-confidence, a nervousness.

If indeed the supper at the expensive or at the cheap eating-house were all—(and let the supper stand for the whole domestic *tracas*)—the titter is a noble effort to smile kindly at the contemptible. But the supper is not all: the wrath of the god or the goddess is forever present. Mr. Gilbert, in his "Fairy's Dilemma," calls them Rosebud and Alcohol: he, as a genial satirist, shows them at work, driving a brave man to play the brutal clown and a sensitive woman to pirouette, in anguish, for the mob—a touch or two more and Mr. Gilbert's comedy would be painful. And it is not always Venus who is offended: Juno may be injured: Neptune takes his revenge: Jupiter and Mars are fierce in their resentments: there are so many gods and goddesses to appease. And they are ever moving and making, now intensifying, and now soothing, the troubles that never happened—the events which, happening, are remembered as dreams.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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Egomet

IHAVE cause of quarrel with Mr. James Boswell, who in his Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. did frequently render himself absurd by his jeers at that charming man, Oliver Goldsmith. I use the adjective charming deliberately, for to me Goldsmith has ever been charming both in himself and in his work. To my taste there is no more charming verse or prose than that of the man whom so many of his contemporaries loved and so few, if any, appraised at his proper value. It angers me to find a wine-bibbing dunderhead such as Boswell sneering at Goldsmith, the greatest man of them all with the possible exception of that other Irishman Burke. Here is a phrase of

Boswell which at once and entirely shows his attitude of mind to Goldsmith; he is describing the dinner he gave at the Mitre Tavern to Johnson, Goldsmith and some others, and he writes, "Goldsmith, as usual, endeavoured, with too much eagerness, to *shine*!" Dear me, poor Bozzy, who never shone when alive and shines now with reflected lustre, who was he to understand that of the two doctors he knew he worshipped the lesser man?

How Goldsmith loved to poke fun at Johnson! Who forgets that sonorous account which the latter gave of his famous interview with his King?—"Dr. Goldsmith remained unmoved upon a sofa"; he was polite enough not to be moved to laughter and to hide the intense amusement the scene must have provided him. But at last "he sprung from the sofa, . . . and in a kind of flutter, . . . exclaimed, 'Well, you acquitted yourself in this conversation better than I should have done; for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it.'" Did no one there relish this delightful piece of chaff? Garrick seems to have been the only other member of the Johnson circle who ever dared to chaff the big chief, but his fun and Goldsmith's were of different orders and they probably did not appreciate each other duly.

How sweetly Goldsmith could talk solemn nonsense—Irishmen still love to do so for the pleasant entertainment of being taken seriously—witness this speech: "Let me tell you" (said Goldsmith), "when my taylor brought home my bloom-coloured coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favour to beg of you. When any body asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water Lane.'" Need it be added that Johnson received the remark with pompous solemnity and that Boswell took it as he took all things—seriously? And that delicious story about the pickles, which will not bear cutting down—a solemn argument of Johnson's reduced to—pickles! But I must be just to Bozzy, who is once constrained to admit that "Goldsmith . . . was often very fortunate in his witty contests, even when he entered the lists with Johnson himself." Even then! What greater praise *could* the heart of wit desire? Then follows the immortal repartee, "If you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales." Even Bozzy could appreciate that. But think of Johnson accepting in all seriousness Goldsmith's jesting remark, "he always gets the better when he argues alone."

AND, please, all you in search of entertainment read Bozzy's account of Dr. Oliver Goldsmith's "singular character." Here are some delicious morsels, "He had sagacity enough" (!) "to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged by the contemplation of such a model"; "His mind resembled a fertile but thin soil"; "No deep root could be struck" and—in fairness I quote it—"It has been generally circulated and believed that he was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated"; yes, Mr. Bozzy, grossly exaggerated by you among others. One gem more, his deportment was "that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman." Then follow the egregious tales of the Misses Horneck and of the *Fantoccini*.

As far as I can gather Bozzy started by admiring Goldsmith, looking up to him—toady as he was—as a

famous man-of-letters; but as time went on he grew to dislike him because he was near the throne, to despise him because he could not understand him and to detest him because he dared to chaff his majesty, King Johnson. Poor Bozzy, perhaps I ought not to be angered with him, but to pity him, he who knew Goldsmith and did not realise that the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" was a far greater writer and a far more sweet-natured man than that roaring despot Dr. Johnson. There are certain writers to know whose works contents me, of others I love to read the biographies, but there are a few whom I should have loved to have known, Shakespeare, Addison, Steele, a few more—and Goldsmith is of their company. I do not think I should have misunderstood his solemn nonsense, have failed to delight in the sly chaff; I am sure I should have sympathised with him, I should have loved him—I do love him.

E. G. O.

The Work of Herbert Spencer

V.—The Unknowable (I)

IN the preceding papers I have tried to clear the ground by defining the basal conceptions with which Spencer set out to build a philosophic system. We know what such familiar terms as religion, philosophy and science meant to him, and we have also seen instances of the tolerant—or "philosophic"—spirit in which he set to work. We are therefore—unless I have grossly mishandled my subject—in a position to understand the first section of the synthetic philosophy, which deals with the unknowable.

Spencer was not primarily an ontologist. His philosophy, designed to deal with phenomena, was not at first intended to include any *ultimate* considerations. The section upon the unknowable was not included as a basis for the rest of the philosophy, which, as a unification of our phenomenal knowledge, is independent of any statement of an ontological position, just as is the law of gravitation. But it was very wisely pointed out to Spencer that, in the absence of any statement as to his *ultimate* beliefs, misconception would arise. It would naturally be supposed that he imagined his description of phenomena to be a description of reality. He would, indeed, be accused of being a materialist. The section upon the unknowable was therefore included, in the very natural expectation that it would remove all misconception and leave him free to develop his philosophy of phenomena without let or hindrance from the ontologists. This, however, was an entire miscalculation. Despite the unequivocal assertions of this section and their frequent repetition and amplification elsewhere—as in the "Principles of Psychology"—the academic opponents of Spencer have never stickled at misrepresentations which cannot possibly be explained without an assumption of either wilful misinterpretation or sheer stupidity. In his article "Metaphysics," written for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" but the other day, Professor Case, of Oxford, classes Spencer under the heading "Materialistic tendencies" and demonstrates to his own satisfaction that Spencer was a materialist without knowing it, though no reader of First Principles could possibly avoid—or, one would think, could possibly forget—that fine saying about "A mode of Being as much transcending intelligence and will as these transcend mere mechanical motion." I offer no explanation

of this remarkable feat of Professor Case; but this is not because there is none to offer.

It is a curious but perfectly intelligible fact that the opponents of Spencer, when they have attempted to refute him, have confined themselves to this small section of his work—a section upon which the validity of the synthetic philosophy does not and obviously cannot depend. Amongst scientists, of course, he has no opponents, except upon details in different spheres of expert knowledge. The great mass of his work is concerned with a unification of science—this last word being used in the wide and only defensible sense. But this is obviously outside the sphere of writers such as T. H. Green, James Ward, Case and Caird. The Oxford school has had to confine itself to that small section of the synthetic philosophy with which its limitations enabled it in any manner to deal. Such writers could not attack the “Principles of Biology,” to take an instance, for reasons too obvious to name. The fact that the idea of evolution is essentially independent of the section upon the Unknowable explains a circumstance which is at first sight difficult to interpret—the fact, namely, that Principal Caird, for instance, whilst scorning what he regards as the basis of the evolution philosophy—the first section—can yet issue volume after volume with the word evolution in its title and as its guiding idea. Even the Oxford school is compelled to accept the Spencerian conceptions—but fancies itself absolved from the necessity of making acknowledgment, because it fancies that it has already disposed of this thinker by its criticisms upon a small section of his philosophy which, however, is demonstrably non-essential to the validity of the rest.

But though the order of phenomena—the body of science, that is to say—is capable of study and unification, whatever our theory of Ultimate Reality may be, or, indeed, in the absence of any theory as to Reality, yet all thinking persons admit that this question as to Ultimate Reality is supreme and of infinitely greater importance than any question whatsoever with which science deals. The mind of man can never rest content even with the most perfect and complete knowledge of phenomena alone. We may therefore inquire into this first section of the synthetic philosophy and see whether it has any light for us, before going on to the body of the philosophy, which deals with the knowable phenomena of star and star-fish, mind and morals.

It has been said, without knowledge or any attempt to gain it, that the section on the unknowable took its origin in the fact that Spencer had to set down something about Reality, and therefore fished about in the metaphysical text-books of the time for something that would do. It sounds likely. The present article may therefore fitly conclude with a refutation of that assertion; whereafter we may proceed to look at the doctrine which Spencer actually conceived. In a letter written to his father in 1849, Spencer says, as to the “ultimate nature of things”:

“My position is simply that I know nothing about it, and never can know anything about it, and must be content in my ignorance. I deny nothing and I affirm nothing, and to any one who says that the current theory is not true I say, just as I say to those who assert its truth—You have no evidence. Either alternative leaves us in inextricable difficulties. An *uncaused* deity is just as inconceivable as an *uncaused* universe. If the existence of matter from all eternity is incomprehensible, the creation of matter out of nothing is equally incomprehensible. Thus finding that either attempt to conceive the origin of things is futile, I am content to leave the question unsettled as *the insoluble mystery*.”

This letter refers to a conversation of the year before, so that at the age of twenty-eight Spencer “had reached,” as he says, “a quite definite form of that conviction,” which he found it desirable to set forth twelve years later in “First Principles.” Next week we shall see how closely he agrees with a thinker of whom the young engineer had probably never heard at that time—the immortal Spinoza.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

MUSICAL comedy so largely holds the dramatic field to-day that it may not be out of place to examine into its merits and demerits. Of musical entertainments at the theatre in England there have been many kinds; comic opera and burlesque both are apparently dead, musical comedy is very much alive. A musical comedy may be defined as a comic opera without a plot. Deprive the “Mikado” of its plot and it would make a first-class musical comedy and would show to what heights the latter form of piece might attain. The formula for a musical comedy is this: take a plot of no particular value or novelty and drop it half way through the first act of the piece, picking it up again five minutes before the curtain descends; provide a more or less comic character for the leading comedian, who is expected to work it up for himself, gradually eliminating all that the author has written; the tenor (or baritone) and the first lady must have two solos apiece and a duet; the secondary members of the company will have distributed among them other solos and concerted pieces and there must be a dance for the dancer.

APPARENTLY there cannot be too many cooks employed in the making of musical comedy broth; in order of importance they are: the producer, the costumier, the writers of the lyrics and the composers of the music (there are always several of each), the principal comedian and the author of the piece. There are passing fashions to be noted, such as the present rage for animal songs.

Now can any good thing come out of this form of entertainment, can a musical comedy be a work of art? At its worst it is hopelessly inane and sometimes vulgar; at its best it is only pleasing in parts. As I have said, a musical comedy is a comic opera without a plot and to a great extent without any careful character-drawing, the latter being provided—if provided at all—by the performers. So that it will be seen that if a musical comedy were given a reasonably worked-out plot it would become a comic opera, and there are a few signs of such a tendency. But as it stands, what are its merits? The “book” is usually absolute rubbish, a mere excuse for songs and comic scenes. Now, these songs are often excellent, both in words and music, quite worthy of a better setting; the lyrics are often skilful and witty and the music tuneful and clever. Further than that—chaos; the principal comedian is often most amusing, but he could be so just as well out of the piece as in it; he makes his fun and is not restrained by any sense of character or any requisites of the plot; as for the dresses, often artistic and very beautiful, they have no particular connection with musical comedy. So then it comes to this, if only the author of the book would provide a respectable

plot—it need not even be new—and would devote a little more time to the drawing of his characters—we should return to comic opera, a very delightful form of art. Song-writers we already have in plenty and competent composers. May we hope then for a comic opera some day soon?

MR. OWEN HALL has written many musical comedies, Mr. J. Hickory Wood can write skilful verse, and Madame Liza Lehmann we all know as a writer of fine songs; the three together—under the leadership of the producer, Mr. Frank Curzon, and with the assistance of Mr. Edouin, Mr. Arthur Williams and Miss Hilda Trevelyan, have written—no, contrived is the more appropriate word, “Sergeant Brue.” Mr. Hall was inspired with the funny idea of a policeman being left a fortune of £10,000 a year, conditional on his not leaving the force until he had reached the rank of inspector, a position which the Sergeant cannot hope to attain—on his merits. As usual in musical comedy the author makes no use of his central idea and the fun entirely depends upon the hard work of Mr. Edouin, who does nothing in a funny way, and of Mr. Arthur Williams, who has already worked up into a character the sketch of the jail-bird Crookie Scrubbs. Mr. Wood’s lyrics are mild. Miss Liza Lehmann’s music is very disappointing, in fact as near to commonplace as can be. I laughed once or twice, I admired the dresses—and there an end. When, oh, when will somebody—or somebodies—give us a musical comedy with a plot, a few original characters and original and tuneful music? In other words, when again shall we see and hear a good comic opera?

OWING to pressure of other work Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott are unable for the present to appear in the Stage Society’s production of Mr. Bernard Shaw’s “Caesar and Cleopatra.” The Committee of the Society has therefore decided to abandon this play for the current season. The next production of the Society will be “Where There is Nothing” by Mr. W. B. Yeats, of which there will be two matinées at the Court Theatre on Monday and Tuesday, June 27 and 28. The cast is as follows: Paul Ruttledge, E. Lyall Swete; Thomas Ruttledge, James Gelderd; Mrs. T. Ruttledge, Miss Dora Barton; Father Jerome, Harcourt Williams; Charlie Ward, Blake Adams; Johnen, Philip Tonge; Col. Lawley, Ean Macdonald; Mr. Green, A. S. Homewood; Mr. Dowler, Fewlass Llewelyn; Mr. Algie, Athol Stewart; Mr. Joyce, Lewis Casson; Tommy the Song, J. Cooke Beresford; Mollie the Scold, Miss Freda Bramleigh; Paddy Cockfight, Trent Adams; Sabina Silver, Miss Thyrza Norman; 1st Friar, Ean Macdonald; 2nd Friar, Athol Stewart; 3rd Friar, Fred Foss, junior; Aloysius, Lewis Casson; The Superior, A. E. Drinkwater; Bartley, James Gelderd; Coloman, Fewlass Llewelyn; Producer, H. Granville Barker; Stage Manager, Henry J. Harvey.

Art Notes

The Training of an Artist—I

THE picture-galleries come and go, but art remains; and I am urged in several ways to leave the shows alone awhile. I am constantly asked what is the best education for an artist; and as I hold rather strong opinions on the subject, I put it to one or two men in a studio the other night—the result confirmed me in my beliefs; and I propose to give those

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theories a place in print in the hope that they may interest others as they do interest me. I will first of all give a rough idea of artistic education in England and France; and from this I propose to give such guidance as would have saved many a youngster many a year of lost time and misplaced energy. But first a few general comments.

ENGLAND labours under one most grave and serious disadvantage in relation to art education as compared with France—she has nothing like the same enthusiasm amongst the men who have reached fame. I do not say that there is not an appalling waste of artistic enthusiasm in Paris—but that is better, a thousand times better, than indifference or aloofness. I do not say for a moment that England has not produced as fine artists as France; but I do say that France has produced a more widespread love and appreciation of art than we have—and that is a mighty factor in the production of a large and general artistic achievement.

THE English student when he speaks of art means nearly always easel-pictures—and easel-pictures alone. Then again, and it is one of the strange paradoxes of life, the French art-student does not waste his strength on academic exercises as an Englishman does—the English student, cursed with the cut-and-dried conventionalism that is the outcome of our much over-rated public school system, lacks initiative and fears ridicule, especially the ridicule of being labelled an enthusiast. An English youth must not be serious in his art, but serious at his games. The French schools teach from the cast so long as it helps towards the life—the English schools try to make the antique almost an end in itself. The French student is itching to express something—the English student thinks that when he is through the schools the ideas will come just as patients come to the qualified doctor. To hear French students talk, you would think that nothing in heaven or on earth mattered except paint. But an Englishman! well, I will give his attitude in an illustration: A friend of mine met an artist in the National Gallery; and to my friend’s stammered greeting at finding him there the artist said, apologetically: “Oh, ah yes—I’ve turned in here—it’s raining.”

I WILL sketch roughly, next week, the manner in which the art student learns to use his tools in London; we will then go abroad awhile; and having given both sides of the case the young student will find my experience and that of several others at his service—nay, it may be that some shaft may fall into the room of one of the snoring Forty Immortals in Piccadilly—nay, perhaps a Fortieth Part of Immortality may awake and suggest to the other Thirty-and-Nine that there is a school of art in England which, developed to its widest uses, might join hands with the art schools throughout the land and give London the finest art-academy in the world.

At the Swan Electric Engraving offices in Charing Cross Road is a delightful exhibition of Bookplates

reproduced by this leading firm of process-engravers, which will greatly interest collectors. There is charming work by Cameron, Gordon Craig, Floyd, Conder, Shepperson, Keith Henderson, Wertheimer, Captain Wilkinson, and that clever lady, Miss Murray, amongst several others.

Musical Notes

RICHTER has departed for Bayreuth, and therewith the German performances at Covent Garden have ended for the present season and lighter fare will be the rule until the curtain is finally rung down. This is in accordance with a tendency which has been noticeable during the last few years. The performances of the "Ring," it may be remembered, were all disposed of in this way last year, and perhaps the arrangement is not a bad one in certain respects.

MEANWHILE the decoration conferred on Richter just before his departure by the King gives appropriate expression to the general admiration with which his splendid work at Covent Garden has been followed. The sun has his spots and even Richter, it may be, has the defects of his qualities. The veteran conductor grows no younger with the flight of time, and if his sanity and strength are admirable to-day as ever, the exacting might ask, perhaps, at times for a little more fire and passion than he invariably displays in these late years. Also that lordly way which he has of "ganging his ain gait" and leaving his unhappy vocalists like Jack and Jill, to come tumbling after, while admirable doubtless from the disciplinary point of view, is not always productive of the most satisfactory results so far as the hearer is concerned.

DR. JOHNSON'S policy of trudging steadily ahead when his wife insisted on sitting by the roadside was doubtless excellently adapted to reduce that good lady to submission, but applied in the direction of grand opera, the results are sometimes less satisfactory. Still when all is said and done, Richter has given us during the past few weeks some incomparably fine performances, and it is pleasant to know that he has gone away pledged to return next year.

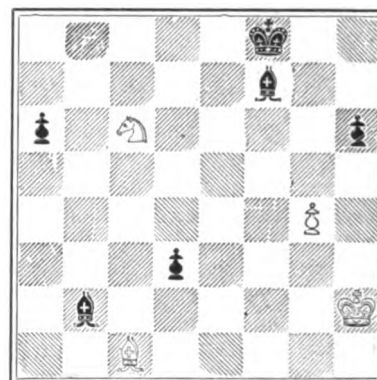
THE first of two or three novelties or quasi-novelties promised before the season ends has been introduced in Saint-Saëns' "Hélène," a work which, if not precisely epoch-making in its character, contains at least some very pleasant music of that clear, refined, delicate and graceful sort, which the veteran French composer knows so well how to write, while furnishing at the same time a series of charming scenic pictures which did no little credit to the new stage manager and his assistants.

It is an essentially French conception of the subject which is embodied in this Poème Lyrique of Saint-Saëns, who, not for the first time, has shown his literary skill by providing his own libretto, though perhaps it would be going too far to suggest that "Hélène" will last as long as, say, Gluck's "Orfeo," or Cherubini's "Medea"—both works, by the way, which Covent Garden might well revive. Still in its way it is a work admirably testifying to its composer's versatile talent, and, capitally presented as it was with Melba and Dalmores in the principal parts, it was listened to with real pleasure.

Chess

No. 9.

BLACK.



WHITE.

WHITE TO PLAY AND DRAW.

THE solution to No. 7 is as follows: 1. R—K 8; 2. P—R 6 R—R 8; 3. P—B 5, K—Kt 3; 4. K—Kt 2 (a), K—Kt 4; 5. B—Q B 4, Kt—K 1; 6. R—Q R 2, R—Q B 8; 7. P—R 7. Kt—B 2; 8. B—Q 5, R×P, and draws. (a) 4. P—B 6, K—K 3; 5. K—Kt 2, Kt—Q B 2, and draws.

The following is a useful counter attack in the Ruy Lopez which can often be successfully adopted owing to what at first sight seems only a transposition of moves on White's part.

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. P—K 4 | 1. P—K 4 |
| 2. Kt—K B 3 | 2. Kt—Q B 3 |
| 3. B—Kt 5 | 3. P—Q R 3 |
| 4. B—R 4 | 4. Kt—B 3 |
| 5. O.O | 5. P—Q 3 |
| 6. Kt—B 3 | |

This move is not good. White should continue with 6. P—Q 4, B—Q 2; 7. P×P, P×P; 8. Kt—B 3, B—Q 3; 9. B—K Kt 5, Kt—K 2; 10. B—Kt 3, and Black has a cramped position. The same position is often arrived at by 5. Kt—B 3, P—Q 3; 6. O.O.

- | | |
|-----------|-------------|
| 7. B—Kt 3 | 6. P—Q Kt 4 |
| | 7. B—Kt 5 |

Black is now threatening Kt—Q 5 and White can only play P—K R 3 or Kt—K 2. Neither move is very satisfactory, as the following variations show.

- | | |
|----------------|-----------|
| (a) 8. P—K R 3 | 8. B—R 4 |
| 9. P—Kt 4 | 9. B—Kt 3 |

Black cannot here play Kt×Kt P, as it would be followed by 10. P×Kt, B×P; 11. B—Q 5, Kt—Q 5; 12. Kt×K P, B×Q; 13. B×P ch., K—K 2; 14. Kt—Q 5, mate.

- | | |
|-----------|--------------|
| 10. P—Q 3 | 10. Kt—Q R 4 |
|-----------|--------------|

with slightly the better position.

- | | |
|---------------|----------|
| (b) 8. Kt—K 2 | 8. B×Kt |
| 9. P×B | 9. Q—Q 2 |

with fine attacking possibilities.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION AWARD.

The prize has been awarded to MR. S. MEYMOTT for a finely played French defence. The score of this game appeared in a previous issue. An order for £1 ls. worth of books to be obtained of Mr. S. B. Spaul, 6 The Mall, Ealing has been forwarded to the prize-winner.

NOTICE.—The Chess column will be discontinued for the present.

Here are the Names of some users of the Williams Typewriter:

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"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folklore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published. Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference; this is not an information bureau.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

NOTES.

THE COCKATRICE.

Everyone now regards the supposed "cockatrice" as a fabulous animal, but we ignore the fact that it started as a name for the crocodile; this point is somewhat obscured in the "N.E.D.," partly on a question of chronology; so perhaps you will allow me to point this out. We find that about 1210 Guillaume le Normand calls the crocodile a fish named *coquatrix*; about 1250 Ric. de Fournival writes *chocatrix*; in the same year we find *cocodrille* equated with a *corcodilus*; in 1263 we have *cocatris* and *cokatrix*; in 1266 Brunetto Latino gives us *calcatrice*. It is suggested, perhaps correctly, that it represents the *ichneumon*; but why displace the primitive *coquatrix*? We find *cokadrille* in 1300, and Wycliffe has very clearly defined the crocodile as *cokedrill*; now in Italian it is *cocodrillo*; *crocodilo* in Spanish. Clearly if we eliminate the *r*, the form *coc* must survive; and the terminal from *trechō*, Boer *trek*, merely distinguishes a fish that walks, the lizard called *alligator*.—A. Hall.

SHAKESPEARE.

The following fact is of Shakespearean, though not literary, order. The year 1604, as regards its calendar, is identical with Shakespeare's death-year, 1616. Thus a calendar, new style, of 1616, if there be one still existing, will prove to be the same as that of 1604, having, like the latter, January 1, a Friday; Easter date, April 3. Since 1616 this is only the second instance of this very rare occurrence, the first one having taken place in 1836, whereas the next will occur in 1988.—F. H. Zinger (Fribourg, Switzerland).

Questions

LITERATURE.

BYRON-CHATEAUBRIAND.—Has it ever been investigated into, and, if so, where and by whom, whether Byron was influenced by Chateaubriand, and whether certain of his creations, as the "Glaour," "Lara," "Manfred," are adaptations of the type of "René"? Chateaubriand himself claims Byron as his follower and disciple (*Essay on English Literature*; "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe"), and French critics do the same. What English critics have written on Chateaubriand (not in magazines), either incidentally or at greater length?—E. Dick (Clacton).

AUTHOR WANTED.

Many voices spake—
The river to the lake;

The iron-ribbed sky was talking to the sea:
And every starry spark
Made music to the dark.

When the day had ended,
And the night descended,

I heard the sound of streamlets that I heard not in the day:
And every peak afar
Was ready for a star,
And they climbed and rolled about until the morning grey.

Can any one tell me who is the author of these lines?—F. E. Ross (Liverpool).

LUXURY OF GRIEF.—Who first used the expression "the luxury of grief"?—M.E.D. (Bankipore, India).

THE FYFIELD ELM.—Is "the Fyfield elm" of Matthew Arnold's poem, "The Scholar-Gipsy," "the Fyfield tree" of its sequel "Thyrsis," to be identified with that single elm-tree bright against the west" of the latter poem, the pledge to Arnold and Clough of the scholar-gipsy's abiding presence amid the scenes he used to haunt of old; and referred to elsewhere in "Thyrsis" as "bare on its lonely ridge," "that lone sky-pointing tree," "our tree yet crowns the hill"? The famous elm at Fyfield (Berks) does not occupy the prominent position here assigned to it, nor is it visible from the country about Cumnor.—R. Bruce Bowtell (Chingford).

"GAMMONIA."—What kind of book is "Gammonia," and by whom was it written? I have several times seen it advertised for in the "Wanted" column of the ACADEMY, but have been unable to obtain any information about it, though I have made inquiries from several book-lovers, several booksellers, and the head of one well-known library.—Doris.

"A LACED STORY."—What is the meaning of "a laced story" in the following passage from a poem called "Content," by Henry Vaughan (the Silurist)?

Why then these our'd, puffed points,
Or a laced story?
Death sets all out of joint,
And scorns their glory.

From the context it appears to be some article of dress, but none of the meanings of *story* given in the Century Dictionary will account for the use of the word in this sense.—M.A.C. (Cambridge).

*** ELLESMERE.**—In the preface to that edition of "Sesame and Lilies" containing three lectures is this passage: "For as Ellesmere spoke his speech on the — intervention, not, indeed, otherwise than he felt, but yet altogether for the sake of Gretchen, so I wrote the 'Lilies' to please one girl; and were it not for what I remember of her, and of few besides, I should now perhaps recast some of the sentences in the 'Lilies' in a very different tone." Who were Ellesmere and Gretchen, and what was the intervention, and why did Ruskin use a dash instead of giving the name?—F.P.

GENERAL.

"PONY."—This is an old slang word for money; in modern slang twenty-five pounds. In Cheshire to "pony out" is a slang term for to pay. What is the derivation of the word "pony" in the sense of money? Have we here a specimen of rhyming slang? Or is it connected with the old proverbial term for ready money, *Legem pone*, for which Nares gives instances s.v., and under "Incony"? It is said to refer to the first great pay-day of the year, March 25 (Lady-day), the Latin title of the first Psalm for the 25th morning of the month being "*Legem pone*."—A.L.M. (Oxford).

* "TANSY."

At stool ball, Lucia, let us play,
For sugar, cake, or wine;
Or for a tansy let us pay.
The loss be thine or mine;
If thou, my dear, a winner be
At trundling of the ball,
The wager thou shalt have, and me,
And my misfortunes all.

This rhyme refers to a curious custom of ball-playing in Chester Cathedral by clergy, choristers, and congregation alike. What is meant by a "tansy"? Is the custom observed at Chester at the present day?—R.V. (Sunderland).

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON.—Messrs. Whitlock & Hyde, of Upper Street, Islington, have recently published a reproduction of a panoramic map of London, Westminster, and Southwark, taken from the original in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, which is dated 1543. The price is, I believe, 10s., and the panorama is four feet long. This is the nearest in date that I know of.—H. Pearl Humphry.

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON.—There is a block of a very interesting map of London by Pieter Vanden Keere, fecit 1593. This block is, I think, in the possession of the New Shakespeare Society. By the kindness of Dr. Furnivall I was allowed some copies of the reproduction of this map for a special purpose, and I have a few copies over. I should be glad to send one to your correspondent, post free, on receipt of 6d.—Caroline F. E. Surgeon (Westleton Heath, Saxmundham).

KIMBOLTON CASTLE.—Kimbolton is a small town (pop. 1,220) in Huntingdonshire, twelve miles S.W. of the town of Huntingdon. Froude, in his "Divorce of Catherine of Aragon," describes the castle as "a small but not inconvenient residence." Catherine had been removed there from Somersham, near St. Ives, and had previously been detained at Buckden, near Huntingdon. She was buried at Peterborough, on the borders of Hunts and Northants. Fifty years ago (as stated in Mary Howitt's "Queens of England," 1851) the room in the castle in which the queen died was still shown.—M.A.C. (Cambridge).

LITERATURE.

"WEE WILLIE WINKIE."—"Willie Winkie" is the title of a nursery song by William Miller, weaver and poet, Camlachie, Glasgow, called by Robert Buchanan "the Laureate of the Nursery." Miller was author of "Wonderful Wean," "Gree, Bairnies, Gree," "Lady Summer," "Hairst," and other pieces well known in the West of Scotland.—Alex. Webster (Aberdeen).

*** SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH.**—S.C.'s answer is not quite correct. First of all, *brace* is not the older form of *bras*, and is not derived from *L. brachium*, but from the plural *brachia*; *brachium* had regularly given *braz*, which is found in the "Chanson de Roland" and other epic poems concurrently with *brace*. As to the pronunciation of *bras*, Robert Estienne tells us that *s* at the end of a word is not sounded if the next word begins with a consonant; it sounds like *z* if the next word begins with a vowel, and "partout où l'on s'arrête—viz. before the stops and at the end of a line—which is the case here. The pronunciation was not *brasse*, but something like *brazze*. Such is also the opinion of Pelletier, Bèze, and other grammarians of the sixteenth century. For more details consult Charles Thurot, "La prononciation française depuis le commencement du XVI^e siècle."—A.B. (Manchester).

"TUSH."—This word occurs also in the Metrical Version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins, circa 1562, e.g. Psalm x.: "Tush, tush, saith he, I have no dread, lest my estate should change;" "Tush, God forgetteth this, saith he, therefore I may be bold;" Psalm xciv.:

And when they take these things in hand this talk they have of thee,
Can Jacob's God this understand? Tush, no he cannot see."

(G.G. (Homerton)).

*** "PIN-ROUND."**—"Pin-round" was a name given in Exeter when I was a child to a certain out of the round of beef. It is very likely so called now, but I have had no experience of it of late years. I have lived in several parts of England, and have never come across the word elsewhere. Coleridge being a Devonshire man would be likely to hear it used.—Doronia.

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been dispatched to the several winners and to booksellers whose names follow:

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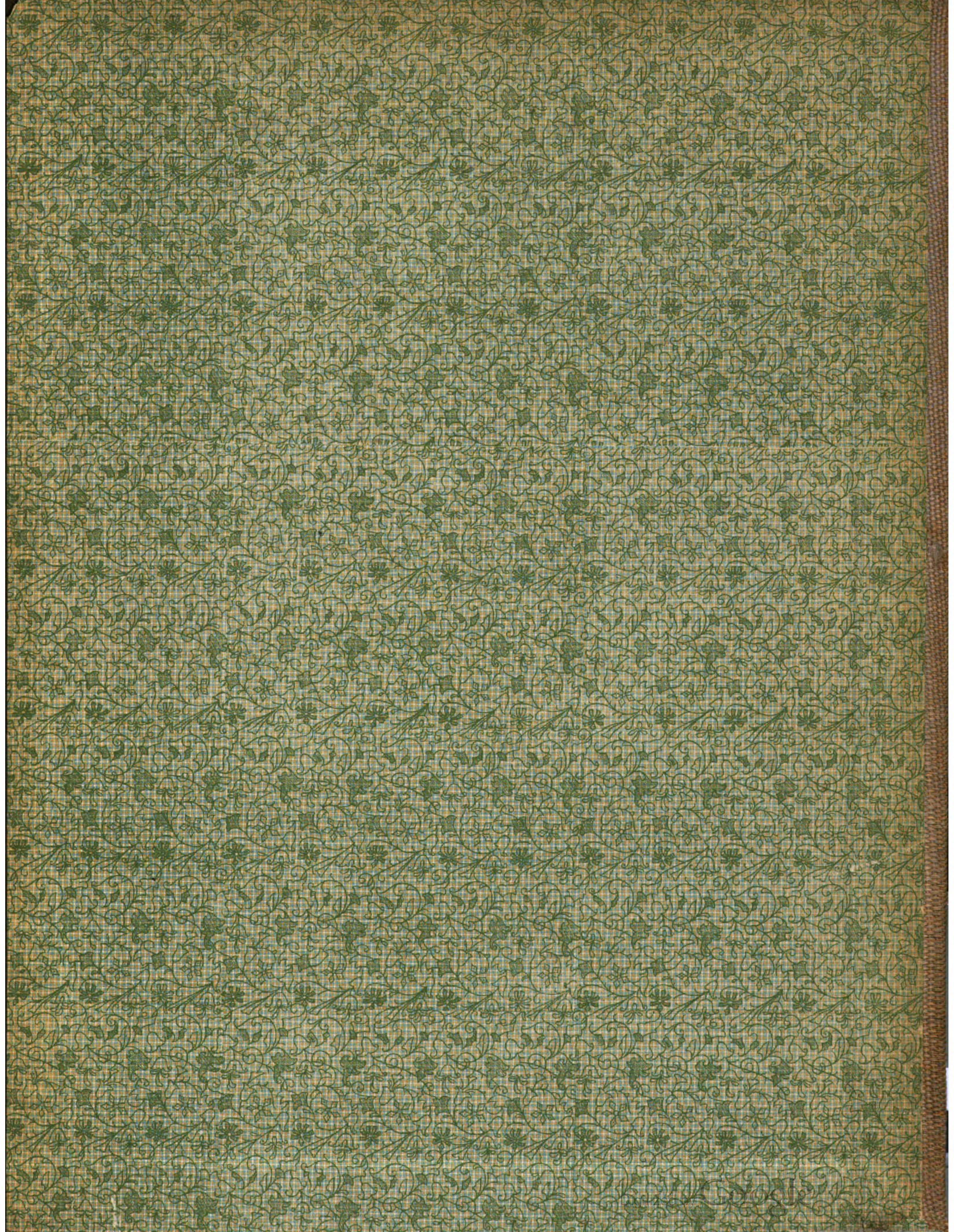
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